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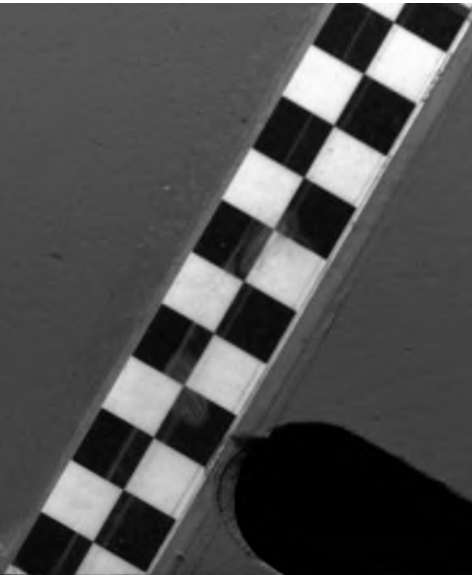
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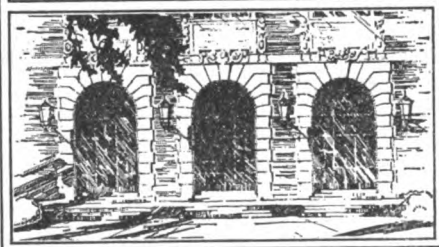




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Photograph by Sarony, New York.

ANNIE RUSSELL IN "THE YOUNGER MRS. PARLING." AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT AS A SOLDIER.



Photograph by Ritzman, New York.

MR. VANDERBILT'S LATEST PORTRAIT.

WHEN Cornelius Vanderbilt (the Third) was compelled to go abroad to regain his health by orders of his physicians, the most strenuous reason he advanced against leaving New York was that it would take him away from his duties as lieutenant of the Twelfth Regiment of the National Guard. His friends were amused at this statement, but he persisted until told that he must seek a change of air. The large business interests did not trouble him. When the young millionaire, the eldest in direct line of the family, made up his mind that it was proper for him to become a citizen soldier, he did not go about it with any flourish of trumpets. Reginald Foster, a member of the staff of the *New York World*, and a Yale graduate, was First Lieutenant of a Twelfth Regiment company,

and he quietly told his men that Mr. Vanderbilt was going to enlist.

It did not take long for the members to elect Mr. Vanderbilt Second Lieutenant, but was found that he had thoroughly studied the manual and was prepared to go through the drill with the rest of the recruits. And since that time he has been punctilious in attendance at the armory and has become First Lieutenant, Mr. Foster being his Captain.

His profession as a civil engineer seems to harmonize with his military instinct, and he has displayed the qualities which are necessary to the make-up of a commander. His popularity with the rank and file of the regiment is greater even than with the officers. And when his men have an entertainment he is one of the jolliest spirits in the crowd.

"THE BROGUE THAT LIES ON WOMAN'S TONGUE."

IT is a living, palpitant handbook on the brogue as she is spoken. Mr. Sothern furnishes the play, but Miss Harned gives us the eyes and the brogue. It is delicious—as soft as the sigh of a May breeze and as rich as Jersey cream. "The Light That Lies in Woman's Eyes" may not be a dramatic marvel, but the brogue of red-haired *Lorna* is worth going miles to hear.

Mr. Sothern trips up in the same way that actor-playwrights innumerable always have—he writes words, words and more words. No player can resist the temptation to write long and many speeches—and when the star is one's own wife, why stint the vocabulary? The play is weak in comedy—except when *Lorna* has the humor—and the scene in the *Anne Hathaway* cottage is weak and at times foolish. The story of "The Light That Lies in Woman's Eyes" is almost as long as the title; and would sound absurd in the telling. At any rate, *Lorna* loves *Cameron*, who almost reached the North Pole. She refuses his offer of marriage because she thinks he has treated a blind girl badly. He swears to win her—and he does, not lucid, perhaps, but what matters it? I still insist that it is *Lorna's* brogue that makes a visit worth while.

Miss Harned has done no better work since "The Dancing Girl." Nor does she look a day older than in those mellow Lyceum days. Not even Henrietta Crosman could have played this broth of a girl with more dash, or with a wider, deeper, or more velvety brogue.

William Courtenay as *Cameron* is graceful and handsome, and acts with distinction. He may not look like an arctic explorer, but he seems capable of fanning the light that lies in woman's eyes to a vivid flame, and that's more to the point.

But *Lorna's* brogue—ah!

R. B. H.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

IN these days of medical appliances and electrical contrivances, it is not out of place to call attention to the benefits derived from that simple and useful article, the Spinal Brush, the origin of which is interesting.

Not very long since, the inventor was stricken with paralysis, and after many weeks, during which he could hardly be said to have been fully alive, but rather to have existed, he was told one night by his wife that the family physician had that day assured her that even though (the husband) should recover, he would always be bedridden.

Naturally, such a statement was far from quieting, and the patient spent the entire night battling with the hideous thought.

Early next morning he called his valet to brush his hair, which was damp and tangled. After a few passes of the brush over the head the patient directed the brush to be gently applied to the spinal column.

"It is strange," he exclaimed, "that in all these weeks of torture when I have been rubbed and massaged till it seemed my very bones would be broken, I have not felt the good effects I now feel from this hair brush, and yet something is lacking. I have an idea! I will have made a small brush for this single purpose, and then I shall organize a company to put it on the market, and I know a spinal brush, such as I have in mind, will prove a boon to humanity and particularly relieve such as suffer from headaches, backaches, face-aches and similar troubles more or less traceable to the spine."

This has all been done, and now many people who have suffered from nervous troubles and poor circulation are using these brushes and praising the inventor, little knowing, however, that the beginning of this simple relief was developed through sufferings such as few people endure.

HELEN KENNEY.

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CHARLES M. SCHWAB, TYPICAL SELF-MADE AMERICAN.

A FEW years ago, to have mentioned the name of Charles M. Schwab in a mixed company of men would have been a case of challenging ignorance, to-day, on the contrary, it would be a case of challenging argument. Mr. Schwab, in the short period of ten years, has become a public figure. He is eminently a man of affairs, and as a factor in the progress of the industrial world he is entitled to the consideration of serious people.

The old adage, that it is "three generations from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves," does not find a conspicuous example in Mr. Schwab. He is the type of energetic and progressive American who is distinctly the product of the soil and of the generation. He was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth—perhaps not better than a wooden one; but he offers the "young idea" an illustration of what may be done by energy and pluck, even with a common-school education in a country where only idleness is crime, and where opportunities are thicker than any other country of the globe spreads out to young endeavor.

The prophet says that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor yet bread to the wise, nor riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and opportunity happeneth to them all." In Mr. Schwab's case we find the exception that proves the rule. He has won, but only after the hardest kind of race, and the rewards of the battle are his, because he was strong—strong in will, in the power to resist temptations, strong for the rights of the individual, the humblest and the best.

And now he enjoys "riches and favor," and is regarded as a man who has preeminently succeeded. He has traveled extensively and met the leading characters of various movements, industrial and otherwise, in many continental countries, received everywhere not merely because he was one of the rich men of the New World, but because he was deserving of the high seat of honor which he attained by severe effort. More than that, his voyages and travels have broadened his horizon and made him liberal, inspiring him to give the meek and the lowly the advantages which he himself was denied in his early youth.

Mr. Schwab makes New York his home quite as much as the Pennsylvania cities, where he has been so conspicuous a figure for a considerable period. He has built himself a mansion here which is without rival, a palace from the standpoint of the most modern improvement. It is a home worthy of a king by heredity as well



Photograph by Geo. P. Hall & Son, New York.

THE NEW RESIDENCE OF CHARLES M. SCHWAB, RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK.

as riches, and was the product of the best building brains in the world. Every land of the world, where art reigns supreme, has been scoured to bring together under one roof the rarest things of great price that can be found. It is a fitting monument to industry and worth.

Mr. Schwab has a keen sense of humor, and is personally beloved by his friends and associates for the reason that "riches and favor" have not turned his head. On the contrary, these have had the effect of giving him a closer insight into the great problems which confront the poor in contrast with those of the rich, and to use his energies in the right direction to help others over hard places.

That Mr. Schwab has a keen sense of humor is illustrated in a story which is vouched for by a well-known authority, who tells of the call made upon Mr. Schwab by a young man who was formerly a clerk and salesman of a large marble factory, but who had branched out for

himself and organized a stock company to erect a marble interior work of which concern he was president. He stated his business to Mr. Schwab, but the latter seemed to lack confidence in spite of the fact that he was talking to the head of the institution. "This contract represents some hundreds of thousands of dollars," he explained. "How do I know that you can fulfill it? Pray, tell me, who were you anyway before you became president of this institution?" "What difference does that make?" was the rejoinder. "As far as that is concerned, Mr. Schwab," he added, "pray, who were you anyway before you became president of the steel trust?"

Be it said to Mr. Schwab's good nature, he not only overlooked the impertinence, but burst into a hearty laugh at the joke on himself, and gave the young president of the marble concern a contract which was probably one of the largest ever given to any one institution of the kind in the world.

MAYOR McCLELLAN'S ABLE SECRETARY.

AMONG the most virile and efficient of the officials of the new administration is a young journalist from Buffalo, well known among his fellows, if not widely famed in other circles—John H. O'Brien, for a long time on the staff of the New York Sun, and a native of Buffalo.

Mr. O'Brien is a man of sterling qualities and efficient in whatsoever direction he may project his talents. He has a forceful fund of personal grit and that desideratum most necessary for a man in public capacity—entire self-confidence, diplomacy and fearlessness in pursuit of duty. Mr. O'Brien started life very humbly, and worked up from small beginnings in the offices of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Afterward he drifted into journalism and became a pronounced figure on account of his untiring industry and his personal integrity. Mayor McClellan certainly could have paid no higher tribute to the journalistic profession than by appointing so able



Photograph by Ritzman, New York.

JOHN H. O'BRIEN,
Secretary to the Mayor of Greater New York.

an adjutant to the most important office in the entire municipal régime.

BROADWAY WEEKLY joins with the many friends of Secretary John H. O'Brien in congratulations on his appointment, assured that he is the right man in the right place and that his record will be a brilliant one.

WHAT COLD EXPANDS.

TEACHER: "Does heat always expand and cold always contract?"
TOMMY: "Cold expands sometimes!"
TEACHER: "Indeed! What does cold expand?"
TOMMY: "Coal bills."

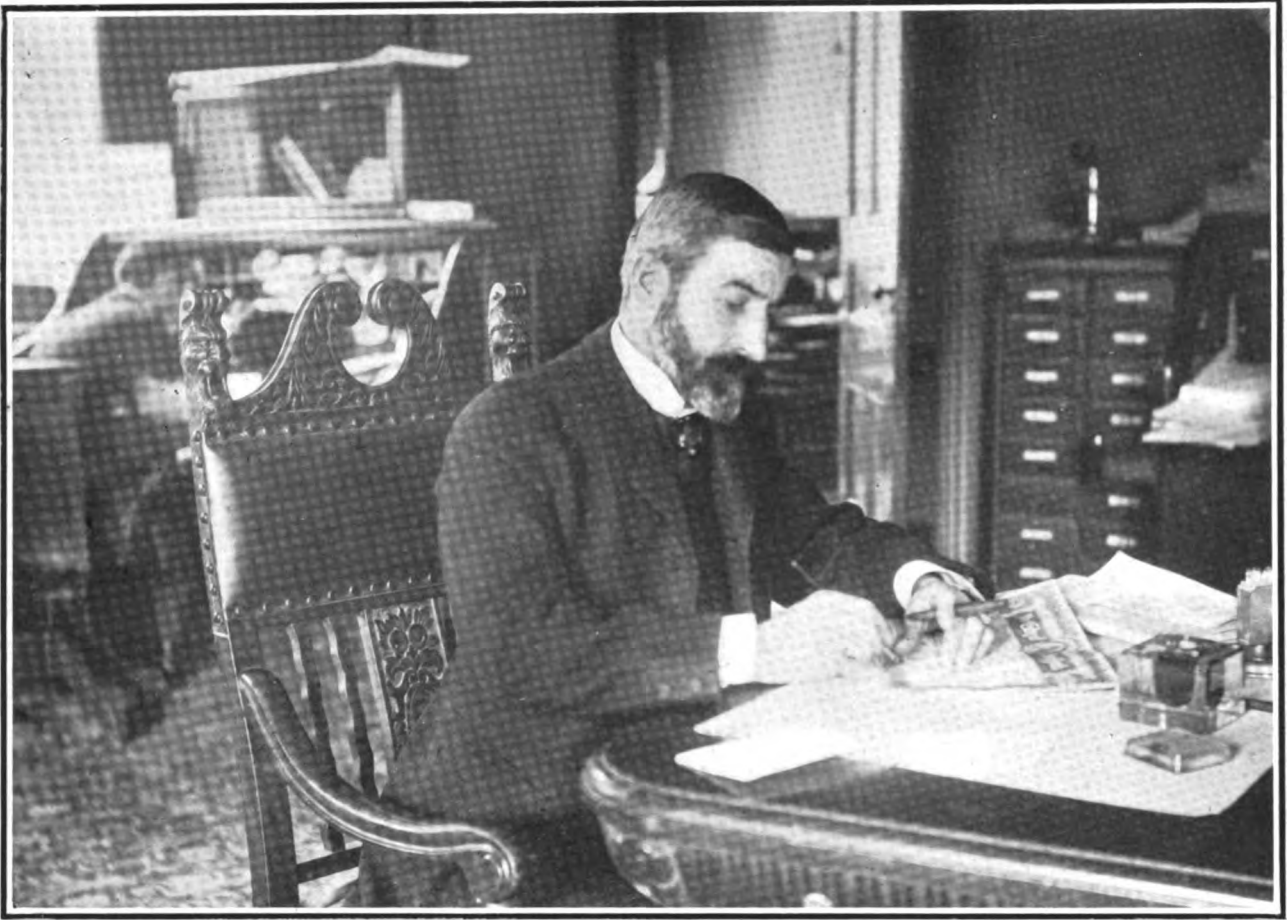
CHILDLIKE, BUT NOT BLAND.

LITTLE WALTER: "Let me hear you crow, won't you?"
MISS OLDUN: "Why, child, what do you mean?"
LITTLE WALTER: "Why, papa said you were no chicken, so you must be a rooster!"

AT HOME.

CALLER: "Is Mr. Brown at home?"
SERVANT: "Yes, sir; you will find him at his club."

THE MAN BEHIND THE CITY'S TREASURY.



Photograph by Walter P. Robertson, New York.

EDWARD M. GROUT, COMPTROLLER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

WHAT THE POLITICIANS ARE TALKING ABOUT.

ORATORICAL AND LITERARY CAMPAIGN.

WHILE Leader Charles F. Murphy believes that silence is golden in his own particular case, he does not hold this virtue in such regard during campaigns. Indeed, there cannot be too much oratory on the stump for him. He paid particular attention to this department during the last campaign, and spellbinders in every language were turned loose.

During the present year Tammany is to have the biggest staff of speakers and writers known in political history, and the Republican record in national and State affairs is to be raked fore and aft. When Mr. Murphy returns from West Baden, he will begin to formulate his plans, and the campaign will open almost immediately.

CURIOSITY AS TO MR. JEROME.

THERE is great curiosity in Tammany as to what stand District-Attorney Jerome will take, politically, when he returns from his lion-hunting expedition. It is conceded even by Mr. Jerome's closest friends that he is awkwardly situated in that respect; but he is a man of resource and cannot help providing surprises.

It was expected that he would wait until about three months of Commissioner McAdoo's term had advanced and then attempt to expose the neglect of the new administration in suppressing gambling.

But the firm stand taken so far has robbed Mr. Jerome of all ammunition, and even Dr. Parkhurst has abandoned his crusade because of Mr. McAdoo's good work.

MORE PLUMS FOR NEWSPAPER MEN.

TWO more comfortable berths have been awarded to newspaper men, Joseph Mulroney having been appointed Secretary to Park Commissioner Pallas, and Ross Keough as Secretary to Thomas Hynes, Commissioner to the St. Louis World's Fair.

Mr. Mulroney was for some time City Editor of the *Morning Telegraph*, and has been very active in politics. He is a strong advocate of athletics, and the younger element, who use the parks for field sport, will have an able advocate in him.

THE STUDIOUS LEONARD IS BUSY.

SOMEBODY asked about former Assemblyman William Leonard at Tammany Hall the other day.

"I've not seen Billy for some time," said Congressman Sullivan. "I understand he has gone to his Sabine Farm to study. You see, Billy was the most accomplished speaker in the Hall until last convention. Then he found that Colonel McClellan intended making speeches in German and Italian, and he felt much mortified."

"Now he is going the Mayor one better, and when the talking begins again, Billy will be prepared to speak in Greek, Assyrian, Sanscrit or Coptic."

TOUCHIN' AND APPERTAININ' TO.

"QUITE a difference, is it not?" asked Secretary Smith of Water Register Savage, as he referred to Police Commissioner McAdoo's appearance at the meeting

to urge for the establishment of a National Theatre.

"More desirable than the Pump school of philosophy."

"What's become of the best Chief of Police New York ever had?" asked Mr. Savage.

"Guess he's morgue-keeper for the Citizen's Union," retorted the man who put Devery out of politics.

There are to be no mother's excursions, baby parades or labor festivals at the Pump this year.

FRITZ LINDINGER IN JOURNALISM.

PERSONAL liberty is no longer in danger and the dear public may rest serenely, for Fritz Lindinger has become the owner of a real newspaper. Every week in the columns of the "Vigilant," Mr. Lindinger sets forth his ideas of popular government, and tells the powers-that-be what they should do.

Of course, Mr. Lindinger does not write the articles, but they are admirably done by J. H. Le Veen, one of the best political writers in the city. And the newspaper is not confined to the interests of the liquor traffic, but calls attention to everything of interest to retail storekeepers and business men of all classes.

A ROOSEVELT IN THE LOCAL DEMOCRACY.

THE fact that his nephew may be the Republican nominee for President does not deter Robert B. Roosevelt from taking an active interest in the success of Tammany. Indeed, he is more enthusiastic for Democratic success than the most loyal member of the Hall.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY—TYPICAL AMERICAN GENTLEMAN.

By JOSEPH D. BYRNE.

IF one were asked to name at random a public man who was the highest type of an American gentleman, in all that the name implies, that of William C. Whitney would naturally be selected. In whatever light he is viewed, the former Secretary of the Navy must be considered an ideal citizen. While he had the advantages of the most desirable New England ancestry and the prestige which accrued to the college-bred man during his student days at Yale, the success which has attended him throughout his career was due to his brains, industry and high sense of honor.

A few years ago Mr. Whitney retired from active business life, and at a comparatively early age he can contemplate with much satisfaction the part he played in an important era of his country's history with credit to himself and full of usefulness to his fellow-citizens. Yet, had he sought the highest honors, had he so shaped his ambitions, public sentiment would have applauded him and recognized his claims.

For it must be remembered that in the zenith of his political cycle, Mr. Whitney was a favorite son in the eyes of leaders of public opinion, and that had he but raised his hand, the Empire State would have carried his banner into the National Democratic Convention. But he would have none of it. Personally he chose to remain in the ranks, and fought under the standard of the man he himself selected to carry out the theories and principles of his party—Grover Cleveland.

It is not too much to say that Mr. Whitney was responsible for the second term of the Sage of Princeton in the Presidential chair. The governmental power had been wrested from the Democracy and was drifting farther away. Had it not been for Mr. Whitney, defeat would have still further demoralized the party. But with diplomacy and sagacity he controlled the situa-

tion, and went to the convention, his mind made up that Mr. Cleveland should be nominated. He returned in triumph, and until the electoral college rendered the verdict, he stood at the helm.

Of his services as Secretary of the Navy it is hardly necessary to speak. The record can never be effaced from memory or history so long as the Republic endures. His magnificent administration enabled the men behind the guns to make the country a real world power.

The public, however, will never realize what is, after all, the most lovable side of Mr. Whitney—his relation to those who know him in his family circle, or who have any personal business with him. That he is urged as the model for young men of the highest standing in society; that he is an indulgent father, a loyal friend, and a courteous and gallant gentleman is but meek praise. There are a great many men now enjoying fortune and success who owe it to him. He seemed always to attract young people. They were attracted to him, and made a confidant of him.

Nor were they all rich and well-to-do, for many, whom he helped, were poor young men and women. He is an ideal host, and his entertainments are famous for the brilliant people whom one meets there. Whether it is in the Berkshires, on Long Island, at Newport, or at Aiken, or more happily yet at his Fifth avenue home, surrounded by glorious art works of the Ancients, all are made to feel the sense of a genuine hospitality, rare, indeed, in these days.

What Mr. Whitney has done for sport is a household word. It is not his maintenance of a great stable which has impressed the public; but it is his determination and insistence that the American turf and sport shall be characterized by a high sense of honor, and that all its transactions and obligations shall bear the most vig-

orous investigation and be so conducted that an honest man may contend for the prizes. It has always been the ambition of the greatest men in England to win the Derby, yet Mr. Whitney carried off this honor with ease when he made up his mind to compete for it.

As an employer, the former Secretary of the Navy has the regard of every one who worked for him, and when he retired from the Presidency of the Metropolitan Street Railway Co., the thousands of men on the pay-roll regretted it. One instance of his generosity was princely in its character. Mr. H. H. Vreeland, who had been the practical and faithful manager for years, was, without any claim or warning, presented with a check for \$100,000 as a reward for his services, in addition to the large salary paid him annually. A dozen of young lawyers at least have reached independence by virtue of Mr. Whitney's kindness. Probably he remembers his own early struggles as a lawyer, long before he became Corporation Counsel of New York.

Again, he has always been very kind to newspaper men and artists—to all who were struggling for recognition. At present, as owner of the *Morning Telegraph*, he employs many such persons, and his consideration for their comfort is illimitable.

It were better for this country if all millionaires followed Mr. Whitney's example. His perception of the better part, his appreciation of the elegancies of life, of the satisfaction which accompanies a love of art, and the refining influences of the society of intellectual people, mark him as the representative leader in the most exclusive circles in the land.

He is no absentee, but is content and patriotic enough to make his home in the city which was the scene of his active business career, and whose people hold him in the highest regard, either as a public man or a private citizen.

Mr. Roosevelt attends every public function, and he has said that he will work hard for the Democratic nominee, no matter who he may be.

In this connection it may be stated that Leader Murphy is arranging to have an array of very distinguished names on the roll of those who will represent New York at the St. Louis Convention. If such an element can inspire confidence, it will not be lacking.

ULYSSES S. GRANT FAVORS DEMOCRACY.

NO surprise is expressed these days when even men bearing the most notable historical or distinguished names, call at the City Hall or Tammany headquarters. Recently Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., called on Major McClellan and had a chat. The two sons of famous fathers are great friends, but unlike his sire, the younger Grant is a Democrat.

On the Pacific Coast, where he lives, Mr. Grant has taken an active part in the past two campaigns, and he may speak in the East this year from the party platform.

With a McClellan as Presidential candidate and a Grant for a running mate, Democracy would be fashionable.

W. H. PAGE, JR., IS INFLUENTIAL.

ONE of the brainiest advocates in the Democratic party is William H. Page, Jr., the big lawyer, who, however, is never publicly prominent. Mr. Page is very close to W. C. Whitney, being his personal counsel.

He has attracted some attention lately, owing to his opinion upon the question of Mayor McClellan's eligibility as a Presidential candidate

on the ground of citizenship. It had been alleged that the fact that Mr. McClellan had been born in Germany might cast a doubt upon the constitutionality of his nomination.

But Mr. Page exhausted the subject thoroughly in a very learned legal manner, and supported his claim that Mr. McClellan was eligible in a clear and authentic way.

THE WOMEN BLESS DR. DARLINGTON.

THE new chief of the Health Department, Dr. Darlington, did not wait long to prove that he is a strenuous official. Before half of January had passed, he had taken active steps to see that no law within the vision of his official duty should be a dead letter.

First, in retaining Dr. Lederle as advisory physician, he insured the high scientific standing of the department. Then he tackled the street-car regulations and ordered that there be no more smoking or overcrowding of car platforms. All the members of his executive staff are now compelled to enforce the ordinances relating to health, and many improvements are being projected.

J. D. B.

A LITERARY SENSATION.

SHE: "Have you read the latest novel?"
HE: "Yes, I see it is another plagiarism."
SHE: "How is that?"
HE: "Every word of it is in Webster's Unabridged!"

SHE LAUGHED BEST.

"I suppose you know it is leap-year," he said, as he took a seat beside her, "and so I must be careful not to lead the conversation in a dangerous direction," and he laughed.

"I had quite forgotten it," she said with a yawn; "what's the use of remembering it when you never meet a man who is worth proposing to."
This time he didn't laugh.

THE CITY'S NEW SUPERVISOR.

IF there is one city official who should be master of the technique of his department it is the Supervisor of the *City Record*, who has charge of the printing of every legal notice provided for by law, attends to their publication, and orders the supplies for all departments for stationery and office requisites. Very few, outside of the legal fraternity and those whose business demands it, know that the city of New York publishes a daily newspaper; but it does. It is officially known as *The City Record*, and its size varies from seventy-two to hundreds of pages.

Annually, this publication costs the municipality at least \$200,000, so that the Supervisor must be a man of ability and practical experience. The McClellan administration has just appointed Patrick Treacey to the position which commands a salary of \$5,000 a year. The nomination is a very popular one, and was not only awarded to Mr. Treacey because of his ability and standing in the Democratic party, but as a compliment to Typographical Union No. 6. The leaders in the latter body felt that a practical printer should be selected, and have a natural pride in seeing the work well performed.

Mr. Treacey stands very high with his comrades of the Union, and up to his appointment had been employed on the *Law Journal*.

HE HAD EXPERIMENTED.

TOMMY: "You said I shouldn't eat those cold mince pies in the pantry—that they would make me ill."

MOTHER: "Yes, Tommy."
TOMMY (convincingly): "But, mamma, they haven't!"

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY Editor.

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear later something to your advantage by addressing Broadway Weekly, 27 East 21st Street, New York.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN AS PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER.

TAKEN from a non-partisan viewpoint, and analyzed dispassionately by any fairly informed citizen, there can be no surprise at the suggestion that Colonel George B. McClellan, Mayor of Greater New York, is available as a Presidential candidate.

Probably no public man ever progressed so well with less political inspiration and direction than Colonel McClellan. The truth is that his advancement is solely due to qualities of citizenship which have attracted the attention of those who have come in contact with him at various stages of his career. His elevation has been gradual, natural, and assisted in every instance by the demand for just such a man at just such a particular juncture. He has benefited and honored his party more than his party has benefited and honored him. George B. McClellan is no man on horseback. There is nothing hysterical or abnormal in his make-up. Young men admire him, but older men have confidence in him. He has observed the commercial, social and political conventionalities, is clean-lived, brainy, sagacious, and a man of affairs in the truest acceptance of the word.

Not since he entered college has any public act of his been tainted with the least degree of sensationalism, nor has he attempted to initiate any work for which he was not thoroughly equipped. And he has never been found wanting, but was equal to every occasion.

The Republic of the United States is not like famous republics in history—ungrateful; because it is different, builded upon foundations which will last so long as its citizens are of the McClellan type. It is pertinent at this particular time to refer to the fact that Colonel McClellan has just published a history of the Venetian republic which is a comparative study, proving that he is a close student of the republican principle of government. Yet none suspected until the book was placed on sale that he had given any thought to the tragic history of the glorious daughter of the Adriatic.

Self-contained, well-poised mentally, a lover of the domestic hearth, this young man, ruler of three millions of the most progressive wealthy and industrious people on earth, is just such a one as would be likely to become great when his surroundings called for his courage, patriotism, wisdom, and love of his fellow man. It is the logical judgment based upon the plain facts of his life.

It is not experience of the world alone which must be credited with the success that has attended the young Mayor's life-work. The race strain is strong within him. His temperate, open, manly speech and action; his capacity for learning; his powers of observation, patience to listen, business tact and silent industry as an executive, proclaim the glory of the blood that flows in his veins. He is a publicist, not a politician; a citizen-soldier, not a mock hero. At an early age he stifled a military ambition which he had inherited, owing



Photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

THOMAS W. LEE,

General Passenger Agent, Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad, man of affairs and one of the most able railroad men in America.

to the opposition of his famous soldier father, and chose the better part.

Every evidence of a strong nature has been exemplified by Colonel McClellan. His is really an extraordinary career, for in every sense he may be called a self-made man. Others who started in the race at the same time with the same or even better opportunities have been left behind. Wealth has not attracted his ambition; though his administrative ability, his love of method, studious habits and commercial adaptability would have brought him reward in the strictly business world.

Now broadened by travel, his judgment ripened by several terms in Congress, trained in the law, tempered by the dignity of high official position, he stands before his fellow men, in every walk of effort, fit to represent his country in any position which demands discretion, initiative, or determination. Those who were strenuous in their support of Colonel McClellan for Mayor were not surprised, yet were jubilant when he made it clear to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment that he intended to fight any attempt at civic extravagance. He has already shown a grasp of detail, a thirst for information, and a sense of fairness which promise well for the city's interests.

Taking all these threads of character into consideration, looking back calmly over Mayor McClellan's years of public life, it is but justice to measure his possibilities by their standard. The journey which he set forth upon as he passed out from the portals of his Alma Mater, under whose shadows now rests in tranquility one who was twice President of this great nation, has not yet ended. His years are full of promise, and not fate but merit alone may yet make a President of the son of that "Little Mac" who once strove for the same prize.

In any event, the American people can be assured that the greatness of the land is safe when in the ranks of its people may be found such a manly, level-headed, clean-minded man as George Brinton McClellan.

ONE OF NEW YORK'S SOCIETY LEADERS.



Photograph by Aimé Dupont, New York.

MRS. WILLIAM PAGE THOMPSON.

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

By CAROLYN LOWREY.

A CERTAIN woman of social prominence who lives on Riverside Drive, owns an automobile which she selfishly refuses to share with any one. The small boys in the neighborhood have tried to bother this generous woman by sneaking a ride, tramp fashion, on the back. Madame has had an electrician fix a storage battery to the back to keep off the trailers. Somehow the other day the lady forgot the situation, and accidentally placed her own dainty fingers on the edge.

The shout that went up from the boys did not act as salve to the wounded fingers.

A LITTLE band, called the "Coachmen's Blackmailing Club," is striking terror to the hearts of the "400," to say nothing of the financial loss to their pockets.

These beasts of prey have formed a stock market in secrets, and the tape, marked with the price silence, is in my lady's nervous fingers.

The coachmen's motto is "No trust."

THE sudden marriage of Mrs. Henry Plant to Robert Graves, divorcé, leaves but one member of this interesting family single. Many will remember when Mr. Graves, at the

age of seventy-two, nearly wrecked his family of ten children by building in Brooklyn a mansion which was so magnificent as to be called "Graves Folly."

The old man died before it was completed, and the heirs were obliged to sell it to the public. It is now called "Pouch Gallery," and stands a stately relic to the name of Graves.

VETERAN débutante killers, who have become universal lovers of the rosebuds, have formed a colony. No man under fifty with a wholesome record can become a member. The young girls have ceased to fear being wallflowers while these foolish old men live.

THE MAN BEHIND THE BICYCLE REVIVAL.



Photograph, Copyright, 1903, by J. E. Purdy, Boston, Mass.

COLONEL ALBERT A. POPE, FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

NO one who is acquainted with the history of the bicycle, as well as intimate with the chronicles of the crusade which has been going on for years, with the end in view that we have a better system of roads throughout the country, will discount the splendid work done by Colonel Albert Augustus Pope, Bostonian, man of affairs and promoter of enterprises. Mr. Pope has been one of the leaders among the strong men who have made the bicycle a feature of our modern progress for years. It was to his efforts, perhaps, more than to those of any one man in the country that the splendid work was carried on, for he was not only the pioneer, but the main pillar of the movement, which had the introduction of the bicycle as a feature of sport first of all, and secondly, a necessity to our swift-moving progress.

After several years of quiet work in other fields, Colonel Pope again comes to the front as a revivalist of the bicycle, which he made such a feature of our daily life. He is now preparing for the great campaign of 1904, when the cycle will be more in evidence than ever before.

Many have the idea that, because of the advent

of the automobile in the favor of people of means, cycling is dead. In point of fact, it is more popular than ever before in the history of the sport. It was Colonel Pope who first realized the possibilities of the bicycle as a feature of our national progress, and it was he who has maintained the interest in a large measure ever since. His literature has gone to the remotest parts of the world, and his advocacy for better roads has been widely felt both in this country and abroad.

At the head of the great bicycle movement, Colonel Pope displays rare energy and the resourcefulness that has characterized him in the various fields of his endeavor previously. He is a man of strong personality, a maker of friends among all sorts and conditions of men, and is highly respected by all his associates, business and civic. Colonel Pope was born in 1843 in the vicinity of Boston, and served with honor and credit in the Northern ranks during the Rebellion. He was the founder and principal moving spirit in at least a score of great business enterprises, including manufacturing concerns, banks, and corporations, which carried on exporting and importing, as well as identified with half a

dozen publications, one of which—*The Wheelman*—he himself founded, and which was merged into *Outing*. Colonel Pope is a member of many clubs and societies, and identified with scores of educational and philanthropic institutions. His revival of the bicycle is regarded as timely, and certain of widespread interest and enthusiasm.

Colonel Pope some years ago realized the immense possibilities of the automobile as a feature of American life, and founded a great institution for their manufacture. However, it is well known that the industry has not attained the proportions where it is possible to turn out machines at a price within the reach of ordinary people; and where the foreign concerns are in such strong competition, and making such rapid strides as well, when, moreover, skilled workmanship commands so high a price, there is little hope of the automobile reaching to millions in the way that the bicycle did, and becoming a necessity instead of merely a luxury. And this is one of the reasons why Colonel Pope is so enthusiastic on the score of a revival of the wheel.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH GOVERNOR ODELL?

By IRVING L. BARTON.

EVERY now and then there is a query in the public mind with regard to the relative strength and influence of Senator T. C. Platt and Governor B. B. Odell, would-be master of the Legislature, up-State politician and general factotum of the Republican party outside the domain of the great and politically dangerous and uncertain metropolis.

It seems like a game of "now you see 'em and now you don't" all the way around the political phantasmagoria. What Governor Odell has been driving at is a mystery beyond the ken of the

all, the needs and demands of the people.

Here are a few of the special talents of Senator Platt. He knows New York to perfection—is versed in all its moods, caprices and limitations, and has dealt with it under times of tribulation and stress as well as prosperity and full political faith. He knows that to draw a tight rein on the metropolitan Pegasus is fatal to its management, for there is no quicker and surer kicker over the traces than the metropolitan voter when he is hemmed in by what he regards as puritanical restrictions.

and far-sighted of his party, there can be few dissenters. The Governor cannot avail in a crisis against the one giant of his party when the latter feels it his duty to exert the fulness of his strength. There is not occasion very often for this limit of power to be displayed, and yet, when it has been exerted, it has shaken the foundations of Republicanism, and even the distant echoes have set the crested crockery of the White House rattling with an ominous sound.

And yet the query returns: What is Governor Odell driving at? What are his ambitions, how



Photograph by Ritzman, New York.

BENJAMIN B. ODELL, JR., GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

wisest. Is he content merely to be the power of his party in the up-State districts, or has he National aspirations, with the inevitable far eye on the White House? These queries occupy a large part of the public constituency of both parties—that element which dearly loves a paradox.

There is one thing that is very certain: were Governor Odell allowed to have his own way, he would soon cut his own throat, as it were—soon prove to the world that he is a good whipper-in of the hayseidders and in nowise brilliant in the matter of metropolitan matters, either those which concern the party, or, above

Mr. Odell, on the other hand, has a deal of respect for the up-State constituent, of his needs and *morale*—particularly his *morale*. To incur his Sunday wrath the Governor regards as next thing to declaring himself a rebel to the tenets of the party. Therefore, when Mr. Platt cried, "Hold!" the chief executive of the State lifts his hand from the thumb-screw with great reluctance and only when the phantom of his own political suicide rises over the horizon and commands him.

Just what Governor Odell is driving at is not altogether plain; but with regard to Senator Platt as the shrewdest, keenest, most long-headed

are they backed, what hopes remain for them? That he has a definite aim is certain—it is characteristic of such men, for without a sure purpose they are adrift and at the mercy of any faction. But what that aim may be, is baffling to the men of his own party, as well as to those of the opposition and the world in general.

Perhaps some of the capitolian oracles will enlighten us. With patience and long-suffering, BROADWAY WEEKLY awaits the Delphic tidings.

At any rate, Senator Thomas Collier Platt is still boss of the Republican machine—and don't you forget it.

THE HEART OF METROPOLITAN BUSINESS LIFE.



Photograph by Geo. P. Hall & Son, New York.

NEW YORK CITY, AS SEEN FROM A HIGH POINT LOOKING SOUTHWARD TOWARD THE STATUE OF LIBERTY AND GIVING A SURVEY OF THE GREATEST SHIPPING AND INDUSTRIAL CENTRE ON EARTH.

AN ANALYTICAL STUDY OF BERTHA GALLAND.

COSTUME plays, like the Simon-pure historical novel, are a bit trying at times for the reason that we do not know exactly where we stand in relation to them. It is a very difficult thing to follow the caprices of the public taste, but this does not seem to keep managers and stage folk generally from essaying heavy parts and offering the public dramatic pabulum sauced with archaic epigram and garnished with velvet and fine lace.

Miss Bertha Galland is a very spirited actress, and as seen in the Major drama founded upon the book which had a great sale—"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," first at the New York and later at the Lyric—was convincing. She certainly took pains to follow the book closely in the matter of make-up, even to the peculiar shade of strawberry which lighted up her head. With a Gainsboro picture-hat a la Duchesse of Somebody of other, and a velvet gown of formal English cut, Miss Galland stood out strongly, and certainly satisfied the demands of the author and his public from the standpoint of fidelity.

Miss Galland has a very sweet voice, but the calls upon it in the rôle of Dorothy were rather too strenuous. It is very possible that people were deep-lunged in the old days, and that their expletives were delivered with due regard for open-air acoustics. But ladies in our day are less explosive, although that is by no means saying that they are not just as heroic and feel as deeply as did their forebears of the Elizabethan period. In point of fact, one is led to infer that manners in the elder time were painfully conspicuous for absence, and if people of high degree were as brutally rude to one another at times as the Major drama would have us believe, we have to congratulate ourselves that we live in the mild-tempered present.

But Miss Galland was compelled to prove the mettle of her heroine, and this she did with spirit and sometimes with utter abandon to the heroic measure of the rôle and the incidents surrounding it. The action is swift and the interest sustained, and as true to life of the period as imagination and literature extant would lead us to believe. Among the so-called costume plays "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" satisfied the longing for historical drama, and Miss Galland was the ideal *Dorothy*. For all that, one wonders if the costume play is not already doomed, and we are scanning the horizon hopefully for another cult to rave over—like as not the religious kind, the initiative given by "Parsifal." It would be a pleasure to see Miss Galland in something more modern and less strenuous, for she has great talent, the dash of Ruinart and of the cast generally of which real stellar luminaries are made.

EN PASSANT.

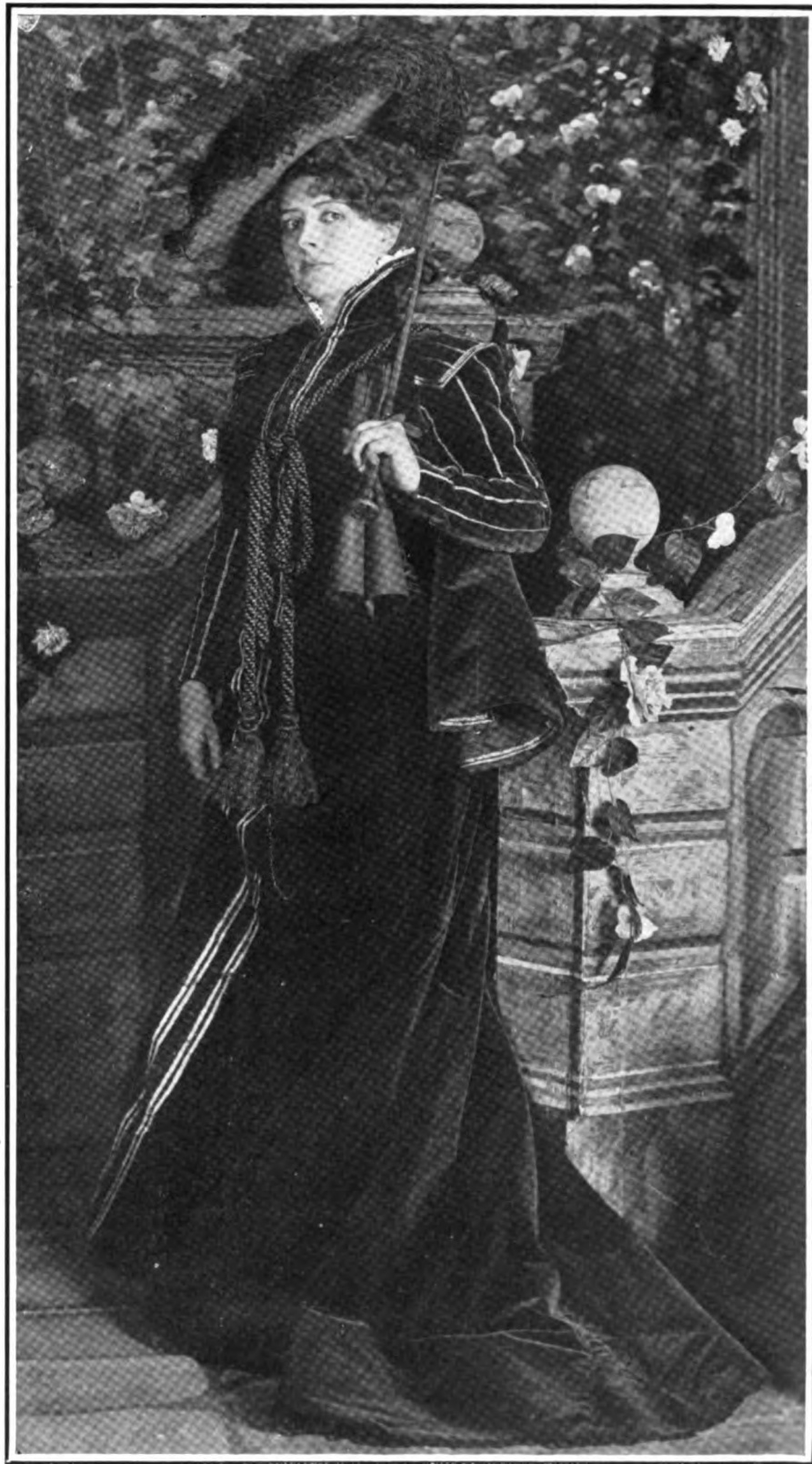
The Stair & Havlin people are said to be contemplating the diversion of a part of their circuit to vaudeville purposes. They should be able to build up a comfortable circuit without outside assistance.

F. F. Proctor, Jr., has gone to Europe on a vacation trip. The younger Proctor has worked along just as though his father did not own the theatres and he has earned a rest.

For the next few weeks songs about the Iroquois fire will be as terrible and as fatal as the catastrophe itself. They are already offering lantern slides for illustrated songs.

APROPOS.

WIFE: "John, dear, define a philanthropist!"
HUSBAND: "A philanthropist, my love, is a man who gives away other people's money."
WIFE: "And what is a philosopher?"
HUSBAND: "A philosopher is a man who bears with resignation the toothache from which his neighbor is suffering."



Photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia, Pa.

BERTHA GALLAND AS DOROTHY VERNON, OF HADDON HALL.

IN LEAP-YEAR.

When the old gentleman saw her coming into the office he smiled, for she was petite and plump, and fair to the eye.
"Am I addressing Mr. Harry Heartley's father?" she inquired.
"You are, miss," responded the old gent, the man rising and offering her a chair with a bow.
"Then I would like a few words with you about your son," she said simply.
"My son?" and the father looked disconcerted.

"Yes, sir; your son Harry. It is concerning a matter in which I am personally interested."
"What!" glowered the father, "has that young rascal been trifling?"
"I beg your pardon," she interrupted. "Harry is all right. I love him and he loves me, and I've asked him to be my husband. He has agreed to it, and now I am here to ask your consent to our union. Do I get it?" and her tone had the ring of determination in it.
It was fifteen minutes before Harry's father recovered consciousness, but when he did he kissed the leap year damsel, and she went away rejoicing.

SCENES FROM THE "MEDAL AND THE MAID," AT THE BROADWAY



Photographs by Byron, New York.

MR. MARTINETTI SINGING A LOVE DITTY TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF SEVERAL GLISTENING ARMS.



CYRIL SCOTT AND RUTH VINCENT IN AN EFFECTIVE LOVE SCENE IN ACT II.

TOPICS OF STAGELAND.

By JOHNSON BRISCOE.

MARGUERITE SYLVA, now singing the title part in "Erminie," will resume her starring tour under the management of Nixon & Zimmerman next season, appearing in a new comic opera. She has appeared on the road under their management the past two years in "Miss Bob White" and "The Strollers."

ISABEL RICHARDS, who gives such a beautiful performance of the unhappy *Mary Stuart* in Bertha Galland's production of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," is a protégée of James K. Hackett and appeared in that actor's support last season at Wallack's in "The Crisis." She also appeared under his management at the Manhattan Theatre in "The Bishop's Move" during its short career.

THE theatrical cycle in its various turns makes many interesting changes, and it is indeed a pleasure to see Elsie de Wolfe and Frank Worthing in the same production again, this time at the Criterion in "The Other Girl."

It is now six years since these two players appeared on the same stage together, at that time supporting Annie Russell in "Catherine" at the Garrick. It may be remembered that in this piece they had a scene together in the third act which, in point of daring, has not been equalled on our stage since. To their credit, the scene was beautifully handled. Since that time Miss de Wolfe has appeared in different Frohman productions and at the head of her own company, while Mr. Worthing has supported three of our most important female stars, Blanche Bates, Amelia Bingham and Julia Marlowe.

THE company which was supporting Virginia Harned on the road in "Iris" was re-engaged in its entirety, with a single exception, for her season at the Criterion Theatre in "The Light That Lies in Woman's Eyes," the complete list being Henry Jewett, William Courtenay, Stanley Dark, Harry Lewis, Lawrence Eddinger, Frederick Burt, Margaret Gordon, Mabel Snider, Ethel Winthrop, Amy Meers, Eleanor Sanford, and Elizabeth Goodall.

THE TROUBLE.

SMITHKINS: "There's old Buffkins. I don't care to meet him. Let's turn this way. Last summer I requested a loan of five hundred from him."

TIFFKINS: "Well, he ought to have obliged you; he's rich enough."

SMITHKINS: "The trouble is he did."

A WESTERN BEAUTY WHO HAS SCORED IN THE METROPOLIS.



Photograph by Sarony, New York.

LILLIAN ALBERTSON, SOON TO APPEAR IN A BROADWAY PRODUCTION.

MANY Western girls are favorites in New York, and have become such fixtures here that New York is loth to let them return to their native heaths.

Among the recent successes of maidens that have "come out of the West" is Miss Lillian Albertson, a California girl who brings from the land of sunshine and flowers the true flavor of native independence, and the graces of one who has had the advantage of contact with scenes and people that are strong, rugged and loyal.

Miss Albertson made her debut in San Francisco. Her first rôles were in the stock company of the Grand Opera House, and she served her apprenticeship well. Her audiences were very enthusiastic and she made numberless friends who have followed her career in the East with great interest. She came from the West to appear in one of the important rôles with Ralph Stuart's company.

In "La Tosca" and "Cleopatra" Miss Albertson made her chief hits. She has a fine voice and has trained it with exceeding care. Her artistic work in these and other "leads" brought her into notice with the serious critics, who predicted for her a great future. Miss Albertson's emotional parts are remarkable for their light and shade, and her versatility is well known.

Miss Albertson has some of the most stunning gowns ever seen on the New York stage. One of them is an especial favorite with her—a creation of turquoise-blue tulle over silk, and jewelled with this her favorite gem. The work required the services of a skilled woman for a period of more than two months. This gown has been the admiration, wonder, and envy of New York audiences whenever occasion justifies her wearing it.

Miss Albertson's career may be regarded as serious and full of promise. In the great army of mediocrity which characterizes the stage element in New York, it is highly gratifying to record the achievements of this Western beauty, and we feel safe in predicting that she will justify the prophecies of her appreciative critics who see for her a splendid future. Miss Albertson will soon be seen again in a prominent Broadway production now preparing. It is quite likely that for the world of dramatic art she will enshrine herself more firmly than ever.



Photograph by Hall, New York.

A SCENE FROM MRS. FRANCES H. BURNETT'S PLAY AT THE SAVOY—"THAT MAN AND I"—IN WHICH MAUDE FEALY AND ROBERT HILLIARD STAR.

WHAT NEW YORK'S SMART SET IS DISCUSSING.

CERTAINLY; why not, if society decrees it! Why, to play bridge in the grand tier between the acts of certain Wagnerian operas! Any creature with a soul not attuned to modern melody, would prefer a sociable game of bridge with Mrs. Mills or Mrs. Berryman—both charming women—to listening to—well, “Parsifal,” which is intermittingly dull, to say the least. Of course, it is the fashion and all that, and one does so hate to admit one hasn’t reached the same point of musical culture as the children’s German governess; but really it is hard on society to be forced to sit through an afternoon and evening of Wagner at his heaviest, when the new Easter styles are arriving from Paris and the new hats at Elize or Paulize or Thérèse are dreams of color. Society stay at home and send their boxes to their poor relations? Thank you, not at all. Imported gowns cost a small fortune, and many an impoverished nobleman’s family has lived luxuriously on the price of a tiara. The opera is the battlefield *par excellence* to wage war with these weapons. Such music lovers as Mrs. Osgood Field and her sister, Mrs. William Bull, Mrs. Callender, and others might make some sort of arrangement to keep the bridge enthusiasts in subjection, to warn them when soloists appear and when the opera ends. If the plan works successfully, there is no reason why the innocent little pastime cannot be indulged in throughout the entire opera. Bridge and “Parsifal” can be made to agree perfectly. Indeed, a clever woman with a properly sympathetic coterie might triumphantly manoeuvre bridge and Bayreuth.

THERE is no doubt at all that the wedding of Miss Martha Havemeyer was one of the most select and refined of the season. Everything the Havemeyers do in a social way is well done; but when the bride is just the plainest, nicest kind of girl, with pretty, well-bred manners, and not the slightest pretension to beauty, why will her well-meaning friends so constantly and strenuously force one’s attention to her modest deficiencies? “She has no color, but does not need it.” What young girl is ever prettier for being pale and perhaps sallow? “Her features are irregular; she wears her hair brushed back and dresses unostentatiously, with almost Puritan simplicity.” In plain words, the bride is a trifle dowdy; and even in all her gorgeousness of white satin, seed pearls, and rose point-lace, she was simply a pale, uninteresting bride. Miss Garrison, the maid of honor, looked as though she wanted to be the heroine of the occasion, decked out as she was in real bridal finery. The bridesmaids, all stunning girls, arrayed in dazzling yellow chiffon frocks, with fantastic ermine muffs and picture hats, threw the pale and serious bride into an

unflattering shade. Distinguished manners and a fine education, including languages and a political turn of mind, are all fine enough in their way. No doubt, Mr. Wilcox has selected unto himself a congenial and intellectual partner in life, but the world—at least that part of it admitted to a fashionable wedding, and that other world, too, that crowds on the sidewalks and dismantles the church—does love a pretty bride, and, if it must accept something less than its ideal, will insist upon grumbling as though it had been cheated of a right.

WHAT has become of Adelaide Randolphe, the charming and interesting stepdaughter of William C. Whitney, and in consequence stepcousin and second cousin to all sorts of swagger folk, including the Barney girls, Mrs. Almeric Paget and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney? Just two years ago Miss Adelaide made a graceful courtesy to society at the Whitney mansion, and society as a matter of course applauded the new bud enthusiastically. In the old Baltimore days, when Miss Randolphe, while a graceful, amiable enough little girl in short frocks, was only Mrs. Randolphe’s daughter, she did not enjoy the prestige, if not too inelegant, one might say the “soft snap,” she entered into after the marriage of her mother to William C. Whitney. But the girl was so simple and ingenuous, and withal so pretty, that no one begrudged the piece of good luck that fell to her share. That is to say, no one outside of a few aristocratic members of the Whitney family, who have never been any too friendly to the winsome young intruder, and sad to relate, sharer of their patrimony. It was a great mistake for papa to fall in love at all (at his age, too!), and they simply won’t and don’t approve of this new appendage. But since her début and a few later functions, Adelaide Randolphe is heard of no more. Has she renounced the frivolities of the Smart Set, or is it that the Smart Set has renounced this sweet blossom in its flower-bed of girls? Adelaide inherited from her mother a certain *beauté du diable*. She was unconscious of her own powers that first season. With justifiable curiosity, one is anxious to know how many hearts she has broken, whom she intends to jilt, whom to wed. Does she intend to turn herself into an English Duchess and be snubbed, or will she invest some of her adoring stepfather’s millions in a French count? One cannot help being “on edge” over it all. Perhaps the aloofness of her wealthy steprelatives may have something to do with the absentee’s unobtrusiveness; but with her youth, her wit, her beauty, and the solid hold she has on her stepfather’s affection, Miss Randolphe can afford to toss her pretty head at the Vanderbilt’s set here, and the Paget set in London. Return, Adelaide, a hearty welcome awaits you.

MRS. JACK GALLATIN is exemplifying the old saying of our good friend, Samuel Johnson, that a second marriage is “the triumph of hope over experience.” And now, that Mrs. Jack’s engagement to Joe Ullman is a settled fact, let us hope that the marriage will follow with some show of speed. One becomes a bit weary of playing puss-in-the-corner with these affianced couples, who are old enough and seasoned enough to know better. Why, if a woman, young girl or widow is honestly and seriously betrothed to her affinity, should she be shy about acknowledging the happy event and receiving congratulations and dinner invitations? It always gives one the impression that the intentions of the man or woman in question are, to say the least, uncertain. There is a good story going the rounds—no names will be mentioned—but society is laughing on the sly. It relates to a certain elderly clubman, a millionaire and a gay bachelor, who has been paying ardent court to a pretty bud in her second season. “What are your intentions toward my daughter, sir?” asked the mother with pardonable anxiety. “Strictly dishonorable, Madame, strictly dishonorable!” answered the brute of a club man.

WEEK before last one supper and one collation at an evening function were the proper caper; the week before supper, but no collation, was the fad; this week Mrs. Mills decreed that two suppers were her whim as a form of entertainment for her guests, and now the final edict, the ultimatum, is no supper at all, not even a “snack” in the way of punch and a waffle. Now, this abstemious order of affairs might do very well at a meeting of modern transcendentalists or symphonists of colors and perfumes, but please, dear Society, keep up the supper, at least until you can give some adequate substitute in the way of repartee and conversation. We don’t love you quite enough yet to come merely to see you and listen to a fashionable band. One gets more than enough music at the Bagby musicals.

REVENONS à nos moutons. Mrs. Gallatin—Mrs. Ullman, that is-to-be—has had for a young woman a somewhat checkered career. First, a little unsuccessful fling on the amateur stage, next an automobile elopement, a runaway marriage in a downpour of rain, followed by an estrangement abroad, and—the chapter is not finished. When a woman is pretty and has an artistic hankering for fine clothes, who has the heart to chide her for posing when the opportunity is offered by a Charles Dana Gibson? Now, if Mrs. Gallatin or Mrs. Ullman will only manage her husband as charmingly as she does her prize bulldogs and her blooded horses, we shall have no further fault to find with her. THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS.

IN CASE OF FIRE.

RECENT conflagrations have set people thinking. Not a day goes by that the papers do not record some terrible disaster following the visitation of the devouring flames. Now it is a dwelling-house, now a theatre, again a hotel, and still anon a public building. The usual appliances for the protection of the individual against fire are either inadequate, not at hand, or their use is impossible because of the fire coming between the trapped individual and the escape. Recently there have been some very sad cases, which might easily have been averted had there been proper precautions taken.

The time will soon come when it will be a crime for a hotel, public building, factory, college or

other place, where are convened day or night a large number of persons, who, in case of a conflagration, would have only a slight chance to escape with their lives. There is one sure and safe remedy in all such emergencies, and that is the provision of the Harris fire escape, a steel cable ladder, tested to sustain the weight of 2,500 pounds, and ever ready for the gravest need.

The Harris fire escape has stood the test of a thousand conflagrations, and two hundred thousand of them are in use to-day in factories, convents, college dormitories, hospitals, factories and other places, where they can be instantly brought into use, day or night. The Harris fire escape has saved thousands of lives and given

peace of mind to hundreds of thousands more, who have had as yet no use for them, but who never feel quite safe without some protecting aid in such a terrible emergency.

The very thought of fire gives one a shudder, and death by fire is known as one of the most terrible of all known deaths. To have a fire escape handy when the call comes is like having a boat at hand in case of a flood—it means salvation. The Harris Fire Escape is made of steel, is portable so that a traveller may take it from city to city for his protection, if such be his wish, and it means certain escape if fire breaks out. It is indestructible and, while light of weight, has the strength necessary to hold fifteen people descending by its aid at one and the same time. In this era of high hotel and other buildings the Harris fire escape is a positive boon.

THE FAMOUS "AMEN" CORNER.

WHAT IT MEANS, WHO COMPOSED IT, AND WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.

By JOSEPH D. BYRNE.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY has its Poet's Corner; there is the historic Corner Bookstore; there have been corners in wheat, cotton, steel, and corners of every description, but there is only one "Amen" corner in the history of the world, and, what is more, there is never likely to be another. There are none but the dead in the Poet's Corner, where the bodies of great Englishmen rest in peace; and corners in stocks and other material things are broken, but the "Amen" Corner is composed of the illustrious living, and in their abiding place there is no rest.

Robert G. Dill, Jr., the laureate of the Corner, has written:

"Poets rave and statesmen spout,
And tell us what it's all about;
But be they big or little men,
Our chorus always is, 'Amen!'"

When the stranger from New Zealand shall visit our shores to gaze upon the ruins of this historic republic, he will be reverently shown the spot where the Brotherhood of the "Amen" Corner were wont to assemble and perform the mysterious rites of their peculiar order. At present it may be viewed in all its pristine beauty at the northwest angle of the great corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It is cloister-like in its simplicity, and consists of two pew-like benches where the members sit and indulge in conversation.

It was about thirty years ago that a wandering tribe trekked its caravan to the hallowed spot where the Amen Brotherhood pitched their tent,

as it were, without permission, without legal title. The "Amens" just jumped the claim, staked it out and rested. Since, for thirty long years have they feasted upon the victims who ventured within the awful circle of their wit. The desperate character of the "Amen" band may be better explained in the words of their President and Chief, Edward G. Riggs:

"There is only one qualification for membership in the 'Amens'; that one must be a frequenter, a habitu , of the Corner. We do not bar murderers, thieves, or any living man, of race, creed, nationality or political opinion."

But the "Amens" have ethical and unwritten rules as well as statutory by-laws. It is hard to think that the State of New York actually legalizes such men as hold the views of Mr. Riggs as above expressed, but it is a fact that five years ago they were legally incorporated under the title, "The Amen Corner, Incorporated," with the following charter members: President, Edward G. Riggs, of the New York *Sun*; Secretary, Charles Steckler, a lawyer; Treasurer, Luther B. Little, Chief of the State Republican Literary Bureau; Vice-President, General Charles E. Furlong, U. S. A., retired; Arthur Greaves, City Editor New York *Times*; Harold MacAnderson, New York *Sun*; Louis Seibold, formerly of the *World*, now a Wall Street broker; Walter L. Hawley, of the *Evening Sun*; Robert G. Dill, Jr., of the New York *Herald*; Charles P. Norcross, of the *Tribune*; and John W. McDonald, formerly of the *World*, now in the Comptroller's office.

There are about two hundred and fifty members, who are more or less honorary in character and apart from the select who are charter members. As a body, the "Amens" have no political affiliation, and they are very jealous of this tradition. Should any member attempt to use the fact of his membership in this connection, or in any self-seeking sense, he would be impeached and tried very peremptorily. There is no record of any such happening. Neither have the "Amens" any office or lodge room for their ceremonies. The gibbet is in operation every afternoon before dinner, and every evening after that function.

Annually they eat together under the roof where they first took refuge, and these occasions are fraught with unconfined joy, and famous for the cakes and ale and good cheer which are served. None are too great and mighty to reject an invitation to sit at the festive board with the "Amens."

Last week Brother Colonel G. B. McClellan, Mayor of Greater New York, who was an active "Amen" in his earlier days, was the bright and particular guest whom the brethren honored at a feast. And there was much quaffing and chaffing and laughing, but no weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth.

For which all good citizens can cheerfully say "Amen."

During the thirty years of its existence, the name of a woman had never been mentioned in the "Amen" Corner. This is the most sacred tradition of the organization.

LEAP-YEAR BACHELORS OF THE "400."

By GARRISON A. PALMER.

THERE is much more interest at present as to the movements of the eligible young clubmen who are on the visiting lists of society matrons, than there is about the debutantes of the season. Foreign noblemen have not carried off the entire crop of handsome and wealthy girls, and there is danger ahead for the native bachelor element, the fiat having gone forth that no guilty man could escape the enforcement of the leap-year privilege.

In the race for titles a small regiment of most desirable prospective husbands in the smart set have evaded the matrimonial net, and much surprise has been expressed over the list which one young matron exhibited in a spirit of fun at a recent function.

It has been observed that widowers and divorced men have been far braver in rushing into matrimony during the past few years than single men. They are not so popular now, and match-making mammas prefer the youths who have had no experience of the blessed state. Jules Neilson's practical elopement has boomed the market, and before the Ides of September have passed, many a couple will have followed the example of Dorothy Vernon and Sir John Manners—over the garden wall.

There is little hope that William Waldorf Astor, Jr., will be captured by any American girl, as he is virtually an Englishman now, and has been in attendance as cavalier to a Princess. Indeed, he signed the marriage register at the nuptials of Lady Marjorie Greville to Viscount Helmshay last week. Craig Wadsworth, of the American Legation in London, will escape the American girls this year, as he is hunting in Leicestershire.

Robert Goelet is undoubtedly the best catch which any girl could desire. He is individually

the wealthiest young bachelor, is very popular, gracious and presentable. It is significant that he began the study of law just as the leap-year began. A friend of Mr. Goelet, W. De Lancey Kountze, is shortly to be married to Miss Martha Johnson, who is a cousin of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Lycurgus Winchester, affectionately known as "Curgy," surrendered last week, when his engagement was announced to Miss Katherine Griswold Pratt. He is a member of many clubs and the best cotillion leader ever known in Maryland. Miss Pratt's brother, Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt, who is still at Princeton, is also a cotillion leader. Philip Kearny, son of General Kearny, is another lucky man, having wedded Miss Emma Wallace Rutherford, daughter of Mrs. George Crocker, two weeks ago. There were six eligible bachelors who acted as ushers at the affair: Gardner Brown, Alexander Rutherford, Langdon Irving, Franklin Plummer, John Gallo way, and Henry Ward.

Then there are Norman Van Voorhis, James S. Wadsworth, and Sumner Gerard. The last is a brother of James W. Gerard, counsel to the sheriff, who married Miss Daly. There are two Havemeyers on the bachelor list—Raymond and Arthur. The Pembroke Joneses have extended much attention to Harry Waters, a millionaire bachelor of Baltimore. He owns the big steam yacht *Norada* and entertains extensively every summer.

John Talmage, of the set which rules at Newport, who has inherited several fortunes, is much sought after. He is quite a chum of Townsend Burden, is a polo player, a graduate of Yale and a member of the 'Varsity, Grolier, Racquet and Tuxedo clubs.

One foreign nobleman now here—Count Hoch-

berg, brother of Prince Henry of Pless—is hardly looking for a rich wife, because he will in time be one of the wealthiest men in the German Empire. Harry Thaw, the Pittsburg bachelor, whose sister married the Earl of Yarmouth, is looked upon as confirmed in his single-blessedness.

An enormously wealthy bachelor is F. Augustus Heinze, who has just taken a parterre box at the opera. He owns rich copper mines and has also mines in British Columbia. The Bar Harbor set think a great deal of young Ralph Pulitzer, and he is often seen in society in New York. He will be wealthy. His mother was a Miss Davis of Kentucky. Mr. Pulitzer is very clever with the brush, and writes a great deal. He is rather philosophical and literary in a serious way.

Of course, Fred. Gebhard is a bachelor—again—and while he is regarded as most eligible, he has been devoting himself to the interests of his nephews and nieces, rather than seeking advancement for himself. Young Marcellus Hartley, who was anxiously looked for to become a society favorite after he had graduated from Yale, seems to avoid all functions. He is attending strictly to the details of the big business which his uncle bequeathed to him, regardless of the other millions already accumulated.

Ralph Ellis is also on the single list, with Ed. Crowninshield, Bobby Gerry, and young Potter Palmer.

While Ethel Barrymore is the pet of the most exclusive set, there are half a hundred girls in the same crowd who are quite in love with Lionel Barrymore, her brother. Manly and handsome, the young actor is much admired, and what is more, the men seek his company quite as much as the women.

"THAT MAN AND I," AT THE SAVOY.

WHEN the late Augustin Daly announced that he had discovered in Maud Fealy another Ada Rehan, the world was inclined to believe it on account of the high source of the information. Miss Fealy's subsequent work did not show the results of hard training, however promising was the career in the initiative. In "Hearts Courageous" she did not seem to fill the heavy rôle to excess, and indeed there did not seem to be a strong justification for the prophecy that she was a second Duse.

In Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's drama, founded upon the novel "In Connection with the Willoughby Claim," and called "That Man and I," Miss Fealy scores a distinct success. The play is worthy of the most serious consideration. As a literary work it is genuine and sincere, as a drama it is workmanlike and true to the life of the period and the *locale*.

The movement of the play hangs upon the love affair of the owner of a mill in Massachusetts, who has forgotten to make amends for his shortcomings, and who, after a lapse of seventeen years, has a sudden attack of conscience. The stagesetting, particularly when the locality is of the South, is charming and highly artistic. There are several characters of the "white trash" element, which lead one to believe that the author spent a deal of time in the country, and gave a deal of labor to the problem of the Southern man's existence and the precariousness of a life which requires the introduction of blackmail and other amenities to eke out a career. The *Stamps* family, father, mother and son, are a fine lot, surely, and their dialect is delicious—out-Pages Thomas Nelson at his own game, in fact.

Robert Hilliard has had many opportunities to distinguish himself and has several times come very near doing it, but he has never had such a chance as Mrs. Burnett has given him in "That Man and I." It is such a part as any strenuous

actor in the heyday of his career might be proud to assume and make the most of, delighting in the strength of his manhood. Mr. Hilliard makes a strenuous *Dick Latimer*, and the life which he gives to the several scenes, wherein he plays the part of the dearly beloved and trusted uncle, certainly holds the audience to the end. "That Man and I," as presented by Mr. Perley, is well worth seeing. It is a forceful drama, well acted and admirably staged.

"THE YOUNGER MRS. PARLING," AT THE GARRICK.

HADDON CHAMBERS is one of the young men who find that there is something in books besides the printing and publishing thereof and reaping the royalties. He undertakes to write dramas also, and if not original, he can at least adapt them from the French, as do all the others who make money from their literary efforts over the footlights.

In "The Younger Mrs. Parling," in which Miss Annie Russell appears at the Garrick, it cannot be said that the transferring of the *locale* to the New World has been to its edification and improvement. In fact, it seems quite out of the American spirit, and even the graceful work of a consummate little artist like Miss Russell cannot save it from criticism from the standpoint of its standing out of place and time. Besides, it is wearisome in its talkiness, and people to-day love action above wordiness every time.

However, there are brilliant lines in the play, and there are also many situations that serve as pillars to prop up an otherwise frail and uncertain structure. What the original Bernstein play, "Le Détour," might have been to a Parisian audience, we have no means of knowing; but that the Chambers version as presented at the Garrick needs the infusion of a little ginger, and the strong right-arm swing of the blue pencil, there can be no doubt. Miss Russell has not

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found her great rôle in *Mrs. Parling*, but there is compensation for all that. The staging of the play is up to the Frohman standard, which is saying everything from a merely mechanical standpoint.

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Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

EDITH ST. CLAIR, NOW PLAYING THE PART OF IDA IN "MOTHER GOOSE," AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM.

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AMERICA'S FOREMOST CONNOISSEUR IN ART.



LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. CHARLES J. COOK, WHO WAS RECENTLY HONORED BY ITALIAN ROYALTY IN RECOGNITION OF HIS DISTINGUISHED SERVICES IN BEHALF OF THE TURIN EXPOSITION.

PERHAPS one of the foremost of the experts in fine arts—one who is internationally known and respected as an authority—is Mr. Charles J. Cook, president of Messrs. Tiffany & Co., Union Square, soon to be established in a palatial building on Fifth avenue and Thirty-seventh street.

Mr. Cook, besides being identified with the Tiffany concern in the chief-executive capacity, has been one of the prime movers in furthering expositions and features where things of great price are placed on exhibition for the edification of the public. He made his influence felt at the

World's Fair in Chicago; still more so, perhaps, at the Paris Exposition, and later at the Pan-American at Buffalo. Recently royalty has honored Mr. Cook in recognition of his services to the promoters of the Turin Exposition of 1902, the King of Italy recently conferring upon him the cross of Knight Officer of the Royal Order of La Corona d'Italia. Previous to this, the French government offered Mr. Cook a similar tribute to his genius for organizing and carrying out enterprises for the display of the highest examples of fine arts by conferring upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor—one of the finest compliments

ever paid by a foreign nation to an American in recognition of his abilities. This makes the fourth decoration that has come to the house of Tiffany as tributes to the high place which this long-established concern has held in public esteem, both at home and abroad.

Mr. Cook entered the employ of Tiffany & Co. in 1848. Through this early connection with the house and continuous service of nearly sixty years, he knows all the legends and traditions of the establishment. In fact, the later founder attributed to his executive abilities much of the success that has come to the business.

WHAT NEW YORK'S SMART SET IS DISCUSSING.



Photograph of Painting, by N. R. Brewer, New York.

MRS. PHILIP LYDIG, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF METROPOLITAN HOSTESSES.

LO and behold! Another oracle has spoken. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, fresh and rosy from "Merrie Old England," where her social career is quite as brilliant as her literary fame, calmly announces that our American fine ladies are just the reverse of athletic; that our Smart Setters live a sort of "up-in-the-air" life, not physically, of course, but mentally; and that they are yearning for the "wake-up-famous" sensation. They are not exactly unbalanced, but with their dramatic clubs and book clubs and culture clubs and thought-dissecting ethics, they are becoming raw-nerved. Neurasthenia, with all its horrors, is threatening them. How-

ever, she prescribes for us in a motherly fashion. Divest ourselves of our soft and clinging apparel, shake off our jewel shackles, and throw aside our cherished volumes. Then, with rake and hoe, hie us to the fields and raise potatoes, corn, and cabbage, thus ridding ourselves of that "thought-dissecting higher attitude," the self-analytical quality, that Mrs. Chauncey deplures, is so lacking in us. The Maud Miller act is pretty, and the American girl, with her Gibsoney-Christie swing, would lend herself admirably to the summer landscape, especially as Mrs. Burnett allows her a red frock as a contrast to green nature. She wears one, she says—but she does not add that

as she is large and florid, it is not over-becoming. All this may be very well, even if taken in large doses, as suggested; but it will be an ungrateful task in spite of these revered authorities to convince our American beauties that they have not reached the perfect combination of queen of the drawing-room and Diana of the hunt. They take their book clubs and athletics in equal portions, dear Doctor Burnett and Censor Depew.

IT is rather a pretty custom, that French one of passing around the plate for a collection for the poor at fashionable church-weddings. A young girl is chosen wearing a dream of a pic-

ture-hat that shades, but does not hide her pretty soulful eyes. The men can't resist her—that means many hundreds of francs, and the women—well, they feel an extra tug of generosity at their heartstrings, the cynosure of so many neighboring eyes.

WAS the ultra-elegant wedding in Paris at Sainte-Clotilde of Miss Livermore to the Count de Lubersac another international bargain sale? On one side youth, beauty, innocence, and all the delightful acquisitions of an assured social position; on the other—a title. Yes, but what else? There never was a girl that had less excuse to bargain herself off than this spoiled young beauty of fortune; but the "title-bee" was in her bonnet, and was not to be "downed." Henceforth Comtesse Odon de Lubersac may have all the family diamonds, crests, old lace, heartaches, and regrets that are contained in the international marriage-contract. Speaking of bargains reminds us. "But, how can I be sure," said the beautiful heiress, "that you do not want me merely for my money." "Chérie," replied the Duke, "if I can have you, I shall never worry about money any more."

Miss Livermore, or rather Mme. la Comtesse de Lubersac, is quite a notable little personage. She was the daughter of the Baroness Raymond de Sellière by her first husband, Charles F. Livermore, and connected with all sorts of fine somebodies. Her debut was made at Newport last summer at an elaborate dinner-dance. There was no earthly reason, counting as she did her admirers by the dozen, why she should not have married a certain whole-souled, handsome, adoring American boy, stay in America, and be happy ever afterward. But then she would not have been a Comtesse.

WITH divorce to the right of us, divorce to the left of us, and that enterprising Dakota, making a fat living out of our troubles, it would almost seem discouraging were it not for the fact that the rich have decided to raise babies instead of horses and dogs and fancy orchids, for these little tyrants give the death-knell to divorce. Where there are large families, divorce rarely enters. Put a half a dozen noisy healthy boys or girls in a house, and fathers and mothers forget their petty squabbles. A baby's prattle will deaden the tempting lovers' whisper, and a fresh young daughter's arms around a father's neck lessen the snares of the wily co-



Photograph by Alman, New York.

MRS. A. CASS CANFIELD, ONE OF THE LEADERS IN THE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK AND PROVIDENCE, R. I.

quette. Yes; this is babies' day, and his "at home" cards are issued. The latest arrival is the Reginald Vanderbilt prodigy, before that the Alfred Vanderbilt. Mrs. Alfred is setting the example of maternal domesticity, with a strong rival in Mrs. Willie K., Jr., who is as motherly as a clerk's wife. The fashion now is to be painted or photographed with your youngster, instead of your dogs, and to stroll with nurse for a few blocks when the baby is "airing." Mrs. Cornelius, Jr., proudly displays her group. She would like to hear oftener from the Rockefellers and Astors.

HELEN HAY, daughter of Secretary Hay, was retiring and studious, writing poems to the moonlight, sonnetizing the pale stars and rhapsodizing over waving trees. As Mrs. Payne Whitney the poetry that was supposed to be the very essence of her life was thrown windward and her magnificent functions and

extravagant dinners in her two-hundred-thousand-dollar house are the delight and envy of her friends.

DEMURE, domestic, little Gertrude Vanderbilt, with soft brown eyes and backward manner, as Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, runs a racing stable under the name of Mr. Roslyn, supports a studio, and serves delightful unconventional luncheons from a cafe below to a chosen few.

GENTLE, dark, pretty Marie de Neufville, as Mrs. Louis Iselin, is transformed into one of the most conspicuous figures of the most exclusive social circles.

EVERY one called Charlotte Whiting distinguished, quiet, mouselike. As Mrs. Henry Havemeyer, Jr., she is a dashing, gay, superbly gowned creature, whose brilliant *bon mots* are quoted everywhere.

BIRDIE FAIR was the jolliest of rollicking, little hoydens. As Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., she is the most commendable of married women.

THE Marquise de Lubersac, mother of the Count de Lubersac, wore so superb a conception of gown at the Livernore, Paris, wedding that it is worthy of note. Listen and despise your non-imported frocks! A robe—robe is the only name dignified enough—of heavy moss green velvet, brilliant in its undulations when it caught the light, but rich and dull in shadow. The extreme length of train was perfectly plain, but the corsage was draped with rarest point de Venise. A Louis XV. coat festooned with lace, a sable stole to the hem of the lustrous velvet gown, a green velvet hat with jewelled fantasies and diamond-tipped aigrettes. In such fine raiment it is the effect that counts, not the cost. But one may be pardoned for mentioning that the above creation was valued by its creator at fifteen thousand francs—guaranteed to look like fifty thousand.

ERRATIC Sara Van Alen, as Mrs. Robert Collier, is thoroughly conventional, and sedate enough to bore her best friends.

VIVIAN SARTORIS, General Ulysses S. Grant's granddaughter, has changed from the greatest coquette to the most devoted of wives.

THE WOMEN OF THE WORLD.

By CAROLYN LOWREY.

MRS. ARTHUR PAGET, who reigns supreme in the Mayfair set, London, is with us for a visit. No social leader is so thoroughly independent in doing as she pleases as Mrs. Paget.

One can see her beside Mrs. Astor at the opera one night, the next she will dine with some woman absolutely unknown to the fashionable world. One day she drinks tea with some spinster, the next it is champagne with some gay young wife who does not think it necessary to have her husband for a chaperon. Mrs. Paget is truly mistress of herself.

ONE of the social favorites is ill with nervous prostration. Since so many women of the Smart Set have been robbed of their jewelry, she feels it her duty to count her twenty sunbursts each night before retiring. This task is so laborious that it has told upon her nerves.

MISS DREXEL'S attitude of independence must make Dr. Emmet feel a trifle uncertain as to the future. Miss Josephine feels that this is her wedding-day, and has graciously allowed the doctor to be in evidence.

She has chosen her wardrobe without mamma's help, arranged every detail herself, and has even selected the gifts that the family are to give her. The doctor is wondering if she will forget to notify him when the day comes. Miss Drexel decidedly lacks the charming personality of her sister, Mrs. Harry Lehr.

NOW, that Mme. Nordica has released her handsome husband from the bonds of matrimony, Herr Zoltan Doeme has lost his nervousness and is seen once again at his old haunts. The divorce proceedings so affected the sensitive feelings of this delicate man that he retired to Dr. Bull's sanitarium, and had two trained nurses watch his nerves. A little bird from this gilded cage said, that the chief duty of these nurses was to read the magazines to him and feed him with bonbons.

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT is devoted to her famous emerald set, and seldom appears at the opera without it. I do wish this charming woman would not wear these particular jewels with a pale blue gown.

MRS. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS has given the cold shoulder to her former home, Chicago, and, strange to say, the Chicagoans do not seem to mind. It is said that Mrs. Davis ignored her old friends, and the new ones ignored her. Chicago loves to talk scandal, but Mrs. Davis preferred to talk bulldogs, which was too mild a dissipation for her Western sisters.

EVERYTHING seems to come the way of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, so let us hope she deserves it. When she is in Europe she is showered with favors and attention by the royal families. Nobility abroad don't like disinheriting sons, so they showed it by uniting in honoring Mrs. "Corny," the wife of a disinherited son; and by the merest accident she led the cotillion with Harry Lehr, at Mrs. Astor's ball. Wilson luck again! Mrs. John Jacob Astor should have led it, but owing to the death of her mother, was not present, and Mrs. "Corny" was second choice, aside from the honor of being made much of by the entire German family, and from the very great honor of an Astor taking such special notice of a Vanderbilt. Think of leading a cotillion with Harry Lehr—unquestionably the best dancer in society to-day.

THE MEN WHO FIGURE IN NEW YORK POLITICS.

PROFIT IN CAMPAIGN EQUIPMENT.

"I SEE that Bim the Button Man is building two new theatres; one on East Eighty-sixth street and another in the Bronx," remarked a well-known metropolitan judge. "Well, next time Tammany ought to get cut rates for campaign equipment. Political supplies must be very profitable."

Bim built one theatre, the West End, which he sold to Weber & Fields after he had supplied Tammany in the campaigns of a few years. It was thought that the Hall would get its material cheaper, but it is evident there is still much velvet in that direction.

JOHN W. KELLER POPULAR.

THERE is no man connected with Tammany Hall who has so many personal friends as John W. Keller. He is devoting all his time to business nowadays, but when the campaign opens there is always a demand for him as a speaker. It was thought that he would have been named for some office, but he was passed over.

Mr. Keller left office a poor man. And they say in Tammany that he would never get rich through politics. Personally, he left office thoroughly clean and spent his salary in the cause of his party.

HAVE HONORARY DUCHESSSES NOW.

THE men who hold positions as honorary mayors in local political circles have been completely eclipsed by the women who lead in their social circles.

It has become the custom now to style such ladies with ducal deference. Consequently, at the ball of the Florence J. Sullivan Association, at Tammany Hall, the announcement was made that the grand march at the Joseph Levy Association would be led by Florence Sullivan and the "Duchess of Essex," who, in private life, is the much-esteemed Mrs. Joseph Levy, president of the organization.

There is plenty of good-natured fun in the East Side functions. Everybody knows everybody else; there is no sham or fuss and feathers. And there is a solid wealth represented which is not often found at more pretentious affairs elsewhere.

THERE IS ANOTHER MURPHY.

WHILE Charles F. Murphy monopolizes all public attention for the Murphy family, his brother John is acquiring much influence on his own account. He is younger than the big leader, but is more of an active business man, and, in partnership with James Gaffney, conducts a very extensive contracting plant.

"John Murphy and his partner are building a stable for 300 horses in The Bronx," said one of the regulars at the Hall last week. "They have removed every bit of material from the four big blocks on which the Pennsylvania railroad is to build its great depot at Seventh and Eighth avenues. They both work very hard and are just in the prime of manhood. John Murphy is a great man for detail."

TIGER AND ELEPHANT REJOICE.

"SUCH a thing could not have happened years ago," said Commissioner Antonio Zucca at the dinner of the Loyal Republican Club at the Broadway Hotel.

"Here is a dinner given in honor of Port Warden James E. March, the Republican leader in the Sixth Assembly District, and at least one-third of those here are Democrats.

"On election days the leaders of both parties fight at the polls, but after that they are friendly and on the best of terms socially.

"So the tiger and the elephant can meet in the Broadway jungle without scrapping."

HOW OLD IS ALDERMAN MARKS?

THE question on every tongue at Tammany now is: "How old is Alderman Isaac Marks of the Fourth District?"

In speaking of a certain ordinance at a late meeting of the Board, he said:

"I move you, sir, that this ordinance be given immediate consideration. To my knowledge it has been in operation for seventy-five years."

Allowing that Mr. Marks was at least ten years old before he realized the force of a city ordinance, this would make him at least eighty-five years of age. The ladies of the Alderman's district resent the gossip which the speech caused, and claim that he could lead a cotillion with "Tom" Dunn any day.

THEY ALL WANT TO BE SEEN.

"IT is surprising how vain some people are," said Abraham Levy to some of his Democratic supporters up-town. "You know that the coach which takes visitors around New York to view the sights, has included Mayor McClellan's house in its route. The Mayor ran away when he saw the bunch staring at him.

"But there are a whole lot of politicians who would welcome such an attention. Look at Humpty Hanover, Moe Levy and Hep Russell! I'll bet the Mayor is one of the very few politicians who would run away from a camera."

CONGRATULATIONS FOR JAMES J. HAGAN.

THE rank and file of Tammany Hall was very much pleased the other day when some of the most prominent and influential men attended the banquet given to James J. Hagan, the leader of the Nineteenth District.

Mr. Hagan made quite a record while warden of the Tombs. He had a difficult job to keep himself free from factional fights and petty jealousies among the leaders and their henchmen, but people of all parties admitted that he was fair-minded and a man of much executive ability.

His victory over John Sexton for the leadership entitled him to consideration, and his words at the dinner form a key-note to the man.

"We want to sink every selfish interest and win this year. We owe it to our party to make a magnificent record in everything we do."

MCCARREN'S WALDORF CORNER.

LEADER MCCARREN is not able to enjoy his favorite chair at the Waldorf-Astoria frequently now owing to his multifarious duties as a leader, but the crowd of brokers and racing men keep it vacant for him.

It has astonished Tammany men the way in which Senator McCarren has developed political strength. He has the friendship of the most influential men in financial and business circles, and he is as absolute in Kings County as Hugh McLaughlin ever was.

There is little chance of the Brooklyn man going back to Albany. He has outgrown it and is now more or less of a factor in national politics. And it would seem as if he and Mr. Murphy understood each other thoroughly. J. D. B.

THE INCREASED PROSPERITY OF THE SNYDER & JOHNSON CO.

FRIENDS and patrons of the enterprising firm of Snyder & Johnson, of Chicago, and in fact of the whole United States, since the ramifications of this prosperous advertising concern extend throughout the Union and, in fact, the world, will be pleased to learn that business has improved so much in the several departments that there has been a move from their quarters in the *Tribune* building to the sixth floor of the Ellsworth building, Nos. 353-357 Dearborn street, Chicago, where a commodious suite of rooms, occupying the entire floor, has been taken for increase of business on newspaper, magazine and all auxiliary advertising. This enterprise has made itself felt in the advertising world as few of any city of the country, and stands with the head ones of the guild in the most hustling city in the great West.

BROADWAY WEEKLY congratulates the Snyder & Johnson Co. upon the excellent record made by this reliable and up-to-date concern, which is now become one of the solid institutions of the Lake City.

PUBLIC CONFIDENCE IN MR. BOODY.

NO higher tribute could be paid to any citizen than the general expression of confidence extended to former Mayor David A. Boody, of Brooklyn, who is a member of the stock brokerage firm of Boody, McClellan & Co. The latter is being sued by a Dr. Arthur Johnstone, a client, for a balance of \$5,490.17 on stock transactions, which concerned a gross amount of nearly \$700,000. The client has made charges which might affect any ordinary commercial establishment, but the personal denial of Mr. Boody was sufficient for the business world.

In these days of uncertainty, when public confidence is so easily shaken, it is splendid testimony to the reputation of Mr. Boody and his firm. As the highest citizen in Brooklyn, honored with the Mayoralty, so in his private capacity as a business man, Mr. Boody's sterling worth commands the respect and absolute trust of his clients and the public.

There has been nothing spectacular about the career of Mr. Boody. Like many another man, who is a leader in the world of finance, he had to build up his own fortunes, and the integrity and ability which he has displayed in fair and stormy

commercial weather, have made his position in every respect almost impregnable.

In the home circle, however, Mr. Boody is seen at his best. He is fond of the good old-fashioned solidity which is uncommon in days when meretricious display counts for so much with the crowd. But he was trained in the day when a man's word was even better than his bond.

THAT KODAK FIGHT.

PEOPLE who have had years of pleasure through the medium of amateur photography, have called the Eastman Kodak Co. blessed. The vogue they have created for cameras, and every variety of supply in connection with the delightful art, is not confined by any territorial limit, and their dealings with both the wholesale, retail and custom public have earned an honorable name in the world of commerce. It has taken years of thought and labor to build up their present extensive business operations, and the attack upon the main company and its contemporaries, the Eastman Kodak Co., of New Jersey, and the Aristotype Co., of Jamestown, is inspired by persons who have not met with the same universal success as these pioneer concerns, made famous by the name "Eastman."

BROADWAY WEEKLY

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OF METROPOLITAN LIFE.

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY Editor.

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear later something to your advantage by addressing Broadway Weekly, 27 East 21st Street, New York.

An Open Letter to the Editor of The New York Evening Journal.

My Dear Sir:

You will perceive that I address you in your capacity as Editor of the New York "Evening Journal," so that no confusion may arise as to which field of your several journalistic efforts I refer. Not so many days ago this medium of publicity, in a spirit of flamboyant declaim,

sought to arouse its readers to a sense of indignation against George B. McClellan, Mayor of New York, because he had not exercised police powers against the Consolidated Gas Company, incorporated under the laws of the State of New York.

The plain American people, Mr. Editor, always consider the source from which appeals emanate. Fortunately, Colonel McClellan is a good type of the level-headed men who are chosen to rule. Now, if there is one element absent from the make-up of the present Mayor, it is hysteria. He very properly guides his every action according to the provisions of the City Charter, and a regiment of soldiers could not make him do any act which he considered a usurpation of the rights of others. This is a family characteristic of the McClellans.

From a common-sense standpoint, the Mayor is responsible to no individual, but to the people alone. Your chief was in Congress with Colonel McClellan, was he not? He is a good man upon whom your chief could model his deportment and policy as a public man; and it is the hope of the people who elected your aforesaid chief that he will, before his term is ended, win spurs in debate as a champion of the common people as Colonel McClellan did.

It is rather invidious, Mr. Editor, to put it mildly, that you should be the first and only man who has chided Mayor McClellan for his conduct since he entered the City Hall.

It would not be proper to connect the fact that your chief is a declared candidate for the Presidential nomination with the fact that Mayor McClellan may have that honor thrust upon him.

But in your editorial capacity, Mr. Editor, you have often had recourse to parable; so it is not inopportune to call attention to an Oriental condition:

In Persia, the ass has flourished as a beast of burthen for centuries immemorial. Large flocks are rounded-up by native shepherds. But there is one, a Sacred White Ass, which is tended with affection and great care. It is much taller than any other ass, and can be seen above the others at a distance. But it is absolutely useless as a carrier, and causes discontent among its fellows by louder braying and the superior airs which it affects.

Do you know that there is a State department which is supposed to inspect the gas supply of cities?

A man who was elected Mayor of New York by a majority of nearly 70,000 is hardly likely to favor any trust—gas or otherwise. He can afford to be independent of any influence but that of the men who voted for him.

And don't you think that the Mayor has sought the advice of the law department of the city as to his powers in the matter? And, finally, where is the Ethiopian in the cordwood?

THE EDITOR.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE METER.

JUST at this time of year one hears a good deal about the "prevaricating" gas-meter. If there is anything wrong in the household machinery, whether the august *menage* of the Fifth avenue millionaire or the humble barracks of the lowly East-sider, it is the vogue to cuss the meter. In one case out of a possible hundred the strenuous kick is justified, since no man can manufacture an instrument so delicate and exact that it will record year in and year out, through all vicissitudes of temperature and through all variations of pressure, to a hair's-breadth. No man himself, intelligent machine that he is, could record accurately year after year that which passes through his hands, and even the best of banks are not free from errors. But to blame the meter for the wrongs of the entire household shortcoming is manifestly absurd. If a servant leaves the gas burning all night in divers parts of the house, if she allows the gas-stove to work all day, whether meals are in preparation or not, when the bills come in it is natural to blame the other fellow, that is to say, the other fellow's reckoning—the meter.

In point of fact, gas-meters are approximately accurate—as nearly so as human ingenuity can make them; and when they err, it is as often in the interest of the householder as against him. If any man living can improve the gas-meter so that it will be beyond the cavil of the company and the user alike, he has a fortune awaiting him. For the present then let us give the meter its due, in spite its diabolical seeming, for it is like the pianist in the frontier concert hall over whom hung the sign, "Don't Shoot the pianner-thumper, he's Doin' the Best he Kin." When anything occurs to cause you to doubt the veracity of the meter, first of all look to the personnel of the household, and the meter next. The chances are that you will discover the cause of your tribulations before reaching the meter at all.

THE ALLEGED "FLIMSY" RAILROAD COACH.

CONSIDERABLE criticism has been the result of a peculiar accident on one of the railroads leading out of New York, in which catastrophe there were a number of people injured. It was claimed that whereas the passengers in the regular passenger coaches were more or less hurt, those in the Pullman were not. This was seized upon as a pretext for offering the allegation that whereas those who could afford Pullman coaches were safe, while those who could not afford a Pullman were in jeopardy. This is an unjust accusation, as the directors of any reputable railroad will affirm on oath. As one of the leading men of perhaps the most prominent road leading from New York has explained to BROADWAY WEEKLY: "The charge that the coaches of the non-Pullman riding public are flimsy is a gross and grievous untruth, in nowise justified by the facts. The difference between the coaches is merely a difference in appointments and service. The cars for the regular passengers are built just as carefully and conscientiously as are the Pullmans, and every detail is inspected with infinite care. The truth is that every railroad seeks to avoid accidents by every possible means, and to build every mile of the road and every structure that passes over it with the greatest skill and regard for public safety and convenience. That Pullmans are any more exempt from accident than any other coaches is not borne out by the facts as statistics will show. Never were there such efforts put forth to insure public safety, comfort and speed as now."

IMPORTANT TO HOTEL INTERESTS.

MR. CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM, the well-known writer on subjects of interest to hotel proprietors and their patrons, is now on the editorial staff of BROADWAY WEEKLY, and his signed articles will hereafter be a feature of this publication.

If you are interested in the vast hotel proposition, with its tremendous ramifications, be sure to watch BROADWAY WEEKLY.

THE MEN WHO MAKE THE POLITICAL CARTOONS.



FREDERICK BURR OPPER, "AMERICAN."



"DAN" SMITH, "WORLD."



HOMER DAVENPORT, "WORLD."



CHARLES G. BUSH, "WORLD."



H. B. EDDY, "AMERICAN."



LEON BARRETT, "TRIBUNE."

THERE is no more important factor in a political campaign than the cartoon, and while the public is familiar with the names of the clever artists who wield such powerful influence with the voters, their personalities and methods of work are unknown, excepting to their intimates. Unlike the artists and writers of the French, English and German press, those of this country avoid the publicity which foreigners court. Our cartoonists and writers are, as a rule, quiet, retiring men of domestic tastes, and success has only come to them after years of hard work and untiring energy.

Probably Homer Davenport, formerly of the *New York American* and now of the *World*, has become better known to the public because of his fearfully caustic pictorial comment upon leading statesmen and politicians. He is now on a lecture tour of the country, and will for a time forego the pleasure of country life at his estate in Morris County, N. J., where he trots his valuable horses and raises poultry of high grades.

Charles G. Bush, of the *World*, has been the leading cartoonist for years, and his work always deals with the great questions of social and political economy and human interest. Mr. Bush comes and goes with the quiet demeanor of a cloistered monk. In the opinion of his fellow-craftsmen he is considered a thorough artist, which many cartoonists are not.

No less prominent than either of the foregoing is Frederick Burr Opper, of the *New York American*, who has been before the public longer than any other cartoonist. For years his work was a

strong feature of *Puck*, and his drawings are as much in demand to-day as ever. Mr. Opper is the inventor of all his own subjects, and he needs no inspiration to produce the most original and characteristic work.

"Dan" Smith, of the *World*, inclines more toward color work, and he is an expert animal delineator. His drawings are more regular and less grotesque than those of other cartoonists.

Leon Barrett is now the cartoonist of the *New York Tribune*, where he looks upon every political subject from a strong Republican standpoint. He, too, however, has done equally strong work when employed by the Democratic newspapers.

More of an all-round humorist than a political cartoonist, Sydney Griffin, of the *World*, has portrayed folly during many campaigns. He is a trained artist and his pictures are always entertaining.

No mention of the makers of political cartoons would be complete without the name of Thomas E. Powers, of the *New York Evening Journal*. Mr. Powers belongs to a school of his own, and he has been called the creator of an American impressionist style. He originates his own material like Mr. Opper, and is one of the high-salaried men in his profession.

There are other artists who occasionally treat political subjects, but those named are in the van of their class.



SYDNEY GRIFFIN, "WORLD."

TWO FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE SMART SET,



From Portrait by Bradley Studios, New York.

MISS EDITH WHARTON, NIECE OF JOHN JACOB ASTOR, WHO DURING HER LONG RESIDENCE IN ITALY
PRODUCED LITERATURE THAT HAS MADE HER FAMOUS.

TINGUISHED IN LITERATURE AND SOCIETY.



MRS.
CORNELIUS
VANDERBILT
NEE
WILSON,
WHO
HAS
ACHIEVED
SOCIAL
TRIUMPHS
ABROAD
AND
A
RECOGNIZE
LEADER
OF
SOCIETY
IN
THE
METROPOL

*Photograph
by
Bradley
Studios,
New
York.*

MRS. GILBERT, G. JO. W. OF THE STAGE.



Photograph by Sarony, New York.

MRS. GEORGE HENRY GILBERT.

THE most lovable personality on the American stage to-day, without any dissent, is that of the charming woman, Mrs. George Henon Gilbert, who is not only a practical co-star with Miss Annie Russell, now playing in "The Younger Mrs. Parling," but is the high deaconess of the profession. Recently the community has been much concerned about Mrs. Gilbert's health, but she has pluckily stuck to her work and regained much of her strength which was weakened by the stress of traveling tours this season.

Mrs. Gilbert's life has been full of experience of an historic character, and her book of reminiscences, published in 1901, is a standard reference. She was born in Rockdale, Lancashire, England, on October 21, 1821, her first appearance being as a dancer on the Norwich circuit in 1846, in which year she was married to G. H. Gilbert, also a dancer of note. The couple came to this country in 1849, Mrs. Gilbert appearing

as a dancer until 1857, when she began playing leading "old woman" characters, and since which time she has been the première in that line of parts in this country. She has seen the best days of the drama here and witnessed a wondrous revolution of methods. But she is still the greatest actress in her special field. From 1869 she was a member of Augustin Daly's company until the death of the great manager whom she so revered, and Mr. Daly had the most affectionate regard for her.

Next season will be Mrs. Gilbert's farewell to the stage. Charles Frohman has planned for Mrs. Gilbert to head a company on a special tour, visiting all the leading cities and be in New York on the anniversary of her eighty-fourth birthday next November.

Mrs. Gilbert will appear in a special play, with a special part, supported by a competent cast.

MISS EDWARDES QUOTHES

MISS PAULA EDWARDES, who has been heading "Winsome Winnie" through a two weeks' tour of one-night stands in the mid-West, offers the following professional proverbs, founded on recent experiences:

Look not on the lobster when it is canned; for it were better to hunger for lobster than to lay off with ptomaine poison.

Waste not your time looking under the bed for burglars; for truly no burglar would brave the dust of ages, piled thereunder.

Seek not favor in Indiana unless you were born there; for truly Alice Fischer, Booth Tarkington and George Ade set the Hoosier pace.

Count that day lost when you cross no State line; for the booking routes in this country are like unto the streets of Boston, doubling on their tracks even as doth a Harlemite homeward bound on Saturday night.

Rejoice and be exceeding glad if so it be you strike a two-night stand; for verily there be not in all this circuit one laundress who can wash and iron in less than forty-eight hours.

Indulge not in dreams concerning the tonic of lakewinds; for truly are they worse than those which encircle the Flatiron building, yet are there neither shapely ankles, nor lace hosiery, nor French heels, whereupon to feast the eye.

A good actress pitieth her dog, and sendeth him to the Chicago kennels when she goeth on the Michigan circuit, for verily the way of Michigan time cards would provoke temper in a human being and distemper in a dog.

A NEWCOMER to the stage, who is with "A Chinese Honeymoon" and who has appeared with success as an understudy, is Regina May McAvoy, who was one of the principal players in Brooklyn's Amaranth Society.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S SPEECH.

"My dear friends, I—er—it gives me great pleasure to tell—that is—to inform you that I shouldn't like to be a widow—I mean a bachelor again, and I'm sure that my wife wouldn't, either. No, no. I should have said that my wife wouldn't be a spin—that is—a spinster if she could.

"Er—I cannot sit down—I mean—I cannot resume my seat without thanking you for the birthday—er—I mean wedding presents which you have showered upon me with such confusion—er—profusion. You have made us very happy with your gifts, which we value far more than your presence—er—I mean—that is—I should have said exactly opposite to what I said when I said that I mean—I—she—or rather we—said." (Protracted applause.)

REASONABLE ENOUGH.

An unmarried gentleman caller was cuddling a baby which the mother entrusted to his arms with some distress. He observed that she was somewhat doubtful of his nursing capacity, and to allay her fears he said:

"Oh, I know all about babies."

"Why?" said the mother anxiously.

"Well, oh—er—you see—that is, I was once a baby myself," replied he.

THEN THE TROUBLE CAME.

Mrs. SMITH'S MOTHER: "Only think, Henry! I hear that your friend Charles has been sent to a lunatic asylum. Who would have thought that he had any tendency to insanity?"

Mrs. SMITH: "Oh, I've seen it coming on the poor chap for a long time. I saw him once crying at his tailor's funeral."

A CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

MISSIS: "Don't stand gaping there, girl. Speak promptly when you are spoken to, and retire when you are not. You must learn to have a better address."

JANE: "Yes, mum. I have been looking out for one, and now I know of one; I gives you notice from this moment."

HIS PRIVATE OPINION.

Mrs. GABBLETON: "I wonder why our parrot doesn't talk more?"

GABBLETON: "It probably would, my dear, if you'd give it half a chance."

AS INDICATED.

DIGGS: "Poor Wederly must be pretty badly hen-pecked."

DIGGS: "Why do you think so?"

DIGGS: "Because his first boy is now five years old and he isn't wearing trousers."

MARC KLAU: WHO HE IS AND WHAT HE IS.

IT is little more than twenty years ago, that a young reporter on the staff of a Louisville newspaper astounded the city editor, after his night's work was finished, by resigning. In the Kentucky city such positions are much esteemed because sons of the best families seek them.

"What are you going to do, Marc Klaw? Have you fallen heir to a million?" asked the editor.

"I'm going to New York to enter the theatrical business," replied young Klaw, "and I have not fallen heir to a million; but I'm going to make several."

Of course, such a threat was regarded as Blue Grass persiflage; but none the less everybody was sorry to part with the youth who was the most industrious and the best writer of any on the staff.

In a week or so, Mr. Klaw called on the dramatic editors of the big New York dailies to speak a word in the interests of Fanny Davenport, the star, who had selected him to attend to her publicity. The editors found they had a new kind of press agent to deal with; for Mr. Klaw merely made a modest talk of a few moments' duration, and then asked permission to write a story about his star on the lines he explained.

That any theatrical man would or could do such a thing in those days was hardly believed. But young Klaw got his story in, and it was noticed that each paper got something original and different, always entertainingly written. This method was introduced by him throughout the country. But he had other matters in view, and while he travelled he was studying conditions as closely as an expert would in estimating the cotton or wheat crop these times.

It was but a few years before the simple legend, "Klaw and Erlanger's Exchange," appeared on the Rialto, and the senior partner began the work of building up a great system for controlling the booking of theatrical companies all over the country. Abraham L. Erlanger, his part-



Photograph by Rockwood, New York.

MARC KLAU, THE FAMOUS IMPRESARIO, FROM A RECENT PORTRAIT.

ner, was the man of action whose strenuous ability as a pushing manager was cleverly tempered by Mr. Klaw's silent forcefulness.

There was nothing volcanic about Mr. Klaw's work or career. Indeed, it was comparatively peaceful during the earlier years; days and nights of hard work, correspondence, planning, financiering weaker brethren, and entirely of the upbuilding character.

But fortune came as surely as it did slowly,

and from agents the firm developed into proprietors of theatres; sent their own companies on the road, and were in absolute authority over numberless circuits from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The little acorn has grown into a great big oak, and it has branches upon which thrive thousands. A large force of clerks, traveling managers, local managers, hosts of actors, singers, musicians and performers of every kind find comfortable incomes around the great establishment in the New Amsterdam Theatre Building.

Mr. Klaw is so much a Captain of Industry in his field as are J. Pierpont Morgan and Andrew Carnegie in their respective lines. It is due to him that the shiftlessness of the strolling player and thriftless ways of the old-time manager have been supplanted by the up-to-date business system of the present day.

Through the years which have passed from his graduation as a reporter until to-day, when he controls millions, but few have become intimate with Mr. Klaw. He is less known to the general public and to many of the profession than any of the prominent managers. And it is his own fault entirely, because he is as retiring and modest as the public are curious to see him. Mr. Klaw has been known to stand in the lobby of one of his theatres, while an entire audience, including many theatrical people, passed by, and not to be identified or recognized by any.

The name Klaw appears in print more than that of any other manager in the United States,

but unless one knows him by appearance, almost any clerk in his employ would be taken for the employer, rather than he. Simple in his tastes, a home-living man, Mr. Klaw will never shine as a Beau Brummell; but there are hundreds in the profession who can tell of his kindness, good deeds and sympathy.

And his genius for organization, hard work and integrity was the sum of his capital when he left his old Kentucky home. J. D. B.

ROUND THE BROADWAY CLOCK.

NO musical production on Broadway would be complete if Jerome Siegel were not present. He has many friends in the profession and it was on the tapis that they should give him a dinner of congratulation as his political friends had done on his appointment as Civil Service Commissioner, but he would not permit it. Mr. Siegel is only twenty-five years of age, is a bachelor and, being a millionaire, is one of the most eligible catches in a social sense.

ONE of the solid men who are occasionally seen upon upper Broadway is M. Linn Bruce, former Chairman of the Republican County Committee, who is an ardent admirer of the Shakespearean drama and, indeed, of anything which is severely classic. Mr. Bruce has all the romantic nature of the Highland Scot,

combined with the practical common sense of the New York professional man. He is particularly pleased over the present revival of the legitimate drama. It is not generally known that the Republican lawyer is an expert upon verse and that he has wooed the muse much to the delight of his friends.

OWING to his vigorous action as President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, as he directs its administration from No. 2 Madison avenue, people would think that John P. Haines was somewhat of an autocrat; but to see him enjoy the first-night production of a Fitch comedy, this impression would be removed. His hearty appreciation of any really good point affects all others who sit near him.

IT seems like the good old times to see former Sheriff John O'Brien seated at a table in Delmonico's any evening with Leader Murphy, of Tammany Hall, and President Fox, of the Democratic Club. And Mr. O'Brien knows how to advise his political friends upon some important points.

GEORGE N. HOBART has renounced dramatic writing and will in future devote his time to satirical authorship alone. He is spending three weeks at Atlantic City in preparation for a season of hard work upon the John Henry Series.

THE automobile of C. Oliver Iselin, Jr., is often seen along the Rialto these days. He is strictly a business man now, but in his student days, while he was a Columbia undergraduate, Mr. Iselin was very popular in theatrical circles.

LIVE AND EXCLUSIVE NEWS OF THE METROPOLITAN HOTELS.

BY CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM.

"PROBABLE" CHANGE AT THE GILSEY.

THE talk about town is that Albert R. Keen, until a few months ago manager of the Hotel Marie Antoinette, has bought out the interests of E. O. Roessle, of the Gilsey House, and will take possession of that house on May 1st. That Keen is to manage the Edgemere Club, on Long Island, this coming summer has already been fixed. The Gilsey stands upon leased ground, the lease having seven more years to run; so, if the proprietorship of the hotel changes hands or not, whoever holds it, will only have that length of time to transact business in, for when the lease expires the present structure is to be replaced with one devoted to other purposes, possibly an office building.

BONIFACES SIGHT-SEEING.

FRED. ORVIS, of the firm of Howe & Orvis, proprietors of the Hotel Loraine, on Fifth avenue, with Mrs. Orvis, is at present touring Cuba. Another Boniface who is getting ready for a midwinter vacation, is Daniel C. Webb, of the Broadway Central. With Mrs. Webb, who is a sister of the late Tilly Haynes, Mr. Webb is going to make an extensive tour of Mexico and Southern California. They start on their journey the latter part of this month.

THE MANOR MAY CHANGE HANDS

BRIARCLIFF MANOR, up in Westchester County, is apt to have a new manager this summer, if David B. Plumer decides to accept the management of the new house at Spring Lake, N. J., which will be ready in time for the summer trade. The Manor was built and is owned by W. A. Law, a partner of John Sloane, the carpet man. Law is a very rich man, who for a few years past has conducted a farm and dairy at Briarcliff more as a recreation than as a source of profit. He prides himself on the quality of milk his cows give and which he sells to those who feel they can pay the price. This year he is going into the raising of American beauty roses.

Last year he put a part of his great wealth into the building of a hotel of 150 rooms on his property and called it Briarcliff Manor. Beyond dispute the house in its architecture and appointments is one of the finest summer hotels in the country. David B. Plumer, of the Laurel House, and Laurel-in-the-Pines, Lakewood, N. J., was engaged as manager. Every one remembers what a hard season last summer was for resort hotels, and the Manor had its share of dull business. However, the place left a good impression, and if the coming summer be not too cool, the Manor will do an increased trade. Law is anxious to have Plumer return, but the people that have built the Spring Lake hotel want Plumer "mighty badly," and from the way things look David is lending a listening ear to their talk. There is not much bluster to Plumer. He is a poor "handshaker," but he does know how to conduct a hotel—his record at Lakewood shows that—so whichever gets him—New Jersey or Westchester County—to use a colloquialism, he will "make good."

THE STAFF OF PRINCETON INN.

THE following is the staff of the Princeton Inn, Princeton, N. J., of which Edwin H. Lee is the manager: Rooms clerk, B. Smith, W. J. Ruskie; cashier, James E. Carroll; front clerk, Augustus J. Coughlan; stenographer, Mrs. J. E. Van Dusen; chef, Joseph Littot; pastry cook, Joseph Gunderman; assistant ward, T. E. Muchmore; housekeeper, Mrs. Anna De Graw, and headwaiter, Archie Hooper.

FLORIDA HOTELS NOT DOING WELL.

THE hotels in Florida are not doing the big business they expected to do, and this is the time they ought to be doing it. No doubt, the hotels in the South are feeling the effects of the financial depression of the present times. If the winter resorts are suffering the hotels in Gotham are beginning to feel an improvement in business. Whether it be due to the presence in town of out-of-town buyers in large numbers, or a betterment in mercantile circles, it is hard to say. Whatever be the cause, New York hotels for the past few weeks have been doing an increased business, and for that reason the Bonifaces are in a more agreeable frame of mind than they were in November and December.

THE WOLCOTT OPENING DELAYED.

THERE is some wonder at the delay in opening the Hotel Wolcott, the house that has been built in Thirty-first street and Fifth avenue for James H. Breslin. The opening has been fixed so often—even as early as last Thanksgiving Day—and still the front doors remain unopened. It is not Breslin's fault that the Wolcott is not opened. He has been ready with his part for some time, but the builders are at fault. The terms are that rent begins as soon as the furniture is put in. Breslin says he won't put in a stick of furniture while a workman remains in the building. He says the house must be complete before he puts in his furniture and begins the paying of rent. The owner wants his rent, and therefore is hurrying up the completion of the house, while Breslin and his manager, James Woods, who took a vacation a week or so ago, stand by waiting to declare the Hotel Wolcott open for business.

COMING TO THE FAIR.

EUROPEANS are beginning to write to hotels in this country inquiring for rates and accommodations during the St. Louis Fair. The Fifth Avenue Hotel has, up to date, received quite a number of inquiries. It may be a piece of profitable information to other hotels to know that Vilas and Darling have offered the foreign tourist agencies to lodge and board free the courier in charge of parties stopping in New York on their way to St. Louis, providing the party exceeds fifteen or more. If not, the courier is to be charged the regular hotel rates.

THE COMING ANNUAL CONVENTION.

THE annual convention of the National Association of hotel men is to take place in New York City some time in the late spring. It is eight years or so since the last annual convention was held here, and the sumptuous manner with which the delegates were treated by New Yorkers at that time made it easy for the Executive Committee to vote to hold this year's convention in Gotham. The New York Bonifaces voted a large sum of money for the entertainment on that occasion, and the way the hotel men from out of town were wined, dined and driven about town, sailed about the bay and sight-seeing at the nearby resorts, furnished food for talk at many a hotel, large and small, for many months after. There are more hotels since then, the hotel men are richer, and the city has been made more attractive, and the prediction may safely be made that elaborate as was the way the delegates to the annual convention were treated on the last occasion in this city, the impression they will carry back to their homes this year of New York's hospitality will be doubly pleasant.

A GOOD PIECE OF NEWS IN PROSPECT.

THE BROADWAY WEEKLY has been requested to withhold, until all details will have been settled, the publication of the leasing of a well-known Virginian resort hotel by a prominent New York hotel man. The WEEKLY has known for some time that the scheme was in progress and that the lease was about to be signed; but it has been the wish of the gentleman who is to lease the property that nothing be published about it until he gives his consent, as a premature announcement might jeopardize his plans.

NEW CASHIER AT THE VICTORIA.

GEORGE T. DURANT, who has been appointed cashier in the office of the Victoria Hotel, in this city, was for many seasons in the office of the Hotel De Soto, Charleston, S. C. For the past two summers Durant has been assisting E. Clark King in the management of the Brighton Beach Hotel, Coney Island. It was somewhere stated a short while ago that Durant had engaged in the restaurant business up-town. His going into the office of the Victoria proves that the statement was incorrect.

THE BELLECLAIRE WORLD.

THE first number of the *Hotel Belleclaire World* was issued a few days ago, and Milton Roblee, its editor, as well as the proprietor of the hotel, is entitled to considerable credit for the attractive appearance of the publication. Some people may ask why Roblee has gone to such an expense. In the "Editorial Announcement," Editor Roblee gives his reasons as follows: "The object of this publication is to set forth those features of the Belleclaire that are characteristic, and which give it an individuality and standing that tend to invoke pride and admiration in the heart of the management." Further on he says: "The *Belleclaire World* which will be issued just as often as the activities of civilization demand."

The next time the *Belleclaire World* appears, it will be safe to assume that the "activities of civilization" demanded it.

PLACE WAS TOO SLOW.

I was stopping for the night in the cabin of a Kentucky mountaineer, and soon after midnight I was aroused by a knock on the door. It was a one-room house with three beds in it, and I saw the mountaineer get out of bed and reach for his rifle.

"Did someone knock?" I asked, as he moved toward the door.

"Someone did, stranger," he replied.

"But what are you going to do with that gun?"

"Gwine to open the door, of co'se. Yo' are out of range and needn't be afraid."

He moved to one side of the door, made ready with his gun, and then raised the wooden latch. The instant the door swung open a charge of buckshot was fired into the room, but flew across it and buried itself in the opposite wall.

A second later the mountaineer fired at someone in reply, and I heard the footfalls of a man running away.

"Did yo' git him?" asked the wife in careless tones.

"Reckon not."

"Shoo! That's poor shootin'. Come along to bed."

Next morning I asked the man who his midnight visitor was, and why he had attempted murder.

"Dunno," he replied in answer to both questions.

"But does it happen very often?"

"Not skassly, sah—not skassly. I've bin livin' here in this cabin gwine on three y'ars, and I don't reckon that thing has happened over twenty times befo'. It's such a mighty peaceful nayerhood around yere that I'm thinkin' of movin' into some of the lively counties."

OVERHEARD AT BRIGHTON.

JOHNNIE: "Did you notice that lovely girl? What glorious eyes! With an expression like that of a startled fawn."

OLD HAND (calmly): "If she has that look, she's from Paris."

JOHNNIE: "Why?"

OLD HAND: "You see, all the girls there are that way. Dodging air ships, you know."

PLAYS AND PLAYERS OF THE WEEK.

AN EXPLANATION.

SOMETIME ago there was published in "Broadway Weekly" a paragraph, in which no names were mentioned, to the effect that a certain prominent actress was spoiling her career and her brilliant prospects, and practically throwing away her life before the footlights because of her liking for strong drink. It was explained at the time that her name was not used out of regard for this fine woman who had done so much to lend dignity to the American stage.

It is with the extreme pleasure that "Broadway Weekly" takes this opportunity of saying that the information received at the time was totally incorrect, and unquestionably was put in circulation by the enemies of this player.

Even the rumor, or the merest suggestion along the line indicated, was a cruel injustice, and "Broadway Weekly" is only too glad to publish this explanation, which it does freely and entirely of its own volition and from a sense of regard for the person most directly interested.

Incidentally, "Broadway Weekly," in the near future, will have something to say about the traducers of fair women and the things that walk on two legs and call themselves men, who have caused so much sorrow to one of the most estimable players on the stage to-day.

THE EDITOR.

VIOLA ALLEN IN "TWELFTH NIGHT," AT THE KNICKERBOCKER.

ROMANCE has by no means died out of our modern perspective, as witness the enthusiasm caused by the reappearance of Viola Allen in the tender, brilliant and elusive rôle of *Viola*, in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," at the Knickerbocker. It was nothing short of a revelation in parts, so dreamy, tender, sparkling as Ruinart, rare as a dish of ortolons which Browning pronounced the test of the epicure, and substantial withal as the fleshly man could wish. More than that, it was presented with due seriousness and regard for historical accuracy, and even the closest student of the romantic masterpiece could have taken exception to the offering of mechanical effects, always interesting and without anachronisms, and sometimes even stunning for brilliancy. The management certainly entered heartily into the spirit of the play and its presentation, and the present Shakespearean revival, following the failure of "Midsummer's Night's Dream" to draw heavily at the beginning of the season, seems especially gratifying. It would appear that in no small measure Miss Allen and her compeers are indebted to the excellent work of their forerunner at the Lyric, Miss Rehan and Miss Skinner.

But comparisons being odious, we refrain from them entirely and confine ourselves to this grateful manifestation of a healthy taste on the part of a metropolitan public and the willingness—nay, the courage—of some excellent players to cater to it. Not that all the players in "Twelfth Night" are up to the standard set by the principals and the management from a mechanical standpoint. There were many lapses—many a falling from the high plateau upon which the management had set the stage for the edification of a discriminating public. But who can expect a feast to be altogether without a moment of dullness? There are parts which would require a Coquelin or a Bernhardt to make anything of, speaking from the standpoint of refined human interest, for when Shakespeare paints a boor, he rather overdoes it as judged by our modern standards.

However, even the offensive scenes of inebriation are infused with so much pure fun that they are robbed of their banality, witness the amusing candle-duel between Knights *Toby* and *Andrew* in the servants' hall of *Olivia's* palace. This scene is uproariously funny.

Altogether "Twelfth Night," as presented by Miss Allen and her company, is well worth a far journey to see, and the reception accorded it by the metropolitan drama-lovers refuting the frequent assertion that "the American public wants only the worst." As a reputable authority expresses it, "Were there more players competent

to interpret the works of the great dramatists, such successes would be common; but poor players cannot hide their incompetence in good plays, for the contrast between their deficiencies in skill and power, and the strength of the vehicle in which they appear, will stamp itself upon the understanding of every hearer and observer."

"THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE" AT A COMPETITION SPECIAL.

HANDICAPS more than ordinary surround a prize play, poem, story or musical competition—too much is usually expected of it. When a recent symphony composition was awarded a \$500.00 prize over a thousand competitors on being presented to the public, the query was, "In the name of all the propitious gods, what could the other nine hundred and ninety-nine have been like?"



Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York.
ADELE RICHIE IN "GLITTERING GLORIA,"
THE COMEDY, WITH MUSIC, AT
DALY'S THEATRE.

And so with the play offered to the public under the auspices of our esteemed contemporary, *The Theatre*, which, we are informed, received the highest award over three hundred competitors. Certainly, a large percentage of the disappointed ones joined in the query which was not at all flattering to Miss Morton, for, in very truth, however excellent comparatively, in the

greater competition for the world's prizes, which every play must stand as a supreme test, the law of survival of the fittest would have relegated "The Triumph of Love" to the top shelf, where repose the defeats of genius.

For Mrs. Martha Morton Conheim has shown bursts of real inspiration in plays of greater ambition and certainly superior finish to this before, and is entitled to some consideration as a successful dramatist—more so than as a prize-winner. There is certainly nothing new about the situations, the theme concerning itself with the career of a woman with a past, who finally triumphs over her politician-lover, first by strategy, and last of all by awakening love and its consequent sense of duty. It is not new, but what human situation that is not already threadbare? It is the doing of the old thing in a new way that makes the thing new, and "he says it last who says it best." Mrs. Conheim's last word on the triumph of love in the abstract is far from convincing, and will be said over again many times to the end of this mundane order of things—in fuller, richer and more impressive tones than this wee small voice of Mrs. Conheim in this playlet.

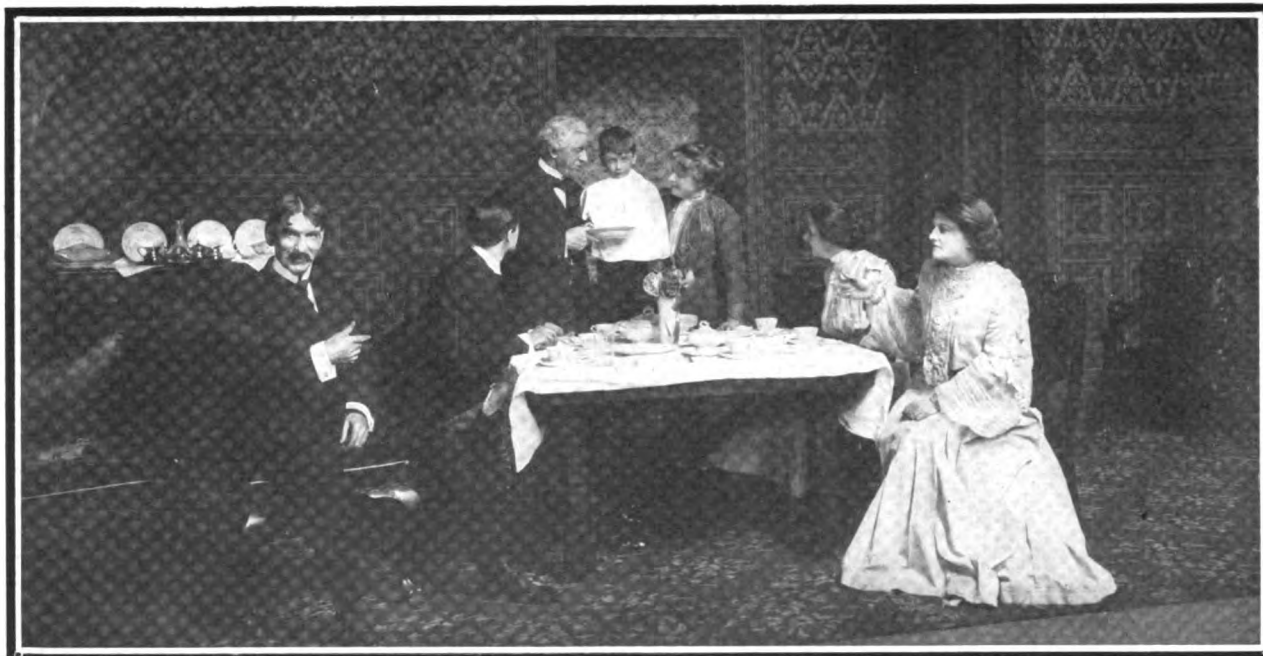
ARNOLD DALY IN "THE MAN OF DESTINY."

BONAPARTE is a character which seems to offer immense possibilities to the ambitious playwright of every nation, from Choctaw to Japanese—Napoleon is the hero of seven long Japanese plays, by the way—and we have him in all ages, from infancy to death-bed, and from Corsica to St. Helena.

George Bernard Shaw is even an artist in words, and is, moreover, a man who is fearless in thought and speech, whether he hits a neighbor, friend, compatriot or—an Englishman. In fact, next to Americans, I think that Mr. Shaw detests the mock aristocracy of the New World money-madness no less than the smug pietism of the duty-bound Britisher, as witness the sentiment of the brilliant strategist in the twenty-sixth year of his career:

"There is nothing so bad or so good that you will not find Englishmen doing it; but you will never find an Englishman in the wrong. He does everything on principle. He fights you on patriotic principles; he robs you on business principles; he enslaves you on imperial principles; he bullies you on manly principles; he supports the King on loyal principles, and he cuts off his King's head on republican principles. His watchword is always duty."

Mr. Daly is a man who loves to encounter difficulties apparently from the sheer desire to try his mettle in overcoming them. I believe some great man said this of some other great man, but "comparisons are odious," as still a



Photograph by Byron, New York.

THE AMUSING CHILD SCENE IN "THE SECRET OF POLICHINELLE," WILLIAM H. THOMPSON AS THE GRANDPA, AT THE SAVOY

third great man said, and besides, Mr. Daly is not a great man—quite yet. He is a brave man, a finished artist, and with other conquests done, will achieve more general recognition, although his art is ever too subtle to become pabulum to the general. The playwright has made *Bonaparte* a type of hero that a Britisher would like—sneering, capricious, weak with women, distrustful, amorous, but always masterful, if not by fair means, then by foul—but always *Bonaparte*, read "Man of Destiny." As a play it is scarcely worth the praise accorded it, but as a study in types, and as an example of pure English made subservient to a dramatic situation, it is highly diverting. It is to be hoped that Mr. Daly and his excellent support will soon be restored to the remodelled Vaudeville Theatre.

KYRLE BELLEW COMES BACK.

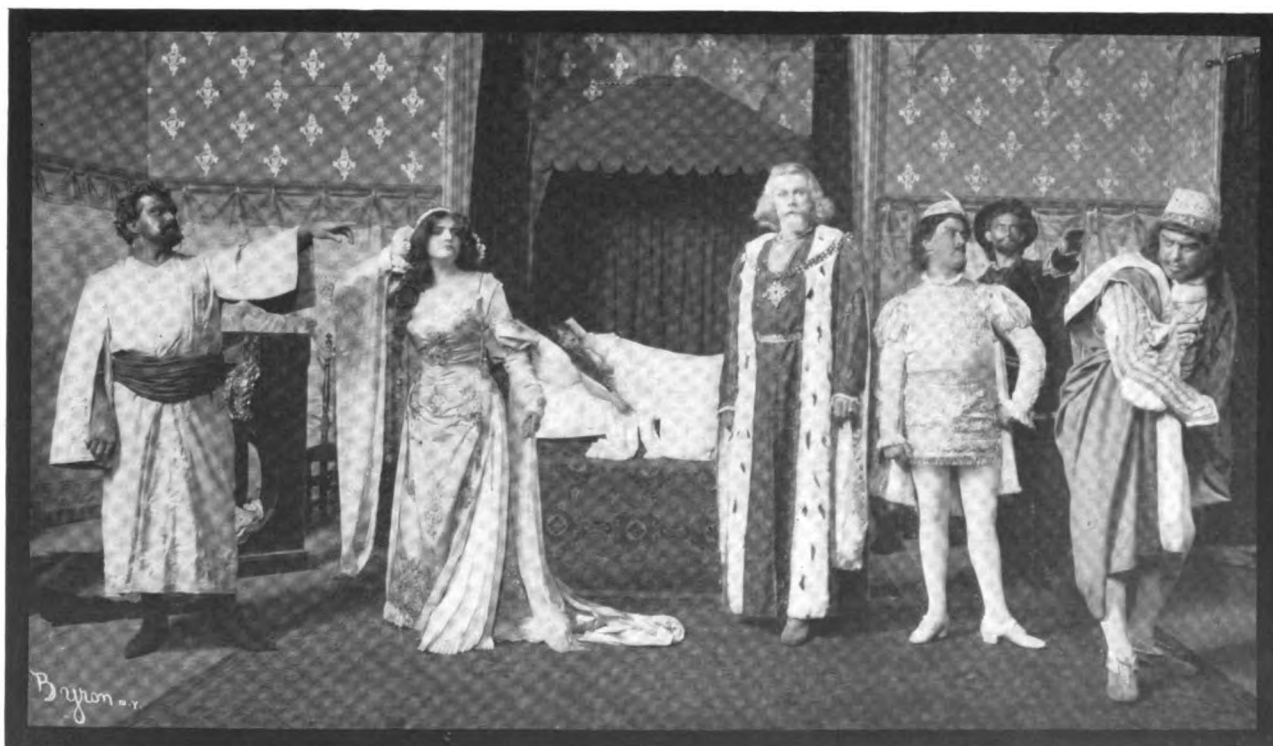
OWING to the closing of some of the theatres on account of changes requested by the authorities, some successes were transferred last week to other theatres in the city. Kyrle Bellew, after a week on the road, is now at the Savoy instead of the Princess, and "Raffles" is proving quite as potential in attracting audiences there as at the Broadway house. It does seem, indeed, as if Mr. Bellew, Mr. Holland and the other capable players would be with us until the close of the season.

In a similar manner, W. H. Thompson and his company moved over to the Garden in "Polichinelle" from the Madison Square Theatre. This is a most interesting move because, while the attraction belongs to the Independent Syndi-

cate, the theatre is a Frohman house. But theatrical persons are always sympathetic in times of trouble, and it would have been rather harsh for such a play and such a star to be barred out of New York. These little amenities between opposite forces will surely be productive of good.

VIOLA ALLEN'S SUCCESS.

OF the new attractions, Viola Allen in "Twelfth Night" at the Knickerbocker will probably carry the star through the greater part of the balance of the season. There can be no question that Wilton Lackaye and "The Pit" will do the same thing, while "Glittering Gloria" at Daly's seems to have caught on well.



Photograph by Byron, New York.

THE LAST ACT IN THE ENGLISH VERSION OF "OTHELLO," PRODUCED RECENTLY BY THE HENRY W. SAVAGE COMPANY AT THE HARLEM OPERA HOUSE.

OFFERINGS WHICH HOLD OVER.

OF the remaining offerings, "The Medal and the Maid," Henrietta Crosman in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," "The Other Girl," "Mother Goose," William Gillette at the New Lyceum, in "The Admirable Crichton," "The County Chairman," at Wallacks; Miss Annie Russell in "The Younger Mrs. Parling," at the Garrick; "The Girl from Kay's," at the Herald Square; Robert Edeson in "Ranson's Folly," at the Hudson; "The Virginian," at the Manhattan; and "Babes in Toyland," at the Majestic, are still prospering.

"CHECKERS" proved a strong card at the Academy of Music, and when it closes its season there, it is said that "A Chinese Honeymoon" will play a season of four weeks. The success which "Florodora" made on the East Side has induced the Casino people to think that "A Chinese Honeymoon" would draw equally well there. There is a large population which seldom attends any but East Side theatres, and experience has shown that Broadway attractions will draw if offered in the Oriental section of town.

HENRY V. DONNELLY announces that he is satisfied with the business at the Murray Hill since he returned to the stock-company methods. It is also stated that at the Herald Square Theatre next season there will be a musical stock company. A French opera company will be seen at the Casino shortly if the Shuberts do not present "Piff, Poff, Pouff." "Quincy Adams Sawyer," presented to popular audiences at the American, was successful.

MISS ROBSON CHANGES THEATRES.

LEANOR ROBSON, in "Merely Mary Ann," also moved last week, going from the Garden Theatre to the Criterion, where Virginia Harned closed her metropolitan season in "The Light That Shines in Woman's Eyes."

AT the Fourteenth Street Theatre George Evans, known to vaudeville audiences as a star, is doing a good business with a musical play, "The Good Old Summer Time."

A PALATIAL CAFE.

THE other day I was going through Twenty-second street, and next door to Fifth avenue I noticed a new café brilliantly illuminated.

Things new—especially new cafés—always catch my eye. Of course I went in, and to my surprise I saw my old friend, John Knox, who used to talk pleasantly to me at the Bartholdi when I was cold. Well, anyhow, John has a beautiful place, and when I departed my appetite for dinner was good. THE STROLLER.

AT THE OPERA.

OPTIMUS (quoting): "'Th' apparel oft proclaims the man.'"

CYNICUS (glancing about): "And the lack of it a woman."

DOUBTLESS.

JAGGLES: "What will be the next step in this progressive age?"
WAGGLES: "The birdless bonnet."

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Feb. 29th—MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD.

NEW YORK, B'way, 44th to 45th Streets.
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LAST WEEK.

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In His New Play **TERENCE**
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Evenings 8:10. Matinee Saturday 2:15
Daniel Frohman, Mgr.

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present a comedy, with music,

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Written by Hugh Morton. Music by Bernard
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Evenings 8:20. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15
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Thomas's Best Comedy

THE OTHER GIRL

With Original Criterion Theatre Cast.

HERALD SQUARE THEATRE, B'way &
35th St. Ev'gs at 8:10. Mat. Sat. 2:10
Charles Frohman, Mgr.
Chas. Frohman and Geo. Edwards present
the farcical comedy, with music,

THE GIRL FROM KAY'S

with enormous cast, including
SAM BERNARD.

GARRICK THEATRE, 35th St. & B'way.
Ev'gs at 8:15. Mat. Sat. at 2:15
Charles Frohman, Mgr.
Charles Frohman presents

ANNIE RUSSELL

in a new play by HADDON CHAMBERS
THE YOUNGER MRS. PARLING

SAVOY THEATRE, 34th St. and Broadway
Evenings 8:20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15.
Charles Frohman, Manager.

KYRLE BELLEW As RAFFLES,
THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN.

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Princess Theatre.

CRITERION THEATRE, B'way & 44th St.
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Charles Frohman, Mgr.

ELEANOR ROBSON

In Israel Zangwill's Four-Act Play,

MERELY MARY ANN.

GARDEN THEATRE, 27th St. & Mad. Ave.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

Direct from the Madison Square Theatre,

THE SECRET OF POLICHINELLE

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The Musical Comedy,
THE MEDAL AND THE MAID
With JAMES T. POWERS.
Feb. 22d—"THE YANKEE CONSUL."

WALLACK'S, B'way & 30th St. Ev'gs 8:15
Mat. Wed. and Sat. 2.

George Ade's Quaint Comedy
The County Chairman.

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Opening, Saturday Evening, February 20
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The Century Players, under the direction of
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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

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Mercedes Leigh Fred Eric
Mildred Morris L. Rogers Lytton
Harriet Broadhurst William Herbert
Cora Williams Clifford Leigh
Ina Brooks Henry Stockbridge
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POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Ullie Akerstrom, who was a star many
years ago, has returned to the stage and is
appearing with her company at Payton's
Brooklyn Theatre.

Senorita Rosario Guerrero, who was seen
in New York in "The Red Feather," is pre-
sented her pantomime, "The Rose and the
Dagger," in the vaudeville.

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Photograph by Byron, New York.

THE RECONCILIATION SCENE IN "THE PIT," AT THE LYRIC.

JANE OAKER AS LAURA JADWIN, NÉE DEARBORN, AND WILTON LACKAYE AS CURTIS JADWIN, IN THE FINAL SCENE OF THE THRILLING PLAY OF THE CHICAGO WHEAT-PIT.

CONGRESSMAN SULZER, WHO FIGHTS FOR A NEW POST-OFFICE.

By JOSEPH D. BYRNE.

THERE has never been any more patriotic effort to serve the public by any representative than the brave fight which Congressman William Sulzer has made for New York in the matter of securing a new post-office. And it is gratifying to know that the business community, from the most influential banker to the smallest retail dealer, is keenly appreciative of his service.

The work which he has done for the people on this question alone is sufficient to make his name live in memory in this city, and the highest praise that can be accorded him, is the support which Senator Depew gave him in his battle. The *New York Sun* has given Mr. Sulzer the greatest commendation for his struggle on behalf of the people of New York, and the fact that he defeated powerful Republican influence in a strong partisan administration is no small victory.

When the Greater New York delegation in Congress met to receive the report of its subcommittee on plans for placing the post-office matter before Congress, there was much divergence of opinion as to a site. Had Mr. W. H. Douglas, a Republican member from the city, prevailed, years of delay would have ensued, and all the good work of Mr. Sulzer and others would have been thwarted. But the young Napoleon routed the Douglas argument completely, and the Sulzer policy was sustained.

When Mr. Douglas advocated the appointment of a new commission to settle upon a site, Congressman Sulzer contended that the matter should be proceeded with upon the basis of the recommendations already made by the commission, consisting of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Postmaster-General, and the Attorney-General, which has already made its report in favor of two sites—one offered by the Pennsylvania Railroad, and one by the New York Central.

Then Mr. Douglas objected, and Mr. Sulzer made shreds of his plea. He urged that it was the only sensible way to proceed; that another commission would mean a delay of two years in getting the post-office, and that no possible advantage could accrue by selecting another commission to do the work already done so well by one composed of the highest officers of the government. Mr. Douglas even threatened to go behind the returns and oppose in the House any provision which embodied the carrying out of Mr. Sulzer's plan.

This action on the part of a Representative, elected by the voters of the Fourteenth District of New York, to look after the interests of the city, should be remembered when he next comes forward to ask for their suffrages. But at this juncture Senator Depew took issue with Mr. Douglas, and said that Mr. Sulzer should be supported.

The Senator from New York stated that the Pennsylvania and the New York Central, the great trunk lines of the metropolis, were in perfect accord in the matter of the site for the new post-office; that the Pennsylvania had offered to sell the government a site for \$2,000,000, and proposed a building which would cost \$1,500,000; while the New York Central offered to lease a structure which it was to erect itself. Both were favored, he said, by the Postmaster-General, who insisted that there should be two buildings, in order to handle properly the great volume of postal business carried by these roads.

The New York Central site will afford not only the best facilities for receiving and distributing mail in bulk, but will cover the delivery detail in the thickly populated area from Thirty-third street to 110th street. Senator Depew added that the New York Central pro-



Photograph by Prince, New York.

HON. WILLIAM SULZER, NEW YORK CITY'S BRILLIANT REPRESENTATIVE
IN CONGRESS, WHO IS MAKING A SPLENDID FIGHT FOR A
NEW POST-OFFICE IN NEW YORK CITY.

posed spending between \$20,000,000 and \$25,000,000 in improvements, and was willing to reserve for the requirements of the Post-Office Department between 100,000 and 120,000 square feet for a post-office. The building for this purpose could be leased for fifty years with a renewal, for fifty years more, at \$90,000 a year; and it would be equipped with every appliance necessary. The Senator gave his unqualified endorsement to Mr. Sulzer's plan.

The effort is to be made to introduce a provision in the Public Buildings bill, to appropriate \$2,000,000 for the purpose of a site; or if no such measure is introduced, to get the provision in the Sundry Civil bill, or through some other vehicle of financial assistance.

The speech which Mr. Sulzer delivered in the House on March 3, 1903, in behalf of a new post-office for New York, was a masterly arraignment of the neglect which Congress had shown of every demand of the chief city of the country, for proper facilities for the transaction of the Federal business which yields a net revenue to the National government of about \$6,000,000 a year, and is always increasing. Mr. Sulzer reviewed the past, and exhausted every available argument why the National government should grant the city the modest appropriation of \$2,000,000, necessary for a new Federal build-

ing. There had never been such a powerfully eloquent effort by a representative of New York in the National legislature.

Immediately afterward, members who had been apathetic in the matter began to interest themselves, and made investigations of the situation and conditions. Some of them visited the city and learned for themselves how things stood, and their experience has converted them into strong advocates of the appropriation. All this is due to the labor of Mr. Sulzer.

Congressman Sulzer is only forty-one years of age, and has been a member of the House since 1894. He was born at Elizabeth, N. J., and educated in the public schools of New York and at Columbia College. In 1884, just after attaining his majority, he was admitted to the bar, and has since practiced law in New York. From 1890 to 1894 he was a member of the New York Legislature, and was chosen Speaker of the Assembly in 1893. During his terms at Albany he made a very fine reputation, his integrity being unquestioned, and his services having always been on behalf of the people and the taxpayers, as against the corporations and trusts.

He is known throughout the country as a representative Democrat, and as an orator far above the average public men, being quite a popular idol with the masses.

METROPOLITAN POLITICS AND POLITICIANS OF THE HOUR.

THE ACTOR ASSEMBLYMAN.

LEADER "TOM" FOLEY is trying to avoid theatrical managers these days. They have heard of the great success of Alfred E. Smith, Assemblyman from the Second District, in a production of "Gloriana" by the amateur dramatic society of St. James' Union.

It seems that Mr. Smith distinguished himself greatly, and he is looked upon as a real matinee idol now.

"I have some wonderfully clever actors and actresses in my district," said Mr. Foley. "You know that there are more Second District boys and girls on the stage than from any other single district in the United States?"

"Well, just ask any professional. The biggest stars of the variety stage were born or brought up in the Second. And they're all head-liners, too.

"Why, the first minstrel troop in the world was organized in Catherine street in the forties, and the first minstrel performance was given at the hotel on the Bowery which stood where the Traction power-house is now, No. 26."

SCRAMBLING FOR ROOMS AT ST. LOUIS.

EVEN though accommodations have been secured at St. Louis for the chiefs of the Tammany delegation and for those who will be chosen as delegates, yet there are a great many who desire to go who will be compelled to arrange for hotel comforts themselves.

Nearly every good room has been engaged already, and now there is frequent telegraph inquiry for accommodation.

"Some of those who have left making arrangements until the last moment will have to sleep in one of the breweries, I fear," said Maurice Blumenthal. "I have plenty of friends in Missouri, and I guess they'll take care of me."

CITY CHAMBERLAIN KEENAN'S BIRTHDAY.

"TIS a fitting time to celebrate Patrick Keenan's birthday," said Senator Plunkett the other night. "He will be sixty-eight years old on St. Patrick's Eve, and I see the boys are going to hold a ball at the Jeffersonian Club in his district.

"I think we ought to issue a calendar showing

the natal days of all the leaders. Mr. Keenan is one of the grand old men of the Democratic party in this city, and they cannot do him too much honor."

Some one suggested that Tom Dunn should have a birthday party, but the Senator said:

"Tom has enough trouble this year. He will be more likely to have a wedding party. Some one must be sacrificed, and I think we should rely upon Tom to do the honors for leap year. I notice some of the boys are rather shy. You know that the district leaders must look after the girls as well as the voters. We are Rooseveltians in that sense, anyhow."

TAMMANY WILL BE BUSY THIS SUMMER.

THE Hall will be like a beehive this summer, for it has gone abroad that Leader Murphy will wage a stringent campaign. Tammany is to take an interest in all parts of the State, and there will be campaign literature enough published to keep the linotype machines humming night and day.

The oratorical department will be the most formidable in the history of politics, and all the young men who expect to distinguish themselves on the stump are already studying the tariff and the trust questions.

Of course, the big guns, like Bourke Cockran and former Senator Towne, will be the stars; and it would be difficult to find men on the opposition who would be able to carry on a popular debate with them on these subjects of tariff and trusts.

SOME STAGE-STRUCK POLITICIANS.

SINCE the Finns and the McGraths, of the First District, attended the performance of "A Chinese Honeymoon," some of the members are carrying the photographs of one or another of the pretty show girls of the company.

Nor are these young men the only persons, members of Tammany, who have been forming theatre parties. The C. C. Mahon Association of the Second District has also had one, headed by Edward Malone.

The big leaders of Tammany are mostly first-nighters, and many a clever move has been evolved over a supper when the curtain has

fallen. The theatres find their most constant supporters in the Democratic ranks.

SOUNDS LIKE WEBER & FIELDS.

OVER in Queens County they have a new brand of reformer, but the name given them by the regulars has minimized their usefulness, if usefulness they had any.

They have been christened the "Twirly Whirls," which reminds one of the Weber & Fields burlesques. And they do say that their plan of campaign is almost as sensible as the propositions the Broadway comedians are accustomed to make to one another in the garb of German promoters.

Leader Cassidy and his cabinet are not worried over the situation, but, in fact, seem glad that there will be something to give an atmosphere of gaiety to the Presidential year.

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON ACTIVE AGAIN.

WHEN James Lindsay Gordon appeared at the Twenty-seventh District Headquarters last week, there was much rejoicing. He spoke on the tariff question and convinced the large meeting that it was really the vital question before the public this year.

Mr. Gordon was an Assistant District Attorney under Colonel Gardiner. He went to Europe for a tour, and it was expected he would have been named for some of the good legal offices this year. But he preferred to attend to private practice.

He will be heard on the stump during the Presidential and gubernatorial campaign.

GEORGE W. LOFT AT THE NAMEOKI CLUB.

THERE is no more regular attendant at the Nameoki Club than George W. Loft, whose luscious candies have melted in the mouth of many a Democratic and Republican woman.

Mr. Loft's democracy is of the very enthusiastic brand, and while he has no desire to accept any office for himself, he is much interested in seeing the young men from his district rewarded. He is one of the men who have done most to enable Leader Donohue to build up the big Democratic following in the district. J. D. B.

In 1896 Mr. Sulzer was a delegate from New York to the Democratic National Convention in Chicago; and was again so honored at the Kansas City Convention of 1900.

Labor has always had a true friend in Mr. Sulzer. His father had been a practical exile from his native land of Germany, because he had stood by the people in 1848, and the love of freedom and justice are inherent in him. In 1884 and 1888, he stumped the States of New York and New Jersey and Connecticut for the Democratic National Committee, and he was, as a reward, made Speaker while in the Legislature, having been the youngest man ever honored in that office.

Some of the laws which he was instrumental in passing, and which were for the benefit of the laboring classes, are the anti-Pinkerton police bill; bill for the care of the insane; abolishing the sweating system in the manufacture of clothing; establishing the women's reformatory; organizing free evening lectures for working people; wiping out imprisonment for debt; guaranteeing freedom of worship; and many others vital to the liberty and comfort of the people, especially in the larger cities of New York.

A friend of Cuba in its war with Spain, Mr. Sulzer has ever been on the side of the weak and

of the poor. He stands for the amelioration and benefit of the wage earners everywhere; for equal rights to all, special privileges to none. At the Buffalo Convention he came near being nominated for Governor, and if he had, he would have been elected.

Among other public services which he has accomplished, are to create a Department of Commerce with power to regulate and control the corporations and trusts; introducing a resolution of sympathy with the Boers in their struggle for freedom; resolution providing for the amendment of the Constitution, so that United States Senators must be elected by the people; important work as a member of the Committee on Military Affairs and Patents; advocacy of measures to better the condition of letter carriers and increase their pay; bills for the payment by the government of the prevailing rate of wages, and an eight-hour day; an anti-injunction bill; and his fight for the maintenance of the Statue of Liberty's light.

There is no power in politics that will prevent the advancement of Mr. Sulzer, and it is only a question of a little time until he will be honored with some even more distinguished office than the one he now fills so worthily.

That he is a popular idol in public life is beyond all doubt.

THE UTARD ANNIVERSARY.

MARCH 1st will mark the initial anniversary of the opening of the new Pinaud Building on Fourteenth street and Fifth avenue, the institution which has been so successfully conducted under the able and capable management of Mr. Emile Utard.

It is with feeling of much keen enjoyment that the various representatives of the different magazines, weeklies and dailies, look back to the events of one year ago when Mr. Utard so hospitably entertained them at the opening of the new building.

The Pinaud offices to-day are the exemplification of the decorator's master hand, combining the richness of the drawing-room with the well-regulated business routine of a large corporation.

Mr. Utard is to be congratulated upon his success, and the work of his corps of able assistants, who so zealously regard the interests of the Pinaud Co. in the United States.

QUITE UNREASONABLE.

BRIDGET: "Enjoy slape, is it? The minute I lay down I'm aslape, and the minute I'm awake I have to get up. Where's the time for enjoying slape to come in I'd like yez to tell me?"

J. EDWARD ADDICKS—TYPICAL AMERICAN CITIZEN.

STORY OF THE LIFE OF DELAWARE'S SENATOR-TO-BE.

By GEORGE A. SHERIN.



Photograph by Hollinger, New York.

J. EDWARD ADDICKS, UNITED STATES SENATOR-TO-BE FROM DELAWARE

THERE are some men who have come to the front rank in the public life of the United States who are interesting in their personality, irrespective of political opinion or any material part they play in the drama of human life. And of those who are prominent on the horizon of publicity at this passing moment none

is so strongly typical of the American characteristics of progressiveness, activity and accomplishment as J. Edward Addicks, of Delaware.

And whenever he is considered either as a public man or private citizen, his personality alone will dominate. It cannot be disassociated from his acts or utterances. It would be quite

the same if he were a Democrat, a Republican or a member of any other party.

And that he should have in the course of his career aroused the opposition which has for years followed the culmination of his political ambition, some within his own party lines, is a tribute to his virility, independence and mental

ROOSEVELT VERSUS CASSINI.

SOCIETY is just talking itself hoarse over its walnuts and wine concerning the Roosevelt-Cassini contretemps. It seems the Countess has taken it into her high and mighty pate to publicly snub Alice Roosevelt; but hereby hangs a deep, dark tale, with a handsome villain, of course, as leading actor. When Mrs. Alger, wife of the Senator from Michigan, sent out invitations for a dinner in honor of the President's gentle daughter, Miss Cassini sent a polite note of regret, explaining that she really and truly could not come, as she knew the occasion demanded a décolleté gown, and she had so severe a cold that made it impossible for her even to leave the house.

So far, so good. But that very evening the Baroness Hengelmuller, wife of the Austrian Ambassador, had an "At Home," at which the Alger dinner party were booked. Lo, and behold! there, in the midst of a brilliant circle, stood the little Russian, shining in all the splendor of a décolleté gown, and she herself sparkling with health and high spirits, apparently perfectly unconscious of the existence of the Alger party.

"What does it all mean?" queried the diplomatic circle. Nick Longworth answered the gossip mongers who sometimes get things correctly. Nick is both rich and brainy, and is at present the most eligible young swain in Congress. He is also related on all sides to all kinds of grantees in France and his mother is entertaining lavishly this winter. This gallant Nick, acting on the principle of "O that t'other dear charmer were away," without meaning any harm—bless his heart!—gave a luncheon to sweet Alice and her very special friends, excluding Miss Cassini. Now, if the hotheaded Countess had only had patience, or could she have read the young Congressman's mind, she would have discovered that later on he intended to lunch

her and her special friends, and exclude Miss Roosevelt and her specials. Being only a mere man, he did not dream he was raising such a tempest in a teapot, or that he was the innocent cause of bad feeling.

Without any doubt the conduct of the Countess was reprehensible in the extreme, and it is to be regretted she has passed the being-put-to-bed-without-any-supper age. If this matter has reached the crisis of war to the knife, it is sadly to be feared the enterprising Cassini may possibly win, as past events have well proven she is quite able to take extremely good care of her precious little self.

Her strenuous efforts to establish her rights on the question of precedence in the diplomatic circle were killing humorously. Washington society was kept on the *qui vive* of expectancy while she rushed over to Russia to consult her dear friend, Nicholas the Czar, as to her exact right as adopted daughter and niece of Uncle Cassini—therefore the female Russian representative.

The Czar, who is generally very busy dodging dynamite bombs, and in any case considers our small questions of etiquette nonsensical, told the Countess in his sweetest guttural and in answer to her volley of "Ain't I's" and "Can't I's," that she could be "any old thing" she wanted; which remark the young diplomat interpreted to the Cabinet—the feminine portion—that she was "the whole bunch," and she has kept to that opinion ever since.

As regards the dear, tired, half-invalidated wives of Cabinet officers and the self-assured wives of the Diplomats, they took the troublesome little girl as a joke and were not particular

where she sat at State functions as long as it was not next to them.

When things got a little unpleasant, Miss Hot-head threatened to settle in New York. There were those unkind enough to wish her Godspeed.

It is quite natural, and as it should be, that the sympathy of the public should side with our President's daughter, for surely no dear, plain, little girl ever tried harder to do her duty and be stunning and picturesque than Miss Alice. She has worn big unbecoming picture-hats because they were the fashion. She has stood timidly by princes and broken wicked champagne bottles to christen boats. She has gone down in the sea and up in the air, and performed stunts on automobiles and ridden wild horses; in fact, left nothing undone that a well-bred President's daughter should do to amuse the people.

President Theodore would like his beloved first-born to have any plum she wants out of his big cake, but he won't mix in women's bickerings, and Uncle Cassini simply washes his hands of all his niece's squabbles. As long as she sees that he has good Russian dinners and talks foreign gibberish, however badly, to his picturesque guests, and leaves him alone, he is satisfied.

The fact that the fascinating Mr. Longworth may have something to say in the matter can not entirely be ignored. Now, if he has brains he can make his own way without the President or the big Russian. If he has money he need not be guilty of any matrimonial iniquity. Ah, but love—love? Why, who ever heard of politics, diplomacy, Washington and love?

But may the gentle, sweet Alice Roosevelt beat the vain Cassini!

THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS.

force. As is always the case, he has more loyal and dauntless friends than he has enemies, and it is worthy of note that the objectors to his preferment have been either purely political, or such as he had gained owing to his shrewdness in the management of business ventures.

It would now seem as though Mr. Addicks were nearing the triumph for which he has striven so long and so valiantly, and advices from Delaware indicate that popular opinion is on his side, and that the political machinery of his enemies can no longer avail against his desire to occupy a coveted seat in the United States Senate. This is a laudable wish for any man so thoroughly American in his make-up, and there are dozens of men now honored leaders in public life who had similar experiences in the up-hill battle for political preferment.

But it is in his character as an industrial factor and an irremovable power in commercial life that Mr. Addicks must be fairly considered by the general public.

Some malicious person recently circulated a rumor that Mr. Addicks had lost money in some of his enterprises, and this false statement found its way into some New York newspapers.

The world of finance knew that this report was not true, and it did not affect Mr. Addicks' standing in any way, but those who had been wrongfully informed, promptly contradicted it.

Contrary to popular opinion, men of the stamp of Mr. Addicks are not easily affected by the movements of the market, for their business foundations are able to withstand protracted eruptions.

Mr. Addicks first breathed the air of this glorious Republic in Philadelphia, an appropriate birthplace for one who was to display such remarkable force, and with courage to cope with contingencies which would have broken the spirit of another less intensely American.

He is now about sixty years of age, and his life

has been full of action and his career picturesque in its publicity. The boy Addicks gave promise of the man, who afterward made his name known and feared in every financial centre in the entire world. His early business training was of the good old-fashioned Quaker City character, based upon elementary foundations which have been the basis of the excellent commercial reputation of that community.

But Philadelphia did not confine the ambition or operations of Mr. Addicks in his enthusiastic determination to be a factor in industrial life. It so happened that he became interested in the stocks of gas companies. It might have been that he had chosen any other field of effort, but it so happened that the opportunity opened for him to study the production of gas for domestic and business purposes, and he did it with that thoroughness which characterizes everything he takes in hand.

He discovered how waste could be utilized; how economy could be effected in the making of gas, and how the corporations, which operated plants, could be administered at less cost and with benefit to consumers and stockholders.

In 1884 he organized and made famous the Bay State Gas Company at Boston, becoming the largest stockholder and president of the concern. He purchased the majority interest in the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Gas Company in 1892, becoming its president.

The success which attended Mr. Addicks' enterprises financially naturally brought forth opposition from competitors, who sought to control gas interests in the same territories in which Mr. Addicks sought to find security for his investments. To bolster up the efforts of his opponents, recourse was had to political expediency, and for years a battle royal has been waged along these lines, which has become historic in political annals. He has fought the combat alone, although he disclaims the knowledge of the

political arts which have been used against him. And he has come out smiling from every charge.

Having made his home in Delaware, he developed the ambition to represent that State in the United States Senate. In the year 1899 he received the largest vote for the much-prized position in the joint meeting of the Delaware Legislature, but failed of election because of technicalities. In 1901 he was again a candidate, but outside National political influence prevented a choice.

Now, with a renewed confidence of victory, Mr. Addicks has come forward with an announcement that he will not only be a candidate before the next session of the Delaware Legislature, but that he will win. This expression of confidence he makes in an editorial published in his newspaper at Wilmington, Del., which he wrote and signed himself. He throws down the gauntlet to his political enemies. According to his judgment a majority of the legislators will be chosen, pledged to vote for him, and he also claims that Governor Hunn will be renominated and re-elected next November.

Over his initials, "J. E. A.," he states that his candidacy has the approval of the National leaders of the Republican party. Mr. Addicks refuses pointblank to consider the assistance of any but the regular members of his party, and pledges his loyalty to his party alone.

The convention will be held early this year and Mr. Addicks says he will go to the National Convention as a delegate-at-large, and will also remain a member of the National Republican Committee. He calls attention to the fact that in former years he held forth the olive branch of peace to certain disgruntled ones, but that the day of compromise is over, and that the State can no longer be without responsible and popular representation in the United States Senate.

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY Editor.

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WHY NOT BELIEVE BRYAN?

IN view of the frequent assertion by William Jennings Bryan that he would not accept the Democratic nomination for President, would it not be only fair to take him at his word? The very newspapers which have made the most violent attacks upon him are responsible for the amount of publicity which has been accorded to him.

From the moment he arrived home from his European trip, columns have been devoted to the man from Nebraska; reporters have been specially assigned to follow him and chronicle his every word and movement. He has been regarded as a news feature of the first importance, and in spite of himself—if he objected to the publicity—the news editors would still exploit him.

At the same time the writers in the editorial columns score Mr. Bryan because the newspapers report his every word and doing. It can hardly be expected that the Nebraskan will change what he evidently regards as his convictions because newspapers demand it. The public by this time has become quite weary of reading anti-Bryan or pro-Bryan literature.

The most recent declarations of the Free-Silver advocate indicate that he expects an Eastern man to be selected by the Democratic National Convention. Indeed, so far, it cannot be said that there is any Western man in line for the nomination. If Mr. Bryan is out, to whom would he transfer his support?

The men who are considered likely to be named in the convention, are Grover Cleveland, George B. McClellan, Alton Parker, and Richard B. Olney. Any one of these would certainly be named if the convention were held to-morrow. But Mr. Bryan has officially stated that neither Cleveland, Olney, nor Parker need look for his assistance in securing the nomination.

If this is his final decision, to whom will Mr. Bryan offer or yield his influence? There would seem to be only two men to choose from—McClellan and Hearst.

For years the Nebraskan orator has been very close to the chief proprietor of the New York *American* and its associated newspapers. No small portion of Mr. Bryan's income was at one time derived from this source, and even at the moment of this writing Mr. Bryan is relating through a series of articles in the Hearst papers his European experiences.

But Arthur Brisbane, the champion of Congressman Hearst's candidacy, has over his own signature stated that Mr. Hearst is a gold-standard advocate. How, therefore, could the Nebraskan support him?

There has been no expression of opinion as to Colonel McClellan's candidacy from Mr. Bryan. By this theory of elimination he is the only candidate who has any chance of the Bryan support.

And should this aid be not forthcoming, whom would Mr. Bryan desire as the nominee? This is what puzzles many of the persons who have followed Mr. Bryan to defeat on each occasion when he ran for President. They would like to have at least one opportunity for their suffrage to count for something.

MR. MURPHY'S SAGACIOUS FORECAST
OF THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE leader of Tammany Hall who is entitled to be considered the Democratic Moses of the East, is always doing the unexpected. On his return from the West it was whispered by some Wigwam wiseacres that he was in favor of having the delegates from this State to the National Convention instructed to support some particular candidate as the choice of the Democrats of New York for the Presidency. It had been taken for granted, because the leader had remarked that he considered Mr. Cleveland the strongest person named by the press as a candidate, that he was really working toward this end. The perennial political prophets who exploit the



THE LATE SENATOR MARCUS ALONZO HANNA.

From a Snapshot taken for BROADWAY WEEKLY recently, and showing the Ohio Senator in a characteristic attitude.

Sherlock Holmes deductive theory, advanced the speculation that Mr. Murphy was secretly hopeful that the gods of politics would so shape their ends that one Colonel McClellan would eventuate as the candidate.

Now when Mr. Murphy makes a statement it is always so concrete, a Philadelphia lawyer could not find a chance to quibble over its meaning. And so, merely to clear the atmosphere, he called attention to the fact that he had never said he was in favor of Mr. Cleveland, Colonel McClellan, or any one else. Furthermore—and more to the point—he avowed that he was not in accord with the idea of instructing any delegates. So plain was he in order that he should not be misunderstood, that he added he believed the delegation should be an open one and be permitted to act without any inspiration.

In fact, Mr. Murphy meant: "Let the best man win and more power to his elbow."

Students of men who have observed the new leader of Tammany, class him as an expressionist, which is far more practical than it sounds, when applied to politics. Now, Mr. Murphy has been abroad in the land very much of late, and has met wise men North, East, South and West, and his consenting silence before his departure for the West is an emphasis of his utterances since his return. No confidential friend heralds his opinion with even a tittle of authority. His acts, speech and demeanor have been bold, courageous, and characteristic of a man who thinks for himself, is his own initiative and stands alone; one who at every turn will take the consequences of his own deeds. There is not the quiver of doubt about anything he decides upon doing or saying. His rule so far has been masterly, sapient and successful. Nothing can be attributed to him except a desire that his party be victorious and dominant in city, State and Nation; and it is only justice to believe that his pronouncement advocating an uninstructed delegation is sincere.

PRESIDENT HAINES, HEAD OF THE S. P. C. A.

THERE is no more modest man in what may be called semi-public life, considering the great good that he accomplishes, than John P. Haines, President of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The reward of this humane work is in the doing of it, and the public should at least give its material support to the organization. There is nothing spectacular about Mr. Haines. He does not like personal publicity, and in this respect

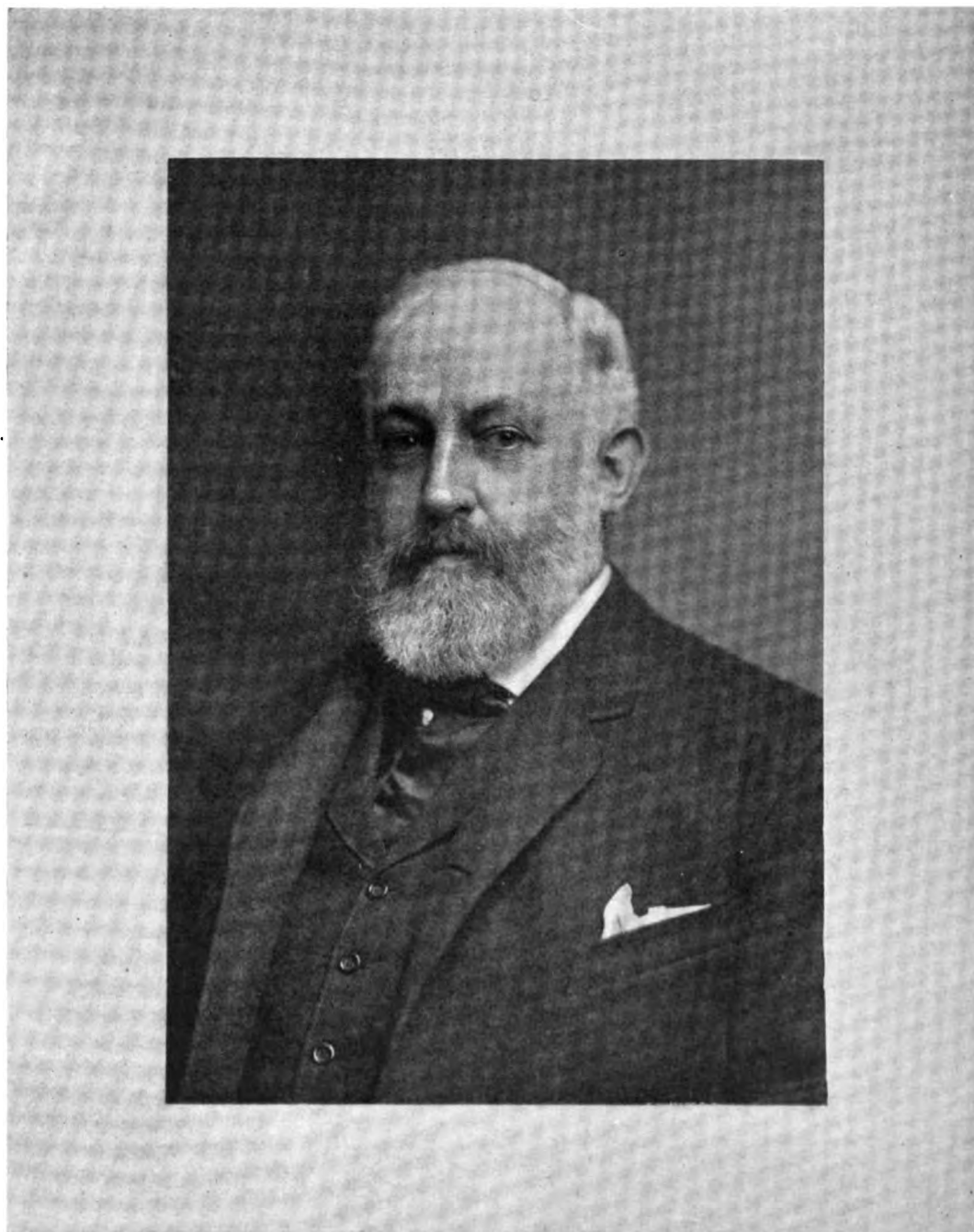
equal to the demand made upon him, and his administration of the organization has received the highest commendation.

The headquarters at Madison avenue and Twenty-sixth street, where the Society occupies the entire building, are the best equipped of any kindred organization in the world, and it is as easy to get an interview with the President as with any employee of the Society.

Of late years, the care of animals has been as

The President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was born in 1851, and was educated privately. He took a special course at the Columbia later. He is a Life Member of the American Geographical Society and of the American Museum of Natural History. He is also a member of the Society of American Authors, and lives at No. 20 Fifth avenue.

Personally, Mr. Haines' appearance is not known to the general public as most men in



Photograph by Pach Bros., New York.

PRESIDENT JOHN P. HAINES, FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

is a strong contrast to the gentlemen who represent other public bodies.

It was a difficult task for President Haines to take upon his shoulders the labor of heading the society. For years Henry Bergh, the philanthropist, had endeared himself to the public because of his service in the protection of dumb animals, and he was not an easy man to follow. But John P. Haines has proved himself a man

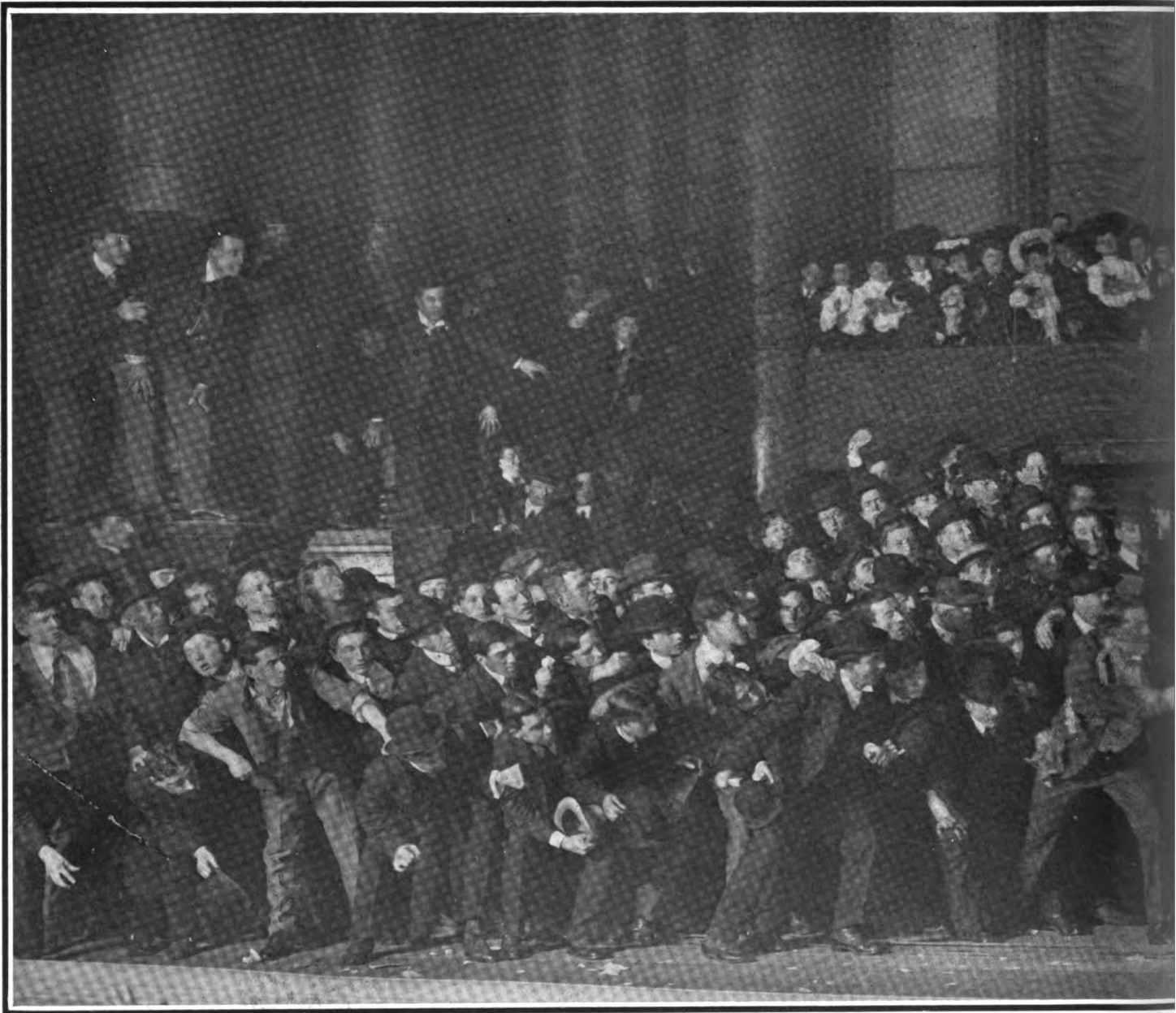
scientifically developed as has that of the human body, and great results are accomplished in the matter of operations with little suffering to the subjects. There is now an absence from public view of the disagreeable sights once familiar. In providing the most improved and up-to-date facilities for carrying out the aims and work of the Society, President Haines has done more than any other man ever engaged in the work.

such positions are, but to the people whom he meets, to his friends, and his employees, he is a man of large heart, extreme courtesy and good, solid common sense. It is a matter of congratulation that so important an institution should be so well generated.

President Haines serves absolutely without pay, his being a life dedicated to a grand cause for the mere love of doing good.

THE THRILLING WHEAT-PIT SCENE IN THE NORRIS

WITH SPECIAL PHOTO



CURTIS JADWIN (WILTON LACKAYE) AT THE CLIMAX OF THE GREAT BATTLE FOR FINANCE

BETWEEN the so-called legitimate and the despised melodrama—affectedly despised in most cases—there is a fine line of demarcation, as the Arabian proverb says of “A woman’s love and a woman’s hate, the point of the sharpest scimiter cannot enter between.” There have been some criticisms anent the melodramatic tendencies of the stirring play of the Chicago wheat-pit, dramatized from a novel by that promising genius who was cut off before his time, Frank Norris, and put to stage uses by the poet and dramatist, Channing Pollock. Perhaps, in the eyes of the wise ones of the craft, and on the standards of William Winter and other sticklers for high form in the drama, melodrama, even under most promising auspices, is reprehensible; but so grave and reverend a senior of the drama as the late Augustin Daly saw the tendency of the times when in his later seasons he produced melodramas of “The Great Ruby” variety, even in his temple of Vestalian legitimacy on Broadway and Thirtieth street.

The cue has been taken by numberless other managers, and some of them have been led to

fortune on the flood. Some even passed the border-line of the extreme thrill passion, and, like Theodore Kremer and his associates, catered to a public that, while not exactly schooled in the genuflections of polite drama of the Fitch and Pinero schools, went to the theatre first of all to be amused and after that, perchance, to be instructed.

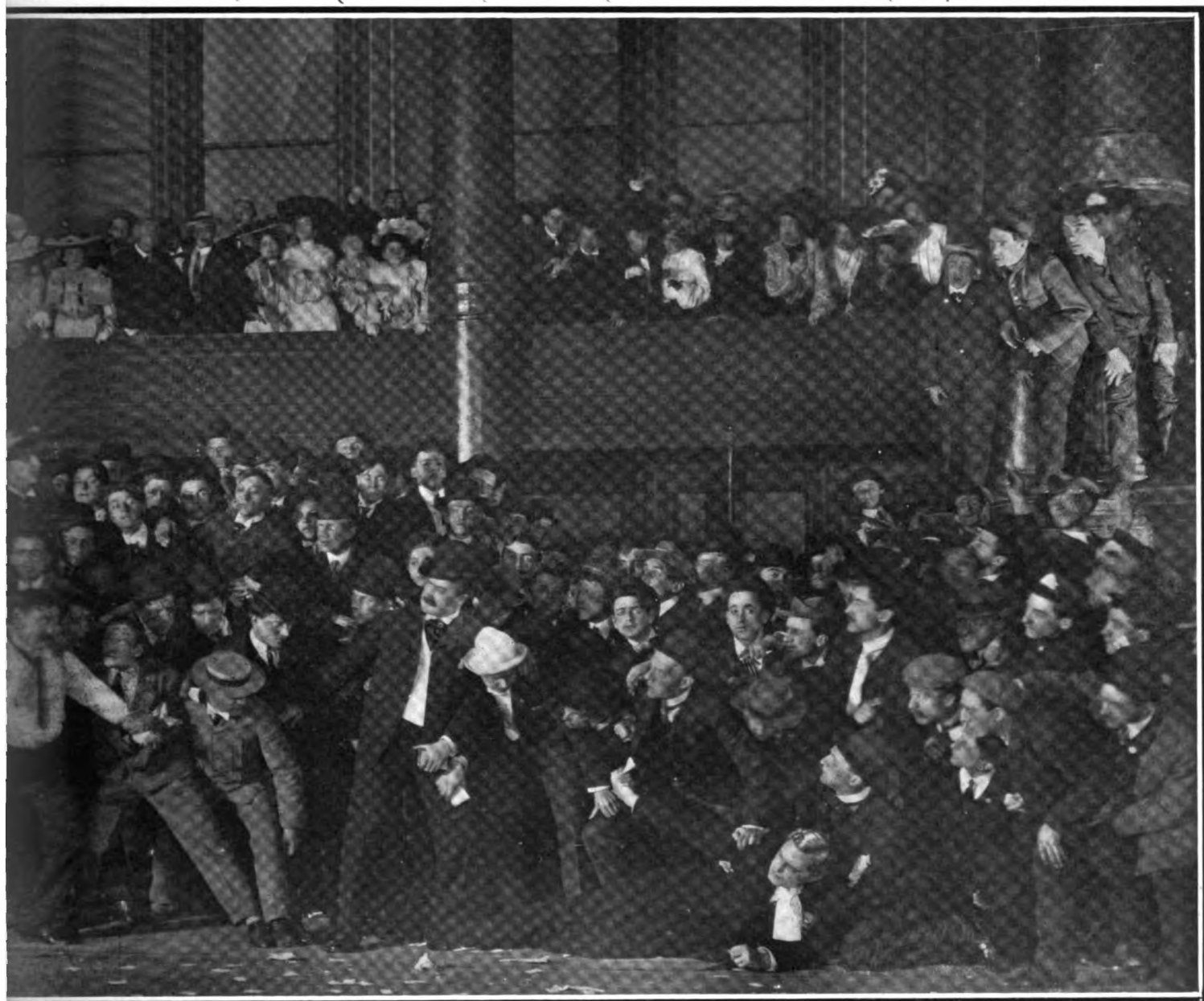
And if there is only the desire to be amused, the presentation of “The Pit” at the Lyric Theatre fills the requirements, and throws in a little wholesome instruction at the same time—instruction, the gist of which is, keep out of the wheat-pit as you would from a den of jackals or a camp of the “black death.” One of the classes of stories perennially barred by a well-known magazine editor has been for years so-called business fiction—romances woven around the prosaic situations of trade and commerce. A manager, also well-known to fame, refused ever to look at a play that wove its intricacies of situation about the transactions of the Street, and only such a master of his craft as Bronson Howard had the temerity to break through the rigid rule.

And as the book of the pit won success, so did the play of the pit succeed purely on its fidelity to the undercurrent of human nature, which is seen to be soundless as the placing seeming of Niagara River below the falls, where a mighty cataclysm goes on throughout the ages and no man knows the strength and depth of it. Mr. Norris knew his subject well—he had primed himself so thoroughly with the intricate details of the wheat-pit that he spoke as the oracle which even those in the know recognized and esteemed. When Wall Street habitués unite in affirming that “The Pit” is the real thing—real from its legitimate wrecking methods, its exhibition of mendacity, its greed, its heroisms, its strength and its weakness, its charity toward a few and its heartlessness toward many; when hardened speculators nod and say, “It’s all right”—you can be assured that “one of your scribbling chaps” has entered into the very holy of holies of speculative trade and its tragedies, and wrote what he saw and heard without fear, without hesitancy, and without prejudice or stint.

Not that “The Pit” will suit all minds—it is

DOLLOCK DRAMA, "THE PIT," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

BYRON, NEW YORK.



WHEN JADWIN DISCOVERS THAT HE HAS BEEN TRICKED TO RUIN BY HIS OWN FRIENDS.

essentially a masculine story, first of all, and the romantic part seems to have been regarded as a necessary after-conception in order to catch and hold the feminine portion of the theatre-going element, without whose kindly interest very few presentations are a howling success. The love story is very real and true to life, even if it is not new—the neglected wife, who pines for her husband's love, but who sees that the madness for money and the passion to conquer his enemies in the pit blots out heaven and hell, life, death, and eternity, wife, home, and friends. Of course, there is the inevitable poet and musician—the man of æsthetic ideals and subtle mysticisms, dawdling in the glimmer of wealth that other men accumulate, and making love promiscuously, where no man has the right, coming between even man and wife in a manner that leads to a deadly compromise. This is inevitable, but it is also necessary to show the other side of the awful struggle for supremacy in the howling pit, and the author and dramatist did a splendid thing in not sacrificing to the natural love for happy endings the integrity of the cruel battle which

brought the hero to beggary, but restored him to a good woman's love. It would have been so easy to have made *Curtis Jadwin* another Pierpont Morgan at the close, and thus argued the advantages of much money combined with shrewdness and daring. But the finding of the critical jury in this case is that of discovering that wheat-pits are not worth the cost as compared with a woman's loyalty and love, and the audience seems satisfied with the verdict.

Wilton Lackaye is a conscientious man of the profession—perhaps just escaping actual genius. His *Svengali* came closer to proving him a great actor than his *Curtis Jadwin*; but then the former was an artistic scoundrel, while the latter is merely an over-ambitious and over-conscientious dupe of his own passions and the mendacities of others. Jane Oaker as *Laura Dearborn* is convincing and tender, and is a veritable type of the breezy Michigan avenue girl. The cast is even and satisfactory, with one or two minor exceptions perhaps, and the fun of the amateur theatricals highly diverting.

But, to William A. Brady himself, it appears

to me, belongs the praise which accrues to men of daring and discretion, who will spend money and time and energies to give the people what they want—a feast to the eye and a twist to the nerves. And he has succeeded. The pit scene is splendid—strong in conception, perfectly legitimate in effects and thrilling as a picture. The flashlight gives only a slight idea of this battle of the lesser gods in their thirst to plunge into the fountains of Midas and revel in rivers of gold, for it is the wheat-pit in a panic produced with a fidelity that no man will gainsay or criticize. It is simply a chunk of Chicago brought to New York and staged for metropolitan edification and instruction, and that the manager himself believes in the picture of his creation, or rather of his reproduction, is evident in the enthusiasm with which he leads the mob of his own drilling.

"The Pit" will succeed—it has the elements, the actors and the setting, and perhaps, most of all, the man behind it who thoroughly believes in it and takes a hand in his own enterprise as a doctor who takes his own medicine. C. E. B.

THE KIND OF SHERIFF ERLANGER MAKES. THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

By CAROLYN LOWREY.

ONE of the most beautiful girls in Washington Society is the Countess Marguerite Cassini, niece of the Russian Ambassador. The Countess is devoted to horses and dogs. She drives at three every day, and the seat of honor in her Parisian roadcart is occupied by three French poodles and a Russian bear-hound.

VERY few people are surprised at the divorce proceedings begun by Mrs. George Winchester Baer of Philadelphia. Mr. Baer feels very hurt to think that this charming society girl whom he married just a year ago, should desire her freedom, simply because he does not support her. How can he, unless he works and, strange to say, such a thought does not occur to him. So he refuses to contest the proceedings.

AS a spectacular affair the Emmet-Drexel wedding was a success. It was a motley crowd; the ushers were near-sighted enough to place the dressmakers and hatmakers up in front, so that the friends had to take back seats; but then, everybody had to do that with Miss Josephine, and the doctor will undoubtedly serve his apprenticeship. It is rather a pity that Mrs. Emmet has not more of the charming personality of her sister, Mrs. Harry Lehr, who, by the way, was one of the best-gowned women at the wedding. Mrs. Lehr has a tall supple figure, and her taste is beyond question.

BACK to the land of Japan goes Putnam Strong and his beloved. This time he is not going to drink tea at the feet of My Lady, but to be a soldier in the Japanese army. Lord Francis Hope has recovered from his sorrow and is making a tour of the East with the Count and Countess de la Jourdonnié and Lady Lacon. It might relieve the monotony of things if these four should chance to meet the little party of two.

By the way, Lord Francis Hope is evidently not as foolish as he looks, for the Hope jewels were never in the possession of May Yohe. A duplicate set in paste was all the actress ever owned of the real thing.



Photograph by De Young, New York.

MITCHELL L. ERLANGER, SHERIFF.

CALLED from a studious and retired life, Mitchell L. Erlanger, the new Sheriff of New York County, has, within the short space of two months, become one of the best-known men in the city. But few persons in clubland or in political circles had met the new Sheriff, and he was seldom seen outside of his home or office, excepting at first-night productions in the theatre.

Probably his closest friend for years was Judge Barrett, of the Supreme Court, who, like himself, is of literary and artistic tastes.

Sheriff Erlanger's brother, Abraham L. Erlanger, the theatrical manager, absorbed all the publicity in the family until last fall; but in future he will have to divide the honors in this respect. For many years the Sheriff has conducted an extensive law practice, having been retained in some of the biggest corporation and theatrical suits on record. Lately, he has been going out more than he did before his election, and his speech at the last banquet of the Sheriff's Jury was quite typical of the man.

He told his hearers in about twenty words that at the end of his official term he would feel qualified to make a speech, but left it to others for the present.

In many respects Mr. Erlanger is a very different class of man from those usually chosen for the time-honored office, which had its origin so far back as the days of King Alfred, the first of English lawgivers. The installation of this official is generally perfunctory. But the new incumbent surprised the deputies and officials, when he took charge, by going very thoroughly into every detail of duty. He counted all the prisoners turned over to his case and checked off every bit of property himself. Not that he doubted the integrity of his predecessor, but as a trained lawyer he felt that he should carry out the letter of the law.

From the famous Sheriff of Nottingham to the present-day Sheriff of London, Sheriff Erlanger has the most extensive and diversified interests, the greatest responsibility, and less theatric display in the functions of his office than any in history.



Photograph by Marceau, New York.

A. H. KAFFENBURGH,

A well-known young New York lawyer and man-about-town.

WHAT NEW YORK'S SMART SET IS DISCUSSING.

NOT so very long ago—perhaps two years—Society was all a-flutter over the marriage of Frank Gould to Miss Helen Kelly, daughter of the late Eugene Kelly. A demure, little, convent-bred miss she was, withal a modest heiress, but Frank, who had been tied since his babyhood to sister Helen's apron-strings, had at least spared her the dreaded pang of choosing his wife from stageland. He also did what the Goulds are not noted for doing in choosing their wives—he asked the permission of a higher authority than his own judgment—that is to say, he consulted worthy sister Helen, who consented in a sort of under-protest fashion. The Kellys are Catholics and the Goulds are not, and it was only natural she should have preferred to call one of her own goody-goody little chums sister-in-law. Then, too, these especial chums were a step higher in the social scale than the Kellys, and where is the Gould without ambition? However, Helen, with her good, sound sense, decided to breathe a sigh of relief and let well enough alone. Considering that both these young persons were extremely conventional, it did create quite a pleasurable little furor when on the day of their wedding they dined *à la Bohème* at a popular Sixth avenue oyster house. Just who the guilty party was who proposed the escapade has never really been satisfactorily

agree. While Helen Gould adores all the little Goulds, she only occasionally dines *en famille* with Sister Edith and Grandmama Kingdon. Outside of the nieces and nephews her acquaintance with that portion of the family ends. Not that Mrs. George wants her patronage or needs it at all, on the contrary, it would be vastly to Miss Helen's advantage to hobnob with her fascinating sister-in-law. As to toadying for her millions, why, as Helen and her brother George understand one another so thoroughly, there is not the slightest necessity or inclination of toadying in that direction. Mrs. Howard Gould has attempted a very discreet tapping at the door of Society, but with no Gould backing outside of an adoring husband, she met with frosty repulse. Mrs. Howard has, however, kept a luxurious yacht handy. There is nothing so convenient as a yacht to cover a multitude of social snubbings.

THE Oliver Harrimans are to all appearances one of the most united couples in the ultra Smart Set. The beardless Oliver looks almost like a lad, just out of college, but at all the brilliant entertainments given by his wife he always is on his best and most respectful behavior—a good trait in any husband, however grievous his other deficiencies may be!

worse still, their own out-of-town friends, that they were entire owners of an entire opera box for the entire opera season, it is not over-pleasant to wake up one morning and find the following item glaring you in the face. Your name distinctly printed in the lowest corner of the last column. "Mrs. L. B. Bowdoin owns box Mondays and odd matinees only." The "only" seems blazoned in fiery letters. "Mrs. M. Winthrop other nights and even matinees." Imagine having one's economies published in such a shocking fashion! The fact that you are disgraced in such desirable company as Mrs. C. B. Alexander, odd matinees and even Fridays, or Mrs. Adrian Iselin, odd Mondays and odd matinees, or Levi P. Morton on another odd, and Mrs. Henry Clews on an odd even, is but slight balm to your outraged feelings. You simply counted on being considered a distinct, individual box-holder as Mrs. J. J. Astor or Mrs. Ogden Goelet.

OF course, Mrs. de Peyster Eldridge in Minneapolis and Mrs. Somebody else in Philadelphia, and still Mrs. Somebody else in Rochester, all dear friends and box-holders in their own respective towns, will also see this damaging piece of evidence, not only against your veracity, but your social standing. They won't take into consideration that it is quite another



Photograph by Bidwell, New York.

MRS. ALBERT C. BOSTWICK, ONE OF THE MOST EXPERT HORSEWOMEN OF THE METROPOLIS.



Photograph by Bidwell, New York

MRS. ELLA GRISCOM AND MISS ELEANOR JAY, OFF FOR A MORNING JAUNT THROUGH CENTRAL PARK.

substantiated, but rumor decreed it was the diffident little bride, who longed for a reaction from the rigid convent refectory and the stately Kelly dinners. At all events, they had a regal repast, paid a price that the oysterman who sells beer at a dollar a bottle and oysters at a price consistently high, considered not unworthy of a Gould, and tipped the waiter to such an extent that it got into the papers. The joke of the whole affair was, however, that the oysterman with true Yankee thrift got the news bruited abroad—in advance. The consequence was a packed house and roaring good trade. It is doubtful to-day whether Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gould are aware that they were that night the principal actors in a vaudeville sketch, or that the vastly entertained audience was dotted plentifully here and there with hungry young reporters, who dined and wined riotously at the expense of the oysterman, or rather the Goulds.

THE quidnuncs have already assumed a great many theories concerning the respective members of the Gould family. To say the least, they are the most united family imaginable for a family at variance. With true Gould diplomacy they have agreed not to dis-

The Harrimans have always been noted for their lavish entertainments, both here and at White Plains, where they have a palatial country seat. There is no woman in Society who gowns herself more exquisitely than Mrs. Harriman. She rather affects white and silver in all the light and any combination of tulle. At the anniversary of her wedding she appeared in a lovely white tulle gown, embroidered in silver. The full sweeping train and low bodice were outlined in fine silver tracings of flowers and vines. Strings of pearls were twined around her neck and looped in the corsage, while diamond ornaments adorned the silver girdle. A comb of diamonds of exquisite design was worn in the hair.

NEWSPAPERS are reprehensible organs anyway, but since they have taken to treading upon the aristocratic toes of the very upper, upper ten, they become wellnigh unbearable. Publishing a complete, an absolutely correct detailed list of the Metropolitan box-holders to satisfy a morbid inquisitiveness on the part of the public, may prove a sort of commendable go-aheadiveness on the part of these papers. But when certain members of Society have been deluding themselves, and

matter owning a box in a provincial city. No, indeed, you can just picture them sarcastically raising their eyebrows and hear their satirical laugh at this humiliating exposure. Not that you exactly told them, but you did give them to understand something just a little different. In fact, you had in one grand boastful sweep not only invited them and their friends to command you—that was, your box—but you boldly included their friends' friends exactly as though you had owned not one, but several of the largest boxes in the grand tier. Now the disgraceful fact is out with no redress. If you had only been long-headed enough at the very beginning of the season and pleaded Mrs. Winthrop, even nigher, to allow you, odd nigher, to have your name appear alone—but no, scheming little wretch, at the slightest hint she would have suggested the same proposition to you. Well, after all, you might save your reputation by making this explanation. That is, if you had a rag of it left between your friends that, if Mrs. Elbridge Gerry, Mrs. Pembroke Jones and all the Vanderbilts paid thousands of dollars for their boxes, you did likewise as an odd, even though, as in your case, the odd meant but two seats.

THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS OF THE WEEK.



Photograph by Byron, New York.

ADELE RITCHIE AS GLORIA GRANT, AND HER FRIENDS—THE MISSES SALBER, OTY, HOPKINS, VERNON, BLACK, HASKELL, ETTINGER, INTROPDI, CLAYTON, FORRLAND, RADCLIFFE AND OTHERS—IN A FETCHING SCENE IN "GLITTERING GLORIA," AT DALY'S.

"GLITTERING GLORIA" AT DALY'S.

GLORIA GRANT, otherwise *Glittering Gloria*, is not a nice girl; that is, if the nice and the conventional are the same. She has a flat in London; no doubt, has become prominent via George Edwardes' seminary for ambitious young women, and on her visiting list appears to be about half of London's blue book—the male half, of course. I doubt not that Hugh Morton knows his London quite as well as he knows his New York. For years he was editor of *Town Topics* and was one of the most brilliant feuilletonists ever turned out by Colonel Mann's factory—where the clever writers come from. Therefore, we must admit that Mr. Morton is no shrinking academic bud who lives on theories and thrives on the erroneous.

He knows.

In "Glittering Gloria" Mr. Morton has given us a picture of London life quite as candid and as feverishly brisk as the New York existence depicted so vividly in "Vivian's Papas" earlier in the season. The piece is all about a necklace that *Glittering Gloria* covets. Several men, including a man with a wife and another man who aspires to husbandhood, wants to buy it for her. Given this motive, and a Morton sense of satire and whimsicality, and you have some very pretty material. It all ends pleasantly enough—and *Gloria* gets the necklace by a fluke. The main point is, however, that *Gloria* keeps it, which is the way a George Edwardes girl has. And there you are.

"Glittering Gloria" is really a farce of the quick-action Gallic type. The American producers, however, have injected into it some songs by Mr. Morton (who as C. M. S. McClellan has written some of the best jingles ever heard on Broadway), and with music by Bernard Rolt. This, undoubtedly, was done to lengthen the performance. It does not add a whit to the interest—beyond a very good rendition by Eugene O'Rourke of "Cordelia," blood relation to "Bedelia."

Adele Ritchie as *Glittering Gloria* is blonder and prettier than ever. There may be a very decided division of opinion as to Miss Ritchie's dramatic ability; there can be none as to her blondness. She has, too, of late cultivated a certain comedy air that is fetching. One thing about Miss Ritchie always makes me wonder. Her voice—better than a score heard in prominent rôles in New York this season—has a certain quality which gives the same effect to everything she sings. For instance, "Glittering Gloria," as sung in Act I, is not like anything in words or music she has been heard in heretofore. And yet it sounds like her "Keep Off the Grass" song of a recent season, and the latter, in turn, was like everything Miss

Ritchie had been singing for years. It's curious, even if not particularly satisfying to our lyric writers.

Cyril Scott, as the husband who is consumed with the burning desire to pay £5,000 for that necklace—and, in fact, pays it—is excellent in a light comedy rôle. Mr. Scott always acts as if he really knew where to put his feet in a drawing-room and what fork to use with his oysters.

A young man of the name of Percy F. Ames plays an asinine young Londoner, *Toddleby*, to the life. His silly and ridiculous Englishman is the funniest thing of the kind since George P. Huntley gave us his inimitable *Cheyne* in "Three Little Maids."

Eugene O'Rourke sings on the key and dances like a sylphid—which he isn't.

"Glittering Gloria" has been well put on by its producers, John C. Fisher and Thomas W. Ryley. The gowns of the women look smart enough for a Sherry five-o'clock. R. B. H.

MANY THEATRICAL ATTRACTIONS SUCCESSFUL.

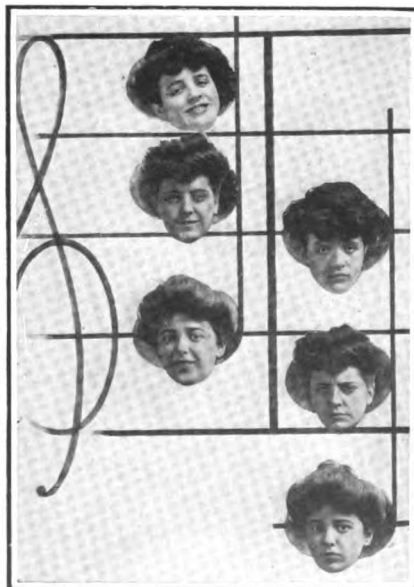
MANY have been the unfounded rumors and the prejudiced beliefs that the theatres of New York have, as a whole, lost a deal of money this season. It may be true in some instances, particularly where there has been offered to the public something that is either a cheap imitation of some proven success, or something boomed as unique and original that

has not come up to the mark. It is a lamentable fact that those who bear the brunt of public entertainment on their shoulders, as it were, are too prone to regard the success of one feature as a forerunner of many successes of the same order. One or two imitations of a paying feature, like "Florodora," for instance, may succeed and the same may be said of a good costume play; but when the twentieth and the thirtieth imitations are boomed along the lines, the public balks. The good shows have made money—there is no use nominating them, for their names are on everybody's lips—and even Shakespeare revivals, long tabooed as money-losers—have succeeded admirably, as witness "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night," and others. The metropolitan public is very capricious and keen to scent imitations or that which takes the guise of superficiality, covering up a multitude of dramatic and musical sins with a deal of tinsel and furbelows. The good thing, the original, sparkling as Ruinart—in other words, a full return for the necessary investment at the box-office—always has and always will command respect, approval and patronage. Certainly there has been no begging of the question as to the success of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," at the Belasco; "The Girl From Kay's," at the Herald Square; "Merely Mary Ann," at the Garden and the Criterion; "The Admirable Crichton," at the New Lyceum; "Raffles," at the Princess and later at the Savoy; "The County Chairman," at Wallack's; "Candida," at the Vaudeville; "The Pit," at the Lyric; Rehan and Skinner at the same theatre and later in Harlem, and others which have refuted the testimony of the malcontents.

SHAW AND DALY SURPRISES.

AS in other lines of effort, the unexpected happens in theatrical life. There have been two surprises lately, which have had a far-reaching effect and have caused no end of discussion among managers and critics. They concern the fortunes of Arnold Daly and Bernard Shaw. It has been an unwritten law for years with managers, that no Shaw play was possible from a financial standpoint. Mr. Daly has advanced very rapidly in his profession and has made successes of every part he essayed, and he can always draw a large salary. He was considered, however, to be naturally gifted, but was never suspected of possessing any depth of philosophy, desire for study, or ambition to do great things.

Consequently, when he developed a marvelous aptitude for character work, and later courageously undertook to present a Shaw play, he drew down upon himself the facetious and self-confident comment of the light-thinking people



A SEXTETTE OF PRETTY GIRLS OF A SHUBERT BROTHERS ATTRACTION, REPRESENTING HARMONY AND DISCORD.

and the professional persiflage of Long Acre. His first effort was allowed to be an artistic success, but his second, "A Man of Destiny," placed him on the roll of honor with the critics. With every odd against him, he commanded success, not only as an artist, but the box-office returns proved that the public was willing to accord him financial reward. Now he is to play regularly at the Vaudeville, instead of seeking refuge in Carnegie or Mendelssohn halls.

But the sound of clinking silver reached the managerial camp and the ban upon Shaw plays was raised. Then the second surprise came, for it was learned that the surprising Mr. Daly had secured the American rights to all of the Irish dramatist's works.

EN PASSANT.

"MOTHER GOOSE" is gone on tour, and Richard Mansfield is here for his annual New York engagement. Besides "Ivan the Terrible," Mr. Mansfield may produce some of his other repertoire plays.

"KITTY BELLAIRS" is more successful than any of the other Kittys produced here this season. "The Marriage of Kitty" prospered, and "Sergeant Kitty" did very well during its stay. But the Belasco play is as powerful a magnet for audiences as it was during the first weeks of its engagement. It is a worthy effort in the class of "The School for Scandal," and the other Georgian and early Victorian plays.

AFTER long and successful runs in Chicago and Boston, Richard Carle and his own play, "The Tenderfoot," have come to the New York to succeed Chauncey Olcott in "Terence." "The Yankee Consul," with Raymond Hitchcock, has taken possession of the Broadway.

"THE OTHER GIRL" continues its successful career at the New Empire, and may outlive the season as "Merely Mary Ann" is likely to do at the Criterion.



Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

STELLA BEARDSLEY, FORMERLY WITH WEBER & FIELDS, NOW WITH "BABES IN TOYLAND," PLAYING THE PART OF BOY BLUE.



Photograph by Bundy, Albany, N. Y.

ADELAIDE WISE, THE LEADING LADY OF "ARE YOU A MASON?" COMPANY, WHO, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF JULIUS CAHN, HAS MADE ONE OF THE SEASON'S HITS ON THE ROAD. MISS WISE IS THE SISTER OF THOMAS A. WISE, THE WELL-KNOWN PLAYER.

The Bellevue Company, having been compelled to close the Princess Theatre because of the Mayor's action in the matter of fire regulations, is even more comfortably settled at the Savoy, where the houses are only limited by the structural capacity. Its "Raffles" seems fated to run until the season ends.

THERE has been no talk of the interruption of the winning run of "The Girl from Kay's" at the Herald Square. Neither has the change to the Garden Theatre made any break in the large receipts of "Polichinelle." Robert Edeson, in "Ranson's Folly" at the Hudson, and William Gillette, in "The Admirable Crichton" at the Lyceum, are both doing very well. Annie Russell likewise is still at the Garrick.

"BABES IN TOYLAND" go on with their joyous antics at the Majestic. Virginia Earle has gone to the Casino to continue her success with "Sergeant Kitty." At Wallack's "The County Chairman" draws wonderfully well.

MR. FROHMAN has evidently made a strong hit with "The Twelfth Night" revival at the Knickerbocker. Miss Mathison's charming performance with Mr. Ben Greet is an artistic temptation which none can resist.

THE vaudeville houses, led by Proctor and Tony Pastor, and the combination theatres, are all evidently prosperous as could be wished.

NOW there is more talk about Lillian Russell, starring in comic opera, owing to the fact that Grace Van Studdiford, Virginia Earle and Fritz Scheff are gathering in the dollars.

MARK SMITH, Jr., of the Crosman Company, is the fourth generation of one of this country's theatrical families. On the same programme are the famous names of Pitt, Moodie, Florence, their owners having sprung up from famous old theatrical families in this or the old country.



Photograph by New York Photographic Company.

CHARLES J. RICHMAN,

Who has closed his run on the road in "Captain Barrington." Mr. Richman was formerly leading man at the Empire Theatre.

SHANLEYS' NEW PLACE.

WHEN the contractors of the Subway restored the old-fashioned two-story building at the northeast corner of Forty-second street and Broadway, which had been demolished in the work of construction, there was much surprise that a new building had not been erected.

It seems, however, that the Astor Estate, to which the land and buildings belong, had stipulated that the structure be replaced in as near the same condition as possible. Owing to the fact that the Shanleys had an unexpired lease of their restaurant building adjoining, the Astors decided not to put up a new building on the northeast corner until the lease of Shanley Brothers should run out.

The well-known restaurateurs have provided a location for their business when they shall be compelled to leave their present premises. They have purchased two large store buildings on the West Side of Long Acre square, just north of Forty-sixth street. In the future they contemplate erecting a magnificent up-to-date building on the site, which is to surpass in its modernity anything of its character in the city. As the new Astor Hotel will occupy one entire block on the same side of the square, Long Acre will be a blaze of dazzling light at night.

The development of Broadway at this point, and thence to the Circle at Central Park, is regarded by real estate experts as greater and more rapid than anything in the Broadway section of the city.

THE CONSINES TO THE FORE.

GEORGE CONSIDINE, who is the host for men whose names are as "familiar in their mouths as household words" in racing and sporting circles, is to be an important personage this year, when political issues are so grave. For the Metropole Hotel, owned by Mr. Considine and his brother John, is the point of assembly for men who wager large sums on the result of elections. More money has changed hands in this direction under the vision of the Messrs. Considine than at any other resort in New York.

Mr. Considine, who is a Michigander, has a thorough knowledge of Western conditions, and he is one who takes a cold, practical view of political matters, uninfluenced by his party affiliation. His good judgment upon such matters and as to the results of great ring championship battles has been prophetic in its significance.



THE MINISTER AND THE SINGER.

Two of the characters in "The Other Girl," at the Empire. This is the Augustus Thomas play which has as one of its central figures a strenuous clergyman who gets into all kinds of trouble and then gets out again.

THEATRICAL PARAGRAPHS

WOMEN have suddenly developed a preference for the rear seats in the orchestra; that is, some of them. In these days when large hats are fashionable, a woman does not care to remove her headgear and endanger its shape; and she need not do so if she sits in the last row.

FREDERICK STONE, who made "The Wizard of Oz" a big success, with the aid of his partner, David Montgomery, is going to star in a new fantastical play called "Simple Simon." Mr. Montgomery will be a co-star.

"HUGH MORTON," in private life C. M. S. McClellan, is under contract to write a play for Mrs. Fiske. It will be entirely different from "Glittering Gloria," of course, and will be of the weird order affected by the Manhattan Theatre star.

JUNIE MCCREE is said to have an attack of star fever. It is quite prevalent at this time of year among such professionals as have made a hit in the support of reigning constellations.

MARGUERITE FIELDS who is in vaudeville, playing a sketch called "What's the Matter With Boston?" is a daughter of the veteran minstrel John Fields, who was the senior member of Fields & Hoey, the latter being the late William Hoey, known as "Old Hoss."

EDWARD CHAPMAN, under the Savage management, is doing quite as well in "The County Chairman" as his wife Blanche Chapman is with "The Sultan of Sulu."

DAN DALY insists that he can beat Eddie Foy at billiards, and they play many games when opportunity offers. "I think I can beat him," says Daly, "but he always wins."

ELMER TENNY, who became very popular in the vaudeville, is to star in an Irish character next season.



MADAME EMMA CALVÉ AS CARMEN, ONE OF THE GREATEST OF OPERATIC ROLES BY ITS GREATEST LIVING INTERPRETER.

A TIP ON THE PLAY.

If your heart is weary a bit
And sometimes the clouds are gray,
With finger on lip, let me give you a tip,
The thing that you want is a play.
'Tis an Irish hit, with Irish wit,
And a girl with Hibernian airs.
With finger on lip, let me give you the tip,
Just go and see "Kitty Bellairs."
Sweet Kitty Bellairs with her Irish airs,
Whenever the clouds are gray,
'Twould be a great pity to miss seeing Kitty
And drive your last care away.

If perchance all alone, your heart gives a moan
For the love that is far, far away,
Your eyes will grow bright and your heart will grow light,
If only you take in the play.
With its Irish laugh and its Irish chaff,
And the girl with Hibernian airs.
Your eyes will grow bright and your heart will grow light,
If you go and see Kitty Bellairs.
Aye, go and see Kitty, so sweet and so witty,
A tonic for every heart's cares,
For all eyes grow bright and all hearts grow light,
Who go to see Kitty Bellairs.

LIDA WISE HICKOK.

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THE WALLACK RELICS.

INTEREST in the pioneers of the American drama will scarcely cease in this or a succeeding generation, and for that reason the Lester Wallack reliquaries, which were recently on exhibition and offered to the public at a sentimental price, commanded the interest of three generations—the contemporaries of the redoubtable Lester, the middle-aged who recall the glamor of the great name and the breathless awe it fostered, and last of all the rising youth who regard the period from its historical standpoint.

The relics seemed to be pitifully meager, and apart from the aforesaid sentimental interest, were not particularly startling. However, there was one thing that brought a thrill to the patriot's heart, and that was the playbill of Ford's Theatre in Washington, dated on the night of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

There were some rare and beautiful stage costumes, handsomely embroidered and worn in such plays as "The School for Scandal," "The Veteran," "Rosedale," and other celebrated dramas produced in the old Wallack Theatre. There were also playbooks that showed the thumbing of student seriousness and a book containing lists of the casts of the theatre from the elder time.

Naturally, the exhibition and the sale following brought together a throng of old-timers of the stage and of the theatre-going classes, and it was in the nature of a reunion in honor of "Auld Lang Syne." These events, however, point out effectively the swift passage of time, for the hero-worship of the present is mitigated both by the multiplicity of heroes and the entire reciprocity between stage and audience, which robs the former of much of its glamor in sentimental eyes.

CHARLES FROHMAN AND WILLIAM COLLIER.

THEATRICAL stars, like physical ailments, sometimes need heroic treatment, and Charles Frohman has during his career taken some truly remarkable cases in hand when other managers have given them up as hopeless. Probably the most extraordinary instance of what is wrongfully called Frohman luck is that of William Collier, who has, under Mr. Frohman's direction, just made a big hit in Richard Harding Davis' new play, "The Dictator."

Mr. Collier had several disastrous experiences in producing plays, and he had about given up all hope of finding a suitable play for his own exploitation this season.

Yet no sooner had he been released by his former managers, Weber & Fields, than Mr. Frohman signed him promptly. And Mr. Collier had only to obey Mr. Frohman to command success. The manager selected a play, booked a route and supplied everything,—and the most pronounced success followed the initial production of the play at New Haven.

Is it Frohman luck or Frohman judgment? Both seem to be of a pretty good brand.

DOUBTFUL.—I am afraid that you are one of those who aren't head-over-ears in love with honest labor. Many a man is looking for work who doesn't want it.

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Grace Elliston, Irene Prahar and Mona Harrison have each had a try at the part of Kathie in "Old Heidelberg" this season. Evidently the Mansfield "temperament" is as bad as ever.

"Mr. Sheridan," which William Faversham recently produced in Boston, is to be done on the London stage by Arthur Boucher.

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HELENA FREDERICK, AS MARION IN "THE TENDERFOOT."

THE PRIMA DONNA IS WELL KNOWN ON BROADWAY, AND IS NOW SINGING AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE.

WHAT NEW YORK'S SMART SET IS DISCUSSING.



MRS. OLIVER H. HARRIMAN, JR. (NEE CARLEY), ONE OF THE LEADING HOSTESSES OF NEW YORK SOCIETY, IN A FANCY-DRESS COSTUME OF THE PERIOD OF LOUIS XIV

NOW that Miss Josephine Drexel that was is safely anchored in the matrimonial harbor, it is but fair to condone all the small iniquities of her youth upon the plea that she was simply the victim of an over-indulgent mama. Naturally, being petted and spoiled all her life and not having a wish ungratified, it was but fair to expect that at the mature age of nineteen she should be utterly bored with her Philadelphia *Lares et Penates*, where conventionality is written with a capital "C." In changing her domicile, the fair but naughty Josephine decided upon New York, where the line of good society and genteel Bohemianism is not quite so

tightly drawn. Of course, it was thoughtless and unnatural of dear mama Drexel to protest, shed tears, and do all manner of ridiculously maternal things. It showed a great lack of confidence, to say the least, in her brilliant daughter, who certainly understood the etiquette of these matters far better than a mere old-fashioned woman. The scribes of the daily press romanced, no doubt, a great deal about the little Drexel's bachelor hall, and exaggerated the spirit of simple good comradeship that prevailed at the charming dinners, delightful suppers, card-parties, theatre-parties, and so forth. As a matter of fact, all the little affairs were of the most conventional kind, and

although Miss Drexel presided over most of them herself, she had the good taste always to provide a chaperon when she deemed one was necessary—which was not often. Suppose, some cruel parents did forbid their daughter visiting the attractive bachelor hall? Surely, it was not Miss Drexel's fault, and as she herself said, such mothers were far, far behind the times, and their children to be pitied. Rumor has it that when John Duncan Emmet first met the gray-eyed young rebel, he fell very much in love and decided to put an end to his Bohemian manner of living. The big fashionable wedding at the Cathedral proves that his suit was successful, as the jolly

THE ROMANCE OF THE HAMERSLEY CHILDREN.

WERE Katherine and Gordon Hamersley of an interviewable age, they would, no doubt, express their entire approval as to the manner in which their long-headed mamma has disposed of them. There has been so much controversy regarding these world-renowned children that society became lost in a labyrinth of wonderment as to which of their distinguished relatives should be burdened with them and their millions.

Mrs. Cortlandt de Peyster Field seemed to be just the right person. Religious to a degree bordering on fanaticism, the owner of an enormous palace in Madison square, an unquestionable social position in the ultra-Knickerbocker set that carries no "smart" before it, and pathetically childless to the extent that she harbors ten pet dogs, who was better fitted to mother the interesting youngsters? All the immediate relatives of the family had unanimously voted that Katherine and Gordon were to be relegated to their pious Aunt Nina.

Perhaps, Mrs. J. Hooker Hamersley considered the odor of sanctity that hung around her sister-in-law and the foreign-mission element too overwhelming to be an advantage to her children, for she was not mentioned in this regard.

Mrs. Charles Stickney, another aunt, and, by the way, one of the executors, would also suggest a suitable person. Rich, childless, of a merry, frolicking nature, the children would have suited her and she would have suited the children. The fact that Mrs. Stickney lives at the exclusive Renaissance and has a restless fancy for a fashionable to-and-fro life may explain the fact that she was not considered. There were those who decidedly affirmed that Mrs. John Parson was to be the lucky winner of this seven-million boy and his sister, but Mrs. Parsons (formerly Mrs.

David Wolfe Bishop—*née* Field), a relative by marriage only, is already the mother of several boys, a grandmother and a bride of only ten short years.

It stands to reason that at this money-mooning season, this worthy woman can well dispense with the romping feet and merry laughter that would be very welcome to the childless aunts.

The former Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, at present Lady Beresford, around whom this whole history revolves, was not considered. It would hardly seem becoming that the unborn child, to whom her husband, Louis Hamersley, left his millions, should be dependent upon her Grace for his *Larcs et Penates*.

The history is as follows: Louis Hamersley met and married the beautiful Lily Price, of Troy, N. Y. The question of his great love for his wife never was raised, but after his death it was discovered that he had left his seven millions to his widow for her life only. At her death it was to go to the son of his cousin, J. Hooker Hamersley—and in default of this bachelor cousin marrying and having a son, it was bequeathed to certain charities.

The whole family—the appreciative bachelor excepted—attempted to break the will, only to find it was unbreakable. The eccentric relative knew a thing or two.

J. Hooker was forty and confirmed in his comfortable single-blessedness, but the golden temptation was irresistible. The result was his marriage to Margaret Chisholm. The first two children that followed this union were girls, bringing as much consternation as joy. Finally, the advent of the boy settled the Hamersley millions, but unsettled the relatives. The certain charities might be fightable, the boy was not. To add to the interest all around, Lady Beresford has

one son to her second marriage, but this will bars him from any share in his mother's estate.

It can be readily seen now why it is just as well that little Gordon says his evening prayer at other than at her Grace's knee.

Now, since all these titled relatives and untitled grandees have been ignored, the question arises: Who has the children? The very unostentatious, cherished friend of the mother, Mrs. Lowry, who has lived with them ever since the birth of the first girl. The children worship her. She is a refined, distinguished woman, whose only social drawback is her lack of wealth. The Madison avenue home is to be kept up in exactly the same style as when their parents lived. The portraits and family relics to remain as left, a retinue of servants to be retained, and the children to live and be educated befitting their wealth and position. Mrs. Lowry is to be over and above all, but when Katherine and Gordon have reached the proper age, Mrs. de Lancey Kane is appointed to formally introduce them to society. Mrs. Kane holds a position so assured that this really means a brilliant career for both. No knocking around from one palatial home to another like royal outcasts for these well-considered children. If they have lost one mother, they have found another in Mrs. Lowry.

We all know that Lady Beresford as the Duchess of Marlborough and Lily Price had the capacity of crowding as much pleasure into her life as possible; so as Gordon is but ten, it would seem only fair that if he generously concedes her eleven years more of his income and a right good time (her Ladyship is about fifty now), she should be accommodating enough to die and let the patient little fellow come quietly into his own.

Seven millions at twenty-one is not a bad start with which to sow one's wild oats.

bachelor hall is closed during the honeymoon, at any rate.

AT one time it was noticeable that the young personages who figured prominently at the fortnightly dances of Mrs. Lewis Livingston Delafield, Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, or Mrs. Cadwallader were all members of the New York peerage, but this winter such a multiplicity of new and unknown names appears on the list and such a diversity of new beauties have appeared on the dancing field. Conjecturing as to why these charming aliens are so hospitably admitted to these heretofore exclusive Waldorf-Astoria dances, is permissible and should not be dubbed vulgar curiosity.

It is an open secret that these dances were originally inaugurated by conscientious busybodies for the purpose of proving to the wayward but eligible sons that the best in the market in the way of youth and beauty and wit was to be provided by these high and haughty relatives, and all this delicious combination was on exhibition at the fortnightly dances.

Alas! to reckon without one's host, for in spite of the epicurean suppers, rapturous music, flowing punch bowl, even cigarette privileges, the unappreciative young heirs still insisted on preferring girls and punch bowls without chaperons. Nevertheless, the dances have always been hopefully continued, and a delinquent eligible does occasionally stray in. Now, when such names as Blydenberg, Scott, Baker, Grinnell, Prentice, Auchincloss, Best, Fritch appear, in connection with Delafield, Anson Phelps Stokes and Cadwallader, among the delinquents, does it not accentuate the surmise that our young Society men are clamoring for something of a higher order than has heretofore been produced to allure them from the fleshpots of Egypt?

ACCORDING to all natural laws, Miss Josephine Drexel, or rather Mrs. Duncan Emmet, is in the right way herself to be one day the mother of a big handsome daughter, and it would be interesting to chronicle her feelings if, at the age of nineteen, her cherished darling whom, of course, she will worship, should without warning decide to bounce off and open bachelor hall for herself.

So much for too indulgent mothers and up-to-date daughters. A *bon mot* from Hetty Green, who, by the way, is entitled to move in any set. In speaking on one occasion of the joys of motherhood and its compensations, she remarked with a humorous twinkle of her keen blue eyes, and several slips of grammar, "Children, I've two of 'em, and—well, they ain't what they're cracked up to be."

MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN, a society matron, who at times is quite conspicuous, even sensational, and who at other times is secluded to an extent that alarms her admirers lest she has retired altogether from society, recently celebrated the thirteenth anniversary of her wedding-day, and introduced the ridiculous fashion of dancing all over number thirteen. Mrs. Harriman, who was Miss Grace Carley, of Louisville, must have brought this sort of fantastical negro dance from dear old Kentucky, where an old superstition of dancing away your bad luck prevails. Mrs. Oliver is a beautiful woman, striking in appearance and possessed of a remarkable personality. She is very tall and slight, with dark hair, sparkling black eyes and a dazzling complexion. Her teeth are as perfect and white as those of any little Virginia pickaninny, her smile enchanting. With such a combination of charms, it stands to reason a man's devotion should always be pitched at the highest water-mark, but there are

those malicious enough to say that this is not wholly the case. The husband has a great big heart, capable of a number of innocent friendships at one time—a commendable virtue misunderstood by exemplary wives. Mrs. Oliver, they also say, has a bit of temper, as indicated by her brilliant eyes; so, perhaps, the weird dancing on the number thirteen was to exorcise any evil luck that might be hanging over the distinguished house of the Harrimans.

NOW that Lent is fully started in real good earnest, it behooves society to do something in the way of charity and repentance. What greater penance than "Browning." for to be downright truthful he is a bore. The Browning Club has been resumed with a view to giving Mrs. Sarah Cowell le Moyne a financial booth, and incidentally a social one to those who feel they need one. The friends of the actress have urged her to accept this help because, as they put it, she has not had a suitable engagement this winter—which really means that the engagements Sarah wanted she couldn't have, and those she could have she did not want. As to Browning, it takes Boston to interpret him, and to disentangle the meaning of the poet as best suits him or herself adds to their enthusiasm. With New York it is different. They take Browning during Lent as a wholesome penitential dose and try not to make faces while they are swallowing him—that is, what they can unravel from the reader. None but the chosen few are to be admitted. Those who are wanted are to be "invited to subscribe" by a group of very powerful patronesses.

It is not likely that any of those "invited to subscribe" can resist so flattering and subtle an invitation to open their overflowing purses.

Of course, it is understood they must have overflowing purses if their social status is a degree or two below such powerful decoy names as Mrs. J. P. Morgan, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. De Forest, Mrs. Callender, Mrs. C. B. Alexander and others. This "invited-to-subscribe" fashion is certainly a diplomatic method of filling Mrs. Le Moyne's impoverished exchequer. Well, the actress is well worth the fancy prices they are asking for her tickets, and if the brilliant Sarah has not a suitable engagement, she can at least do a good service to society by bringing about a reunion of the inner and the outer circle under the pleasant delusion that in such manner is Browning interpreted and philanthropy upheld.

THE unwelcome little Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., as Mrs. Wm. T. Bull, has developed into quite a patroness of music and the fine arts. Her name is seen in the list of patronesses given at every musical and literary gathering. She is a conspicuous figure at the opera, always exquisitely gowned. Every subscription (charitable) that calls forth a musical or literary assemblage sees dainty little Mrs. Bull happy, sweet and smiling, strenuously busy in the interests of whatever is being benefited, even going so far as to study the interests of the good Doctor. This is very fit and becoming, and far more to be approved than the keeping of a yacht in which to run away from your social freeze-outs. Music makes the whole world kin. If you cannot hobnob with the Four Hundred as one of them, you can at least make a pretty good social bluff through the medium of your musical taste. From the day pretty little Mary Nevins met the wicked Blaine boy and was dazzled by the prospect of being daughter-in-law of the great statesman, she was overwhelmed with a diversity of woe. Her husband's treatment was absolutely cruel. His mother and all his people scorned and derided the little adventuress, as they termed her, for daring to raise her eyes in any way to the Blaine family. Then the scandal and sorrow of a sensational divorce, followed by the desperate sickness of her only child with a malignant disease and the threats of a prominent hotel man to oust them from their apartment at the most critical point. Finally, her own long and tedious illness brought on by an almost fatal injury to her spine. Added to this, she was suffering from almost dire poverty and was temporarily relieved by some sort of theatrical benefit (as Mary Nevins she was for a time on the stage). No wonder, when the great, big, handsome, good-hearted Doctor Bull met this forlorn piece of pathetic loveliness, nursed her and saved her life, he decided then and there to shoulder all her troubles—a growing boy was in the category. When Mrs. Bull took to music and fine arts, one motive was to forget all that wretched part herself—if others would not—and if rumor reports correctly, she brings as much music in the good Doctor's

life as his generous dollars permit her bringing into her own.

FOR those just outside the pale of the elect, Palm Beach is the long-sought Mecca, for there, and there alone, does nobility mingle with the ordinaries of social life in real Bohemian fashion. The different stratas of society all seem to be flagrantly shuffled together without regard to the stricter line drawn in New York. The would-be fashionables are "up" to this, and thither they flock in shoals to catch what social crumbs are available in the way of invitations to whatever is going on. (Lent is not strictly observed in this oasis.) If they play their cards well, there is a fair chance for them to rise a step or so higher in the Smart Set scale when they return to town for the spring season.

MRS. HOWARD GOULD is somewhat of an important personage at Palm Beach. The happy owner of a luxuriously acht, priceless diamonds, and gowns to burn, she runs things with a pretty high hand. Her elaborate dinner at the Beach Club and dance on the yacht afterward are among the fashionable functions of the still early season. All sorts of titled somebodies and untitled nobodies hobnobbed at the affair.

THE very prominent Duchess of Sutherland is making life extremely interesting at Palm Beach. Her Grace wishes it thoroughly understood that she is the Dowager Duchess and not her philanthropic religious step-daughter-in-law—who, by the way, will have none of her stepmamma-in-law. The fact that the present Duke's father, three months after his first wife's death, married the wife of his gamekeeper, Captain Arthur Kindenley Blair (whom he accidentally shot), made the new Duchess rather unpopular, particularly as it was well known that the long-suffering first Duchess had died of a broken heart brought on through the estrangement caused by the ambitious gamekeeper's widow. When the Duke died he left all his estate, amounting to several millions, to his widow. The present Duke contested the will, and a long fight ensued, during which the Dowager Duchess was convicted of contempt of court and sentenced to Holloway Jail for three weeks for having destroyed certain documents bearing upon the case. Upon her release she sent word to her aggressive kinfolk that she had had a jolly good time. She is thoroughly hated in England and is dubbed her "Graceless Grace" and Duchess Blair. The latest claim of the Dowager to publicity was her marriage to Sir Albert Kaye Rollitt, M. P., an English Peer, chairman of the London Chamber of Commerce, who is still living; but she persists in clinging to her less aristocratic title, "Dowager Duchess of Sutherland," a sort of spite fence to overshadow the grandeur of Sutherland.

Notwithstanding all these unpleasant little stories floating around Palm Beach concerning her "Graceless Grace," the angular Englishwoman is quite the fashion without knowing or seeking it. She is extremely democratic, and laughs and chats with every one in the most commonplace manner. She says "please" to the bell-boys, and "thank you," too, with true plebeian manners. She positively refuses, however, to go to balls, dinner, or functions of any kind, not even when all the powers of the Flagler set are brought to bear upon her obstinacy. Florida loves a Duke as well as New York and Chicago, and when they were hard up last winter, they were not above paying humble homage to the Duke and Duchess of Manchester. They even had a sneaking regard for the Earl of Yarmouth.

By the way, Miss Blair, who created quite a sensation years ago by going on the stage as a chorus girl and afterward appearing in Wilson Barrett's company as "walking lady," is the daughter of the Duchess of Sutherland by husband No. 1, that is Captain Blair, who was unfortunately and accidentally shot through the heart by the late Duke of Sutherland. The latter, while condoling with the widow, became fascinated with her and subsequently made her his wife. This is old history, but it is interesting and worth repeating, like the tempting sparkle of Ruinart.

EVER since Anna Gould has been the Countess Boni de Castellane, she has been making French history—that is, until her good brother and sister have so fixed what remains of a colossal fortune that the Count can't buy cigarettes and castles with the same profligacy. Like the Edwin Goulds, they seem to have settled down to unfashionable domestic bliss. To return to Mrs. Howard Gould, it is only fair to recount that when society did not approve of her, she quietly settled down with her husband and enjoys herself in her own and his way. If the two oldest Gould boys have preferred women of the mimic world, they have had grit enough to wed them in spite of opposition, and have enjoyed the good luck of being happy.

AS far as Mrs. Frank Gould is concerned, she has kept to the Eugene Kelly coterie and asked no favors of her powerful relatives at all. She owns her yacht, which she uses for pleasure and not to cover any social snubs, for snubs don't come her way. She belongs to a set through her aristocratic mother that does the snubbing. Helen, the philanthropist, is always with us, and is still dispensing charity with a discriminating though lavish hand. We still picture her as a sort of female Diogenes, lamp in hand, looking for an honest man, for, as she says, she will never—no, never—marry until she finds a man equally as honest as her father. Good luck, worthy Miss Helen!

THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS.

BUDD, OF BROADWAY.

SAMUEL BUDD'S name in New York Clubland is as well known as that of Poole in the club life of London. He is an authority upon men's style indispensable to those who wish to be considered correctly dressed. While Henry A. Budd is the present chief of the firm, it still carries the name of its founder over the entrance at Nos. 1001-1003 Broadway. Facing on Madison square, the establishment is seen by every visitor to New York from all points of the compass.

There are many who come to the spot for inspiration—which at first seems rather too poetic a reason for business men. Yet it is true. They are the buyers and window-dressers from other towns and various sections of this city who get their hints upon what is fashionable and proper for men to wear by studying the display in Samuel Budd's window under the Albemarle.

MR. CLARK'S SAD JOURNEY.

IT was indeed a sad journey which was made by C. W. Clark, son of the Senator from Montana, who recently travelled by special train all the way from Albuquerque, Montana, to New York in a race with death to reach the bedside of his young and beautiful wife before she expired—a hurried trip which beat all records save the race with death alone. But Mr. Clark was denied the wish so dear to his heart. It was a brave fight, but alas! a hopeless one. Mr. Clark inherits many of the sterling traits of his father, and is a man of resolution and energy. Mr. Clark's fight for the Senate was long and fierce, and showed to the country at large the sort of mettle that the Clark stock is made of; and the son inherits the same intellectual keenness and indomitable spirit. The thousands of friends of the Senator's son, as well as the Senator's, sym-

pathize heartily with both in their recent bereavement.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WEE MACGREGOR.—Gang warily, Mac, and don't rush into the bonds hastily. It is easier to keep out of the matrimonial harness than it is to get out.

J. R. P.—How could you expect the dear soul to stultify herself? No woman ever attributed the loss of her husband's appetite to her cooking.

LIZZIE.—Buck up, dearie. The future may not be so dark as you picture it. It sometimes happens that the woman who is disappointed in love isn't disappointed in marriage.

CALEB.—Persevere, laddie. If she likes you she'll help you in the end. Faint heart never won fair lady without a lot of strenuous assistance on her part.

FEMININE CHARITY.

SHE: "Miss Elderleigh is always forgetting her age."

HE: "Why doesn't she put it down?"

SHE: "Oh! she has put it down—or rather cut it down—several times, but it doesn't seem to help matters."

CONGRESSMAN GOLDFOGLE, CHAMPION OF THE PEOPLE'S CAUSE.

THE outrageous attack upon Mayor McClellan has been followed up by another from the same quarter upon Congressman Henry M. Goldfogle, who represents the Ninth District of New York at Washington. It is opined that the inception of these assaults are impelled because the victims will not be bullied into endorsing the ambition of a certain person to secure the Democratic Presidential nomination. It is, of course, unnecessary for Mr. Goldfogle to feel any reply in order; for they will have no influence in this community, where he is regarded as a man of the highest integrity, and where he served the public in a high judicial position.

But Judge Goldfogle owes it to the public to take such steps as he deems effective to pillory the author of the libels, and insure the cessation of such vicious acts. On a far-fetched plea of arousing leading Hebrews to petition the President of the United States to make demands upon the Russian Czar, it was sought to discredit Judge Goldfogle in the estimation of his own coreligionists, which is probably the most contemptible method of stabbing a man in the back in the category of slander.

Men of the highest standing who have known the Congressman since he was a child, are very indignant about the matter; but the fact that there was no specific charge, simply a vile general insinuation that he was unfit to represent the people in Congress, proved the political animus of the person who inspired the miserable onset.

Since 1901 Judge Goldfogle has been in Congress, and although he passed through the ordeal of two campaigns, and was subject to the critical power of the entire press of New York, withstood the test of bitter partisan onslaughts; he has never before been called upon to defend even the breath of suspicion as to his integrity, either as a jurist, a public man, or a private citizen.

It is the duty of every man who has a reputation to protect to come forward and assist Judge Goldfogle in preventing any further crusades against other prominent men, and the utmost sympathy should be extended to him in the premises. For it is evident that any person who stands in the way of those who have slandered him, will in turn be the object of spite themselves.

The Judge was born in New York on May 23, 1856, in the neighborhood in which he now lives, and which he so ably and worthily represents at Washington. He was the son of Meyer G. Goldfogle, a citizen of upright and public-spirited reputation. Young Goldfogle studied at the public schools until he went to Townsend College. He had an ambition to be a lawyer, and after

studying the necessary years passed his examination at the head of his class, and was admitted to practice at the New York Bar in 1877, when he was twenty-one years old.

Eleven years later, in 1887, he was elected Judge of the Municipal Court, and he served in that office until he went to Congress.

On every occasion when there was a chance for him to do anything for his party, he was always at the front; and as a public speaker he was in great demand at public meetings. He has addressed the greatest gatherings of Democrats

He has been Grand President of District I, of the Independent Order of B'nai Brith and Vice-President of the Temple Rodeph Sholom of Lexington avenue. In the Masonic Order he has been Master of Empire City Lodge, and is a member of innumerable fraternal and benevolent organizations.

Judge Goldfogle is the head of the legal firm of Goldfogle, Cohn and Lind, of No. 271 Broadway, this city. For twelve long years he was on the bench in the courts of this municipality, and during all that time only two of his decisions were reversed, which is probably the cleanest record of any jurist in the State.

In 1892 he made the ablest speech delivered on the Russian persecution of the American Jews, and it has been reproduced in almost every language.

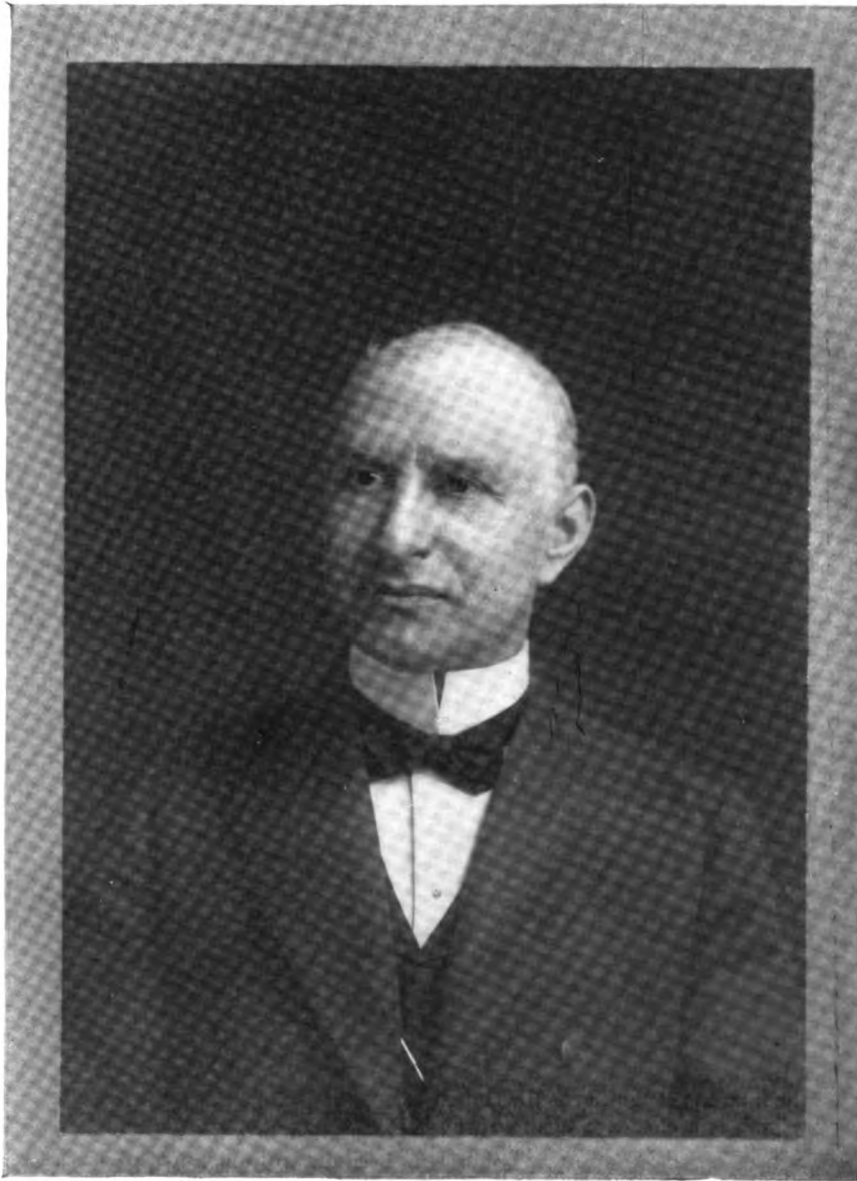
In the House of Representatives on Feb. 3, 1904, Mr. Francis Harrison, the able young Congressman from New York, paid a high compliment to his colleague from the city, Judge Goldfogle. Mr. Harrison received permission from the House, by courtesy of Mr. Dinsmore of Arkansas, who had the floor, to refer to the persecution of the Jews in Russia. He said:

"Mr. Chairman, I have asked for a few minutes to discuss at this time a subject which is somewhat germane to the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill. I refer to the insulting treatment by the Empire of Russia of American citizens who are Hebrews, and who come to that Empire with American passports.

"Now, I have asked for but a brief time in which to discuss this subject, not because I fail to recognize the importance and gravity of the subject, but because it will be presented to you later in the session, with much more ability and much more eloquence than I can summon, by my distinguished colleague, Mr. Goldfogle. He has introduced a resolution which is now before the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and which I wish to incorporate in my remarks. For that purpose I should like to have it read by the Clerk."

A Congressman has a volume of work to do which the public never hears about, and much of it is far more laborious than delivering a speech during a session of the House. The meetings of committees consume a vast amount of time, and there is no reward for such, except the consciousness of having done one's duty.

The members of the delegation from New York testify to the faithful work which Judge Goldfogle has done since his elevation to Congress, and his record for attendance and watchfulness over the people's interests is an example to those members who have been in public life for years



Photograph by Bell, Washington, D. C.

HONORABLE HENRY M. GOLDFOGLE, FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

in this city and State, and is very effective with mass meetings.

He can boast of having been a delegate to every State Convention of the Democratic party for twenty-three years, and he went as an alternate to the Democratic National Convention of 1892. In 1896 he was a delegate to the National Convention.

Far more than his political honors, however, Judge Goldfogle holds in the most cherished form the esteem of citizens of all classes. He has always been a source of inspiration and encouragement to the young men who are educating themselves for the battle of life against great odds, and he is loved by his neighbors and friends.

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY Editor

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear later something to your advantage by addressing Broadway Weekly, 27 East 21st Street, New York.

MAYOR McCLELLAN'S PROOF OF HIS
MORAL COURAGE.

Before the Ides of March shall have passed, the people of this community will have had some undoubtable tests of the stanch courage of Mayor McClellan, and his loyalty to the trust which his fellow citizens have reposed in him. Even to the most conservative persons—to those who were pessimistic of promised reforms—it must be palpably plain that there is a firm hand and a clear, common-sense head in control of the municipal ship, and that the management of its affairs is as wisely as it is modestly conducted.

Since noon on New Year's Day, the officials in every department of the Greater City have felt that they were parts of a body corporate whose heart was located in the City Hall. They soon learned that negligence, laxity, extravagance, incivility and political pull would bring down upon them the forcible rebuke of the Executive. The brass band, megaphones, and publicity bureau which were a part of the political equipment of the late administration, have disappeared, and the hysteria of reform has been supplanted by the peaceful routine of any well-ordered business establishment. While this condition is meritorious, it is the assertive fiat of the Mayor which marks him as a man far above the heads of even notable men who have been his predecessors in the office. In deciding upon an attitude toward every question which came within his province, whether it was brought to his notice by others, or whether from his own initiative, all regard for political expediency, every ulterior impulse, has been unconsidered. It is impossible for any opponent of the administration to construe, even by inference, any act of the Mayor as partisan.

Not only this, but he has shown that he does not intend to consider whose head may off in protecting the interests of the city. His action in vetoing the Westchester trolley grab is a challenge to those who have, in the past, pointed to the executive clemency toward railroads. There was no uncertainty about Mayor McClellan's policy when there has been even a breath of scandal connected with a measure. That the Mayor is not to be urged in any way by public clamor or convinced against his own judgment, was amusingly explained by him at the banquet to the visiting publishers. He gently referred to the fact that the newspapers did not seem to have had much force in the last campaign, and that their predictions did not always result successfully. And his Honor has displayed a marvelous tact in all his public utterances since his election as before.

Verily, sanity reigns in the body politic at present.

THE DEFINITION OF "KEEPING THE
LID ON."

WITH the passing of the days, the scheme of municipal government adopted by the present administration, is becoming more clearly defined to the understanding of the public. And it is the fortune of political war that the Democracy should be

indebted to its bitterest critic, the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, for the best, if most vernacular, definition of its policy. It will be remembered that, shortly after election, the good parson predicted all sorts of disaster, said that, as a consequence of Tammany's victory: "The lid will be taken off Hell in seven weeks." This, of course, was only the Doctor's original way of expressing his own expectations. As time progressed, however, the citizens began to have doubts of Dr. Parkhurst's prophetic prowess.

To the people of New York who for years have been deluged with proclamations from public officials promising all sorts of reforms and improvements in government, the most notable feature of the present incumbent's policy is that they are men of action, but little inclined to prate about their doings. It has been a grievous disappointment to political dervishes that Commissioner McAdoo has banished favoritism from the Police Department, driven the politicians away from Headquarters, and waged war against the lawless class which flourished under the Reform administration.

A condition has been reached in this city when it is possible for people—men, women and children—to walk the streets at any hour with safety. The so-called sporting persons who looked upon New York as a Mecca for their operations, and who are leeches upon any community in which they ply their trade, departed from the city limits when they realized that New York people are just as moral and law-abiding as any others, on this or any other hemisphere. Now, what is facetiously called "the lid," covering all opportunity to carry on illegal practices, will remain securely battened down just so long as the voters of this city keep the Democratic party in power. It is the greatest tribute to the theory of partisan government that reforms can be effected by a dominant political organization, when it is controlled by men of the high character and rectitude possessed by those responsible for the current conditions.

That they will be rewarded for the sacrifice of time and service which they are rendering to the public is as certain as anything mortal can be. Nor will the citizens, even of a different political faith, grudge them any honor. Indeed, that independent element which is the safety of the Republic, will surely choose the certain proved faithful servant, than flock to the standard of any false political prophet. Such contingencies in American history have created opportunities for men to become entirely great. Having regard of such facts, is it not almost assured that the men who gave New York genuine reform, will be called upon to do the same for the Nation?

SOURCES OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S
WEAKNESS AS A PRESIDENTIAL
CANDIDATE.

IT is no disrespect to the amiable gentleman who is now the Chief Executive of this great Nation, to canvass generally the obstructions which present themselves to his possible election to the Presidency. Passing over the precedents of history, which record the fact that no Vice-President was ever after chosen to the higher office, his acts as heir to the incumbency of President McKinley have aroused opposition in potential circles. Whether the admirers which have been drawn to his support because of the wave of strenuosity chronicled by the press of the country, will counterbalance the voting strength of those who have been estranged by his policy, remains to be seen; but experts in political navigation are emphatic in their conclusion that the loss will not equal the gain.

After all in this thinking age, conservatism plays a stronger point in a Presidential election than chivalry. The popular vision of Colonel Roosevelt is veiled with heroics; but before the ballots begin to rain, even the poorest voter views the situation from a personal standpoint, and, unconsciously perhaps, is swayed by pertinent facts. These cold truths stand out clearly in memory in the form of impressions, and the results indicate the composite opinion of the great majority of the suffragists.

The principal argument advanced by the men of his own party who oppose him is general in its scope. They aver that Colonel Roosevelt is not practical; that his ideals are too theatrical; that he disregards the commercial necessities as strongly as Colonel Bryan attacks

WITH THE MEN WHO RULE POLITICS.

WALTER SCOTT IMMORTALIZED IN VERSE.

WHEN the party felt the storm and foul weather almost wrecked the ship of Democracy, the leaders always liked to meet Walter Scott, the newspaper owner, who is a tireless worker all the year round. Mr. Scott is very popular with the rank and file also, and one of the poets of the organization, as a tribute to him, recently wrote some verses applauding Mr. Scott's party loyalty.

They have gone the rounds, and there is a great demand for copies. The following form the keynote of their tenor:

Thy name is famous, Walter Scott,
In far off Highland land;
But we in old New York have got
A Scott who beats the band.
He's true as steel in peace or war,
Aloft his colors fly:
And party in or party out,
A Democrat for aye.

Surely, this is a fair reward for the labor which Mr. Scott has done in keeping the light of Democracy burning through the dark hours of its municipal career.

ONE OF THE PROSPEROUS SULLIVANS.

PERHAPS the richest of the Sullivans, although the least known politically, is Patrick Sullivan, the head of the theatrical firm of Sullivan, Harris and Woods. This company owns about fourteen traveling attractions and is interested in innumerable departmental, dramatic and entertainment enterprises.

While Mr. Sullivan declines either to run for office or to accept any of the gifts of those in power, he is a staunch Democrat, and is a liberal contributor to the campaign funds and on every occasion when it needs help or influence. He is a typical self-made man, and is very highly thought of in business and financial circles.

Now he has taken the People's Theatre, on the Bowery, and is going to run it as a first-class East Side combination theatre.

SOME LATENT SCHOLARSHIP IN THE DEMOCRATIC DISTRICTS.

VERY amusing incidents have happened in connection with the recent advice of the Democratic leaders to young men who wanted offices, but who had not attempted to pass the Civil Service examinations. All have applied for one of the exempt places on the list.

It turned out, however, that the Civil Service has been only a bugaboo in most of the cases.

them; and that the economic theories adapted to past centuries are unequal to the commercial stature of the present age. If the United States needs a Napoleon or a Cromwell, the occasion will develop one. Any effort to subserve the peaceful and industrial welfare of the American people to the domination of a military power, or which would imperil the comfort and livelihood of the wage-earners, will mean political death to any public man.

Even the Army, apart from the favored bureaucrats, does not hold Colonel Roosevelt in high regard. The scant courtesy shown Lieut.-General Miles on his retirement; the frantic effort to advance Dr. Wood to the command of the regular Army; and the appointment of an ornamental staff to lend picturesqueness and European glitter to the official ceremonials of the White House have wounded the natural democratic idea of simplicity, which is a heritage of the American people from Revolutionary times.

Nor did the fanciful evolutions of the Navy at Oyster Bay last summer increase the affection of the people for Colonel Roosevelt. Along many lines a parallel was drawn between the Chief Executive and the Imperial ruler of Central Europe. Plain people felt rather indignant over the President's leniency in the matter of the post-office and army-supply frauds; and the labor element of the country

The generally accepted theory in the ranks of place seekers has been that the examination was a terrible ordeal, having some of the features of the Spanish Inquisition. Alderman Sullivan put several experts to work to test the knowledge of some of his young men. It was found that they were competent to pass a stiff examination at any university. So a number of them went up and passed bravely.

"There are very few men who are looking for office in the public departments from my district," said Alderman Sullivan, "who could not pass the examinations necessary for the places they desire."

THE MYSTERY OF SIR REGINALD.

FOR some weeks the Democratic Aldermen have spoken mysteriously about one Sir Reginald, and all efforts to get any explanation as to who was the noble personage, failed.

It was "Sir Reginald says this," and "Sir Reginald says that," until Clerk Scully, Vice-President Sullivan—no, we beg pardon, Mayor Sullivan—were bothered to death by people curious to find out who was meant.

It now transpires that the person so honored by titular distinction was none other than Alderman Reginald Doull.

It seems that the wave of praise which a newspaper had wafted in the Alderman's direction was due to his advocacy of a proposed arcade over Nassau street. The Fire Department authorities and other departments vitally interested were not asked if this change would be proper or safe, but the Alderman made fame by his efforts. All logical argument merely aroused the disdain of the Alderman, so the other City Fathers dubbed him "Sir Reginald."

CONGRESSMAN SHOBER WILL BE HEARD FROM AS A SPEAKER.

"WAIT until my friend, Frank Shober, is heard from in Congress," said Isaac N. Hopper, before he went South. "I consider Frank one of the best orators in the New York State delegation. He will prove very valuable in the National campaign, and ought to be a star speaker throughout the country. You know he was an Episcopal minister, and could preach a sermon that would touch a heart of stone."

Congressman Shober was formerly in charge of a fashionable church in a town up-State. He had

some doubts upon dogmatic questions, and gave up the church.

Then he turned to newspaper work, and was a member of the staff of the New York World. And his election gave much joy along Park Row.

BANKER SIMMONS ADMIRES LEADER MURPHY.

"I THINK Charles F. Murphy is a very bright young man," said J. Edward Simmons, the banker, the other day. "I have known him well for years, and the Democratic party is lucky in having him for a leader."

It was found when the campaign opened, that Mr. Murphy was very popular with some of the biggest men in the financial district. His selection as leader was approved of, and for his sake alone such men took an active interest in the campaign.

It is a significant fact that the men who were so close to President Cleveland, all recognized Mr. Murphy as the right man in the right place. This bodes well for the local Democracy when the necessary campaign fund opens.

THE PRESIDENT'S UNCLE A VERY ACTIVE DEMOCRAT.

IT must have aroused the pride of that sterling old Democrat, Robert B. Roosevelt, uncle of President Roosevelt, when he appeared at the Democratic Club to give his lecture on "Old New York." There was a great deal of cheering, and the closest attention was paid to the speaker.

The old saw, "Show me your company and I will tell you your character," seems to be working well for the Democracy just now. Certainly, the men who are coming forward represent the best element of the community, and they have the interests of the country at heart.

WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

"OH, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" asked city clerk, Colonel Scully, of Senator Plunkitt.

"There have been more society functions in Democratic circles this year than in many moons. But every one of the hosts has tried to outshine his fellows in display and worldly ostentation. But why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

"You can search me," replied Senator Plunkitt. J. D. B.

are still bitter because unionism was ignored in the Public Printing Office. Statesmanship won two renominations for Grover Cleveland, but candor compels the allegation that for two years the White House coterie has been trying its 'prentice hand at politics.

NEW YORK THEATRICAL MANAGERS ARE PUBLIC SPIRITED.

THERE are two vital points entirely overlooked in the recent discussion over the safety of theatres in this city. The city's tax records show that there are taxes paid on over forty-six millions of real estate devoted to theatrical uses; and this does not include several millions more which will accrue from buildings only occupied this year. The Commissioners admit that the assessments for such properties are higher in every case than those of any other class of real estate. The public is fully aware of the promptitude with which the managers have made the alterations asked for by the Mayor, and a great many thousands of dollars have been, and are being, expended at this moment on this work. It would be impossible to find another class of citizens who obey the laws so faithfully, or who so readily, even willingly, pay their share of the expenses of the city government, than these same theatre managers.

A WOMAN OF THE STAGE AND A WOMAN OF



Photograph by Marceau, New York.

MISS LOTTA LINTHICUM, AN ACTRESS OF PROMINENCE AND ARTISTIC ABILITY.

At present Miss Linthicum is appearing in short dramatic pieces, and she has won much praise for her performances. She was specially engaged recently for a season at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre, and is well-known to society people. In the summer, Miss Linthicum casts aside the theatrical life and seeks the domestic tranquillity of her farm in New England, where she is the life of a small but exclusive theatrical colony, and she has made much fame as a charming hostess. Miss Linthicum is one of the young women of the American stage who may be expected to do excellent work in the legitimate drama.

CIETY, TWO FAIR TYPES OF AMERICAN BEAUTY.



Photograph by Bradley, New York.

MRS. N. D. WALLACE, *NEE* COTTEAUX, ONE OF THE LEADERS IN NEW YORK'S SMART SET.

During the past winter season, Mrs. Wallace has become very notable as a factor in society matters, and her receptions have become unusually popular. She was noticed at the most important functions of the winter months, and is admittedly one of the most popular young matrons of recent years. As Miss Cotteaux, Mrs. Wallace was a beauty in her debutante year, and was greatly admired here and abroad. She is an American girl, of the French type of beauty, and is an accomplished woman and a delightful hostess. Invitations to her afternoons are eagerly sought for.

THOMAS F. SMITH, SECRETARY OF TAMMANY HALL.

By JOSEPH D. BYRNE.

IT is notable that people do not realize the power and success of any man of prominence until he is said to have "arrived." The public interest which a man arouses when he becomes a factor in affairs, or a participant in events, feels his influence so suddenly, that it does not consider all the long years which have led up to his recognition as one to be reckoned with in the concerted acts of any party or organization of men.

There is no better illustration of this result than Thomas F. Smith, the Secretary of Tammany Hall, and the storm center, if it might be so styled, of that historic-political body. Even more uncommunicative than any of the great silent chiefs of the Hall, Mr. Smith has himself achieved a reputation for sagacious reticence which is only equalled by his remarkable impartiality in dealing with every one who has business with him. It must be borne in mind that the Secretary has been on deck in all kinds of political weather. When troops of reporters were following Mr. Croker all over the country, and during all the sensational episodes of recent years, Mr. Smith stood at his post facing the music, faithful to the confidence of his chiefs as any minister to his sovereign.

How difficult this task was, how hard to keep the friendship of the leaders of the various factions, Mr. Smith alone can tell. When bitter attacks were made against the leaders, he held his loyalty as a sacred trust, and at times bore upon his own shoulders blame that should not have rested there. At times he was the real power, for his advice was sought by the greatest, and he was often compelled to use his own judgment and initiative.

Now, although he himself would disclaim it, he is an indispensable unit in the councils of his party. He is so bound up with the unwritten laws and traditions of the organization that every throb of the life of the powerful federation contains some contribution

of his deliberation, action, or personality. Wise in their generation, the present chiefs respect his worth, and the rank and file admire him for his fidelity and services to their interests.

Mr. Smith's career is well known now to the public. It knows that he started out in life with nothing but natural ability, courage, and education acquired in the public schools and

development, and he has added to the germ of wisdom which was instilled into his mind in childhood. There are hundreds who remember him when he first went to learn telegraphy and the stenographic art, which led him into the editorial rooms of leading New York newspapers, and he still salutes the same neighbors who greeted him in those early days.

His duties as a writer brought him into contact with Richard Croker—an excellent judge of character—and he became a useful assistant to that leader. This opinion was verified when the succeeding leaders of Tammany requested him to continue in his post, and he has for some years also served the city as Clerk of its Municipal Courts. There is every reason why he should go higher in public life. He has been of service to the Democracy of the entire country in ridding it of the presence of an obese individual who was chiefly responsible for its defeat. Now, that the party has been redeemed, Mr. Smith should certainly be rewarded.

Apart from political affiliations he is one of the principal members of the New York Press Club, and is regarded by the public, irrespective of politics, as a citizen whom all others can respect, honor and follow.

One quality which Mr. Smith possesses more markedly than all others is sincerity. This quiet and non-committal attitude is often taken for diplomatic evasion, but it is not. He can maintain a secret, but is not naturally secretive, and merely loyal to duty.

And this brings to mind the fact that on several notable instances, he has been very deliberate and assertive. In his ejection of William S. Devery from Tammany Hall, Mr. Smith said but little, but

when he did give way to any utterance, there was no doubt that he meant all he said, and his emphatic reasons for the ridding of the party of the former Chief were as strong as they could be. During the campaign he made clever speeches.



Photograph by permission of the Tammany Times.

THOMAS F. SMITH, WHO IS THE MOST USEFUL MAN IN TAMMANY HALL, IS ALSO CLERK OF THE CITY COURT.

the College of St. Francis Xavier of this city; that he came of good stock, was a healthy, clean-minded boy of pleasant demeanor, polite and sensible. That his parents and ancestry were far above the average, is borne out by his

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

By CAROLYN LOWREY.

THE dog show without Mrs. "Jimmie" Kernochan was a disappointment, as she is the most important woman in the dog kingdom. However, Mrs. Fred Nielson tried to make people feel that there are others. She was gowned in black-and-white, with a long ermine cloak with small pieces of black fur let into the white background. Her dog, whose black-and-white spots matched the cloak, accompanied her, and for a time the people in watching Mrs. Fred forgot Mrs. Jimmie.

The "buds" of the inner circle are looking forward to the coming of Don Jaime, the son of

Don Carlos, the pretender to the Spanish throne. Don Jaime is a dark-eyed, courtly man, who distinguished himself in the Russian service during the insurrection in China. War has lost its charm for this foreigner, who hopes to come out with equal honor in the matrimonial battlefield of America.

It is said that a woman has two glories—her voice and her hair. If so, the women of the Vanderbilt family certainly possess the latter. Mrs. W. Seward Webb is noted for her glorious head of hair, and the little threads of silver which nestle among the raven black give an added

charm. Mrs. William Sloane, her sister, has a mass of golden tresses that fall far below her waist. Not a gray hair appears. Art, or nature, has been kind to Mrs. Sloane.

Robert Goelet evidently believes that variety is the spice of life. One evening this pale-faced young man pays his devotions to the brown-eyed dainty Miss Choate, who is the charming daughter of the Ambassador to the Court of St. James. The next he gives a dinner in his quarters to Adele Ritchie, Vivian Blackburn, Nella Webb, Georgie Cain and the young bloods. Strange to say, Mr. Goelet forgets to extend invitation to this select affair to Miss Choate, or his brother-in-law, the Duke of Roxburgh.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS OF THE WEEK.

"THE TENDERFOOT" ON BROADWAY.

RICHARD CARLE has at last invaded Tenderfoot territory with what he modestly styles his operatic comedy, "The Tenderfoot." The great West had already stamped the production with its approval, and it must in justice be said that there were good grounds for praising it. So far as the libretto, which was written by the star himself, goes, the piece is so original and characteristic that it will succeed. As for H. L. Heartz's music, the choral features are fit to offer a New York audience. His solo score, however, is reminiscent. Like all comic-opera themes, there is hardly any semblance of a plot; but the admirable stage management, groupings, marches, and original dances are picturesque efforts and deserve commendation.

There is a breezy natural flavor of the pioneer country, and as the real Simon-pure tenderfoot, Mr. Carle presents a delightfully characteristic representation of the Eastern professor, and his personal success is pronounced. His originality is undoubted and he makes the success of his career.

Not so much can be said of the supporting company. Helena Frederick, the prima donna, is pretty and clever, but none of the other women come up to the standard of the men. Charles Wayne, favorably known, made a distinct hit as a *Sergeant of Texas Rangers*. His work was up to its usual high grade.

As *Colonel Winthrop* Edmund Stanley is excellent, his method being manly and real, and his singing true.

The rôle of a Western gambler was well depicted by Henry Norman. Daniel J. Moyler contributed a clever bit as *Captain O'Reilly*.

A Chinese character fell to the lot of William Rock. The local color which he attempted to impart would not have passed with a Bowery audience. He looked like anything but a Chinaman. Commercially the production will succeed, but Broadway has had a rather high standard set by some of the recent notable offerings. The healthy-looking young women who troop in the choruses pay a high tribute to the dental art.

Ethel Johnston, as a supposed *Sis Hopkins* of the prairie, was noticeable because of her impossible costume and her perpetual snirk, from the rise to the fall of the curtain.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" AS A CLASSIC.

IT was hardly to be considered that in presenting Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" as interpreted by the Ben Greet company of players, Mr. Charles Frohman expected it would attract the popular class of audiences which would flock to see Miss Viola Allen in the picturesque and scenic splendor with which the play has been produced for over a century. But that his judgment was correct in expecting the approval of the intellectual has been demonstrated by the hearty reception given the olden-time version at the Knickerbocker.

The public has seldom been given an opportunity to realize the power of the master dramatist in literary effect apart from the physical. That an almost perfect performance intellectually was rendered by Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, Mr. Greet and their comrades of the cast, must be admitted.

Naturally, comparisons were drawn between the methods of these players and others who have interpreted the same rôles in the past. Before all else, the Greet company can claim a precedence in elocutionary effect, clear enunciation, and rhetorical style. There could be no doubt of the identity of a single passage, a mere word in the entire text. And it is a question as to whether such presentations, without the aid

of any meretricious equipment or realism in scenics, would not prove a boon both to the public and the profession, from the educational standpoint. As in all of Mr. Greet's productions, the cast was evenly balanced and the ensemble excellent.

The curiosity surrounded the appearance of Miss Matthison as *Viola*. Her opening-air rendition of *Rosalind* had proved a charming representation, but "Twelfth Night" is not so well adapted, without scenery, for the delicate portraiture of *Viola*. Something appeared to be lacking in the delightful effeminacy which is inseparable from the part. Yet, had Miss Allen been in Miss Matthison's place, that quality might have been a little strained. The star of Mr. Greet's company, if Miss Matthison may be so called, confirmed the reputation she has already made in this country, and she revealed a wealth of effects, a mine of meaning, which have never before been brought out before American audiences.

Ben Greet as *Malvolio* was discreet, unctious and legitimately grotesque. He displayed marvelous technique, and his conception of the part of the Majordomo of the household was one of festive artistic finish. There was no room for

misunderstanding that Mr. Greet attempted to read the character as he believed Shakespeare drew it. His ripe scholarship and fine idealistic spirit aroused the applause of his audience.

B. A. Field was the *Toby Belch*, and like all the other players he imparted a freshness to the text which is usually lost in the academic readings of modern *Sir Tobys*. In the part of *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, John Sayer Crawley was a typical Shakespearean roisterer, and was the genuine high-class clown of the bard's creation. These two actors invested their parts with legitimate merriment, and did so without recourse to the strenuous action often exhibited by less worthy players.

Miss Alys Rees made a dainty *Olivia*, the negative but lovable Shakespearean girl; and the character of *Orsino*, by Rann Kennedy; *Feste*, Cecil A. Collins; and *Fabian*, by Dallas Anderson, were praiseworthy.

J. D. B.

"THE YANKEE CONSUL" AT THE BROADWAY.

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK is a tall, lugubrious-looking individual, with a mop of blond hair and a somewhat languid, if not diffident manner. Albeit, he is one of the funniest men in comic opera to-day and a relief



Photograph by Burr McIntosh, New York.

HATTIE WILLIAMS, WHO IN THE TITLE ROLE OF "THE GIRL FROM KAY'S," AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE, HAS MADE ONE OF THE BIG AND LASTING SUCCESSES OF THE SEASON IN NEW YORK.



Photograph by Cooper, New York.

THESE ARE THE COWBOY GIRLS FROM "THE TENDERFOOT," AN OPERATIC COMEDY NOW AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE.

from the dry-as-hay machine comedian of comic-opera tradition. In "The Yankee Consul," Mr. Hitchcock is handicapped by a book that would delight an antiquarian. He juggles it in such a way that it loses its inherent stodginess and becomes entertaining in his facile hands.

"The Yankee Consul" is a comic opera of the American brand, which, like mince pie, is very good when it isn't very bad. *Abijah Booze*, the Consul, is merely the aforesaid individual with a mop of blonde hair. If *Abijah* were any one else, I would suggest a large slab of dynamite and no flowers. Mr. *Booze* doesn't represent the United States in any too dignified a fashion, but

he manages to consume several fine-looking drinks, makes love to an aged millionairess and ends by running things in his own careless but interesting manner. It were foolish to tell you what there is to the plot of "The Yankee Consul," because I don't know and you don't care. Suffice it so say, that Mr. Hitchcock as *Abijah Booze* lives up to his name and is so legitimately funny at times that I am forced to the conclusion Mr. Hitchcock will some day be a star in comedy. I'd like to see him in some of the old N. C. Goodwin successes.

Eva Davenport as *Donna Teresa Rebera y Uruburu*, the widow who wins the lopsided love

of the Consul, makes the biggest hit among the women of the cast. Miss Davenport is a true comedienne, and though she has been given very few opportunities by the author, she is greeted with rousing laughter whenever she is on the stage. This clever woman is always entertaining, but I can recall no other rôle in which she has shone to so great advantage as in *Teresa*, etc.

The *Herr Gehubler*, of J. E. Hazzard, threatens every once in a while to be genuinely funny. Then something happens; perhaps it is the librettist.

Flora Zabelle as *Bonita* and Rose Botti as *Popinta* are pretty and tuneful.

Mr. Savage has mounted "The Yankee Consul"



Photograph by Cooper, New York.

RICHARD CARLE AND THE EIGHT DOLLY GIRLS IN A PICTURESQUE CHORUS IN "THE TENDERFOOT." THE YOUNG WOMEN ARE SEMINARY GIRLS UNDER PROFESSOR PETTIBONE'S TUITION.

HARRY CLAY BLANEY, ACTOR, AUTHOR AND MANAGER.



Photograph by Palsar & Potter, Newark, N. J.

HARRY CLAY BLANEY, WHO ACTS, WRITES PLAYS AND PRODUCES THEM HIMSELF, A STAR WELL KNOWN IN THE WEST WHO APPEARS EACH SEASON IN NEW YORK.

in his usual intelligent and lavish manner. The hand of George Marion, Colonel Savage's general stage manager, is clearly shown in the brilliant work of the chorus and in the high average of stage management attained. R. B. H.

JUST NOTES.

FEW people know the real Louis Mann. He is not the distant stand-off person he has been so often described, but is as genial and whole-souled a good fellow as could be imagined. Quite a select circle, comprising Mr. Weber, Mr. Mann, Mr. Edgar Smith and Mr. Fields, had a special corner of the Gilsey House dedicated to their seances.

PHYLLIS RANKEN has been lucky in her late engagements. She was with "Glad Of It" at the Savoy, and could go home with her husband, Harry Davenport, of "The Girl From Kay's," every night. Now she can do the same, as she is with "Glittering Gloria."

MILDRED DEVERE, stately and marblesque, is still a notable picture in the front rank of "The Medal and The Maid." In private life she is very popular with her neighbors on the upper West Side, where she resides.

FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK is regarded by managers as the most consistent actor in the profession. No matter what part he takes in hand, he seems to make a hit with it.

He is, what may be called, the American Gro-smith.

CARROLL J. BARRYMORE, of "The Human Hearts" melodrama, which played at the Metropolis Theatre recently, is no relative of the Barrymores, but he has made quite a reputation on the road.

MATT and Rose Snyder have broken the theatrical marriage record. For almost the entire part of their happy married life they have played in the same companies. Few remember to have seen them apart.

MANAGER FRANK MCKEE MAKES A GREAT PREC- EDENT TO VINDI- CATE HIS GOOD JUDGMENT.

FOR the first time in theatrical history, a manager has deliberately and flatly undertaken to play one attraction at his New York Theatre for an entire season, one which has already passed a season on the road. Manager Frank McKee is the man who has taken this courageous step, and there are none who will think that he will fail. He has signed a contract to produce "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" at the Savoy Theatre, and to keep it there all of next season.

FOR several years the name of Harry Clay Blaney has been familiar to theatre-goers, although he is but a very young man. He has made a great success as a manager and producer of plays as well as an actor. His first efforts as a comedian attracted attention, and in a short time after he had made his debut, he was dividing honors with the star. He soon became a star himself and then wrote plays. At the present time he is engaged upon one for next season.

So successful has he been in the Western country that he became known as a matinee idol on the Pacific Coast, although Mr. Blaney in private life abhors all attentions except those which come to him because of his professional success.

In the summer, Mr. Blaney and his household go to his country home on Long Island, where he gives himself up to outdoor life with the aid of his horses, yacht, and automobiles. During his career as a playwright and actor he has endeavored to get as close to the people as possible, and his work has a natural side to it which draws popular audiences everywhere.

He is a good example of the strenuous young actor, for he is yet in early life, and the rising generation hope to see him make a big success on Broadway some day in a very ambitious effort. So far as he has already gone he has nothing to complain of, as all his work has resulted in pecuniary profit. Mr. Blaney is said to cherish a desire to write a melodrama which will live as a classic, and if he can ever spare time from his tours to settle down to the work, his friends believe he will do so.

At present he is a standard attraction, and has more offers of time than he can crowd into his theatrical date-book.

Mr. Blaney first made a hit in one of the farce comedies in vogue some years ago. He was a mere boy then and was entrusted with a small bit. But he elaborated the business so greatly that it brought him into favor with audiences. He is a clever acrobat and dancer, singer and author.

There is no such instance recently on record. The public has heard of the success of the play, and many queries have been made as to when it would come to New York. Mr. McKee saw the performance in Philadelphia, and at once decided to give it a whole season. Whenever he has followed his own judgment, according to tradition, Mr. McKee has seldom failed.

KLAW AND ERLANGER KNOW THEIR PUBLIC.

AT last the theatre-goers of this city may rejoice over a combination of great artistic talent and business acumen, which promises well for the liberal people who are willing to pay the best prices for entertainment. In signing Fay Templeton to head a company for their Aerial Theatre over the New Amsterdam, Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger have done what every admirer of the clever actress wished. It is generally understood that a programme is to be offered which will afford the star an excellent opportunity for the exploitation of her remarkable gifts in the line of travesty and burlesque, including reviews of the current productions at city theatres.

Of course, this announcement is a guarantee that the supporting casts will be composed of the very best people in this line, and that expense will not enter into consideration, when scenery, costumes and rich equipment are to be ordered. Klaw and Erlanger certainly know how to command success when others fail.

INTERESTING AND EXCLUSIVE NEWS OF THE HOTELS.

By CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM.

GUERNSEY WEBB IN A NEW ENTERPRISE.

GUERNSEY E. WEBB, of the Ansonia Hotel, will have a chance this summer to show the kind of stuff he is made of in the way he will manage Normandie-by-the-Sea. As has been stated, a company, consisting of himself, Charles H. Hobbs and Louis W. Motesbury, have taken over the property, with Webb as president, and the scheme is to spend \$50,000 in improving the property.

It will take every penny of the money, for the property has been going down for the past few years. The writer is under the impression that Normandie-by-the-Sea was first built by Webb, the famous shipbuilder, the man that brought into existence the *Dunderberg*, and who also built the Hotel Bristol, on Fifth avenue. The Jersey resort subsequently came into possession of Gen. F. P. Earle, who conducted the hotel for many seasons with variant success. Last season E. R. Champion leased the hotel.

Webb and his associates have money. Webb has had a successful experience in hotel-keeping, and with the money he expended and a snappy policy of management that is to be introduced, Normandie-by-the-Sea may be made into a profitable investment for the three men interested in it.

THE GILSEY HAS NOT BEEN SOLD.

THE only way to buy anything is to pay over money for it," said E. O. Roessle, proprietor of the Gilsey House, "and as no one has come to me with any money, I am safe in saying that the Gilsey has not been sold." Mr. Roessle had been talking to the writer about the report that his interest in the hotel had been bought by Albert R. Keen, formerly of the Marie Antoinette. "I met Mr. Keen but price and nothing had been said about my buying my interest," continued Mr. Roessle. "If any one wants to buy me out, let him come to me with the price I want, and perhaps I may sell. BROADWAY WEEKLY is right in saying that the leasehold of the Gilsey has been years to run, but that does not mean that the hotel will cease to exist. The Gilseys have always succeeded in getting what they want, and no doubt, the Anderson estate, the owners of the land, will extend the leasehold."

A NEW MAN AT THE ALLENHURST.

THE Allenhurst Club, on the Jersey Coast, this summer will be managed by M. Frank Meehan. Last year the Inn was under the direction of N. Wilson. The property is owned by a lot of men that have formed themselves into a club, restricting the membership and patrons so that undesirable people can be excluded. The Inn last summer was well patronized, but is said not to have declared a profit. Like all enterprises of this character, it will take several seasons before it settles down to a paying basis. Meehan has had years of experience in leading metropolitan hotels, his last position of import-

ance being the management of the Hotel Somerset, in Forty-seventh street, the property that subsequently was taken into the chain of the Champion hotels.

NEW POLICY AT CAMBRIDGE COURT.

FROM being managed as an apartment-house hotel, the Cambridge Court Hotel, in West Forty-ninth street, has become a full-fledged transient house, with a café and public dining-room, both the American and European plans being observed. The change has been a wise one, as has been proven in the increased business. There are too many hotels of the apartment-house order in that neighborhood, most of them doing a starving business; and the move of Arthur Hickley, the manager of Cambridge Court, with the approval of the owners, is going to mark a change in the policy in a way that losing hotel investments can be made to pay. When the hotel was opened a few months ago, young Hickey had as a partner Dr. Clark, of Chicago. Clark had Western ideas as to how a New York hotel should be run. These ideas did not harmonize with Hickey's, whose experience had always been with metropolitan hotels, and there was always a slight friction between the two men. Dr. Clark withdrew and the owners of the property came into the field, giving Mr. Hickey free reign and allowing him to follow out his own ideas, at the same time the owners also having a voice in the management. The three men are getting along nicely, and the new policy of making the house a transient one is meeting with success.

AT THE CAFÉ MARTIN.

J. B. MARTIN.—Of course, every swell about town—man or woman—knows "Monsieur Jean Baptiste," of the Café Martin, has introduced a novel feature at his place. The idea has been tried successfully at other places in town, but not on so extensive a scale as at the Café Martin. Here there are served every day a cuisine Française, Russe, Orientale and Espagnole. From the bill of fare, or, to be more swell, the *carte du jour*, one can select dishes cooked in the style in vogue in any of the mentioned forms. For the Russian cooking, Monsieur Martin has brought to this country the chef who had been in the Peterhof Palace in St. Petersburg; to prepare the Oriental dishes, the former *chef de cuisine* from the Sultan's Yildiz-Riosk, at Constantinople, has been engaged; and a high and mighty man who gained his knowledge in the Royal Palace, Madrid, attends to the preparation of the Spanish dishes.

THE ATLANTIC CITY SEASON OPENING.

THE opening a few days ago of the Garden Hotel, at Atlantic City, means that the spring season at that place is about to begin, the Garden, Brighton, Haddon Hall, and the Marlborough being the houses that set the social pace during the fashionable season, which is always in the spring. The proprietor of the Garden is W. I. Finch, a

man noted for cherishing a great fad for rare china. This fad is so acute that Finch, between seasons, spends his time in France and Italy picking up fine examples. A healthy feature of the passion is that Finch does not stow any of his purchases for only himself to admire and adore, but uses them in the service of the dining-room of the Garden Hotel. Last year the display of exquisite Limoges and Italian ware on the dining tables of the hotel was the subject of comment, and no doubt attracted a goodly share of the rich people who frequent the hotel. Finch has, however, to pay for the public view of his china; last Easter he lost by theft over fifty after-dinner sets of beautiful Limoges manufacture.

SIGNS OF SUMMER.

ALREADY, though the snow is still on the ground, we hear of preparations for the coming summer-resort season. Houses are being rented, managers and clerks engaged, and a general effect of preparedness is apparent. A. E. Dick takes with him to Long Beach this summer Ben. W. Swope as chief clerk. Swope this winter is in the office of the De Soto Hotel, at Savannah. The Kaaterskill, in the Catskill Mountains, will be managed this summer, as it was last, by John G. Ritchie. Palm Beach is the present address of Mr. Ritchie. The Waumbek, at Jefferson, N. H., will be managed again by Andrew J. Murphy, who this winter is the assistant manager of the Laurel House, Lakewood.

THURSTON'S WORK AT THE ASTOR.

ALFRED H. THURSTON, manager of the Astor House, who was married in this city a few days ago to Miss Helen Mar Todd, is a nephew of Mrs. Frank Allen, whose husband, up to his death a year or so ago, had been for many years lessee of the hotel. It was Allen and Dam who started the Astor House, after its years of a negative existence, upon the road to success, and brought it to where it is at the present time, one of the best-paying properties in this country. Since Allen's death Thurston has been in charge, and as he seems to have followed Frank Allen's policy, the famous hotel continues in its old way.

TUMBRIDGE BACK HOME.

AFTER a three weeks' trip to Bermuda, Capt. William Tumbridge, of the Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, is again at his post. The Captain took along on the trip his son, Stanley, but returned without him, having left him in order to improve his health at the West Indian resort.

THE NEW MORELLO.

MORELLO is hard at work pushing to completion his restaurant in Thirty-eighth street, adjoining the Hotel Normandie. If Morello follows up the plans he will have expended \$100,000 when he opens his place for business, which will be in a few months. That

the business of restaurant-keeping upon an elaborate scale has grown to be one of the great industries of the metropolis is proven by the vast amount of money that is spent when a new place is opened. The plans at Morello's call for a decorative interior that will cost thousands of dollars to complete, the hangings are to be rich and handsome, while the ornamental iron work on the outside of the building will make the new restaurant a great attraction in the neighborhood.

THE AGNEW TROUBLES.

THE Hotel Agnew, at Atlantic City, was sold a few days ago by order of the Court. The Agnew has never been a rousing success, partly on account of its location, and also owing to the fact that the houses further to the north were getting the trade. The Atlantic City hotels that seem to do the business are the ones situated in the neighborhood of the piers, the section where most of the visitors promenade; and until that trade can be induced to extend its strolls, hotels further down the beach will have the odds against them in attracting custom.

AT THE QUENTIN.

FRANK LORD, who has been appointed manager of the Hotel Quentin, in West Fifty-sixth street, was for many years in the office of the Hotel Grenoble, in fact, he was with the Grenoble when Charles Leland had the house, and when E. A. Dick assumed the lease, Lord was retained. The Quentin has been having a hard time of it, and when the people who had it went to pieces, the management was offered to Dick, whose hotel is directly opposite. Dick declined the offer, but as a compromise he accepted a salary of \$10 a day while putting the house into a state likely to make money. Lord, no doubt, has been installed as

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manager, which is a commendable move, as the new manager is a capable fellow, made many friends during the years he was at the Grenoble, and has always been ambitious, which is proven by the fact that he is to manage the Dutcher House, at Pawling, N. Y., this coming summer.

A SUCCESSFUL STEWARD.

AWORD or two of praise for William Daugherty, steward of the Hotel Martha Washington, would not be out of place. The cuisine of the Martha Washington is being talked of about town, even if it is a woman's hotel, and that reputation is due in a great measure to Daugherty's ability gained mostly at the Majestic and New Amsterdam, and also, if memory serves, at the Park Avenue.

PLANS FOR THE CONVENTION.

IT has been decided that the annual meeting of the National Hotel Convention, which is to be held in this city this year, shall take place the first week in June.

The New York City Hotel Association, upon whose invitation the National Association selected this city, and which is to have charge of the details, has already commenced preparations for the event. At a recent meeting a Finance Committee was appointed, with George W. Sweeny, of the Victoria Hotel, as chairman, the duties of which will be the securing of funds to defray the expenses. There will be eleven members on this committee, the other members being J. H. Breslin, A. E. Dick, George T. Stockham, M. C. Muschenheim, F. A. Reed, Mark Merrifield, Elmer A. Darling, John Burke, William Seiach and George Conley. This committee will divide its work so that a certain section of the city will be cut up and put into charge of sub-committees, which will solicit funds from friends of the City Association living in that section. When the last annual convention was held in this city, in 1895, over \$12,000 was collected; but it is not thought, in view of the present hard times, a like sum will be obtained.

The Entertainment Committee has not as yet been appointed, consequently the plan and scope looking to the entertainment of the delegates, and those that may accompany them, have not been fixed. The first day, no doubt, will be devoted to the annual meeting, possibly with the banquet at night at Delmonico's.

The following days will be devoted to breakfasts, theatre parties, luncheons, and drives and sails about and around the city.

LISTEN

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We offer ten portraits of famous American Actresses (size of each 10x12) mounted on artistic mats — each an original, and not merely a copy, to our BROADWAY WEEKLY subscribers. They consist of the following famous women of the stage:

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A WONDERFUL HOTEL SITE.

The Hotel Netherland and the Savoy Hotel at Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, at the Eastern Entrance to Central Park

AN INTERVIEW WITH MAY BUCKLEY.

From BROADWAY WEEKLY's Newark, N. J.,
Correspondent.

MISS MAY BUCKLEY recently spent a week at Bloomfield, N. J., owing to the closing of "A Japanese Nightingale." In conversation with the writer she advised him that she had left New York with the purpose of finding rest and to obtain in the quietude of the country an opportunity of studying more closely the part she is to originate in "The Shepard King," the Biblical play in which she is to appear as leading lady to Mr. Wright Lorimer.

In speaking of her career Miss Buckley recalled with pleasure her summer of 1901, when she was leading lady with a stock company in St. Paul. Being a lover of horses, she here had the opportunity of going to and from the theatre on horseback, taking rides into the country and devoting her leisure time to outdoor life.

Miss Buckley is an extremely talented young woman. She has written playlets, two of which are being presented in vaudeville. She suggested the play "The First Born," and won a remarkable success in it on the Pacific Coast. When the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, was in a very poor financial condition, she was engaged as leading lady. By her excellent performances, the theatre was brought out of its previous state of failure and is to-day one of the most

successful of Western playhouses. The management of the house have honored her by placing a life-size photo of the young actress in the lobby.

It was only upon being told that the writer represented BROADWAY WEEKLY that Miss Buckley continued her interesting conversation. She is very modest and has a horror of being interviewed, "but BROADWAY WEEKLY is one of my favorites," she resumed, "and if interviewed at all, why, let it be by this excellent paper," smilingly.

She was Irene in "One Summer's Day" with John Drew, played in the original production of "Catherine" in this country, and succeeded Katherine Florence in the part of *Rose Martel* in "On and Off." Miss Buckley played in "Hearts Are Trumps" at the Garden Theatre, and in "The Price of Peace" at the Broadway, New York. Last season she was leading woman with James O'Neill in "The Honor of the Humble" and "The Manxman," and won great favor throughout the country.

She and Mr. Lorimer have great hopes in the success of "The Shepard King," which opens in New York on April 4.

R. W. ALLISON.

Emma Carus has solved the secret of how to get thin. And she is being besieged by requests from all her women friends for the prescription.

NEWS NOTES OF PLAYERS.

The performance of Lionel Barrymore as the pugilist has won the admiration of "Kid" McCoy, upon whose model Mr. Barrymore is supposed to have built the part. The actor is a frequent visitor at the champion's gymnasium.

A remarkable boy juggler has gone on the stage in London. He is said to juggle a live child during his performance.

Manager Keough, of the Star Theatre, has returned from a trip through his old country, Texas, and the adjacent clime. He speaks highly of the prospects there, theatrically and commercially.

Already stars-to-be are busy telling of their plans for next season. Leah Russell, who will appear in "The Belle of the Ghetto," has been photographed with her automobiles, of which she owns three.

Virginia Foltz, playing the part of *Simple Simon* in "Babes in Toyland," is being largely exploited by photographers and managers as a beautiful woman.

Josephine Boston will hereafter be known as Josephine Leslie. She comes from Tennessee, and was with the Four Cohans for a season.

News from England would indicate that Mabelle Gilman intended to remain

there permanently. She has many offers of contracts from managers in London, according to report.

The theatrical colonies will be increased in population this summer, if rumor speaks truly. William Collier is planning all sorts of inducements to fellow actors to select St. James, L. I., as a place for a permanent home.

Last season the Sunday concerts—and there were very few of them in this city—did not prosper. This winter there are over a dozen of them, and they are all receiving excellent patronage. A good roof-garden season is anticipated.

Irene Bentley will shortly shake the dust of Broadway from her feet for some time to come, as she is to play the part of *Fanny Good* in the London production of "The Billionaire." This is the part sung at Daly's by Nellie Follis.

Susanne Perry, who plays *Lizzie* in "Her Own Way," is a first cousin of the star of the Fitch piece and appeared in the support of Mr. and Mrs. Maxine Elliott for the past three seasons.

When Mrs. Fiske produces "Macbeth" next season at the Manhattan Theatre, it is said that the title part will be played by Oscar Ashe, who supported Virginia Harned in "Iris" last season.

Now Treloar, the Harvard oarsman graduate, is appearing on the stage, with Miss Edna Tempest offering a physical culture act.

LADY: "How dirty your face is, little boy!"
BOY: "Yes'm; we ain't had no company for more'n a week."

AT THE THEATRES.

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ROBERT EDESON

—IN—

RANSON'S FOLLY

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st St. & B'way
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The Century Players, under the direction of
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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

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Lizzie Hudson Collier	Martin L. Alsop
Ann Warrington	Frank Hatch
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Louise Mackintosh	Barton Hill
Elouina Oldcastle	Geo. C. Boniface
Mercedes Leigh	Fred Eric
Mildred Morris	L. Rogers Lytton
Harriet Broadhurst	William Herbert
Cora Williams	Clifford Leigh
Ina Brooks	Henry Stockbridge
Fanny Stockbridge	Robert Rogers
Mary Scott	Otis Sherden
Eugenia Flagg	Frederick Defoe
Augusta Gardner	W. D. Stedman
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Evenings 8. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2.

BABES IN TOYLAND

With William Norris and Company of 150.

The rôle of *Dr. Krause* in "Winsome
Winnie" has certainly been keeping the
comedians busy. Within three months'
time George K. Fortesque, Richard Carroll,
James E. Sullivan, Budd Ross, and Alexander
Clarke have all had a fling at the part.

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From a Photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.

GERTRUDE ELLIOTT, THE NEWEST OPHELIA IN NEW YORK.

MISS ELLIOTT, who in private life is Mrs. Forbes Robertson, is a sister of Maxine Elliott (Mrs. N. C. Goodwin). She appeared a few years ago in "The American Citizen" at the Knickerbocker Theatre where she is now

playing *Ophelia* to the *Hamlet* of her talented husband-star. Miss Elliott is tall and dark like her sister, and has improved remarkably as an actress during the last two seasons. Much of this added quality of a player is no doubt due to

the tutelage of Mr. Robertson, who is recognized as one of the intellectual actors of the English-speaking stage. Miss Elliott recently appeared as *Maisie* in "The Light That Failed." She is as popular in London as she is in New York.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS AT THE FRONT. THE ORIGINAL

MR. PEEWEE.



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

Within forty-eight hours after war had been declared between Russia and Japan, Richard Harding Davis, the dramatist and war correspondent, had started for the front. It is Mr. Davis' habit to do things in just such an unexpected and prompt manner, because he has found by experience in other wars that correspondents have a battle for supremacy quite as strenuous sometimes as generals.

From the moment he left, nothing was heard of him until he cabled from Hong Kong. He went at once to Port Arthur, where he is watching the struggle for *Collier's Weekly*, and a London daily paper.

LITTLE MARY FROM DAKOTA.

MISS MARY FLEMING, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a North Dakota Probate Judge, is the latest sensation. This energetic young lady registered at the Netherlands, stands six feet two inches in her silk-stockinged feet, and she defiantly flings at Gothamites the fact that she wouldn't give one glimpse of the prairie as seen from her front porch for all New York.

Recently, when the young giantess christened the steamship *Dakota* at Groton, Conn., she reversed the ordinary conventionalism of breaking the champagne bottle against the side of the vessel. Instead, she deliberately

swung it around her chestnut crown, dashing it into a thousand pieces against the prow of the ship. No hoodoo from a bottle failing to break will ever follow the launching of the *Dakota*. At the banquet that followed, the toast, "Dakota's fairest daughter," was responded to by the blushing sponsor by waving an enormous bunch of roses over her head with a rousing cheer for the good boat just wedded to the sea. Tall but modest is little Mary.

HOPELESS.

BROKELEIGH: "Miss Gotrox, I indulge the hope that I may yet win your love."
MISS GOTROX: "Then the rumor is true."
BROKELEIGH: "What rumor?"
MISS GOTROX: "The one pertaining to your penchant for over-indulgence."

THERE are Lilliputians as well as Brobdingnagians in the Brotherhood of Impresarii, and in the course of professional communication, the members of the Order in this city meet to discuss matters of mutual interest to themselves and the patrons of their houses of entertainment. It has so happened that all such assemblies have been held at the Metropolitan Opera House for convenience. Herr Direktor Conried, whose self-importance has soared as high as the quality of his productions have fallen, startled the managers and artists by a pronunciamiento. If some European monarch had issued it, it could not have created any greater stir. Speaking chronologically, Mr. A. L. Erlanger, a member of the fraternity of which Herr Conried is a picturesque ornament, was to have sailed for Europe on a certain date. He did not, owing to some business delay. But Mr. Erlanger, unlike the Herr Direktor, made no announcement of the change in his plans.

At this juncture, Mr. Conried notified a newspaper which he has appointed as the medium of his official announcements, that he had been approached by the Great Theatrical Syndicate with an offer for the rights, his rights, to present a dramatic version of "Parsifal,"—if he would allow his name to be used.

"I have turned down the Syndicate with scorn," he is recorded as saying. "They offered me \$100,000. The Syndicate has been at my feet."

Now, Mr. Erlanger, being regarded as the head of the Syndicate, was very much surprised to hear that he had been prone and prostrate at the feet of the Peewee Impresario. Not having sailed for Europe, and not having offered any \$100,000, he felt it to be his duty to attend the meeting of the Brotherhood. Those who know Mr. Erlanger were aware that the Brobdingnagian manager was not the kind of man to prostrate himself before anybody; and, indeed, he has been famed for his strenuousness in resenting moral and physical assaults with great success. So, when he entered the presence of the Peewee Impresario, the Lilliputian of Irving Place, the mercury jumped from zero to blood heat.

As there was no phonograph or moving picture apparatus to record what was said and done by Mr. Erlanger, a great historical scene was lost to posterity, and to contemporaneous generation. Those who were present avow that it baffles description.

It may be observed that the Peewee idea of grand opera produced at the expense of the stockholders and to the disgust of the patrons still prevails. The vocal powers of Mme Aino Ackte, who was expected by the Peewee Impresario to astound her hearers and confound his critics, proved to be of the Peewee Academic brand, the garden variety.

MILTON ROBLEE, EX-THESPIAN.

FEW people are aware that Milton Roblee, one of the best-known hotel men in New York, who gives a share of his time to the Bartholdi and the remainder to the luxurious Belleclaire and others, was once an actor. Yet such is the case, and Mr. Roblee, far from denying the fact, is proud of it, and likes the atmosphere of the stage and the association of the leading men of the profession. Mr. Roblee is a first-nighter. His up-town hotel is the most luxurious resort of the upper West Side.

AFTER THE CONCERT.

SINGER: "Was your composition well executed?"
AUTHOR: "Yes; murdered in fine style."

WITH THE LEADERS OF POLITICAL POWER.

THE BEAU BRUMMELL OF THE CITY HALL.

UNTIL Alderman Charles W. Culkin put in an appearance in the Board of Aldermen, Vice-President Sullivan was considered the leader of fashion in the Aldermanic chamber. But now the Vice-President has turned his ambition toward the judicial bench, and his mantle has fallen upon the shoulders of Mr. Culkin.

Every time there is a meeting the clerks and crowd gaze upon Alderman Culkin, and his friends from the Seventh District, who occasionally call at the City Hall, are very proud when they see the sensation he creates.

As for Alderman Sullivan, he will probably be promoted to the Special Sessions bench before long, and in the course of years may find himself upon the Supreme Court bench of the United States. "Little Tim" is a student, and he has often said that he desired to devote more time to reading; but the stress of politics has been strong in his direction, and he could not do so.

A GILROY COMING TO THE FRONT.

FORMER Mayor Gilroy's son, Thomas J., Jr., is to the fore in Leader Hopper's district. He takes more interest in politics than any of the ex-Mayor's sons. The family is very influential in the Mount Morris section, although the ex-Mayor does not go out as much as formerly. It must be remembered that his nomination saved the day for the party in perilous times, and that he gave the city one of the best executives it ever had.

CENTER HITCHCOCK ACTIVE IN POLITICS.

THE Democrats of the Twenty-fifth District are rejoicing because Center Hitchcock, the society and clubman, is taking an active interest in the affairs of the section. He is often seen around headquarters, and may be induced to speak in the next campaign for the party.

His friend, Oliver H. P. Belmont, is in Europe, but will return in time to work for the next Presidential candidate of the Democratic party.

As they are both in the Diamond Back District,

this will mean a great deal to Francis Burton Harrison, who will make a stiff fight to go back to Congress. Willis Holly, who is more or less Mr. Harrison's political godfather, will be quite as active as during the former campaign, when he did heroic work for Mr. Harrison. And it was no small feather in Mr. Holly's golf cap to win in such a neighborhood.

JUDGE STINER'S GREAT INFLUENCE.

FORMER Judge Stiner, who is seldom seen in front of the band, is one of the most influential men in the Democratic party in this city. He makes his headquarters at the Democratic Club, where he is frequently consulted by Mr. Murphy. Indeed, if the big leader may be said to have a cabinet, then Judge Stiner is surely a member of it.

He took an unusual interest in the election of Mayor McClellan, and was more confident than any one that he would be elected. For months he devoted every night to the advancement of the campaign plans, and his judgment upon matters of policy and the general management of the campaign was always sound and deferred to by the other leaders.

A GREAT YEAR FOR ORATORY.

WHENEVER there is any Democratic gathering nowadays, Champe S. Andrews is very much in demand, as he is an excellent speaker and can arouse the audience better than most men. He is one of the lieutenants of Leader Martin, and is very popular not only on the West Side, but throughout the city.

There is much rivalry this year over the oratorical claims of young men from various sections. It has been noised abroad that he who makes the best record this year will get the high favor of Mr. Murphy. As it is Presidential year, there are more prizes in the shape of consular appointments and National berths. The East Side promises some very good speakers, and they are young men who are well up in economics, and are mostly graduates of the College of the City of New York.

BREWER EBLING AN ELIGIBLE BACHELOR.

THE two most eligible bachelors in the Democratic party in this city are William Ebling, the wealthy brewer, and John H. J. Ronner, the County Register. They both belong to the Bronx Club of Leader Haffen's district. Consequently, as this is leap year, their friends are having no end of fun with them, which, however, they take good-naturedly.

Every effort to induce them to dance at the recent ball failed. Indeed, Mr. Ronner devoted all his gallantry to entertaining a group of married women who do not dance, and Mr. Ebling was not to be seen on the floor after the grand march. But he was quite a hero in the supper room.

WELCOME FOR GEORGE GORDON BATTLE.

HAVING a very high standing at the bar, and having been an able Assistant District Attorney, George Gordon Battle will be warmly welcomed this year in active politics.

"George Battle is one of the brightest men in the party," said George Scannell recently, "and he can make a better plea politically than most men. Then, he is a convincing talker. We expect him to work hard for us this year, and I think you will find that we will have the finest line of college-bred men that ever took part in a political fight."

AUGUSTUS DOCHARTY AN OLD CAMPAIGNER.

WHILE Augustus Docharty is not as close to the powers that be as he was when Register of New York County, he still sniffs the battle when it is on, and was in the thick of the fight last year. He is in it now more than ever, and those who know his quality as a speaker, are urging him to take up the National end.

"Docharty was one of the ablest men in the organization," said Walter Scott, "and being a man of unusual culture, did not force himself as others did. He commands the respect of every man who knows him. If he will agree to go over the country, he will make a big card everywhere." J. D. B.

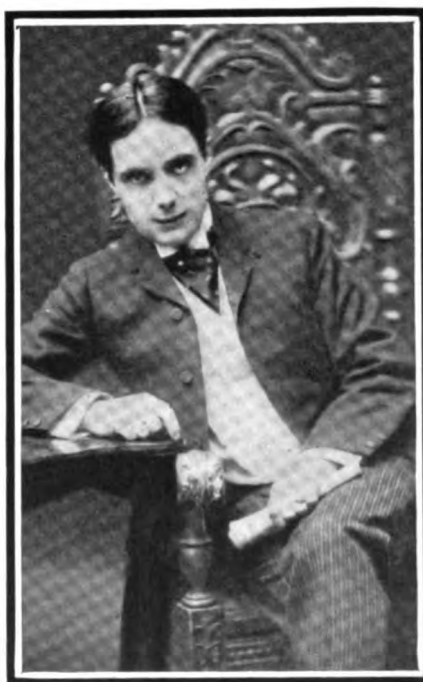
STEPHEN CLOW, THE POET-PUBLISHER.

By HELEN KENNEY.

PROBABLY the youngest publisher of prominence in New York to-day is Mr. Stephen G. Clow, proprietor of Broadway Publishing Co., at No. 835 Broadway. Mr. Clow is a Canadian by birth, a native of Prince Edward Island, and has gradually, but steadily, risen from the post of reporter on a small Canadian daily to his present position. He still feelingly refers to the time when he was a persevering contributor to the "Poet's Corner" of the country weekly.

Some of these "pathetic compositions," as he now calls them, were, of course, at that time regarded by idolizing friends as efforts of genius. Mr. Clow says that if he can resurrect these pieces he will publish them—some day—as a terrible warning to young poets.

While engaged in newspaper work in Canada, Mr. Clow was a member of the famous Press Gallery of the House of Commons at Ottawa. It is not very many years since he came to New York, but during this time he has been associated with several well-known publishing houses. About two years ago he founded the Broadway Publishing Company and has



STEPHEN G. CLOW, THE POET-PUBLISHER.

quickly made the name of this house familiar throughout the country.

His new catalogue contains a list of nearly one hundred titles, many of a notable character, which have had large sales and attracted widespread attention from readers and reviewers, including "A Girl and The Devil," by Jeannette Llewellyn Edwards.

Two of the best novels of the year, "Zebadiah Sartwell" and "By the King's Command," have been published by Mr. Clow, and about the middle of March he will issue another notable work entitled "Shakspeare: Personal Recollections," from the pen of the well-known wit and poet, Colonel John A. Joyce, of Washington.

Mr. Clow's literary idols are Tolstoi and Hardy, whom he considers immeasurably the greatest of living novelists.

Mr. Clow is a man who has made his own way and believes that every one can make a certain success of life, at the same time admitting that that success may not be the result of the first effort, however sincere that effort may be.

In other words, he believes that each man has a vocation, and that sooner or later he will find his special place in life.

The secret of the undoubted success of Mr. Clow is: he fully understands a subject, and then lives up to his word.

THE UNUSUAL BUSINESS HOME OF A NEW YORK FINANCIER.

By GEORGE A. SHERIN.

TO do justice to one of the most artistic suite of offices in New York, or in this country, which means in all the universe, would need the space of a good-sized volume. They are occupied daily by Frank Tilford, whose standing in the financial and commercial world is a household word in New York. In equipping this magnificent establishment, which is based upon the most conservative and chaste lines of interior architecture and decoration, Mr. Tilford has made a departure in business life which would astound the staid old dry-as-dust firms of the past. There has been a complete revolution in designing modern commercial buildings, but never before has high art so entered into the scheme of furnishing.

Yet Mr. Tilford's argument is unanswerable. He considers that as a man spends so many hours

ARTISTIC MANTEL AND FIREPLACE IN MR. TILFORD'S PRIVATE OFFICE IN THE LINCOLN TRUST BUILDING.



OFFICE OF WM. C. RADER, PRIVATE SECRETARY.



Photographs by Reynolds, New York.

FRANK TILFORD, FINANCIER AND TYPICAL NEW YORKER.

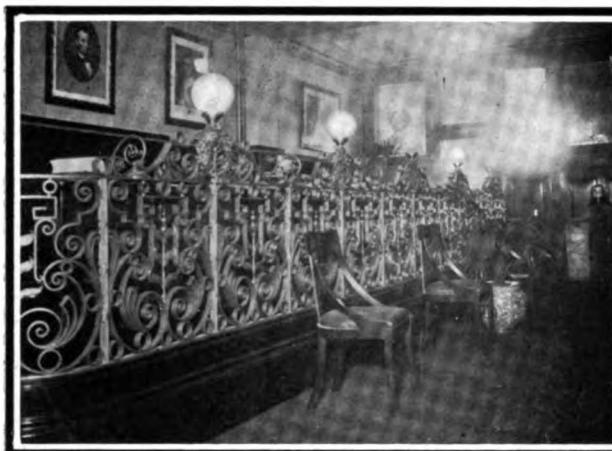
—at least one-third of the day—in the atmosphere of his counting-house, he should be surrounded by all the comforts and attractive things which he has been accustomed to at his residence all his life. The old theory that any old place was good enough for bookkeeping and transacting business did not appeal to him, and the qualities which commended him to his respected father, when the latter placed upon him the cares and responsibilities of the great business, asserted themselves in the arrangement of his two offices. Again, Mr. Tilford considers that it raises the morale of his business staff.

The offices are a reflex of the character of their chief, who is a man of great force, unceasing energy, and magnetic to a high degree. The headquarters are located in the Lincoln Trust Building on Fifth avenue, running through to Broadway, and the side facing the former thoroughfare is finished after the First Empire style, in mahogany, with ormolu trimmings and

lead glass. The color scheme on both ceiling and side walls is in green and gold, and the feature of the main office is a specially designed wrought rail in gilt, enclosing the desks of the staff of assistants.

The private office is strictly in adherence to the period, even to the fire-dogs on the hearth. Central electric lights are fixtured in art, and there are effective flambeaux as side lights. On the Broadway side the offices are finished in Colonial style in white, with green and gold predominating. The director's room furniture is in chaste mahogany designs. There is a liberal display of potted palms and plants, and altogether there is an elegance and beauty which can be found nowhere else in any business apartments.

Mr. Tilford was born in 1852, educated at the Mount Washington Collegiate Institute, and working his way up in his father's firm as any ordinary employee. He assisted in founding the Bank of New Amsterdam, a most successful con-



VIEW OF THE MAIN OFFICE, AS IT IS APPROACHED FROM THE FIFTH AVENUE SIDE.



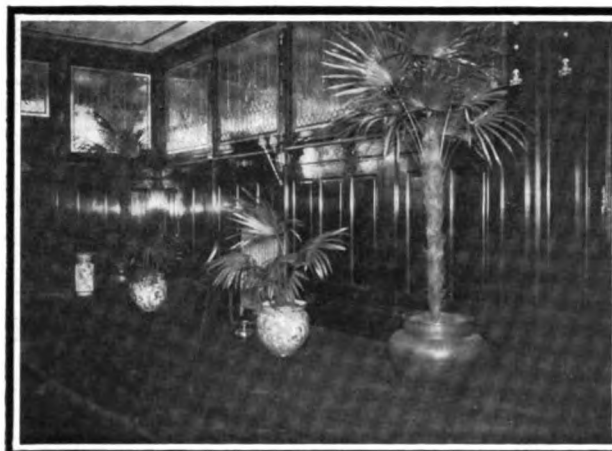
AS SEEN FROM THE BROADWAY ENTRANCE, PURE COLONIAL IN WHITE, GREEN AND GOLD.

cern, which increased from \$150 a share, when he took the reins as its highest officer, to \$750, when he resigned as its president in 1901. He has also been active in such enterprises as the Standard Gaslight Company, the New York and Queens Electric Light and Power Company, trustee of the Consolidated Gas Company,

a director in many corporations, a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and was a Presidential elector in 1900.

The family of Tilford is of Norman origin, having been powerful as far back as the year 866, as Taillefer. The first branch to come to this country settled at Albany. Mr. Tilford's grand-

of the Union League, Republican, Lotus, Colonial, Aldine and New York Athletic clubs, the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, and the Executive Committee of the New York Historical Society. He is an enthusiastic yachtsman, owning the splendid steam yacht *Norma*, and is a Commodore of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club



ANOTHER PROSPECT FROM THE FIFTH AVENUE SIDE, SHOWING PLANTS AND CONSERVATORY EFFECT.



THIS IS THE DIRECTORS' ROOM DONE IN MAHOGANY, AND IT LOOKS OUT ON BROADWAY ELEVATION.

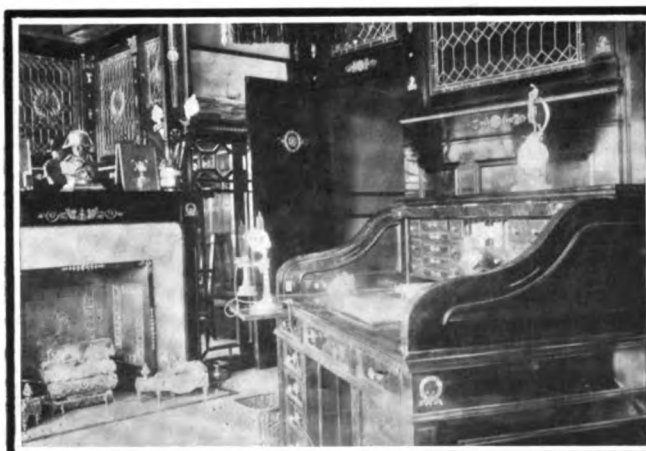
director of the Consolidated Gas Company of Baltimore, and president or officer of many industrial institutions, and in the tobacco interests of Cuba, this country and abroad.

He founded the Lincoln Trust Company, the Fifth Avenue Trust Company, and is a trustee of the New York Security and Trust Company,

father held a commission in the war of 1812. His great-grandfather had served in the Revolutionary War. His father, John M. Tilford, came to New York in 1833, and in 1840 with Joseph Park formed the now celebrated firm of Park & Tilford.

The present subject of this sketch is a member

and other leading yacht clubs. That Mr. Tilford is worthy of his heritage; that he has done his share in the upbuilding of New York by assisting young enterprises with his capital and brains, reflects honor upon him. He is now in the prime of manhood and the fulness of his powers; successful beyond expectation.



PRIVATE OFFICE OF MR. TILFORD, WITH ITS WEALTH OF RARE ARTICLES OF VIRTU.



SECOND SCENE OF THE MAIN OFFICE FROM THE BROADWAY END, TOWARDS FIFTH AVENUE.

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OF METROPOLITAN LIFE.

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY Editor

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear later something to your advantage by addressing Broadway Weekly, 27 East 21st Street, New York.

WHY EVADE THE REAL ISSUES OF THE CAMPAIGN?

WHEN a political party feels the germ of victory in its corporate self, its first thoughts fly to the personality of a candidate.

As issues make the possibility of triumph possible, it is strange that they should be last considered, and then only in the haste of platform building. The people who have to do the voting are far more concerned about principles than candidates, and the party which places the former above the question as to who will be the standard bearer, ever receives the most consideration at the polls.

Men who toil for their daily bread, and who have no time to indulge in academic discussion over abstract theories, are daily confronted with conditions which press acutely upon them their immediate necessities. They probably never heard of Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, and those illustrious men who demonstrated social economy on a scientific plane, and revealed the consistencies of the laws of supply and demand as the natural market conditions. But the truth should be popularly explained as it applies to existing evils; and the manipulation of legislation in the interest of favored persons ought to be set forth understandingly. Why neglect or befog the great issues?

There are, of course, many divergent points upon which either party could go before the people, but it is the pressing issues which should be urged at this time, and the two paramount subjects which the people are willing to study are the trusts and the tariff. And they are so closely interwoven that, considered together, a solution might be reached. It would clear the campaign of much irrelevant discussion, and save much heartburning later on, if the Democratic leaders would take time by the forelock and force the opposition to go on the defensive from now on.

The Republican party is irrevocably bound to the tariff and the trust, and on these points alone the people who have had eight years of this sort of thing, would defeat its candidate, no matter who he might be.

The Democracy cannot have too much literature on this line, and it is to be hoped the leaders will soon act.

NEW YORK LEADS THE WORLD IN THEATRES.

IN setting forth the great progress which the nation has made in all the industrial and other arts, and her great preeminence in the advance of civilization, New York has no doubt been given credit for her part generally. Foreign critics, while admitting defeat in commerce and along many lines of effort, have urged that we are backward in art. But we can, before the entire world to-day, affirm that in none of the cities on any of the continents famed for their treasures in architecture, can be found so many beautiful edifices devoted to the dramatic and operatic productions.

The departure of Charles Frohman for his annual European trip brought forth the suggestion that he and his fellow managers of New York were responsible for the fact that this city could boast of possessing better playhouses than any in the world. There are here and there notable examples of buildings which are dedicated to the theatrical muse; but even then they are glorious for their architectural lines alone, and cannot be considered as appropriate as the buildings in this city, which have just been erected in the most modern style, or with those older houses which have been almost rebuilt like the New Empire. And beauty has not been sacrificed to utility, but it has been conserved and merged in a manner that only the great genius of the times could devise. In designing these playhouses, the question of cost does not appear to have entered into calculation. Such theatres as the New Lyceum, the New Empire, the Hudson, the Belasco, the Knickerbocker, and the New York can be compared to the finest of such buildings in Paris or London. The managers are not behind in their work, and the greatest stars of the theatrical and operatic world are amazed when they first strut their brief hour upon the boards here. Certainly, apart from business impulses, the New York managers are in the van of our national progress.

FIRE CHIEF CROKER A POPULAR HERO.

COMMISSIONER NICHOLAS J. HAYES did himself and the city proud when he appointed Fire Chief Croker to his old office—a position which he held for a considerable period with such honor to himself and efficiency to the service. It was a complete exoneration of "the first of the fire laddies" from any imputation of neglect of duty or other charge while he was in power in the department, brought against him by the late Fire Commissioner, who was himself finally fired. Men are best judged by their own colleagues in the service, be that service what it may; and it is well known that every fireman in the city knows that Edward Croker is a born chief and leader of men. As one captain expressed it to the writer at the critical time when the question of Mr. Croker's efficiency was a matter of public interest: "Let the bravest fireman in New York go so far in the interest of saving life or property from a conflagration, and mark you well, Chief Croker will go just one step further." In other words, Chief Croker is not an office fireman any more than certain generals are carpet knights. He has seen the hardest and roughest service, and never flinched when it came to standing abreast with the men whom he led to battle against the one great and implacable foe. New York deserves to be congratulated upon having the regard and interest of so discerning and discriminating a Commissioner in reappointing Edward F. Croker as Fire Chief, and the public may feel a personal sense of safety in the guardian watchfulness of New York's tried and true leader of the ranks, who in courage and efficiency was never found wanting.

"REDEEMED NEW YORK," THE BEST CAMPAIGN CRY.

IT is as it should be. The eyes not only of the entire country, but of the people of other lands are upon New York and the men who are now its municipal governors. The weird premonitions of the Jezebels of reform, the jeremiads of journalistic Don Quixotes, have evaporated before the practical common-sense policy of the new administration. The now historic Rooseveltian phrase, "Deeds, not Words," recoils with force upon the late Reformers, and New York sets a magnificent example to the great cities of the world in the honesty of its rulers, the cleanliness of its public morals, and the glory of its Democracy.

Taking into consideration its youth as a community by comparison with those abroad, and the strain upon its resources by the always increasing immense population, it is marvelous how well the citizens are protected, how crime is detected, and order is secured in a city peopled with more varied tongues than the fabled Babel of the Scriptures.

Has there been a Mayor since the city was first chartered as a body politic, who has shown such an admirable conjunction of moral stamina, mettle and brain as the present incumbent of the office? He has already broken down the barriers which restrained all his predecessors from battling with the corruption, unrest and offensive partisanship which have always been the bane of local rule. Like a skilful surgeon he has gone to the root of the disease, as was borne out in his action when the fumes were said to be forcing "the lid" upwards. This redemption is the best battle cry with which the Democracy could advance in State and Nation this year. The embattlements of Fort Groceries, as the Capitol at Albany is now called, would tumble like a house of cards, and the grafting brigade flee as rats, in the light of New York's municipal searchlight. The horizon is bright with hope, and throughout the continent, from Ocean to Ocean, from Platte to Gulf, the waiting hosts of Democracy cheer every mention of the name of McClellan.

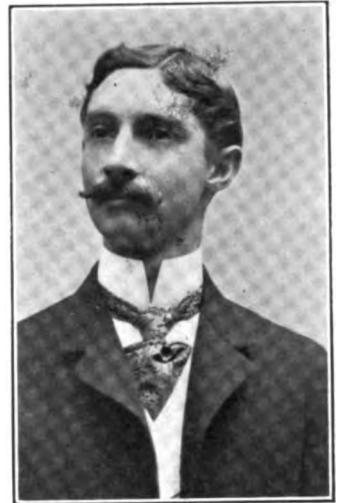
MRS. GENERAL CORBIN'S SOCIAL ASPIRATIONS.

MRS. GENERAL CORBIN, who was one of the five Patton sisters, of Washington fame, is making strenuous efforts to take social New York by storm. The latest bulletin affirms that she is making brave headway. Edward Patton, the father, made his fortune as an humble miner with pick and shovel in the Fair-Mackay-Flood days of California. When Mr. Patton good-naturedly died and unhandicapped his wife of his humble, hardworking self, the handsome, bouncing widow was in a quandary as to the disposition of her quintette of five wide-awake encumbrances. She could manage the millions that came as her portion, but five daughters ranging from five to thirteen, with pronounced Western individualities, were rather a serious proposition. She finally solved the question—no doubt, expedited by the advice of a very devoted and learned Judge of the Supreme Court. She packed them all off to the most exclusive and expensive Convent in Paris, with instructions to the religious women—all of whom had renounced French titles—to do the "rest." They did the "rest" conscientiously—put it on the bill, too, and turned out five very homely, accomplished young women, who, owing to their complete foreign education, have always

been great favorites with the diplomatic attachés in Washington.

Mrs. General Corbin, who was "little Edith"—sister number four of the group—was a gentle, unobtrusive child, with a generously freckled face, a sensitive mouth and a pair of great doglike brown eyes. They were the shabbiest crowd of children imaginable. They absolutely did not have a whole dress between them, but the fond mother's one extravagance was encasing their beautiful, shapely legs and feet in the most expensive of Parisian hosiery and footwear. Those legs were the envy and admiration of every thin-legged girl in that Convent. The surmise in Paris was that they were inherited from their mother, and that this accounted for this otherwise inexplicable extravagance. The good mother is dead and the five daughters are reaping the benefit of her thrift. The reaction from their shabby clothes, however, has resulted in a rather extravagant taste in their costuming. Mrs. General Corbin, who was in truth a rather shy sort of child, has developed the pluck of her worthy miner father with the persistency of her forcible Irish mother, who flourished in the fighting days of California. Her success is assured.

THE GADABOUT.



Photograph by Halp's Studio.

WM. C. RADER,
Secretary to Mr. Frank Tilford, and a typical young New York business man. Mr. Rader is a young man to occupy so important a position in metropolitan financial circles.



MISS GRETA POMEROY,

One of the well-known society women of New York's smarter set, who is well known at New York and Newport functions. She is a frequent visitor at Georgian Court.

LEWIS NIXON A FRIEND OF LABOR.

WHEN Lewis Nixon retired from active political life, there was genuine regret in labor circles of this city because of all the large employers of labor in public life none was more respected and liked individually. There was no leader in industrial unionism who did not know Mr. Nixon personally, and at any time he could be approached. The personal interest he evinced in every class of worker was uncommon. Recently he was a guest at a complimentary dinner given to the new Park Commissioner, John J. Pallas, who was a prominent labor leader. On that occasion he made the following significant statement:

"I would advise workmen to belong to one of the two great parties. I have heard men say that workmen should form a party of their own. I take the keenest interest in the welfare of the working people, and I do not think it good for them to have an independent party. If they organize a third party, they will find themselves in the position of the prohibition party."

PLENTY TO SEE ALONG THE LINE TO 'FRISCO.

WHAT was formerly a labor in making the trip to the Pacific Coast is now, thanks to the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, a pleasure, which terminates only too quickly once the journey is begun. The 'Frisco system, as it is familiarly known, is really a delightful tour through the most picturesque country on the North American continent, and which has not yet been spoiled by the utilitarian necessities of modern times.

One gets close to the grandeur of nature at every point; the scenic beauty of the Ozarks twines with the views through Missouri; the Boston Mountain range of Arkansas and the Kiamichis of the Indian Territory pass before the eyes, while the traveller enjoys the comfort of a finely equipped train over a smooth and easy track. Every luxury of modern travel can be had along the road to 'Frisco.

THE SAME THING.

SHE: "Mrs. Swells tells me she rubs alcohol on her lips to make them red."
HE: "Swells uses the same agent to make his nose red, but he doesn't rub it on."

AN UNJUST ATTACK UPON CASPARY & LEWINSON.

THERE was much indignation in the business world when an employee who had been absent from work asked the Bankruptcy Court to declare the firm of Caspary & Lewinson insolvent because it would not pay him for services which he had never rendered—the amount in dispute being only \$1,500. Instead of filing a suit in the ordinary way, by which he could have secured justice if he had a proper claim, annoying bankruptcy proceedings were begun.

Of course, every one who had business with the big cloak manufacturers knew that they were perfectly responsible for such a small claim, and that they would never allow any act of insolvency to be recorded against them. But the same attempt could be made to belittle any other reputable business concern, and they issued the most positive denial of any stringency, stating clearly the character of the attack. The bankruptcy law needs amendment to preclude its use for such purposes.

PETTY LARCENY HOTEL THIEVES.

THE disclosures in the recent suit of A. Royal Guest against another man for the alienation of the affections of his wife astounded the community. It was revealed that upon one occasion, when the party had been dining and winning at a well-known hotel, the members took several valuable articles of silver from the table, secreted them until they had gone several blocks, and then given them to the accused wife as souvenirs. On the witness stand the woman admitted the facts, and said without any reserve that she and her friends always carried off some such article as a souvenir of the pleasant time they had.

All this was given out without the semblance of belief that it was a robbery, and that a conviction would earn a term in prison for the thief. Had some poor persons, hungry and in need, done such a thing, they would surely have been punished. Why it should not be a crime in the case of persons of social standing and education, was not explained. All of this brings to mind the fact that the hotelkeepers are the losers, and that it will need some special example to put a stop to such practices by petty larceny thieves.

TWO PRETTY WOMEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

FLORENCE REED, LEADING WOMAN.

THERE is no more charming leading woman on the American stage to-day than Florence Reed, who is playing in the stock company of Mr. F. F. Proctor in this city. Of late, the particular organization of which she is a member has been at the 125th street house, but those who saw her at the Fifth Avenue Theatre became so attached to her that she may always be assured of a warm welcome when she returns.

For three years she has been under the same management, and has refused all offers to head other or traveling companies, with which she might be featured or starred. Her home is in this city, and being of a domesticated nature she prefers to be near her *Lares and Penates*.

For one year Miss Reed was a member of May Irwin's company, and at that time she attracted much attention because of her good dramatic work and for her beauty. She is still very young, and her ambitions being more or less in the line of the legitimate or strong parts, she is likely to bide her opportunity and devote as much time to study as possible.

There are few women of the theatrical profession who have been photographed as Miss Reed has, and the demands in this respect which were made upon her, caused her to decline all requests to pose except for her own photographer, and when it was necessary for her managers only. She has a most expressive face, and is best in thoughtful pose.

During her engagement with the Proctor stock, she has appeared in most of the great successes of the past few years, and with a frequent change of bill has acquired a very extensive repertoire.

Florence Reed is of the third generation of a well-known American theatrical family. Her grandfather was connected with the old Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, which was one of the great historic theatres of the country early in the last century. Her father, Roland Reed, was for most of his life one of the biggest stars on the list, having made himself famous by the play of Frederick Marsden's called "Cheek." He was born almost on the stage, and was call-boy when such men as Edwin Booth and stars of the first rank played engagements with the Philadelphia stock.

In addition to being one of the beauties of the stage, Miss Reed is also one of the smartest-dressed





Photograph by Schloss, New York.

LAURA HOPE CREWS.

LAURA HOPE CREWS OF THE EDESON COMPANY.

ANOTHER graduate of the stock-company system who has won honor in leading parts is Laura Hope Crews, now supporting Robert Edeson in Richard Harding Davis' new play, "Ranson's Folly."

It was expected that Miss Crews would make a success of the part of *Mary Cahill*, which was first taken by Sandol Milliken, who retired to become the wife of Mr. Carlos French Stoddard, of New Haven. Miss Milliken had become very popular with the audiences, and it was no easy task to take up; but Miss Crews did not falter, and the public and press have agreed that she gives a very charming rendition of the character.

Indeed, in many delightful ways, being an actress of more experience than her predecessor in the part, she has given an added interest to the characterization.

This is the second hit made this season in New York by this young actress. She achieved a success with the company supporting Miss Eleanor Robson, in Zangwill's play, "Merely Mary Ann."

For three years she was identified with the Donnelly Stock Company at the Murray Hill Theatre, having been in turn ingenue, second woman, and then leading woman. She won her promotion by hard work and the development of a dramatic strength, unusual in one so young. A long round of parts from small to large, from bouffé-comedy to tragedy, fell to her lot, and she proved equal to the task.

Her first professional appearance was made with the Alcazar Theatre Company in San Francisco, of which she was a member in her girlhood.

Many managers have desired to sign her for next season, but it is likely that she will remain with Mr. Edeson as long as she has any wish to do so. She is a notable example of a young leading woman who has won her spurs through study and an aptitude for her chosen art.

It is no small achievement for a girl of the stage to have accomplished in these strenuous times, when the dramatic schools are turning out full-fledged leading women.

The competition between daughters of families of high social standing in forcing their way in the profession, is great, and Miss Crews deserves the highest commendation.

WHAT NEW YORK'S SMART SET IS DISCUSSING.

MRS. JOHN PARSONS, who was Mrs. David Wolfe Bishop, *nee* Field, has evidently renounced the religious fad that seemed to have possessed her before her marriage to Mr. Parsons. It takes a man, sometimes, to knock nonsense out of a woman. Those closely connected with this truly admirable woman remember how acutely she suffered with an attack of "conscientitis" for countenancing operas, horse races and all the fashionable frivolities which she so sinfully loved. Just how this change of heart came about is not on record, but quite recently Mrs. Parsons was seen at the opera in a becoming but very décolleté gown wearing exquisite jewels. Some people, so it seems, put their religion off and on as they do their gloves. All fashionable fads, however, are admissible if they lead to a wedding and a honeymoon of indefinite length.

Mrs. Parsons, although fifty-four years old and a grandmother, is as happy and girlish a bride as one could want to see. David Wolfe Bishop was the favorite nephew of Katherine Lorillard Wolfe. He inherited the greater part of her fortune, which in turn was left to his widow. Katherine Wolfe, as it is well known, had a great many eccentricities, one of which was that after entertaining brilliantly one entire winter, she suddenly closed her house, becoming from that time almost a recluse. Her reason, she frankly and somewhat inelegantly admitted, was that she no longer cared to entertain people who only came to her house to feed.

Mrs. Parsons is one of the most charitable and best-beloved women in New York. She not only supports several missions, day nurseries and poor families, but every year she throws open her beautiful grounds at Lenox so that the working people may enjoy them. This is a custom that many other wealthy women would do well to imitate. Another one of her eccentricities is to fashion all her poor babies' bonnets of the prettiest and brightest silks. "They need brightness in their lives," she says. Wise Mrs. Parsons!

POOR Mrs. "Neely" seems to have excited the wrath of the "knownothings" apparently. They have been chiding her for wearing her magnificent emerald ornaments with a pale-blue gown. What unobservant critics to be sure! Why, the combination of those priceless emeralds and that pale blue was a masterpiece of color scheme—the creation of one of the greatest modiste minds in Paris! It is a triumph of art. Listen and be wise. In the blue of the lustrous satin there is seen glimmering in a certain light just the faintest hue of the emerald's green. *Vice versa*: In the green of the emerald—in a certain light—there is just the suspicion of the blue of the gown. Result—bewitching—a perfect color harmony. Mrs. Neely makes no such ignorant mistakes, society should know by this time. In fact, if she chose to wear "bells on her fingers and rings on her toes," critics would show far better judgment to imitate than to croak.

WHEN the social recorders wax tired of every one else they pick out the Pembroke-Joneses as a target. The fact is well established that Mrs. Jones has done herself proud this winter in the way of gowning. Her opera cloak alone, a thing of beauty and of joy, was enough to establish a social status. Every detail of that excruciating cloak has been so accurately described in yellow journalism that there are those malicious enough to hint that her ladyship delayed her carriage expressly



From a Photograph by Bradley, New York.

MRS. GEORGE BURROUGHS TORREY, WIFE OF THE NOTED ARTIST, AND ONE OF THE PRETTY WOMEN OF NEW YORK.

and stood freezing at the Metropolitan entrance of the opera house just to give the reporters an opportunity accurately to describe its glories. A *bas* with such scandalmongers. Mrs. Pembroke-Jones is entertaining at present a large house party at her plantation in North Carolina. That sounds well—quite like the old days before the war.

Since Mrs. Jones is looking for novelties in the line of entertaining, why not follow the custom of the old English nobility? Play Lady Bountiful on the plantation by giving a ball to her retainers—that is, all your indoor and outdoor servants. For instance, in England it reads as follows: "The Duke opened the ball with

the housekeeper, the Duchess with the house-steward. No more edifying domestic sight can be imagined than these balls that take place in English ancestral halls. The happy, conscious housekeeper, blushing as though she were her own granddaughter leading the march with his Grace, whose father she served fifty years afore. The venerable house steward reverently touching the hand of the great Duchess as he sedately walks with her through the lancers, looking more like a bodyguard than a partner. The young Lord and heir opening the cotillion with his old nurse, or perhaps modestly taking a two-step with the pretty upper maid, who at the end of the dance bobs a respectful courtesy without raising her modest eyes to her partner's face.

They all know their place in England. Now, the American young men half the time don't know the girls in their own set. They would be so apt to mistake the handsome maid for the daughter of the house, and the plain daughter of the house for the upper maid. As for the butlers, waiters and footmen, instead of being honored, as they properly should be, for a dance with their betters, they would be asking for a raise of wages in no time, and want to quaff Ruinart.

Come to think of it, Mrs. P.-J., it would not do at all.

A VERY picturesque feature of the Parisian drawing-room is that the hostesses assume a nationality for the night. For instance, if the hostess entertains a German, a Pole, a Spaniard, or a Neapolitan, she wears some costume marked with the individuality of that country. The *mise en scene* must be absolutely correct, even to the flowers. National music must be played and national dishes served. In one salon you may fancy yourself in Spain. A few doors away, while listening to Chopin's dreamy music, you are in Poland; in still another salon Germany is having full sway. Naturally, there is at present a craze for everything Russian. The Duchess of Marlborough and her mother, Mrs. Belmont, who were entertained by a *grande dame* of St. Germain, were so enchanted with an evening spent in fantastic Italy, that the Duchess intends introducing the novel fashion in London. The social faddists on this side of the pond can count on Mrs. Belmont instructing them correctly concerning these national entertainments.

ANOTHER "on dit" is disturbing the diplomatic and social circles of Washington. *On dit*, that the Cassinis are to be recalled. Who will deny that the brilliant Countess Cassini is as important in adjusting Russian affairs as her uncle-father. Washington is on the alert. And a certain clique is openly triumphant. There is no doubt that while *mon oncle* passes muster as an ornament to his position, his titled niece has been, from the beginning, a bone of contention. Charming, beautiful and talented, adorned with every grace, her position

has always been unaccountably insecure. Her status as mistress of the Russian embassy is unassailable, but it has been constantly assailed. The young Countess has never been recognized, except under pressure, by the entire feminine portion of the diplomatic corps. A mysterious something has always struck a discordant note in relations that should have been exquisitely harmonious. If the uncle and his troublesome niece really depart Russia-ward, it may be that the silence will be broken and the mystery revealed.

THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS.

MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD, THE IDEAL OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

IT was just like what a high-spirited, tender and patriotic American woman would say, when Mrs. George J. Gould spoke in defence of society women the other day. Herself the truest type of the affectionate daughter, wife and mother, her assertion that society women are just as good mothers and love children just as much as any other class of women, was a most gracious tribute to her sex and country. She averred that there was absolutely no reason why sharing in the pleasures of social life was incompatible with devotion in the domestic circle.

Mrs. Gould has been photographed with her children—her jewels, as she rightly calls them—and they are living duplicates of her charms and disposition. Always active in society functions, and a leader in the most exclusive circles, she has above all been a devoted mother, a loving wife and daughter. The Goulds, including Mrs. Kingdon, Mrs. Gould's mother, form the most united family in society, and during the whole course of her married life the public has taken a delightful and friendly interest in every movement of this attractive American woman.

IN THAT CASE THE TRUTH WILL DO.

Mrs. BRIEF (who has been reading an article on "sleep" in a health paper): "John, is it best to lie on the right side or the other?"

JOHN (a lawyer): "If you are on the right side, it is usually unnecessary to lie at all."

AS TO THE NEW YORK PRESS CLUB.

IT is every man's privilege, and even his duty, to identify himself with the best of his own profession or trade, for he finds inspiration in the communion of his fellows, who are battling with problems such as he himself is meeting every day. It helps him over hard places and promotes that *esprit de corps* which is highly desirable among men who are possessed of the same definite aims in life. Artists, literary men, and those who live in the realms of the abstract, whether in science or in art, are well known not to be possessed of many of these world's goods, and when they foregather in some organized community of interests, such as a club or association, and demand to be well housed and provided with the comforts, if not the luxuries, of a fraternal organization, there usually enters into the question of providing the funds to maintain the working expenses. It becomes necessary, then, to include in its membership such as are sympathetically identified with arts and literature, let us say, but not directly so, save as patrons and encouragers in the abstract. For that reason we see such excellent bodies as the Lotus, Aldine, Lawyers, Press, and other clubs, chemical, medical and psychological research associations and like fraternities, recruiting from the ranks of business life, and instead of incurring criticism because of it, are rather to be congratulated in having men of sound business acumen to give the financial support that is in the interest of all.

Recently there has been some criticism of the New York Press Club on account of the willingness on the part of the committee on admissions to open the doors to men who are in nowise connected with the press, either editorial, mechanical or financial. However, this criticism would seem to be without justice or sense. There always are certain malcontents who are strong sticklers for conservatism, yet who themselves are none too loyal and deserving members of the body politic. "I think I shall join the Players," said a well-known man about town in the presence of one of the Thespian profession. "Well, I see no reason why you shouldn't," replied the latter; "you're not an actor." But every one knows that in spite of this thrust, the Players' is one of the finest bodies of men devoted to culture and progress in the city, that it is financially strong, and that the initial principles, given their inertia by the great Edwin Booth, are preserved with integrity beyond reproach, for all that there are several hundred members in the body who are not actors. Of the Press Club the same may be said. It is an organization well worthy of the respect and admiration of the metropolis and the world of newspaperdom generally, well managed and following out the ideals of its initiative. It has succeeded and it will succeed, for it is maintained on strict business as well as confraternal principles. Compared with other clubs which cover up little gossip, the Press Club stands in high esteem.

IN PREPARATION

The BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED STUDIO NUMBER of BROADWAY WEEKLY

AN Elaborate, Artistic and Authoritative Issue. The art and artists of two continents covered by pen, pencil and camera—in black-and-white and color.

BROADWAY WEEKLY
27 EAST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK

THE EIGHT HOURS' QUESTION.

UNSKILLED WORKMAN: "I hears as our friends the railway porters has struck."

SECOND DITTO: "What has they struck for?"

UNSKILLED WORKMAN: "For shorter hours, of course."

SECOND DITTO: "Well, I allus did think sixty minutes was too long for one hour's work!"

GOOD ADVICE.

BAY: "Have you ever read the article on how to tell a bad egg?"

RAY: "No, I haven't; but my advice would be, if you have anything important to tell a bad egg, why—break it gently."

If you are told that you resemble a great man, say nothing. It may be that the resemblance will cease the moment you open your mouth.

BE BEAUTIFUL!

NO woman will deny that a fine complexion is a long step towards actual beauty. Every woman should know also that Dr. Dys' Sachets de Toilette Sève Dermale and Dysaline Cream is the simplest and also the most effective remedy for the complexion known to modern science.

There is a Sachet de Toilette for each complexion—every skin, whether of young or old, needs special treatment. There is the Sachet de Beauté for the elderly, Sachet de Jeunesse for the blonde, Sachet à l'Aubépine for the brunette, and Sachet Simples for the young girl. There are also Sachets Les Perles, most effective for that awful complaint—a red nose.

These Sachets, boxed daintily in lots of 50, except the Sachet de Jeunesse, containing 60, are sold as follows: Perles, per box, \$7 50; Beauté, per box, \$6.25; Fraicheur, \$5 00; Jeunesse, Aubépine and Concentré, \$3.75, respectively; Simples, \$1.75.

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PLAYS AND PLAYERS OF THE WEEK.

By ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY.

RICHARD MANSFIELD IN "IVAN THE TERRIBLE."

MR. MANSFIELD, great character actor that he is, must needs get away from himself occasionally. In "Ivan the Terrible" he is Mansfield in a monotone. His portrait of the ruthless Russian Czar is painted in dark, thick daubs of color that stand out on the dramatic canvas and utterly obscure any of the lighter shades that the great master Tolstoi must surely have wished to have reflected by the central figure of his tragedy.

"Ivan the Terrible" is in five acts and eight scenes. This monster of the throne, who, during his long reign, waded knee-deep in the blood of his nobles, and even that of his eldest born, is divided between the conflicting emotions of overmastering vanity, terrible vindictiveness and the fear of the Almighty. Tolstoi has made this Czar one of the most blood-thirsty animals of the drama, as he was of the sixteenth century. Mr. Mansfield makes *Ivan* a blood-thirsty old man, senile in his fear of the hereafter, but awful in his moments of anger and his display of the hatred he feels for those who cross him. Mr. Mansfield has departed from tradition principally in respect of make-up. The *Ivan* of our story-books is an old man of ferocious mien. Mr. Mansfield makes *Ivan* beardless, sunken-eyed and with the ashen pallor of death.

Mr. Mansfield does not by any means do the best work of his career in the Tolstoi play. Evenness is mainly the key-note of his performance. Evenness, however, is so often akin to monotony that it does not make the performance the more praiseworthy. As a matter of fact, as in "Julius Cæsar," the late lamented Joseph Haworth took the honors away from the star by the excellence of his own performance, so does Mr. Arthur Forrest, as *Boris Godunoff*, do the same thing in "Ivan the Terrible." Mr. Forrest's performance of the unsympathetic, but splendidly drawn rôle of *Godunoff*, who was "utterly false, unscrupulous and overwhelmingly ambitious," is a brilliant achievement, and one that adds much to the reputation of this splendid actor.

Ida Conquest, as the *Czaritza Marie Feodorovna*, is sufficiently tragic in a rôle that calls only for tears and bewailings.

"Ivan the Terrible" is a play of all shadow and no lights. Not even the occasional grim satire of the Czar breaks the lowering cloud of tragedy. Nothing but bloodshed, rapine and dark conspiracy figure in the composition of this heavy-browed drama, and Mr. Mansfield, by his insistence in making *Ivan* a demented old man, who only occasionally awakes from his lethargy, does not add to the sunshine or the glory of the Tolstoi creation.

THE REVIVAL OF "MICE AND MEN."

Annie Russell is coming into her own again. *Mrs. Parling* of many tears, gesticulations and inordinate dramatic clamminess, has been laid away on the shelf, for which be praised, O ye Fates that watch over the unsuspecting!

A second visit to "The Younger Mrs. Parling" could only have created a still deeper impression that the so-called heroine of this play was really a moping, complaining and foolish woman of saturnine aspect, and without the saving grace of either force or humor. To be sure, she was sadly beset by a very beefy but very possible Englishman of the most maddeningly smug complacency, who, however, after a leading string had been found unsuccessful, could have been successfully handled with the aid of a nice, new, bright axe.



From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

ETHEL WYNN-MATHISON, THE *VIOLA* NOW APPEARING IN "TWELFTH NIGHT," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

He had one virtue—he was so overwhelming in his beefiness that you couldn't help hitting something every time you struck out.

Miss Russell is very much at home in "Mice and Men." As the creature of the workhouse, she is a small, pathetic and interesting figure, gradually working up in the last act to the very apotheosis of Annierussellism.

THE HIT OF "THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN."

There is no gainsaying the fact that "The County Chairman" at Wallack's Theatre is really a remarkable success. It started its run at that house at a time when the public seemed to believe that no play would be successful, no matter who wrote it, who produced it, or who played in it. Very soon, however, New York seemed to discover that here was a play out of the ordinary. Its principal characters and the general breeziness of the country politician played by Macklyn

Arbuckle soon became town talk, and now every visitor to New York seems to want to go and see "The County Chairman."

All of which is a death blow to the statement of the weak-eyed pessimist that there isn't such a thing as the American drama.

THE ART OF MISS MATHISON.

I ADVISE every dramatic student in New York to go to Daly's and take lessons in the gentle art of acting while Miss Mathison is appearing in this hallowed house in "Twelfth Night." Miss Mathison's art is so eminently fitted to Shakespearean rôles, so classic in its quality, and so thoroughly satisfying in its effects, that a performance by this English woman is in itself an artistic treat for eye and ear.

It were almost futile to make comparison between the *Violas* of Miss Allen and Miss Mathison.

Miss Allen is not a player of the classics. She is a sweet flesh-and-blood woman, with a soft voice, a gentle manner, and withal an exceedingly charming personality. Miss Mathison is somewhat unbending, with a method almost arctic in its coldness and a metier splendidly attuned to the requirements of Shakespeare. Her delivery of the bard's lines is exquisite in melody and fine in intellectual force. There stands out at all times the spirit of the classicist, the intention and ambition of a woman who accepts as dogma the great underlying art principle of severity and simplicity.

We have had many splendid performances of Shakespeare in New York during the past two years, but I can recollect no performance that so nearly measures up to the highest standard of achievement as this cold but compelling *Viola* of Miss Mathison.

What a pity that Mr. Ben Greet is not as good an actor as he is a coach—for no doubt much of the excellence of these primitive Shakespearean performances is due to the skill of his guiding hand.

FRENCH OPERA AT THE CASINO.

THERE will be two weeks more of French Opera at the Casino, and the lovers of that school will have an opportunity to hear the fine Charley Opera Company in the best works of the Gallic masters. The company numbers more than two hundred players, musicians, ballet, artisans, and electricians, and will give the best selections from their repertoire of sixty operas.

The organization has had great success in Paris, and in this country at New Orleans. While the principals are stars of the first rank to the number of forty, Manager Charley has always sought to give an evenly balanced performance, and the ensembles are considered among the best that have ever been seen in New York.

There is a demand for an annual season of French Opera in this city, and it is probable that after the New Orleans engagement each year the Charley Company will appear here regularly. The success attending the Wiehe French plays this winter has encouraged French managers greatly.

A circuit including Canada might be formed which would become a permanency.

FOR MILADY'S BOUDOIR.

Since the time of Eve the earth and all thereon has given of its great bounty to enhance the charms of lovely woman. Men have spent the best years of their lives in the study of how to defeat the mark of time from milady's dainty brow, but nature was chary of her secrets till this twentieth century. Now the problem has been solved, and by a Frenchman.

Dr. Dys, of Paris, after years of research, has perfected a most delightful and simple method of keeping the complexion fresh and beautiful, and what woman, knowing of this, will not avail herself of it?

A dainty sachet of her favorite scent in a basin of warm water, and lo! the miracle is performed. But this is not all, for this man treats each complexion differently—claiming that what will be of benefit to the woman of advancing years, is not suited to the younger sister, nor will the treatment for a brunette be of advantage to the fairer-skinned woman.

That *bête noire* of the comfortable matron, a "double chin," has also claimed the attention of Dr. Dys, who has by a simple preparation restored the youthful contour, even when the case has been exaggerated and of long standing.

Realizing that the American woman is quite as alive to the preservation of her personal charms as her sisters across the seas, Dr. Dys opened an establishment in New York, which is patronized by Gotham's fairest daughters.



FRITZI SCHEFF, WHO, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF CHARLES B. DILLINGHAM, HAS BEEN APPEARING SUCCESSFULLY AS THE STAR IN "BABETTE," IN NEW YORK AND ON THE ROAD.

LILLIAN RUSSELL MAY AGAIN STAR IN COMIC OPERA.

THOSE who are close to Miss Lillian Russell say that there is but little doubt that she will head a comic-opera company next season. No particular composition has yet been named, but the success which has attended the tours of Fritzi Scheff, Grace Van Studdiford and others in this field, has caused managers to renew their efforts to induce Miss Russell to sign a contract. The diva has always spoken of the pleasure she has experienced during the term of her engagement at Weber and Fields', but since the company went to San Francisco, she has been delighted with the reception she has met with at the hands of audiences.

She found that she was well remembered from her former tours, and she may be encouraged to travel again. Of course, the plan would be for an opening in this city, and an extensive tour to follow. She is a powerful attraction

for both women and men audiences, and is one of the most-talked-about American stage notabilities. On her return to the city, an announcement will probably be made at once if she consents to become an individual star again.

APROPOS OF OUR DEGENERATING CLIMATE.

"Really, I don't know when we had such an erratic winter. Do you?"

"Er—yes—last summer!"

AN INFERIOR BLEND.

RETIRED GROCER (angrily): "Allow me to tell you, sir, that I mix with the very best society."

THE OTHER FELLOW (calmly): "Very possibly; but you are no gentleman for all that. A man who has made his fortune by mixing good stuff with rubbish may well be clever enough to adulterate even the best society."

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THE LATEST NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE HOTEL WORLD.

By CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM.

DUNLOP CROSSES THE STREET.

BECAUSE the owner of the property wanted more rent, Robert T. Dunlop has refused to renew his lease of the Hotel Dunlop, at Atlantic City, and has taken a lease of the Hotel Lenox, which is directly opposite the Dunlop. Mr. Dunlop for the past year has been expecting that when the time came to renew his lease, he would find the rent cut up. His expectations have been realized and he has "crossed the street." No doubt, the owner of the Dunlop knows what he is about, but he evidently has lost sight of the fact that it was Dunlop's popularity and ability that made the property valuable, and when the matter arose about increasing the rent, that fact ought to have been taken into consideration. The Lenox is by far a much finer hotel than the Dunlop. It is newer, more richly furnished, and lacking in that restriction of space for which the Hotel Dunlop was notable.

OFF FOR CALIFORNIA.

WITH Mrs. Webb and William Haynes, a brother of Mrs. Webb, Daniel C. Webb, one of the proprietors of the Broadway Central Hotel, started on Friday last for an extensive trip over the State of California. It is the intention of the party to be away until April. During Mr. Webb's absence R. A. Frost will be in charge of the big hotel. It was at the Broadway Central some years ago that Tilly Haynes began a crusade against the "kites" that infested the hotel, occupying space and using the hotel stationery. The "patrons" fought Haynes, made all sorts of threats about taking away their "patronage" from the hotel, but Tilly held on, and finally drove them out. Since then the first floor has been free of the unpleasant, pushing crowds.

WHERE DOES PLUMER GO?

AS it was stated in BROADWAY WEEKLY a week or so ago, it was undecided as to who was to manage the Briarcliff Manor this summer. Law, the owner of the property, says that David B. Plumer is again to manage it, while the statement has been published broadcast that the new Monmouth House, at Spring Lake, N. J., is to be managed this summer by Plumer. It has been known for some time that both the Westchester and the Jersey people wanted him. Both claim they have him, and until David B. is heard from, the question that will interest hotel men for some days will be "Who's got Plumer?" Within the past week Charles A. Cope, proprietor of the Grand Atlantic Hotel, Atlantic City, has stated that he has been engaged to manage Briarcliff Manor. Cope has the reputation of being a man to be relied upon, and his statement may be taken as trustworthy. Cope's going to the Manor means that Plumer has the Spring Lake House. If such be the case, Frank S. Shute, this winter at the Laurel-in-the-Pines, at Lakewood, and who managed last summer the Edgewood at Greenwich, Conn., will go to Spring Lake as Plumer's assistant. Andrew J. Murphy, who is

Plumer's assistant at the Laurel House, will manage this summer, as he did last, the Waumbek Hotel, in the White Mountains.

GOSSIP OF THE CORRIDORS.

The chief clerk at the Brighton Beach Hotel this summer will be George B. Parker, who has held the position for several seasons. E. H. Hoyt, until recently cashier at the Victoria Hotel, is now night clerk at the Hotel Spalding. There has been a promotion in the office of the Holland House, Hiram Cavanagh, formerly night clerk, taking the place of A. P. Harsh, who resigned the position of day clerk to go abroad—to travel with friends through Italy. Charles F. Dodge, who is figuring so prominently in the newspapers in connection with the Morse-Dodge divorce case, was at one time clerk in the office of the Hotel Grenoble, in this city. For years manager of the Hotel Marlborough, E. S. Crowell is now managing Edgett's restaurant, in Brooklyn. Crowell is a nephew of L. J. Todd, proprietor of the Marlborough and Vendome hotels. The vacancy in the office of the Gilsey, caused by the resignation of Lee Sehon, has not been filled, George Moore, the chief clerk, doing the rooming for both watches.

J. B. MARTIN HAS GONE ABROAD.

For the next few months the Café Martin will not know "Monsieur Jean Baptiste," as the rosy-cheeked proprietor has sailed away to be gone two months or more. Most of the time he will spend on the Continent. Speaking of the Continent, the story is told about town of a fashionable society woman, who, while speaking of her trip abroad last summer, was asked if she had been on the Continent. "No," she replied, with an air of eminent intelligence, "we only were in Paris, Holland and Belgium."

During J. B. Martin's absence the place will be in charge of his brother, a younger man, but equally good-looking.

LANCASTER MAY BE A PARTNER.

The possibilities are that Frank J. Lancaster, owner of the Edgemere Hotel, may be a partner with Keen in the Gilsey. Both men have been partners at one time in the Marie Antoinette and seem to get on very well together. Keen's salary as manager of the Marie Antoinette was \$500 a month. When W. E. Woolley purchased the hotel last fall, Keen was paid \$8,000 by Thompson, the owner of the property, to cancel his contract as manager. The report at the time was spread broadcast that Woolley, in order to come into possession of the hotel, had to pay Keen \$25,000. Woolley did not pay Keen one penny. The only money that that gentleman received was the money paid him by Mr. Thompson.

THE GILSEY LEASED.

NOTWITHSTANDING the forceful denials of E. O. Roessle as to the truth of the report published in BROADWAY WEEKLY some weeks ago

that Albert R. Keen had purchased the lease of the Gilsey House, that well-known hotel passed into the hands of Keen on March 1st, and that gentleman is now the proprietor of the Gilsey House. When Roessle's vigorous denials were commented upon, his friends came to his rescue and said that at the time he made them, the dealings with Keen had not progressed far enough in the direction of success to justify the statement being made that the Gilsey might change hands. Roessle's surprise and indignation, when told that the talk about town was that Keen had bought the hotel, were beautiful to witness.

THE STAFF OF THE WOLCOTT.

James Woods, at one time in the Gilsey office, and up to a short time ago manager of the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, will be the boss after Breslin at the Wolcott. With Woods will be: Charles A. Carrigan, steward; H. W. Young, room clerk; John P. Sefferlin and A. E. Grant, cashiers; J. H. Reilly, night clerk; A. Fox, chef; Mrs. King, housekeeper; M. O'Connor, head porter; C. Kirsopp, head hallman; R. Gallagher and T. Grethen, bartenders.

DEATH OF "LON" FOSTER.

The death of Alonzo Foster at the New Amsterdam Hotel last Wednesday will certainly bring sadness to many throughout the country. For years past much of the success of the annual banquet of the City Hotel Association was due to Foster's work. Not only will the City Hotel Association miss him, but also will Edward Coyne, proprietor of the New Amsterdam Hotel, for in the management of the hotel Foster was a powerful factor. To no one more than "Lon" Foster can the old expression, *sit tibi terra levis!* ("May the turf rest lightly on his grave!") be better applied.

THE WOLCOTT OPENED AT LAST.

J. H. Breslin, at last succeeding in getting the workmen out, rushed in his furniture, had his clerks put on their nice clothes, and on Tuesday of last week opened his latest hotel, the Wolcott, in Thirty-first street, near Fifth avenue. An immense crowd was present at the opening night and congratulated Mr. Breslin on the beauty of his new hotel. The Wolcott is certainly an addition to the list of fine New York hotels, and while differing in the scheme of color decoration in vogue with most city hotels, that very difference will attract favorable notice. The prevailing colors are white and gold. Just two colors, but what an exquisite result, pleasing to the eye, is brought about! The Wolcott dining-room, with its mirrored sides, as well as the palm room, with the hanging grapes, is worthy of particular attention.

Between the Wolcott family, Henry Wolcott and Edward O. Wolcott, formerly United States Senator from Colorado, there has always existed a long friendship—Breslin is a staunch friend—so when a name was thought of for the new hotel, Henry Wolcott was thought

of, and that name chosen. William C. Dewey, of Springfield, Mass., is also interested with Breslin in the Wolcott.

NEW MANAGER AT THE ROYAL PALACE.

The big Royal Palace Hotel at Atlantic City will have a new manager this summer. F. N. Pike managed the house since its opening, some four years ago, but this summer C. B. Prettyman, of Philadelphia, who built and, perhaps, owns the property, takes the hotel in charge, and he has installed T. D. Green, who has been manager of the Princess Anne Hotel, Virginia Beach, to take Pike's place.

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NEW FLEMISH GRILL ROOM.

WM. TUMBRIDGE, Prop.

NOTICE

PROFESSIONALS!

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BROADWAY WEEKLY CO., 27 E. 21st St., N. Y.

SHE WONDERED.

An old couple were walking down Third avenue one day reading shop signs, when they ran across one which the old man read thus: "Johnson's Shirt Store." "Well, I declare!" exclaimed the old lady; "I wonder how he tore it."

UP-TO-DATE MATERNITY.

FASHIONABLE MOTHER (languidly): "Well, Sarah, how is baby to-day?"

NURSE: "He cut two teeth this morning, ma'am."

FASHIONABLE MOTHER (still more languidly): "That was careless of you, Sarah. You oughtn't to let baby play with knives."

POSTMASTER-GENERAL PAYNE PRAISED BY THE PRESIDENT.

By ALLISON HOBART.



Copyright, 1902, by J. E. Purdy, Boston, Mass.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL HENRY C. PAYNE.

THERE has been no member of the Roosevelt Cabinet who has been more in the glare of publicity than Postmaster Henry C. Payne, whose life has been rendered almost unbearable of late owing to the frauds which were discovered in the Department. General Payne was in no sense responsible for the irregularities of his subordinates, and it was found that the thefts had been in existence almost during the entire eight years for which the Republican party has been in consecutive power at Washington.

Now, however, President Roosevelt has publicly expressed his thanks to General Payne for the part he has taken in bringing some of the plunderers to justice. The conditions brought much sorrow to the Postmaster, but there is much more to be done, for the service has been completely demoralized.

That General Payne had the force to ignore all the influence which was brought to bear upon

the Cabinet, Senate and Congress generally, to treat the accused persons leniently, speaks volumes for his fearlessness and determination. It is expected that he will not rest until he has driven every one of the combine which controlled the Department, out of office.

The machine politicians of the Republican party have used every means that could be devised to thwart the corrupt gang from being sent to jail, and there was an inclination on the part of some of the big men of the party to shield the most prominent for the sake of the party. But it is to General Payne's credit that he has proceeded without halt.

General Payne was born at Ashfield, Mass., on November 23, 1843, and is a graduate of Shelburne Falls, Mass., Academy, where he got his diploma in 1859. In 1863 he moved to Milwaukee, where he became cashier in a business house, remaining until 1867, when he married.

He served as secretary and chairman of the Young Men's Republican Club, and as secretary and chairman of the Republican County Committee. Later, he was chairman of the Republican State Committee, retiring in 1892. Since 1880 he has been a member of the Republican National Committee, and was a delegate to the Republican National Conventions of 1888 and 1892.

He was Milwaukee's postmaster from 1876 to 1886, and was president of the Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company from 1889 until he became Postmaster-General. In 1888 he was chosen president of the Wisconsin Telephone Company, and president also of the American Street Railway Association from 1893-94. From 1893 to 1895 he was receiver for the Northern Pacific Railroad. At various other times he has been a member or connected with societies and organizations for the advancement of business, science, art, or the public good.

AT THE THEATRES.

NEW AMSTERDAM, 42d St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8. Matinee Sat. 2:15
Klaw & Erlanger, Mgrs.

Mr. Richard
MANSFIELD

Second
Week **IVAN THE TERRIBLE**
Third and fourth (last) weeks REPERTOIRE

NEW YORK, B'way, 44th to 45th Street.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.
Klaw & Erlanger, Mgrs.

The Dearborn Management presents
RICHARD CARLE
in the Operatic Brilliancy,
THE TENDERFOOT

DALY'S THEATRE, B'way & 30th St.
Evenings 8. Matinee Saturday 2.
Daniel Frohman, Mgr.

Charles Frohman presents
Shakespeare's Comedy (The Original Text)
TWELFTH NIGHT
EDITH WYNNE MATHISON (Everyman)
as VIOLA; BEN GREET as MALVOLIO.

NEW EMPIRE THEATRE, 40th St. & B'way
Ev'gs 8:30. Matinee Sat. 2:15.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

Charles Frohman presents Augustus
Thomas's Best Comedy
THE OTHER GIRL

Direct from the Criterion.

HERALD SQUARE THEATRE, B'way &
35th St. 8:15 Sharp. Mat. Sat. 2:15
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

Chas. Frohman and Geo. Edwardes present
the farcical comedy, with music,
THE GIRL FROM KAY'S
with enormous cast, including
SAM BERNARD.

HUDSON THEATRE, 44th St. near B'way
Ev'gs 8:30. Matinee Sat. 2:15
Henry B. Harris, Manager.

ROBERT EDESON
—IN—
RANSON'S FOLLY

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st St. & B'way
Jacob Litt, Proprietor.

Evenings at 8:15. Matinee Sat. 2:15.
Henry W. Savage will offer

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK
in the new Comic Opera,

THE YANKEE CONSUL

THE PROCTOR THEATRES.
FIFTH AVENUE,
TWENTY-THIRD STREET,
FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET,

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH STREET
Splendid Shows Small Prices

MAJESTIC, Grand Circle, B'way & 59th St.
Evenings 8. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2.

BABES IN TOYLAND

With William Norris and Company of 150.

GARRICK THEATRE, 35th St. & B'way.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.

Charles Frohman, Mgr.
Charles Frohman presents

ANNIE RUSSELL
in her best success

MICE AND MEN
Madeleine Lucette Ryley's Great Play.

WALLACK'S, B'way & 30th St. Ev'gs 8:15
Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.

George Ade's Quaint Comedy

The County Chairman.

NOTES OF PLAYS
AND PLAYERS.

George W. Lederer is rehearsing a condensed version of "Sally in Our Alley," which he will present at Proctor's Theatres and on the circuit.

Irene Bentley is looking forward with pleasure toward her appearance in London in comic opera.

There is a girl in the chorus of "The Tenderfoot" at the New York, whose laugh infects the entire audience. She has no lines, merely a laugh, and she is the best actress in the cast so far as the demands go.

Marie George has been engaged for the leading part in next season's Drury Lane pantomime, "The White Cat." She has offers from many managers.

Booksellers report a great demand for Shakespearean editions owing, it is claimed, to the recent revivals by Viola Allen, Ada Rehan and other stars.

Richard Carle, star of "The Tenderfoot," owns two musical pieces and thirty-seven songs which bring him in royalties.

C. M. S. McLellan's first real dramatic effort, "Into the Great Light," is to be produced by Robert Tabor in London this spring.

Charles Warner is to produce Shakespearean plays, and after a tour in South Africa will give them here for a season.

Brooklyn has just had two "Two Orphans" companies playing there during the same week. One was headed by Kate Claxton and a second by Emma Bell.

Polly Guzman, who was in "The Prince of Pilsen" chorus on Broadway, is now playing "Mrs. Madison Crocker," a leading part, on the road.

In "The Other Girl" company, Ida Greeley Smith, who plays the part of Maggie, is a granddaughter of Horace Greeley.

Although he is in New York, George Ade declines to take any part in "The Shogun" rehearsals. He says he'll leave everything to George Marion, the stage director.

MANAGER SAVAGE
TO PRODUCE
"PARSIFAL."

THE New York public is to be congratulated—or rather that large class which loves music as an art—for Manager Henry W. Savage is to offer "Parsifal" in English, and thus bring within the means of all the educational and entertaining operatic novelty of the century, as he has already done with the great classic masterpieces of the academic school.

There will be nothing of the repertoire character in the presentation of the Wagnerian composition, which the great musician decided was his *magnum opus*. Nor will the production be long delayed, for it is asserted that the public will be given an opportunity to witness it in April. Preparations which have already been made for the proper scenic equipment and orchestration, indicate that it will be conducted with all the dignity and impressiveness with which any such immortal work should be attended.

The public may rest satisfied itself that it has fallen to a man like Mr. Savage to perform this delightful task for its benefit. There is no room for doubt but that he will give a most creditable and satisfactory representation in English. The name of the theatre at which the opera will be seen has not yet been announced.

Considering that Mr. Savage was asked by the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House to become its impresario before Herr Conried undertook the work, there is an inkling in the minds of many that the general excel-

lence of the coming production may surpass the ensemble of the original presentation here.

The best artists procurable are to be engaged, and the chorus volume will be far superior to that of the Conried cast. Sixty-five of the best musicians are to be engaged, and Mr. Savage has all the stage plots, the scenario, score, property plans, and every detail, as Mr. Conried had.

It will be through the medium of Mr. Savage's company that the rest of the country will see the opera, for Herr Conried will not attempt to present it outside of New York. The public will be satisfied, however, to trust the man who has enabled it to hear and to see the grand operas without the fuss and feathers which are inseparable from the acts of the Herr Direktor Conried.

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ELEANOR ROBSON

In Israel Zangwill's Four-Act Play,

MERELY MARY ANN.

LYRIC, Broadway, 7th Ave. and 42d Street
Ev'gs 8:15. Mat. Sat. 2:15

WILTON LACKAYE

—IN—
THE PIT

Wm. A. Brady's magnificent production.

GARDEN THEATRE, 27th St. & Mad. Ave.
Ev'gs 8:20. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

THE SECRET OF POLICHINELLE

(Pierre Wolff's Famous Comedy)

With WM. H. THOMPSON.

From the Madison Square Theatre.

BELASCO THEATRE, 42d St. near B'way.
Ev'gs punctually at 8. Mat. Sat. at 2.

David Belasco presents,

by arrangement with Maurice Campbell,

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

in the new play,
SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS

BIJOU, 30th Street and Broadway

The Century Players, under the direction of Sydney Rosenfeld, in

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

THE CENTURY PLAYERS

Jessie Millward William Morris

Florence Rockwell Theodore Roberts

Florence Kahn Boyd Putnam

Lizzie Hudson Collier Martin L. Alsop

Ann Warrington Frank Hatch

Grace Gayler Clark J. W. Albaugh, Jr.

Louise Mackintosh Barton Hill

Elouina Oldcastle Geo. C. Boniface

Mercedes Leigh Fred Eric

Mildred Morris L. Rogers Lytton

Harriet Broadhurst William Herbert

Cora Williams Clifford Leigh

Ina Brooks Henry Stockbridge

Fanny Stockbridge Robert Rogers

Mary Scott Otis Sherden

Eugenia Flagg Frederick Defoe

Augusta Gardner W. D. Stedman

Marjorie Smith Johnson Briscoe

Laura Alonzo C. A. Chandos

Josephine Victor Sidney Lee

Yona Grann

R. L. Giffen, Acting Manager

Clarke Quarrier, Auditor

Jules Eckert Goodman, Press Representative

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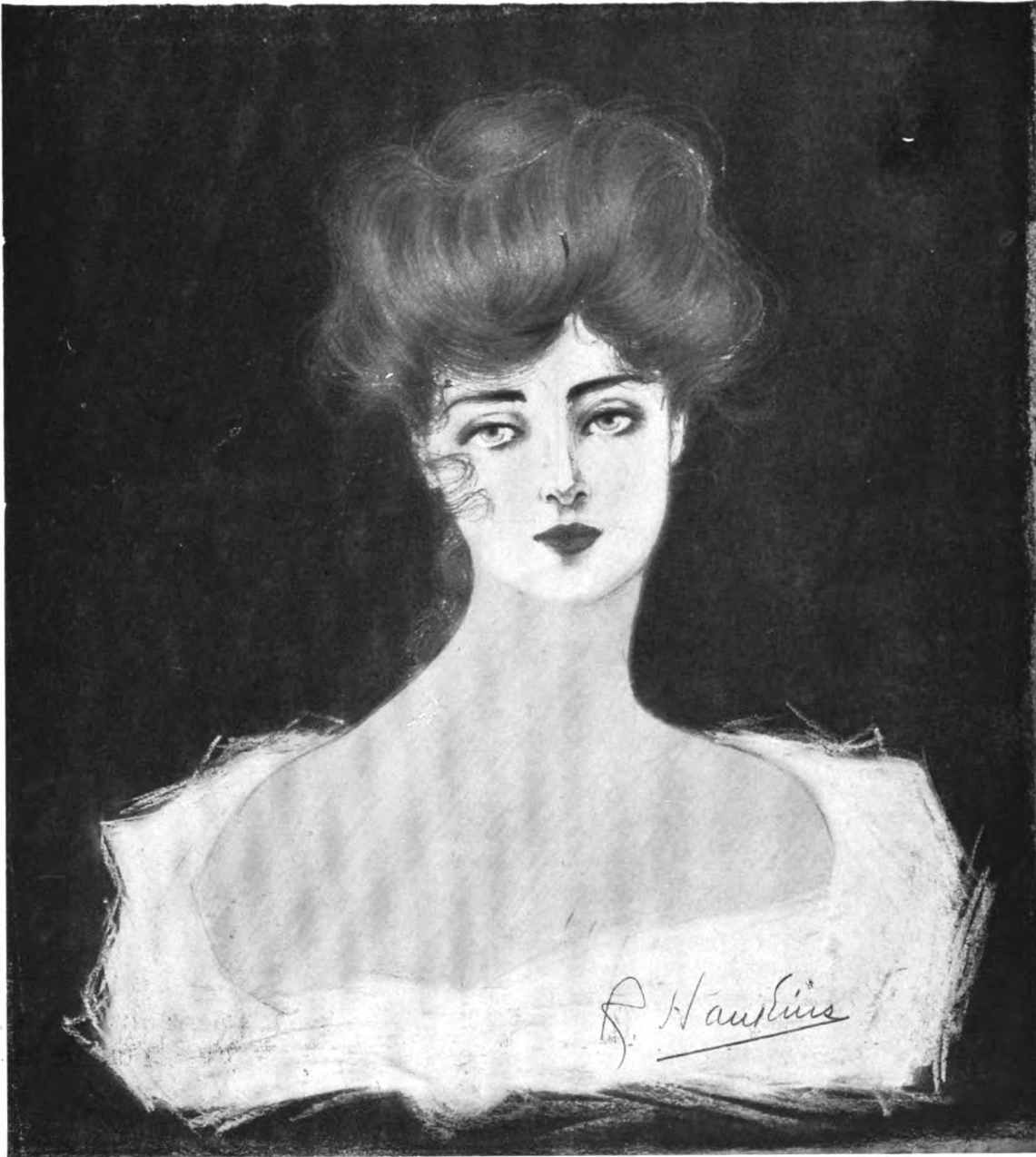
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MISS AILLEN MAY, A DRAMATIC STAR ON TOUR.

AILLEN MAY is leading woman in "Queen of the White Slaves." She is doing excellent work, and as a heroine of melodrama there are few women so well equipped. Miss May has the ability to achieve a great success in a field far different in atmosphere to her present one and the near future should give this clever girl a place in the dramatic world which her talents entitle her to hold. She has done good work in stock, and is a general favorite in the South and West, where she played the "Pride of Jenico" in Daniel Frohman's company.



"MISS NEW YORK, AT YOUR SERVICE."

From a Crayon Drawing by R. Hankins, the clever young New York Artist

NATHAN STRAUS, MERCHANT PHILANTHROPIST.

A LARGE employer of labor, who has served the public in positions of trust at much self-sacrifice of time and money, Nathan Straus is, undoubtedly, one of the best-loved citizens of New York, because of his great human sympathy with the laboring masses and the poor.

It is his boast that he had learned in his youth the great deprivation which the poorer classes suffered, and he has never forgotten the lesson. His father was a man of much force of character, who exercised great influence in the way of homely virtues, and he was taught as a child to lend assistance to those who were less fortunate than himself.

As a leading merchant, Mr. Straus has exercised much authority and power for good, and time and again, when he was urged to accept positions of honor at the hands of his party, he declined. He has, however, left his imprint upon the administration of the park system of Greater New York.

By those, who are employed in the many in-

dustrial enterprises controlled by Mr. Straus, he is looked upon as a dear friend, for he has ever considered their comfort and welfare. In all the great civic movements for the advancement of the prosperity of New York and the progress of his fellows, Mr. Straus has been foremost, and his purse is always open to the call of charity.

As good fortune has come to him, he has never forgotten those who were left behind in the race.

Mr. Straus was born in Rhenish-Bavaria in 1848, and came to this country with the family in 1854, settling at Talbotton, La., whence, after attending school, he came to New York and graduated at the Packard business college. With his father he founded an importing pottery business, which he still conducts. In 1875 he married Miss Lina Guthertz. Since 1888 he has been a partner in R. H. Macy & Co.; in 1892 he purchased a share in the department business of Abraham & Straus, in Brooklyn.

Mr. Straus became a member of the New York Forest Preserve Board in 1893, and in the same

year was Park Commissioner of New York. He declined the nomination for Mayor of New York at the hands of the Democratic party in 1894. Four years later he was President of the Board of Health.

The philanthropy of Mr. Straus has done more to make him beloved by the people than any act of his career. In 1890 he originated, and has since maintained at his own expense, a system of distribution of sterilized milk to the poor of New York City, which, statistics show, have saved many thousands of infant lives. He also originated and maintained a system of depots for the distribution of coal in winter.

He is the owner of the famous trotter Cobweb. Mr. Straus' interest in the American thoroughbred pacer has done much to improve the strain.

Apart from his personal business interests, Mr. Straus has invested money in many enterprises which afford a livelihood for thousands, and he is in every sense a worthy father of the city. Never seeking personal publicity, he has become famous throughout the country, because of his philanthropy.

WITH THE LOCAL POLITICAL LEADERS.

EVERYBODY IS GOING TO ST. LOUIS.

"We are all going to St. Louis," said former Assemblyman Leonard at the Waldorf the other night. "That is, we are all talking about going; but when the special pulls out of Father Daniel's big station on Forty-second street, I'll wager that those who are talking about it will not show up. Not that there will not be the biggest delegation that ever left the city for a National Convention, because I believe we will have to sleep in tents in Missouri; but it costs a large sum of money for a Tammany man to travel. A Republican could do it for a third of the price, and stop at the Planter's Hotel. Even if a Democrat sleeps in a tent, it costs so much for wine and luxuries that he goes broke."

"I knew you were an orator," retorted Commissioner Oakley, "but I did not know how picturesque you were until now."

SPEAKER CANNON LIKES CONGRESSMAN SULZER.

PARTISANSHIP ceases among the old-timers in Washington when they leave the Capitol. There are some very strong friendships between men of the most uncompromising political opinions. Congressman Sulzer is now regarded as a Senior in the House, and he is looked upon as the embodiment of Democracy, yet one of his greatest admirers is Speaker Cannon.

Almost any day they may be seen swapping stories after a session. Mr. Sulzer says he has invited the Speaker to come to New York as his guest, and show him how well Democrats can rule a city; in other words, to show him how we keep "the lid" down.

THERE WAS NO DEFEAT FOR MURPHY.

IT transpires that the so-called victory for Hill at Albany was no victory at all. When Mr. Hill told Mr. Murphy for the first time that Mr. John F. Carroll had promised four years ago that the coming convention should be held at the Capitol city, it was, indeed, news to the Tammany leader.

After that Mr. Murphy made no claim for New

York, as he wanted to keep faith for his organization. It appears, however, that Mr. Carroll and Mr. Hill were the only persons who knew anything about the matter.

"It seems very strange that the Senator did not say anything about the promise until the New York delegation was ready to enter the committee room," said one member. "But it was characteristic of Mr. Hill."

But the Parker men did not succeed in getting their favorite son endorsed, which after all was the chief object.

HIGH ART AND POLITICS.

GEORGE H. BRUCE, District Deputy of the Knights of St. John of Malta, has become very popular with the Democrats in his home district in Brooklyn. It is known that he is a great admirer of paintings, and he also has taken quite an interest in the success of the Democratic party.

As he is not looking for any office, and cannot devote much time to meetings, Mr. Bruce conceived the idea that he would send a token of his regard to Judge Furlong and the other Democrats of the organization. So he sent them an oil painting called "Nymphs and Satyr," valued at \$1,500.

"It's all right," said Leader Sinnott, "but I wish they had more clothes on."

THEATRE MANAGERS ARE PLEASED.

THERE were none so pleased with the police action against some of the resorts along Long Acre square and upper Broadway than the managers of theatres. The new theatrical district has been very free from such places, but they have cropped up recently.

When some of the managers sent word to Commissioner McAdoo, they were raided within twenty-four hours, and many arrests made. The administration will do all it can to protect legitimate places of amusement.

NO ONE HAS A "PULL" WITH THE MAYOR.

THERE has not been any such shock in political circles hereabouts for a long time as that given by Mayor McClellan, when he discharged two City Marshals for irreg-

ularities in office. For years it was impossible to discipline any of these officials, and they were left alone to do as they pleased.

Therefore, when the Mayor tried them himself, instead of leaving their fate in the hands of his Secretary or the Chief Marshal, there was much surprise.

It did not take him long to strike their names off the city pay-roll, and the offices were very remunerative in fees.

EXPECT TO DEFEAT CONGRESSMAN DOUGLAS.

SINCE he did everything in his power to defeat New York's request for a new post office, the Democrats think that they will have no difficulty in defeating Congressman William H. Douglas in his effort to be reelected in the Fourteenth Congressional District.

Even the members of his own party are very angry over his action, and the business community feels aggrieved.

There will be no lack of speakers against him when he runs, if the party leaders allow him to get the nomination. Mr. Sulzer, Senator Depew and the other representatives were so enthusiastic about the project that there was little doubt about its success until Mr. Douglas took up the fight and divided the New York delegation, although only one other member of it voted with him.

FRITZ LINDINGER ABANDONS JOURNALISM.

AFTER a few weeks as editor of his paper, the *Vigilant*, Fritz Linderger has retired from the position, and Henry I. Le Veen will shoulder all the work himself.

Mr. Linderger was to regulate the Democratic party by the power of his organ, and if the leaders did not recognize his Personal Liberty League they were threatened with all sorts of dire consequences.

Neither Mr. Murphy nor any of the other leaders trembled. At the Hall they are figuring out how much it cost Mr. Linderger; but Mr. Le Veen has managed newspapers before, and is a vigorous writer. He says he will run the paper on his own lines. J. D. B.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO CAPTURED MY LORD.

By ALICE J. GRAHAM.

GR^{EAT} consternation is reigning amongst the fashionable mammas with marriageable daughters. The news has reached them from Paris that a bevy of fascinating maidens, belonging to the aristocracy of France, is coming over with their designing mammas, whose sole purpose is to capture millionaire husbands for their ingénue, convent-bred daughters. It is well known abroad that the American millionaire marries the woman he fancies, in spite of such trifles as dots and filthy lucre.

This is exactly what Mrs. Van Mater thought when she brought her daughter Leonora back to New York. For years they had resided abroad with economical elegance in a palazzo, enjoying such social gayeties and opportunities as were offered by Rome, Naples, Florence and other Italian cities. Leonora was rapidly advancing beyond the marriageable age. As she had neither figure nor figures, she was not in demand amongst the impecunious Italian noblemen; so with trunks full of pretty clothes they returned to America. Fate led them to a Christian boarding-house, and in less than a week Leonora had become religious to a degree bordering upon fanaticism. This was not what Mamma Van Mater expected; but being a sensible woman, she said nothing, and kept her eyes open for a nibble. Leonora was neither witty nor

pretty, but she was talkative and perky. She had a fallow skin, and worse still, she was thin almost to lankiness. She became the pet and protégée of Mrs. Cortlandt de Peyster Field. She read the psalms, sang solos in a little, shrill voice, and poured tea at the regular Thursday afternoon prayer-meeting. She was held up as a shining example to Cynthia Roche, Gwendolyn Burden, Helen Bounds, and hosts of others of the future society belles who attended these religious matinées before their début.

One afternoon, Lord Bennett (now Earl of Tankerville), who had sowed acres upon acres of wild oats in India, but had become converted through the Salvation Army, led the meeting. Leonora presided at the organ and sang herself into Lord Bennett's well-seasoned though rejuvenated heart. He proposed and naturally was accepted. Mamma Van Mater rejoiced that she had come to America. George and Leonora were inseparable. They discussed their religious experiences from morning till night. One unfortunate day Lord Bennett mentioned that he was Low Church. Leonora was High Church, and on the instant she broke the engagement, saying that there could be no happiness where two souls did not agree. Mamma Van Mater was in despair. She pleaded, argued, threatened, but Leonora was immovable.

She went around pale, but smiling, "suffering persecution for righteousness' sake." At last, yielding to her mother's tears, Leonora agreed to a compromise. She hied herself to a fashionable sisterhood at Peekskill, and, in an uncomfortable little cell, for ten days gave herself up to fasting and prayer to investigate her religious scruples. In the meantime, Mamma went to all her friends begging them to use their influence with her obdurate daughter. The saintly ones refused, while the worldly ones smiled, for they knew that fasting and meditation in solitary confinement could only bring about one result. The outcome proved they were right. When Leonora emerged from her retirement, it was with the conviction that it was her duty to lead the future Earl of Tankerville into the paths of High Churchism.

But, alas! the broken-hearted George had migrated to far Tacoma. But Mamma was equal to the occasion. She and Leonora flew to Tacoma at once, and snared their bird again. A few weeks later the wedding was celebrated in grand style and Leonora went to England with her husband, who, before the year was out, succeeded to his father's title.

Mrs. Van Mater, now a happy grandmother to little lords and ladies, is a strong believer in fasting and prayer—and America.

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

By CAROLYN LOWREY.

EMERALD green is to be the shade of the season. All the smart black tailor gowns and hats have a touch of it. We will have a symphony in color next summer when the green lawns are studded with pale-green gowns. Superstitious people, who believe that it stands for envy and forsaken, will not favor this prevailing shade.

SENATOR WILSON W. ALDRICH, of Rhode Island, has an objection to the word Harlem, and looks with suspicion upon any woman who hails from there. He took pity on a woman one night who said she had to walk there and gave her a dollar. Two days after, the same woman asked the same question. "Good Lord, madam," said the Senator, "haven't you reached Harlem yet?"

THE golden opportunity of leap-year will soon be ripe for the waiting maidens. The Countess of Warwick is to come here next month with her eldest son, Lord Burke. This young man is painfully shy, both in his manner and bank account. The sight of a woman embarrasses this timid scion of a noble house, yet he is sadly in need of the American dollars.

MRS. PERRY BELMONT did not seem to enjoy the attention her gown, or rather the lack of it, attracted at the opera the other night. As far as could be seen above the box line, a jeweled aigrette for her beautiful tresses, the famous emerald collar for the swan-like throat, and a large fluffy fan composed the costume.

JOHN F. CARROLL, A TYPICAL MAN OF AFFAIRS.

WITHIN the past few years there has been no man who has become a factor in financial affairs and local commercial circles, who has exhibited such strength as John F. Carroll, who is the Vice-President of the Fourteenth Street National Bank. Of all the men who have been leaders of Tammany Hall, Mr. Carroll probably talked less than any; and this statement does not omit even the name of the present leader, who is known as "the silent man."

Mr. Carroll has, above all other qualities, the commercial essence, and in his development from a public official to that of a banker of influence he has demonstrated the possession of keen business instinct. The truth is, that Mr. Carroll was destined for a commercial career by aptitude, ability, and tastes, and his political career was the result of circumstantial conditions during the earlier part of his life. Now he is in the prime of manhood, and his sphere of usefulness is not limited by any present vision.

Mr. Carroll is a native of New York, and his boyhood was spent almost entirely in the zone of his present operations. Many people who now place their funds with him, knew him from childhood. He was educated in the public schools and absorbed information very rapidly. Even as a youth he was self-contained and very observant. His chief qualities were discretion and the courage of his convictions. John Carroll, as a boy, youth, and man, was known as one who made no mistakes. A voter in the old twentieth district, he was very young when he received the appointment as clerk to the Grand Jury. This in itself was a strong evidence of the confidence reposed in Mr. Carroll by those who had the appointment in their gift.

THE Misses Crydus have laid aside their mourning, and are back in society again.

These triplets are so absolutely alike that many an awkward situation arises. While they were whirling around at a dance the other evening, a man who had indulged in a cold bottle or two thought he was seeing things. The next day he signed the pledge.

Later he became clerk of the Seventh District Civil Court. In this capacity he had to be thoroughly acquainted with the laws and the administration of legal procedure and forms. Thus he was gradually acquiring a training which generally falls to the lot of lawyers, and he thus became an authority on all the work pertaining to the Civil Court.

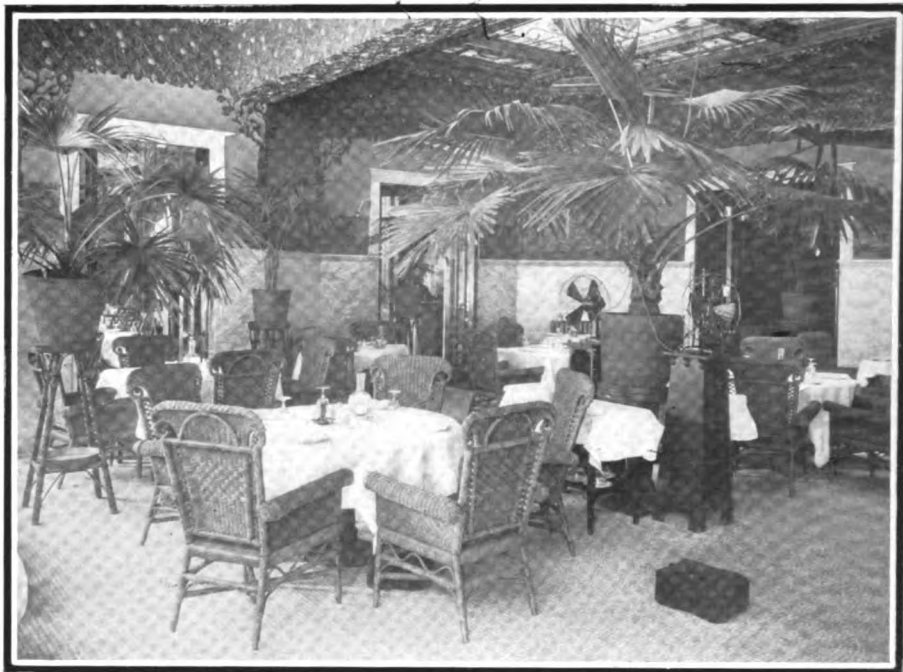
Next, Mr. Carroll was promoted to be clerk of the Special Sessions, where he proved just as competent as he had been in the other public positions he occupied. Finally, he reached the top step along this line, and became clerk of the Court of General Sessions, a position of the gravest responsibility, and one of the offices which carries with it a fair emolument for the services of any able man who succeeds in filling it.

After having served the county in this regard from 1891 to 1898, Mr. Carroll resigned to devote his time to private business enterprises, and he soon began to display extraordinary vigor in the advancement of the ventures in which he was associated with men of lifelong experience in the world of finance.

Mr. Carroll's political interests were gradually becoming purely incidental to his life-work, and it was chiefly because he had been so long connected with the leadership that he devoted any time to politics. His business interests demanded all of his time and attention, yet he never forgot his old friends, and to this day is a great power in the councils of Tammany Hall. In fact, it is to be doubted if any two persons exercise more influence than Mr. Carroll and former Mayor Van Wyck.

His democracy is not that of a fine-weather brand. His purse, services and good wishes are always at the command of his party.

HOW NEW YORK DINES.



THE PALM ROOM OF THE BEAUTIFUL HOTEL BELLECLAIRE, SHOWING THE HIGHEST DEVELOPMENT IN THE MODERN DINING ROOM.

SOCIETY will open the gate to almost any one who holds the golden key, but a certain Mormon, who may accompany Senator Reed Smoot and Mrs. Smoot, may find the key-hole rusty. This man stands high in social circles in Salt Lake City, and thinks he will do so here; but as he comes accompanied by three wives and nine children, we may not have room for him.

The delightful personality of Senator Smoot and that of his charming wife will, undoubtedly, be welcome; but when it comes to a man with three Mrs. Smiths, society might get mixed in sending cards.

ONE of the favorites with the British aristocracy is the little chorus girl, Rosie Boote, who, a few years ago, married the young Marquis of Headfort against the wishes of the then Prince of Wales. This little girl of the chorus conducts herself with the reserve and dignity of one to the manor born. Their country home in Ireland is visited by prominent families, and its hostess has by her own personality won a place in the London drawing-room.

WOMEN of the fashionable set, who have time only to run into the nursery for a good night to their offspring before going to a state function, are giving much attention to their pet dogs. A new cemetery is to be built for the dear things; a building is to be erected on the grounds where the services can be read and the mourners discuss the details over a cup of tea.

One woman, who has money to burn, suggests a crematory, the urn is to be sent to the mistress tied with the ribbon her pet won at the show.

No ribbon—no ashes.

MANAGERS of hotels and restaurants are losing their nerve, more than that, their stationery and silver. Women, evidently without homes, will go into the writing-rooms of these hotels, and use the dainty crested paper by the yards, while the guests wait. Cranks from out of town march into a restaurant and take possession of the silver for souvenirs. A fortune awaits the man who can produce a patent that will make these things secure.

W. E. D. STOKES AS A LANDMARK.

IF the great Ansonia Apartment House was situated in the Champs Elysées of Paris, thousands of people would flock from all parts of the universe to view the sumptuous modernity of the most unique residence of the era.

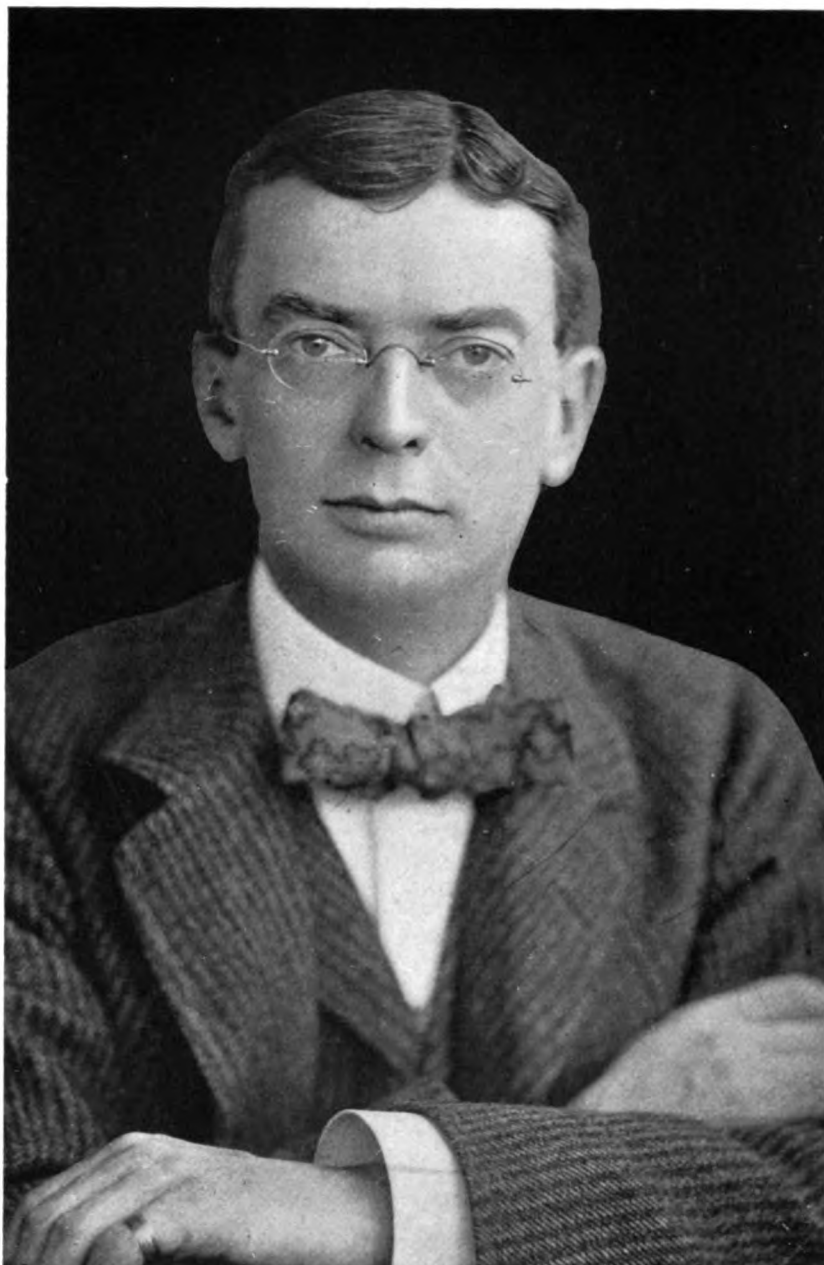
Only American genius, wedded to a practical knowledge of the requirements of the solidly rich, and an acute perception of the conventional refinements of the highest type of men and women, could have conceived and carried out the designing, erection and management of such an institution—for an institution the Ansonia certainly is.

While the glorious edifice of this pure example of the renaissance towers imposingly in the vista of old Broadway, from Seventy-third to Seventy-fourth street, the giant elevation is so delightfully proportionate that it appeals to the artistic sense of the most orthodox critic.

But the utilitarian perfection of the establishment is so admirably contrived that the combination of its classic exterior and twentieth-century domesticity is marvellous. There have been instances of some wonderful efforts to make the apartment-house idea conform to the desired privacy of home life, so as to attract the most exclusive element of the residential population, but never before has it been accomplished with such scientific certainty.

The Ansonia is indeed the apotheosis of the apartment-house theory of life. The delicate yet definite arrangements for the personal segregation of distinct households are perfect. Of necessity under one roof, there might be association perfectly harmless, but possibly inconsistent with the ethical forms of some of the occupants of the same building.

This is the problem which Mr. Stokes has solved; and not so long ago he indulged in some philosophic comment on the etiquette of apartment-house atmosphere. For each set of apartments must be considered as much as a castle as any moated grange of the old nobility. Certainly, the class of tenants under Mr. Stokes' discreet observation are obviously tactful and versed in the niceties of the conventions; yet there is the unknown quantity of service to be considered.



Photograph by Juley, New York.

COLONEL GEORGE B. M. HARVEY, PRESIDENT OF HARPER BROTHERS.



Copyright, 1903, by Purdy, Boston, Mass.
ELIHU ROOT.

The former Secretary of War, who resigned to resume law practice in New York.

And yet those who dwell under the Ansonia's roof claim that the large staff of maids, valets, and upper and lower servants fill the requirements with rare competence. In truth, the census of the Ansonia in numbers equals the actual population of many a small-sized community, which has its own government, and needs supplies which would tax the resources of a good-sized market.

And it must be borne in mind that the quality of everything is to come from the best that can be procured. The demands of the tenants of the Ansonia include almost daily every luxury known to epicures and the fastidious rich. The child population would need a large staff of governesses, and the attendants and employees of every description represent a large pay-roll. In short, everything worth having for the comfort and pleasure of its population may be found at the Ansonia.

When it is considered that all this great work was the result of the plans thought out by Mr. Stokes, some idea of the man may be fairly formed. That he has left his imprint upon the present generation of New Yorkers is a palpable and uncontradicted fact.

SOME SEASONABLE CHAT.

Russell Sage has decided to make many sacrifices during Lent. He will not give any money to charity, and his pet parrot will have her supply of crackers reduced. Russell's only regret is that Lent lasts but forty days.

Simplicity, which gave to the gown its elegance, seems to be a thing of the past. The spring fashion will be the much-frilled woman. Sleeves are to resemble wings, and will sweep almost to the knees of the fashionably gowned woman.

Mr. George D. Morgan states that he does not intend to have his wee Japanese wife regarded as a curiosity. Mr. Morgan goes about in a strange way to prevent it. He leaves the train wrapped in a fur-lined coat, while his bride has only a white lace shawl over a native costume of striking colors, sandals on her dainty feet, and a red rose as a cover to her raven-crowned head. It does seem as if Mr. Morgan would be better able to carry out his wishes if he arrayed Mrs. Morgan in the garments of the well-dressed American woman.

BROADWAY WEEKLY

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OF METROPOLITAN LIFE.

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY Editor

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear later something to your advantage by addressing Broadway Weekly, 27 East 21st Street, New York.

LIFE'S INSULT TO THE IRISH.

A COWL does not make a monk, and an ass is an ass just the same, whether he masks himself in a lion's skin, or struts around the editorial room at Nos. 19-21 West Thirty-first street, where very appropriately a weekly publication called *Life* is issued in the decadent atmosphere of New York's Tenderloin. All the deities of mythology are to be thanked that such an un-American type of literature does not represent the spirit of the people of this hospitable land. The abuse which this journal has consistently heaped upon the Hebrew race is possible only in the pent-up atmosphere of know-nothingism, and a canvass of every newspaper office in the country would not corral a single decent journalist who would descend to the depths which characterized its most recent abomination.

The Irish race have many faults, but their most severe critics will not deny that their faults are far outshone by their virtues. The genius who is responsible for the conduct of *Life*, with Oriental and diseased wit, thought it would be a brilliant point to caricature St. Patrick on a recent cover of this publication. Had the editor lived in Russia, he might prosper as a baiter of Semites. In Ireland he would surely be an informer or a process-server. Fortunately, in New York his identity is submerged in the Tenderloin. His "lid" is off, however.

Now, there is not an Irishman of intelligence who would have objected had *Life* pictured a typical Irish peasant on its lurid cover. If that would attract all the anti-Irish persons in this country, its circulation would be limited, indeed. The Irish have the saving quality of wit in an unstinted degree, and they can laugh at their own foibles and weaknesses as quickly as another. But in the counterfeit on its front page, St. Patrick was represented as an uncouth and coarse person, attired in the vestments of the Church of Rome. As the Patron Saint of Ireland was a Gaul by birth, education and race, history was violated; but this did not deter the college-bred individuals who conduct *Life*. The poorest and most illiterate Irishman, who never had the opportunities even to attend a common school, would never have descended so far into the mire as to throw slurs at the memory of a man who will live in history when *Life* has evaporated into the degenerate germ of which it is a development.

FOR GUBERNATORIAL HONORS.

THE gubernatorial possibilities in New York State are somewhat overshadowed by the natural curiosity about the National ticket probabilities, yet the return of the State to the Democratic column should be the first consideration with those who wish to win both the higher and lesser honors. As a matter of fact, the winning of the State is the corner-stone of the National victory. It is, therefore, of the first importance that a man should be chosen for the gubernatorial nomination who would give weight to both the tickets. Who the fortunate man will be, is as yet very uncertain.

If the National Convention does not take things into its own

hands without regard to the wishes of the leaders, and nominates Mayor McClellan as the hope of the Democracy, there are several names which would appeal very forcibly to the State Convention. Naturally, the candidate is expected to come from New York City, because of the great victory last fall. There has been a feeling for some time past, that he should also come from Manhattan Borough, because Brooklyn has had its chance with Bird S. Coler. Yet there are influential people in the Borough across the Bridge who think Martin W. Littleton is of the material of which good governors are made. He is young, able, and fearless; something less of a politician than a statesman. There is but little chance that any of the old war horses will come to the front, as the public favors younger men. Mr. Grout is a Brooklyn man, and his qualities and record are all in favor of his selection. He would poll a large independent vote. It would not surprise many should the leaders advance the name of an even younger man for the nomination. For the past two years Francis Burton Harrison, who now is one of the Congressmen from Manhattan, has become very potential.

For the first time his name has been canvassed in connection with the State office, and more unlikely twists have been given to the political trend. He is extremely popular, has brains, is original and independent, and is rich enough to be able to make the sacrifice for his party. His clever campaign, when he won out in the strong Republican Diamond Back district, attracted attention to his ability as a vote getter. He has a larger and more loyal following than any of the young men in politics.

If service to his party and ability as a public man deserved reward, Congressman Sulzer, who was once named in the State convention for the office, should be given an opportunity to display his strength. There are also August Belmont, Justice Barrett of the Supreme Court, and a few others. So that gubernatorial timber is not by any means scarce.

THE SUBWAY AS A MONUMENT.

LONG after the Subway is in use as the great highway through Manhattan Island, the lesson of its construction will have a tremendous influence on all other public work. Indeed, it will be more appreciated by the generation which is to follow than it is in our own day. It will be a lasting monument to the men who considered posterity as well as those who live in these times. Had the former generation looked so far ahead, there would be no such congestion as exists at present. The carrying out of such a great project would repel even the pluckiest of promoters. The benefits were so distant—several years after the commencement of the work—that those who had the courage to advance their money, without any return until the enterprise was completed, deserve all praise. It requires something more than a desire for profit to induce a man to take part in this character of construction. Unless he had the highest conception of citizenship—an unusual share of public spirit—he would turn back from the venture.

Time will bring about high honor for the name of Mr. August Belmont, who courageously came forward to take the chief responsibility of the enterprise. From a standpoint of example alone, his work has a strong moral effect. Men who formerly would shrink from it, would now enter into anything like the construction of a subway. Within the next few years we may expect to see all sorts of improvements for the relief of the overcrowded city. And the New York underground conduit is a far more remarkable institution than any that have ever been built in any part of the world in any age. There is nothing more substantial in Rome or Athens in public work.

The New York Subway is no tunnel; it is a roadway as secure as any on terra firma. It will be lighted at every point as brilliantly as the clear noonday sun illumines the heavens. For cleanliness it will be unrivalled, and its stations and equipment are to be models of convenience and comfort, undreamed of by the most luxurious train service ever known. Not the least remarkable feature is the arrangement of transferring or delivering passengers to certain objective localities. Shoppers will be able to reach the big stores without going through the streets, and the public buildings and theatres are to be approached in the same manner. The safe system of transportation has attained its solution, and Mr. Belmont has rendered a service which will bind his name indissolubly with the progress of the city.

WHAT NEW YORK'S SMART SET IS DISCUSSING.

LORILLARD SPENSER, JR., is engaged at last. So Dame Rumor says, and this time Miss Mary Sands, of Newport, granddaughter of the late Rear Admiral Edward Simpson, of the United States Navy, is the lady of his choice. He has been reported engaged so many times that we are loath to credit this last announcement. Though, when a young man goes to Newport regularly once a week during the bleak winter months, it is only natural to infer that there must be some strong attraction to draw him there. Young Spenser is a clever fellow, and, fortunately for himself and his future wife, he has not the same literary aspirations as his father, Lorillard, Sr., who, for some little time, owned and edited a weekly paper. It was only after sinking over two hundred thousand dollars in the enterprise that he realized he was not a success as an editor.

ACLINGING white gown, soft fluffy white furs, downy white muff, snowy picture hat with drooping white plumes, no doubt, produce an exquisite combination when worn in midwinter by a pale, fragile girl with languishing eyes. But even when the wearer is the only daughter of Mrs. Pembroke Jones, the question will arise: "Does her mother know she's out?"

THE "Bongjour" French Club at the Waldorf is proving the devout penitential pose taken by the social butterflies. It is all very well for Madame Alexander, or Mrs. Burden, or Mrs. Rives, who really understand French, to listen to the origin of the French drama and the life of Madame de Stael. But, when it comes to the other greater majority, it is no wonder they are on the *qui vive* for the clatter of teacups, or any other signal that puts an end to their misery, with Ruinart preferred.

HARDLY have we recovered from the surprise of Miss Pauline Whittier's conversion to the Catholic faith, than the news reaches us that Algernon Sartoris, the grandson of General Grant, has also become a Romanist, and for the same reason, too—love. In June of this year he is to be married to Mademoiselle Germaine Cécile Noufflard, one of the aristocrats of Paris. His grandmother Sartoris was the celebrated singer, Adelaide Kemble, sister of Fanny Kemble, the actress. Through the marriage of the latter to Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia, he is related to all the blue bloods in the South. Owen Wister, the author of "The Virginian," is his second cousin, for Sarah, one of Fanny Kemble's daughters, married Dr. Owen J. Wister, of Germantown. We can recollect a time when Owen Wister did not like to remember that his grandmother was Fanny Kemble, and his great aunt Sarah Siddons. However, in spite of the fact that, like royalty, he sought a bride amongst his own kin, marrying a Miss Mary Wister of Wister place, the ceremony even being performed by a Right Reverend Wister, his dramatic blood proved stronger than his Southern lineage. While we cannot say that he is on the stage, he is nevertheless pretty near to it when he superintends the rehearsals of his latest literary effort at a Broadway theatre.

IF the English persist in saying all sorts of disagreeable things about the manners and morals of our American Duchesses, these independent young women can form a decidedly powerful, even dangerous, alliance among themselves. Heart-rending as it may seem to an English noblewoman to give precedence to a plebeian-born American girl there are occasions when the Yankee millions come in handy. They are very convenient when there is a question of

renovating old castles or polishing up rusty titles. It becomes the English to mind their manners, or, when their young lords come a-wooing across the pond, they may be mightily surprised to find themselves snubbed by a Chicago porkpacker's daughter, or a Milwaukee brewer's heiress. Even titled English girls can't count their dowry up to the five-million mark.

THERE seems to be but one topic of conversation at the Lenten sewing classes. Every one is asking every one else the momentous question: "Have you seen Evelyn Burden's moleskin coat?" Of course, we have. How could we help it?—For like "Mary and her little lamb," wherever Linnie goes, that coat is sure to be. At morn, at noon, at eve, in theatre, street, or house, in carriage, in auto, in sunshine, in rain, Linnie and her moleskin coat are inseparable. Now, while we all admit that the coat is becoming, expensive, the shoulders *a la mode*, we must frankly say that we are growing a trifle weary of it. Like the débutante of two seasons, it is becoming a trifle *passé*.



From a Portrait by Hollister, New York.

MR. HOWARD GOULD, TYPICAL YOUNG AMERICAN AND MAN OF MILLIONS. MRS. HOWARD GOULD IS ONE OF THE HANDSOMEST OF THE YOUNGER MARRIED WOMEN IN NEW YORK.

THE Prince of Wales set in London, which includes the Dowager Duchess of Manchester and the Honorable Mrs. Keppel, have quite discarded the insignificant cigarette for the big black cigars of their husbands and brothers. This is an unwholesome habit not to be commended. Still, it is, after all, more desirable than giving balls to servants. The after-effects of letting your sons dance with the attractive upper maids, or your daughters patronizingly leading the cotillon with gallant William, the footman, would, on the whole, prove more disastrous than a dozen big black cigars.

SMALL Talk at a Lenten Sewing Class.
DRAMATIS PERSONAE.
Miss Uncertain Age.
Miss Very Uncertain Age.
Twenty Members of Mixed Ages.

SCENE.—Mrs. Jas. McL.—'s drawing-room in Madison avenue.

MISS U. A.: "I remember President Garfield's death perfectly. The sorrow of the nation made

such an impression on me, although, at the time, I was only twelve years old."

MISS V. U. A. (sarcastically): "Humph!"

Significant silence on the part of the twenty members of mixed ages.

MISS V. U. A.: "It was the day of the funeral that Clarence Priestly gave me this ring. I was sitting on his lap and I remember kissing him for it, so I must only have been a tiny, little bit of a girl."

MISS U. A.: "That doesn't make you only twelve." (Curtain falls.)

IT seems almost incredible to what lengths some of our young people will go in order to have a fashionable church wedding. If it be true that Miss Pauline Whittier and Ernest Iselin are to be married at St. Patrick's Cathedral, then it is equally true that Polly has left the faith of her fathers and has joined, or is going to join, the Catholic church. The husband-to-be may be a brother of the Prince of the Church, and high in the Roman aristocracy; but unless both of the contracting parties are of the Catholic persuasion, the ceremony cannot take place in the church. In this respect the rules of the Catholics are as unbreakable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. However, the Whittier's are noted for their religious adaptability. Only a few weeks ago Mrs. Whittier became a Catholic, and her sister, before marrying Prince Belosisky, joined the Greek church. So it is hardly likely that Ernest Iselin had any trouble in convincing his bride-to-be that the Catholic church is the only true church.

THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS.

SCENE: A coal office. "Good morning, sir. I've applied for the place advertised in the *Daily Squeezer* this morning."

COAL DEALER: "What have you been doing formerly?"

APPLICANT: "I've had a little to do with pugilism. I'm the champion light-weight of the country, but I want to get out of the business and thought I might be suitable for a coal office."

"Light weight! Why, yes! I'll hire you to weigh our coal."

WHAT SHE LIKES ABOUT IT.

"What's the moral of that story?" asked the young man.

"Oh!" replied Mr. Flippe, absent-mindedly. "I don't know as it has one, but the immoral of it is just too thrilling for anything."

BE BEAUTIFUL!

NO woman will deny that a fine complexion is a long step towards actual beauty. Every woman should know also that Dr. Dys' Sachets de Toilette Sève Dermale and Dysaline Cream is the simplest and also the most effective remedy for the complexion known to modern science.

There is a Sachet de Toilette for each complexion—every skin, whether of young or old, needs special treatment. There is the Sachet de Beauté for the elderly, Sachet de Jeunesse for the blonde, Sachet à l'Aubépine for the brunette, and Sachet Simples for the young girl. There are also Sachets Les Perles, most effective for that awful complaint—a red nose.

These Sachets, boxed daintily in lots of 50, except the Sachet de Jeunesse, containing 60, are sold as follows: Perles, per box, \$7 50; Beauté, per box, \$6.25; Fraicheur, \$5 00; Jeunesse, Aubépine and Concentré, \$3.75, respectively; Simples, \$1.75.

DR. DYS' Preparations can be had in America only from

V. DARSY, 21 West 30th Street, Suite V, New York. Write for Circular.

Full particulars and circular sent on application.

TWO WOMEN PROMINENT IN THE VERY



Photograph by Rockwood, New York.

MISS ELEANOR GUILLAUDEU A DEBUTANTE.

ONE of the most beautiful debutantes of the present season is Miss Eleanor Guillaudeu, daughter of Mr. Emile Guillaudeu, one of the most prominent men in the Wall Street district. Miss Guillaudeu is only just eighteen years and was educated privately by governors and tutors. She is a pure type of French beauty and is a girl of great talent and many accomplishments. She was one of the most admired girls of the exclusive set and this is her first winter out. The Guillaudeux live in the Portland and are a branch of a famous French family well known abroad. Miss Guillaudeu will be seen at Newport this year, if she does not go to Europe. She is often seen driving or riding in the park, and is athletic and fond of outdoor sports, such as golfing and tennis. The above is considered her best picture.



Photograph by Aime Dupont, New York.

MRS. ELBRIDGE GERRY SNOW AND HER CHILDREN.

THE exclusive set in which Mrs. Elbridge Gerry Snow has been one of the leading members has had much cause for rejoicing over the decision which will enable her to retain the guardianship and company of both her children a beautiful girl and a handsome boy. The courts which had awarded her a divorce offered her the choice of possession of either one of the children, and she was deeply grieved over the verdict, although in every other sense she was victorious. Both the children remained with her, and she had, of course, been unable to come to any conclusion. Now, however, it is announced that she will have her own way and will have absolute control over her children. Mrs. Snow, whose late husband is a nephew of Commodore Gerry, is one of the most popular young matrons in society, and as a girl she was noted for her beauty and accomplishments.

ART PHOTOGRAPHY AND SOCIETY.

FROM Washington there came to the metropolis a few years ago a man of talent and originality who undertook to give New Yorkers something wholly new, distinguished and beautiful in the matter of art photography. The ambitious artist was A. F. Bradley, founder of the justly celebrated Bradley Studios, Fifth avenue, New York.



MR. A. F. BRADLEY.

Mr. Bradley realized that whereas there are photographers and photographers in and out of the metropolis, there were few who could successfully eliminate the commercial idea in favor of the entirely artistic—in other words, who were willing to serve a long and severe apprenticeship in art, in order to be able to offer the public something which should come between the photograph and the oil portrait. While distinctly photography, nevertheless, the Bradley portraits possess an art value which can only be found in the work of masters of the brush. It was not long, very naturally, before people of wealth and culture realized the presence in the metropolis of a worker in the arts who could reproduce most excellent likenesses, and at the same time give them an art value which had hitherto never been attained in so high a degree.

Mr. Bradley is an enthusiast of the art temperament and has a multitude of friends, counting among his clients scores of the most distinguished, the wealthy and renowned, whether in art, science, the pulpit, or the forum. His portraits of women are ideal, and of children classic. Mr. Bradley spends part of the busy season in his former home, Washington, where he has a wide acquaintance among leaders of the capital society and men of national affairs. Mr. Bradley is to be congratulated upon the splendid record he has achieved in New York.

SENATOR PLATT STILL THE LOGICAL STATE LEADER.

RECENT events in the world of local and State politics have not in any way affected the real leadership of the Republican party, and in every logical way, as well as practically, Senator Platt is the man of all others whom the smaller leaders recognize as the real head of their organization. It is not likely that

the Republican machine will in the course of many years come into power in this municipality, but even the most enthusiastic Democrats admit that the only inroads ever made into their power were under the generalship of Senator Platt. In the State, long before any other person made any claims toward leadership, he held absolute control of the party reins. The Senator is an ardent partisan, and is uncompromising in his Republicanism.

The village spirit rules the legislative representatives from the counties, but recently Governor Odell has been accused of trying to seize the leadership. His efforts have been unsuccessful because the Republicans know that with Senator Platt out, they would lose the wisest adviser the party ever had in New York. There are visionaries who think Governor Odell could quell the progressive and liberty-loving people of New York, and rule them with laws which are admired in Schoharie or Canajoharie, and they rush in where the angels never tread.

Officeholders, however, like certain pagan people, worship the rising sun, but the political luminary who seeks to seize the toga of the Sage of the Amen Corner, has not yet dazzled the eyes of enough Republicans to look upon Newburgh as their Mecca. Politics a la Newburgh are not as popular in New York City.

The change of State leadership of their opponents, while it would not be very material to the Democracy, would very likely amuse the chiefs of the latter party. Especially in this, the Presidential, year would the leaders of the dominant party in this city welcome the assistance of the Governor in placing the State in the Democratic column again. As it is, the vagaries and bucolic logic which have been the characteristic features of the present State administration, almost ensure the victory of Democracy, and the country-grocery methods applied to State government will pass away forever when the returns are counted on election night.

In the meantime, Senator Platt has the confidence of the rank and file of his own party, and there is little likelihood of his retirement, unless it is of his own volition. He has returned to his old quarters at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which he abandoned temporarily for a reason which is as harmless as it was simple—his own convenience and comfort.

HOCH, HERR AUBREY VON BOUCICAULT!

UNLIKE the high-caste hillsman of Kipling, Herr Aubrey Boucicault has no respect for the bones of his dramatic ancestors, or he would not have scorned the historic house on Fourteenth street, where the famous Thespians strutted for a brief hour during the halcyon days of the "drammer." Nor would he have attempted by force of law to compel the strenuous William A. Brady to pay him \$50,000 damages for suggesting that Herr Aubrey play an engagement at the theatre which has been hallowed by the genius of such stars as Fanny Davenport, Edwin Booth, Robert Mantell, Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough, Janauscheck, and last, but not least, of the immortal Dion Boucicault the First.

But Herr Boucicault has not yet received a check from Mr. Brady, who is said to be unusually prompt in settling all claims against him which he considers fair. To say the least, however, it was very unkind of the manager to have imagined for a moment that the mimic hero of "Alt Heidelberg," a quondam Crown Prince, would condescend to occupy a dressing-room which had sheltered the singing Chauncey Olcott, the smiling Andrew Mack, or the enthusiastic Brandon Tynan.

In the dry language of a legal document, it is asserted that Mr. Brady had taken over the Shuberts contract to star Herr Boucicault, but that the latter's form failed and that a mistake was made in casting the company for Fourteenth street.

If Mr. Brady made a mistake he broke his record, and if he selected Fourteenth street instead of Broadway, he probably considered that Herr Boucicault would meet with a triumphant success there. There are dozens of stars of probably greater magnitude than the Herr Boucicault, not to refer to Wilton Lackaye, who would be de-lighted to accept Mr. Brady's judgment in such matters.

Yet Hoch, Herr Boucicault! A German Crown Prince play in an Irish theatre? Never!

BRIDGET'S CHOICE.

BRIDGET: "Mr. Bildad, yer wife come into the kitchen this morning and insouled me, an' it's wan of two things—either she laves this house or I does."

**Nature's Seal
of Approval**
STAMPS
Willa's Yucca Preparations

**As her first aid in
Preserving Beauty**

WILLA'S YUCCA SKIN TONIC removes all blemishes, and makes your complexion beautiful.

WILLA'S YUCCA POWDER protects the face, and imparts the brilliancy of youth.

Willa's Yucca Tonic 50 cents
Willa's Yucca Powder, pink or white, 25 and 50 cents

Sample of YUCCA POWDER on receipt of Six Cents in stamps.
The L. E. RUSSELL COMPANY, P. O. Box 253, Detroit, Mich.
Or at Druggists' and Department Stores.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS OF THE WEEK.

By ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY.

FORBES ROBERTSON'S SANE HAMLET.

THERE can be only one opinion regarding the *Hamlet* of Mr. Robertson, as presented at the Knickerbocker Theatre. It is a perfectly sane *Hamlet* by a perfectly sane actor, who does not believe that freakishness or too insistent vagaries are necessary to dramatic art. When Mr. Robertson appeared as *Dick Heldar* in the "Light That Failed" at the Knickerbocker a few weeks ago, he convinced New Yorkers that his art, while serious and clearly cut, had just enough subtlety to make it interesting, and enough of charm and directness to make it fascinating to the supporters of the anti-freak drama.

Seven or eight years ago London first saw Mr. Robertson's *Hamlet*. I had the pleasure of being in his first-night London audience, and I can verify the statement that this new *Hamlet* created a veritable sensation. Even such experienced and not easily impressed critics as Mr. Scott and Mr. Shorter were out-spoken and thoroughly enthusiastic in their praise.

Mr. Robertson does not take a particularly new view of the Dane; he is one of those who believe that Shakespeare intended *Hamlet* to be made a perfectly sane man, merely taking on the outward form of insanity to suit his own aims. This English actor is a past master in the art of repression. Explosiveness is to him a cardinal dramatic sin; thus even in the great scene between *Hamlet* and his mother, Mr. Robertson never for a moment permits his anger to control him, nor does he lose that poise, that perfect control of self, which has always characterized the act of this player. Thus it is that Mr. Robertson rarely ever offends by a display of bad taste, even if at times he fails to rise to the greatest heights.

Mr. Robertson's *Hamlet* has less of the mystic than has been imparted to the rôle by our own Edwin Booth. In other words, the human side of the Dane rather than the psychic is emphasized by Mr. Robertson; having once discovered his point of view, it is as easy to follow him through the mazes of the Shakespearian verse as it is to follow the course of a limpid yet twisting stream. We are not called upon to solve for ourselves at every new turn either the exact meaning of the bard or of the actor. In fact, Mr. Robertson's rendition is a subtle, thoughtful, scholarly and carefully turned and faithfully worked-out piece of stage portraiture, *sans* mannerisms and the disquieting meretriciousness of the mere artificer.

New York has seen performances of *Hamlet* that were far greater in pretentiousness and certainly more ambitious in scope than that of this English visitor; but it can be honestly said that Mr. Robertson's performance is a chaste, conscientious and thoroughly charming one, lacking only, in order to be truly great, the essential of vigorous force.

The *Ophelia* of Miss Gertrude Elliott (Mrs. Robertson) is light in dramatic texture and wanting also in that force which, according to personal preference, makes or mars the work of her talented husband; that Miss Elliott should be able to at all encompass this many-sided rôle is remarkable in view of the fact that only a few short seasons ago she was looked upon as a more or less unimportant member of Mr. Goodwin's company, playing at the same theatre; to-day, Miss Elliott is still tall and graceful, with a handsome head of black hair, and eyes and forehead which suggest her beautiful sister, Maxine Elliott; but she can also be counted as one of our American actresses of striking personality and artistic method. Miss Elliott also, in turn, throws to the winds the psychic mysticism of the crazy girl from Denmark. Miss Elliott is really an actress



Photograph by White, New York.

DUSTIN FARNUM

CHARLES L. RITZMAN who sells more photographs of theatrical, art, and society notables than any other person in this country, states that the photographs of Dustin Farnum, the young leading man of "The Virginian," at the Manhattan Theatre, are selling better than those of any other actor. Not only this, but Mr. Farnum has broken the record in that his pictures sell more largely than those of any matinee idol known in the memory of New Yorkers. Mr. Farnum has just been signed on a ten-year contract by his Manager Kirke La Shelle, and is to be a star.

of modern parts; she even made the heartless, selfish and almost cattish *Maisie* of "The Light That Failed" a winsome sympathetic character; she is not of Shakespeare, nor yet of the classic drama, and yet with her intelligence and her physical attractiveness it were difficult for her to attempt any important part without some modicum of success; after all is said and done, it must be admitted that Miss Elliott has not given the world another great *Ophelia*.

Hamlet, as given at the Knickerbocker, is not lost in a mass of splendid settings, or overweighted with a too tremendous scenic dressing. It is, however, well and intelligently produced, and as a whole is a credit to star and managers.

AS TO COLONEL SAVAGE.

FOR a long time columns and pages of type and pictures have been devoted to the spectacular performances of Herr Heinrich Conried, who, besides having a little theatre on Irving place, also stepped into the shoes so well filled by Maurice Grau as director of the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Conried, backed by the millions and influence of the tremendous following built up by Mr. Grau, has succeeded in giving one big novelty at the Metropolitan Opera House this season, and a number of old favorites in a somewhat unsatisfactory manner. During all this time an American born and bred has been building up the most musical following

in the world to-day. This man is Colonel Henry W. Savage, a Bostonian of culture; a man of great ambition and successful theatrical methods; an encourager of native talent, and now, in his acquirement of the Garden Theatre, an important factor in local theatrical circles.

Colonel Savage has, I am thoroughly convinced, done more to instill the love of good music in the hearts of Americans, and afforded more splendid opportunities for witnessing the works of the great master, than any other single man in the public eye. Colonel Savage, while a thorough business man, and one who is in the theatrical calling, because he believes earnest endeavor and intelligent work will bring him a great fortune, is also patriotic in a tangible and altogether commendable way; no man before the public to-day gives greater encouragement to American writers or composers. Witness his big productions of "The Prince of Pilsen," "King Dodo" and "The Yankee Consul," to say nothing of the remarkable fine performances of his English Grand Opera Company, which have set a new pace for pieces of this kind on the contemporaneous stage.

And now Colonel Savage enters the local field; and as a man of great ambition, high achievement and fine standing in the commercial and theatrical world, he is bound to become a moving figure in our big town.

NOTES OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

George Ade has written a sketch for Eddie Foy, and it is to be seen in this city after it has been tried out on the road.

Now James E. Dodson and his wife, Annie Irish, have a short play written for them, called "He and She," and they will appear in it for the remainder of the season.

Maxine Elliott recently appeared in Louisville, and her engagement was followed by that of her sister Gertrude and the latter's husband, Forbes Robertson. Then came Nat Goodwin, the whole family following one another.

The Liebler management has arranged for a play for Ezra Kendall, to be written by John Kendrick Bangs.

Arnold Daly and his Shaw productions have had quite a Fifth avenue attendance. There has also been a demand for all of Shaw's books—a sort of revival, as it were.

Ben Greet has almost become a New Yorker. He has taken a stronger liking to this country than any other actor or manager who ever came here from the other side. He says he selected the top floor of the Vendome, because he wanted to get a look at the city from his rooms.

Sol Fields, brother of Lew Fields, has written a burlesque called "Fiddle Did He," which title is reminiscent of an old Weber & Fields burlesque.

There is quite a rivalry between Eugene Cowles and Ritchie Ling, who are with Fritz Scheff, and the matinee girls along the route are divided in their admiration. The press agent is very well satisfied, however.

The getting-away day of the Metropolitan Opera Company is dreaded by the employees.

There are several hundred trunks to be cared for, all containing valuable property. Then the movement of principals, chorus, stage hands and musicians makes a population akin to that of a small-sized town.

William H. Thompson has come forward with a claim that the young actors and actresses are not having it all their own way on Broadway. He calls to mind the names of the many admirable professionals who are either stars or prominent in the casts of current attractions.

Dora de Phillippe has made quite a reputation since she came to this country. The critics everywhere she has appeared have agreed that she is an artist of no mean ability.

There is much worry on the part of Ralph Stuart's press agent. The star's Japanese valet has threatened to go home and take part in the war with Russia.

The members of "The Girl From Kay's" company are very much pleased over the prospect of spending all of next season in this city with the new musical stock company which Charles Frohman will keep at the Herald Square to present the latest London successes.

Manager Jacobs, who owns the Columbia Theatre in Newark, has returned to the stock company system, with Una Brinker Abel as his leading woman. He thinks it will pay as well as it did formerly.

Louis James and Frederick Warde are already preparing for a long engagement in this city next season, with a repertoire of Shakespearean plays. They have made a great deal of money on the road, and are encouraged by the reception which attended recent legitimate revivals here.

Mansfield's transcontinental tour will last until July 2d, and the company will comprise one hundred and six persons, the repertoire being "Ivan the Terrible," "Old Heidelberg," and "Beaucaire."

M. Campanari, of the Metropolitan Opera

House Company, will make a concert tour next season under the management of Henry Wolfsohn. He will be accompanied by a soprano, violinist, and a pianist.

Helene Lackaye will appear in "The Superstition of Sue," when it is produced at the Savoy. Walter Perkins will also be in the cast.

The cast for the new comic opera by Paul West and John W. Bratton, "A Man from China," will include Charles A. Bigelow, Edgar Atcheson Ely, Stella Mayhew, Aimee Angeles, James Gorman, Vera Michelena, John Gorman, Billie Taylor and Harry Richards.

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DANIEL FROHMAN—A MANY-SIDED MANAGER.

By JOHN S. BARRINGTON.

UNDOUBTEDLY a leader of the American stage because of his high character and standing in the profession here and abroad, is Daniel Frohman. While his interests are not so diverse as those of his brother Charles or some other managers, it must be remembered that for some years past Mr. Frohman has devoted his time and attention only to those enterprises which he could personally direct.

In these later years Mr. Frohman has more or less realized the ambition of his life to cherish an innate love of books, objects of art, and the classic in every form. He has ever sought to shun the publicity which is almost inseparable from his profession.

Mr. Frohman's career has probably been as congenial to his disposition as that of any man of the same active calibre and activity. Naturally irrepressible and artistic in his inclinations, he has found opportunity to combine business and pleasure. Most men cannot do this, but his training in that direction and his well-ordered mind enable him to carry out his rule—a place and a time for everything.

Born in the State of Ohio, famed for its statesmen, soldiers, and captains of industry, it was at Sandusky that Mr. Frohman first heard of George Washington. That was shortly after 1853, so that he may be said to have kept pace with time in advancing to the front rank of citizenship. And for twenty-five years he has been known throughout the country as a factor in theatrical life.

After he had absorbed everything possible in the public-school curriculum, he drifted by instinct into the newspaper business, having qualities which were certain to have led him to success in that calling, had he cared to devote his life to it. That he secured a position in the editorial room of the New York *Tribune* as a boy when Horace Greeley spent his days there, proves that he had started on the right track. This was in 1866, and he gave five good years to the newspaper business, learning much that has been of inestimable value to him during his professional and managerial life.

He then became attached to travelling theatrical companies, and saw a great deal of the country and its possibilities for the best attractions. And it may be said that ever since Mr. Frohman has never had use for any but the very strongest offerings. Throughout his whole business life, his name has always been connected with the highest class of productions, and his success has been remarkable.

Deliberation and extreme carefulness have marked his judgment. His advice, which has always been freely given to those who sought it, has often saved other managers from loss. It was only natural that a man of his parts should develop into a metropolitan manager, and in 1879 he was made manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, where he remained until the Rev. Dr. Mallory requested him to take the active management of the new Madison Square Theatre, which was soon to be the leading house in the city.

From that moment there was a long list of the great historic successes of the American stage. "May Blossom," which helped to make David Belasco's reputation; "The Rajah," "Hazel Kirke," and a dozen remarkable triumphs, which opened a new era in American theatrical history. The house became noted because the plays attracted audiences of a character which seldom or never attended any theatre.

In 1885 Mr. Frohman took over the Lyceum Theatre, and its part in dramatic life of the city is well known. Later he acquired Daly's Theatre, and it is no small tribute to him to say that he has maintained the highest standing and quality



DANIEL FROHMAN, MANAGER AND COSMOPOLITAN.

of plays which made the late Augustin Daly beloved of the best people in this land. He has preserved the traditions of the playhouse, and its *clientele* is as exclusive as its late manager could have desired.

Mr. Frohman has managed many prominent stars, not the least important being Edward H. Sothorn, whom he brought to the front, and of whom he made a star. Several big foreign stars also value the friendship and assistance of the man who directed their American tours. This season he has opened the New Lyceum Theatre, where he has revived the glories of the old Lyceum.

Of late years he has been particularly successful with musical plays and the best new productions of the foreign stage. It is a long list, but most of those which he first offered in this country, are still being played on the road. They were all equipped in an even more sumptuous manner than at their original presentation abroad.

Mr. Frohman has spent many summers across the water, and has made walking and other trips through Spain and in various out-of-the-way places of Europe. Personally he is a most genial

gentleman, a boon companion, and likes a good joke and the best things of life. Retiring in address, and unusually modest in avoiding any display, he passes to and fro along the avenues an observer and one interested in all that is beautiful in nature and art. For what he has done for the public in providing it with entertainment of the most refined and instructive character, the public owes him a debt of gratitude.

In every sense he has maintained the morale and character of the American stage. Abroad, Mr. Frohman is equally well esteemed. He has innumerable friends in London, Paris and other capitals, and they will, during his next visit, be more delighted to greet him than ever, for since he was last across the ocean he has married a charming woman whose talents have achieved for her a place in the front rank of the American stage.

Mr. Frohman has always done things most unostentatiously, and his method of taking unto himself a life partner was as modest and unobtrusive as all his other acts. He cares absolutely nothing for personal publicity, and avoids every opportunity to attract notice in his private life.

SPRINGTIME ECHOES OF THE HOTEL WORLD.

By CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM.

STATLER IS TO TRY AGAIN.

UNDAUNTED by his experience at the Pan-American, Statler is going to erect an extensive hotel at St. Louis in time for the Exposition. In Buffalo, Statler owns and conducts an immense restaurant of the quick-lunch order and he is said to have made a fortune in the business. Out in Buffalo, near the main entrance to the Pan-American grounds, he built an enormous hotel, adapted to accommodate over a thousand people. History relates what a fizzle the Pan-American was, almost as bad as the Charleston Exposition a few years ago. Notwithstanding his Pan-American experience, Statler is going to try again at St. Louis. Shakespeare says, "Adversity tries us." Perhaps Statler is one of those people who, the harder they are knocked down, the more determined they are to succeed.

A BIT OF EARLY HISTORY.

It happened many years ago, but even at this late day it makes interesting reading. Away back in 1856, when Eno, the owner of the land, started the building that is now the Fifth Avenue Hotel, he had planned that the building

should be used for stores—in fact, it was to be a business block—and with that end in view the building was started. As it was nearing completion, the panic of 1857 came along and the affairs of the country came to a standstill. Among the buildings then in course of construction in this city was the Eno business block, and it, like other structures in town, felt the effects of the business stagnation, and work on it was stopped. For a long time the building was boarded up, but when the panic had passed off and money became "easier," Eno had changed his mind, likewise his plans, and instead of finishing the building as a business block, he made it into a hotel—the Fifth Avenue—and as such it has remained to this day.

It is not generally known that a like experience had the old Windsor Hotel, which for a long time was boarded up, due to the financial difficulties of its projector. The Plaza Hotel was originally intended for an apartment house, and it had its long delay before the present policy was decided upon.

BERRY TO ASSIST WEBB.

THE question has been raised how can Guernsey E. Webb, manager of the Ansonia Hotel, in view of his contract with W. E. D. Stokes, owner of the hotel, become interested in the hotel at Normandie-by-the-Sea? Webb, with Hobbs and Stotesbury, bought the Jersey resort a few weeks ago, and they have decided in spending \$50,000 in improving the property.

Several good things since he has been manager of the Ansonia have been offered to Webb, but the contract with "Willie" Stokes—to give his whole time to the big hotel on Broadway—has prevented him from giving any serious consideration to the offers. But a bargain was to be had in the Normandie-by-the-Sea Hotel and Webb decided not to let the chance pass him by unnoticed. Finding he could not give his entire time to its management, after having, with his associates, purchased the property, he selected Harry J. Berry, of the office staff of the Ansonia, to become the resident manager at the Jersey hotel, while he (Webb) will be at the hotel on the Jersey Coast three times a week.

Berry had been engaged to go to the new Wolcott, and while waiting for that hotel to open, he went into the office of the Ansonia. Previous to coming to Gotham, Berry was room-clerk of the Lexington and the Grand Pacific Hotels, Chicago.

THE PLAZA HOTEL MAY CLOSE.

THERE is a strong probability that the Plaza Hotel may be closed during the coming summer. Not because business is poor, but the closing will be to enable Frederick Hammond, the proprietor, to give the house a general overhauling. The plan is to clean the house from top to bottom. Mr. Hammond states that such are his intentions, subject, of course, to a change, and he will not know until April 1st what definitely will be done. They say that the owners of the property want to stiffen the rent, and Hammond naturally

refuses to come to their way of thinking. When Hammond says that he will decide about the housecleaning later on, he means by that, no doubt, that he will know by that date if he is to continue as lessee. These surmises may all be wrong. The Plaza is owned by a reality company that bought it not very long ago from the New York Life Insurance Company.

ANXIOUS TO LEASE BRIGHTON BEACH.

THERE was one man, up to a few weeks ago, that was very anxious to lease the Brighton Beach Hotel and all its privileges this summer, and he was William T. Grover, who, with his brother, Leonard Grover, Jr., has conducted the Brighton Beach Music Hall for many seasons. Both are men of ability and reliable in every way, and among people, with whom they have dealings, are remarked for their agreeable manners. William Grover had a scheme to beautify the place in every way, one feature being the construction of a beautiful garden, somewhat after the style in vogue at the resorts in Europe, particularly in Germany. Sousa's band was also to be one of the features, daily concerts to be given in the garden. The cost of construction was put at \$8,000. When the scheme had been fully worked out, Grover went to the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company that owns the Brighton Beach Hotel, prepared to offer \$26,000 as a rental for the hotel. After some talk with the railroad people, William T., finding they wanted more money than he cared to give, withdrew from the project and the hotel was leased to E. Clark King. Some people say that, while Anthony J. Brady remains the heaviest stockholder in the company, King will always have the Brighton Beach Hotel.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE SUMMER RESORTS.

THE chief clerk at the Grand Union, Saratoga, this summer will be Duncan Campbell, at present in charge of the office of the Marie Antoinette, in this city. Fred King again goes to the "States," at Saratoga. At Coney Island few changes will be made. "Tom" Silleck, gray-haired and suave, will manage the Manhattan Beach Hotel, and, perhaps, the Orient will be managed again, as it has been for some seasons past, by J. P. Greaves. Among the New York Bonifaces at present finding rest and recreation in Florida, are W. E. Woolley, of the Marie Antoinette; and George C. Boldt, of the Waldorf-Astoria. It is said that it was Frank J. Lancaster, owner of the Edgemere Hotel, who engineered the deal that resulted in Albert R. Keen becoming the lessee of the Gilsey House. Mr. Simpson, at present steward of the Laurel House, Lakewood, is to manage the Edgewood Inn, at Greenwich, Conn., this summer.

NO CHANGE AT THE ASTOR.

THE usual summer change at the Astor House will not take place this year. Almon C. Judd, who has been assistant to Thurston at the Astor House, has been in the habit of going away every summer to manage the Samoset in Maine, a house that belongs to the Rickers, the family that has made millions in the ownership and sale of Poland Water. Judd had been with the Rickers many years at the Poland Spring House, and when the family bought the Samoset he was made manager.

But this year the house is to have a new manager in A. H. Hodgdon, who for several seasons passed managed the Magnolia Hotel, at Magnolia, Mass. No doubt, Judd is doing better by remaining at the Astor, as it will bring him in closer touch with the hotel interests of New York, widen his acquaintance, and get him out of a rut that all Bonifaces fall into who spend many years in the conduct of a resort hotel.

BRESLIN GIVEN A LOVING CUP.

A PLEASING event that followed the opening of the Hotel Wolcott, Breslin's new hotel in Thirty-first street, was the dinner that was given to Mr. Breslin, the night after the opening, and the presentation of a loving cup—a magnificent specimen of the silversmith's art—to him from his friends. The dinner and the cup were given to him by his associate members in the Phoenix Club.

In this town there is an association of
(Continued on page 17.)

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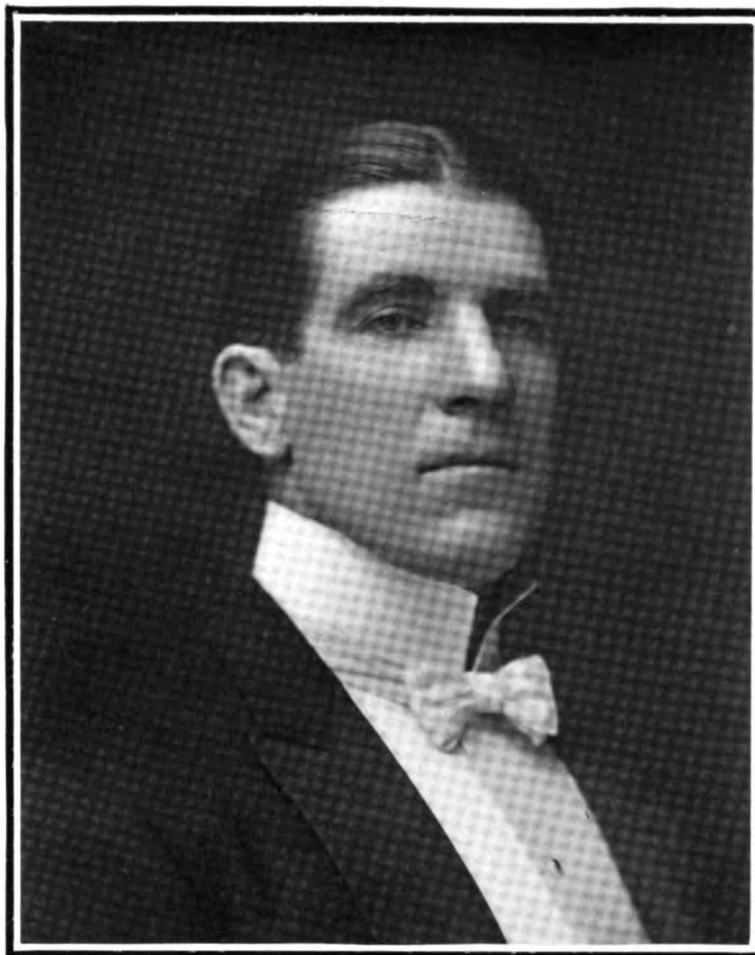


Photo by Benjamin Studio, Cincinnati, O.

MR. R. J. CORBETT, who enjoys the complimentary cognomen of "Gentleman Jim," is on his last vaudeville run, for a time at least. In September he produces his new four-act drama "Pals," written by Edmund Day, and in conjunction with Mr. Hal Davis and Miss Inez Macauley, he fully intends to live up to his record, and will endeavor to make the hit of his dramatic career. Mr. Corbett has now quite a name in the dramatic and vaudeville world, and has consistently adhered to the methods which have succeeded in making him a commendable figure in American theatricals. Personally Mr. Corbett would not strike a stranger as having been a professional boxer. He is a man of more than the average intelligence and education, having in his earlier days been a bank clerk in San Francisco. In fact, it was as an amateur that he first discovered his prowess with the gloves, and by assiduously following the career of a pugilist, he finally attained the highest honors in that line.

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Henry B. Harris, Mgr.

HENRY MILLER

in a new play,

MAN PROPOSES.

SPRINGTIME ECHOES OF THE HOTEL WORLD.

(Continued from page 16.)

good fellows that have a suite of rooms in the Knickerbocker Theatre Building. They call themselves the Phoenix Club, and by the way it may be stated that they are not in the fire insurance business. The membership is made up of men about town in all walks of life, and at the same time men of means. Breslin is a member, and when word was passed that he was to open his new hotel, the Phoenix members got together, made up a good-sized purse, and voted to have a good dinner at the Wolcott the night after the opening, and to present "Jim" with a loving cup. That they did with what the French call great *edat*, and in bumpers of champagne, drank from the cup, "Jim's" health and posterity were wished and hoped for.

Including the guest of the evening, thirty-five sat down, and their names were—all good fellows—Thomas Byrnes, John Burke, Charles A. Brockaway, Thomas J. Byrne, James Kilduff, Arthur H. Lamson, Thomas S. Ollive, G. W. Pringle, J. H. Parker, Isaac Rodman, Fred Rullmann, Henry Rosener, H. A. Rogers, P. C. Ralli, E. T. Slattery, J. H. Scott, E. R. Wilbur, W. J. Wilson, Herman Ellis, Alex. Fraser, H. M. Felker, Simeon A. Henry, George M. Hard, Walter E. Hildreth, John W. Jacobus, Joseph Brooks, Michael Coleman, D. J. Carroll, John W. Cox, Norman J. Cross, R. A. Cooper, Orren Dennett, Henry R. Wolcott and E. M. Youmans.

The night following the Phoenix dinner, "Tom" Byrnes, of police fame, also gave a dinner to "Jim" Breslin. Fifteen sat down. Altogether, the Wolcott started off with a series of good "openings."

BUFFALO'S NEWEST HOTEL.

IT now looks as if the Hotel Lafayette, the hotel that George W. Sweeny, of the Victoria, in this city, and others have built in Buffalo, will open the first week in April. As a hotel town Buffalo is "looking up," and from now on the Iroquois Hotel is not to have all to itself the fashionable trade of the Bison City.

PRINCESS THEATRE.

Broadway and 29th Street.

The Century Players, under the direction of Sydney Rosenfeld, in

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING**THE CENTURY PLAYERS**

Jessie Millward	William Morris
Florence Rockwell	Theodore Roberts
Florence Kahn	Boyd Putnam
Lizzie Hudson Collier	Martin L. Alsop
Ann Warrington	Frank Hatch
Grace Gayler Clark	J. W. Albaugh, Jr.
Louise Mackintosh	Barton Hill
Elouina Oldcastle	Geo. C. Boniface
Mercedes Leigh	Fred Erie
Mildred Morris	L. Rogers Lytton
Harriet Broadhurst	William Herbert
Cora Williams	Clifford Leigh
Ina Brooks	Henry Stockbridge
Fanny Stockbridge	Robert Rogers
Mary Scott	Otis Sheridan
Eugenia Flagg	Frederick Defoe
Augusta Gardner	W. D. Stedman
Marjorie Smith	Johnson Briscoe
Laura Alonso	C. A. Chandos
Josephine Victor	Sidney Lee
Yona Grahm	

R. L. Giffen, Acting Manager
Clarke Quarrier, Auditor
Jules Eckert Goodman, Press Representative

SECOND PLAY

A New and Original Comedy of American Society, by Cleveland Moffett, entitled,

MONEY TALKS

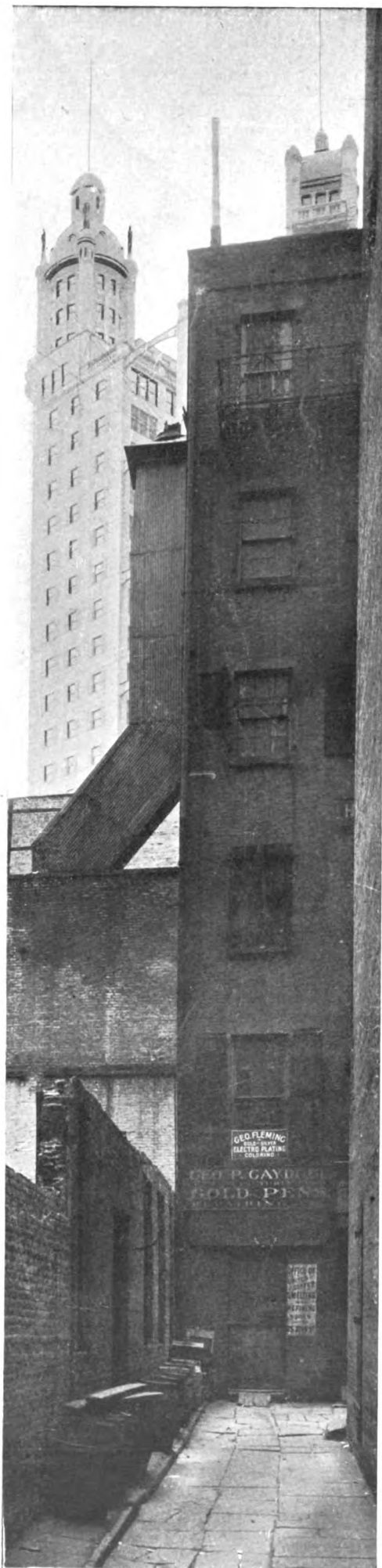
Prices, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50. Boxes, \$10.00
Never any higher, and no speculators, hotel or agency privileges.

ALEXANDER WINTON, THE GENIUS OF AUTOMOBILES.

RECOGNIZED the world over as the foremost as well as the first promoter of the present automobile movement, Alexander Winton is a man of whom America and Americans are justly proud. He is a young man of courage and skill, possessing, moreover, the patience which some philosopher affirmed to be paramount to genius. Several years ago Mr. Winton undertook the difficult task of planning and constructing a "horseless carriage" that could compete with the European manufacturers and even outstrip them in many technical points. Capitalists looked upon the enterprise as impracticable from a business standpoint, engineers and men skilled in mechanics thought the building of a machine that could distance a four-in-hand or a locomotive was impossible, and obstacles of many discouraging kinds were thrown in Mr. Winton's path. Still he persisted, and little by little brought his machine to perfection. At first experimenting with the one-cylinder machine, afterward with the two-cylinder, he has now placed before the world the triumph of mechanism—the four-cylinder machine which is capable of the highest speed, the maximum degree of safety and comfort, and the least possible danger of breaking down on the road even on the most difficult highways and through the hardest seasons of snow, ice and flood.

The Winton Motor Carriage Works at Cleveland, Ohio, are probably the most efficient, modern and up-to-date factories in the world. It is here that thousands of motor cars are turned out every year, and where the experiments are going on constantly with a view to improving every detail of the mechanism. It is a wonderful institution. The works employ an army of skilled men, and each department is brought to the highest pitch of excellence. The Winton cars are seen all over the United States, and even in the remotest parts of the world. In Australia, for instance, Winton cars are used by the government in the mail service, and cars are in practical use in far-off China, India, Japan, throughout the entire continent of Europe, and in South America. Indeed, Winton cars have so far successfully competed with the great French manufacturers in that the mechanism is simpler, less liable to get out of order, and for Americans infinitely preferable in that any repairs that are needed are instantly at hand.

Alexander Winton is a man who will long be honored in America as the undisputed pioneer of automobiling in this country, and one of the few first believers in the possibilities of the motor car in the world. Indeed, when Mr. Winton took hold of the enterprise, the auto was regarded as something for the rich and luxurious, for sport and pastime only. Now, however, the motor car has been brought into the realm of actual, practical daily life—the realm of necessity, as it were. The time is certainly coming when it will be as important and indispensable a factor of our city and country life as is the telephone and the electric light. When it does achieve this point, it certainly will be largely due to Mr. Winton and his earnest colleagues who have fought for years to bring the highest-grade motor car, capable of the maximum degree of speed, comfort and safety, within the reach of men of moderate means. That the nation recognizes in Mr. Winton one of the main pillars of the vast enterprise and the first and foremost advocate of a combination of American brains, skill and efficiency in the ideal vehicle is attested by the wonderful popularity of the Winton carriage which stands to-day unrivalled before the entire world. All honor to Alexander Winton. His motor car is a wonder and worthy of a wonderful man.



THEATRE ALLEY, FAMED IN HISTORY.

IN PREPARATION

THE PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED AND AUTHORITATIVE SPECIAL NEWSPAPER NUMBER of BROADWAY WEEKLY

THIS issue will contain portraits of the editors and publishers of the leading American dailies, weeklies and monthlies, together with portraits of dramatic editors and other special department writers.

The most elaborate special number ever issued for newspaper workers.

BROADWAY WEEKLY
27 EAST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK

OLDEST THEATRE ALLEY.

ALMOST untouched by the progress which has completely changed the district in which it is located, Old Theatre Alley stands in much the same condition as during Colonial times. In it was the stage-door entrance to the first playhouse ever built in New York, and in the days of King George III. it was known as the "Theatre Royal."

The first dramatic performances ever given in this city were by the officers of the English garrison. The Alley is located off Beekman Street at the rear of Park Row.

YOU LOOK AT YOUR NAILS

THEN USE
POLPASTA

Saves time, prevents brittle nails, cures callous cuticle, and gives the nails that peculiar well-cared-for-nicely-polished-look.

Not a Rouge, a Polishing Paste, 25 cts. per Jar

This outfit of
TRADE MARK F.B. MAN
Manicure Goods, by mail for 25 cents.

One F. B. Flexible File.
Six F. B. Emery Boards.
One F. B. Orange Stick.
Sample of Polpasta.
Sample of F. B. Nail Powder.

FORQUIGNON MFG. CO., 17 E. 16th St., New York
Samples and the book "How to Manicure" for 10 cents.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"Yes," said the Arizona landlord, "I remember the party you are looking for. He committed suicide last spring."

"Is it possible!," exclaimed the inquiring friend.

"How did he do it?"

"By stealing a horse," replied the native.

BOND & LILLARD
WHISKEY
IS THE BEST

BROADWAY WEEKLY

VOL. III., No. LIX.

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From a Photograph by Dupont, New York.

MRS. WALLERSTEIN, A HANDSOME NEW YORK HOSTESS.

There is no better-known club-woman in New York than Mrs. Harry Wallerstein, who was a guest of honor at the last meeting of the Eclectic Club.

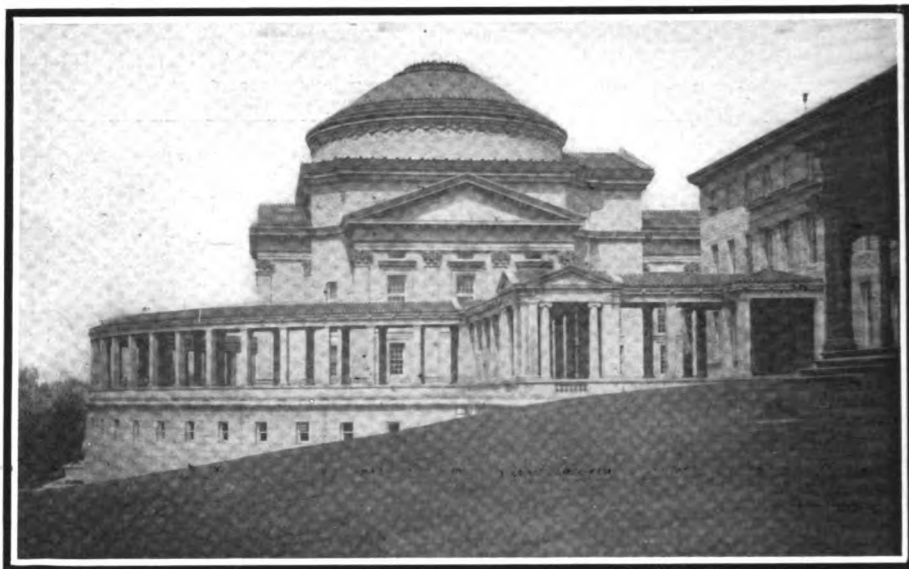
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY AND ITS GREAT WORK.

By GEORGE A. SHERIN.

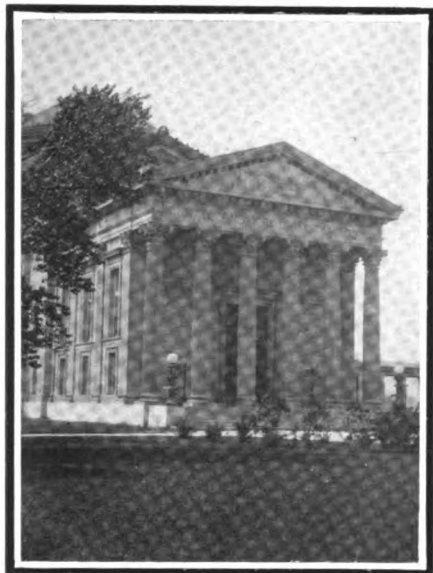
ON the fifteenth of October next year, New York University will celebrate its semi-centennial, and the event should be a source of great pride, not only for the able men who are devoting their lives to the cause of higher education in this country, but for every citizen of New York, of every station and condition of life.

Thus the election of the first council by the original one hundred founders will be fittingly commemorated, and their noble efforts will be immortalized by those who have perpetuated and carried out the great work which was begun in a humble yet unselfish manner. New York University is among the younger foundations, but its career has been a glorious one; and to-day it thrives with all the vigor of the young century which sees its seventy-fifth anniversary. It is a child of the Republic, for it was born—unlike Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Princeton—under the Stars and Stripes. Such a cradle of knowledge should be cherished by every patriotic son and should appeal to all those who contemplate a course at college.

In point of growth, this alma mater has out-



"HALL OF FAME" OF THE NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, FACING THE RIVER



LIBRARY HALL, GIFT OF MISS HELEN M. GOULD.

distanced her older sisters. Of the other five great universities, Harvard is over 265 years old; Yale, 200 years old; Pennsylvania, 160 years

old; Princeton, 155 years old; and Columbia, 150 years old.

In competition with these, which are not far distant from this city, New York University is compelled to offer facilities and instruction equal to theirs, and this requires several millions of dollars. The university which has been reared as a stately pile on the apex of University Heights, has gathered nearly three million dollars, of which every dollar has been given by private citizens.

Compared with the universities of Scotland—St. Andrews, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh, which shelter nearly six thousand students—New York University with its two thousand, and Columbia with its twenty-five hundred, cater to an equal local population, to say nothing of the eighty millions of people all over the United States.

The New York University has accomplished great things upon very much smaller endowments than those of Scotland which are rich in this regard. It is wonderful what the institution has done with such slender means. There are twenty-seven universities or colleges drawing a larger productive endowment, including government appropriations, than New York University. Yet only eight have a larger income from students' fees, which proves that it is a practical and popular foundation in every sense.



GOULD HALL, THE DORMITORY OF THE NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, THE GIFT OF MISS HELEN M. GOULD.

In twenty years New York University has trebled its students, and quadrupled its property. And the extension of the Rapid Transit Subway, directly to the approach of the campus, will do much for education and the university itself. Therefore the coming celebration will have an interest for all the people of New York particularly. The following committee was given charge of the preparations as far back as 1902: Chancellor McCracken, Chairman; Mr. William F. Havemeyer, Mr. Andrew H. Green, Dr. John P. Munn, the Rev. Dr. John Reid, Miss Emily O. Butler, Miss Helen Miller Gould, and Mrs. Eugene Smith.

The first written record of the birth of the university is to be found in the minutes of a meeting of the nine gentlemen named as follows on Dec. 16, 1829:

Rev. J. M. Matthews, 93 Liberty street; Rev. J. M. Wainwright, 1 Rector street; Dr. John Aug. Smith, 8 Park place; Dr. Valentine Mott, 75 Park place; John Delafield, 30 Varick street; Hugh Maxwell, 94 Houston street; I. S. Hone, 66 Greenwich street; and M. Van Schaick, 335 Broadway.

A public meeting was called on Jan. 6, 1830, at the rooms of the Historical Society, and on Oct. 15th a council was elected by the subscribers to the funds. On April 18, 1831, an act of incorporation was obtained, and in 1832 college work was begun. The erection of a university building on Washington square was completed in 1835, and the plan from the beginning included nearly all the professorships comprised to-day in the faculties of the six schools of the New York University. Even the School of Pedagogy was anticipated in a proposed professorship of "The Philosophy of Education and the Instruction of Teachers."

The Graduate School was called the First General Division; and the Undergraduate College, the Second Division.

The Schools of Law and Medicine and Applied Science were all contemplated by the first statutes, and far in advance of anything existing in America. They were not supported by sufficient endowment until the last quarter of the century, to develop them to their full measure. The university, as now existing, comprises under the council eight distinct faculties and Schools of Matriculants, and in addition the Summer School at University Heights, and the Woman's Law Class at Washington square, both made up

of non-matriculant students, enrolled without examination.

In 1853, Professor Morse at the Alumni meeting said:

"Your Philomathean Hall—the room I occupied—that room in the university was the birthplace of the recording telegraph."

In 1839, the application of photography to the representation of the human countenance was invented at the university.

The Medical College was opened on Broadway, opposite Bond street, in 1841, and removed to Fourteenth street, near Irving place, in 1851. The Medical Faculty in 1853 secured the passage of the law legalizing dissection in New York State. The school was removed to East Twenty-sixth street in 1869, and in 1879 the present East Medical College was completed.

A new era was begun in 1890, and the great scheme of expansion opened a vision of prosperity which has given the university the proportions of an oak, which its founders hardly realized would spring from the little acorn they so modestly planted. In 1891 the property now called University Heights was acquired, and in 1894 the College of Arts and Pure Science and the School of Applied Science were removed to the new site.

The Schools of Law and Pedagogy remained at Washington square. The Graduate School di-



"DUCKING A FRESHMAN," A POPULAR SPORT WITH ALL COLLEGE MEN.

also a "boat-house on the water front and several parcels of land which have been purchased for university purposes adjoining the settlement.

The Chancellor of the University is Dr. Henry Mitchell MacCracken, who has occupied the office since 1891. Dr. MacCracken was born at Oxford, O., on Sept. 28, 1840, and graduated at Miami University in 1857. He is a D.D., of

Presbyterian Church, Toledo, O. In 1880 he became Chancellor of the Western University, Pittsburg, and in 1884 he was Vice-Chancellor and Professor of Philosophy at the New York University, holding those positions until 1891, when he entered upon his present duties. In 1867 he was deputy to the Free Church of Scotland, and to the Irish Presbyterian General Assembly in 1884. He is the author of many books and documents of an educational character.

Under Dr. MacCracken's administration the New York University has had most prosperous years, and its future is assured of success from an educational and material standpoint.

This institution has many advantages over the other colleges of its class. The social features are more congenial to real students. Its athletic department and the entertainment features are up to date, but are entirely subservient to the course of study. It is the typical university for Americans, and especially New Yorkers.

Among the leading universities of America, no other has attempted to solve the problem of higher education in a great city by the distribution of its forces at three widely separated localities. This geographical achievement is commemorated by the adoption of the name of "Triangle" for the chief periodical published by the university. It is claimed that distinct advantages have been secured by placing a long distance between the professional schools and the schools of arts and science at the Heights.

The opposite policy of complete concentration prevails in the two cities of America that rank next—namely, Chicago and Philadelphia. It is claimed by New York University that its policy of distribution accords with the present practise of the greatest business corporations. It is one founded on good sense and educational and business utility.



UNDER THE FINE OLD TREES.

vides its work between these two places. These changes were accompanied by a complete reorganization into one university system. In 1897 the Medical Faculty was thoroughly reconstructed. Other important changes were the consolidation of the university in 1895 with the Metropolis Law School; in 1898, the Bellevue Hospital Medical College and the University School consolidated under the new title of the University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College; and in 1899 the two Veterinary Schools of New York were made one under the name of the New York American Veterinary College.

In 1900 was the opening of the School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance, also the founding of the "Hall of Fame," and in 1903 the opening of the college extension at Washington square.

The original name of the University of the City of New York was changed by the University Regents of the State of New York, with the consent of the University Corporation, on March 19, 1896, to that of the New York University.

The gift of Miss Helen Gould of the Library Building and Gould Hall was in 1895. The establishment of morning, afternoon and evening instruction in law was decided upon in 1895, and a four-years' course in medicine was adopted in 1896.

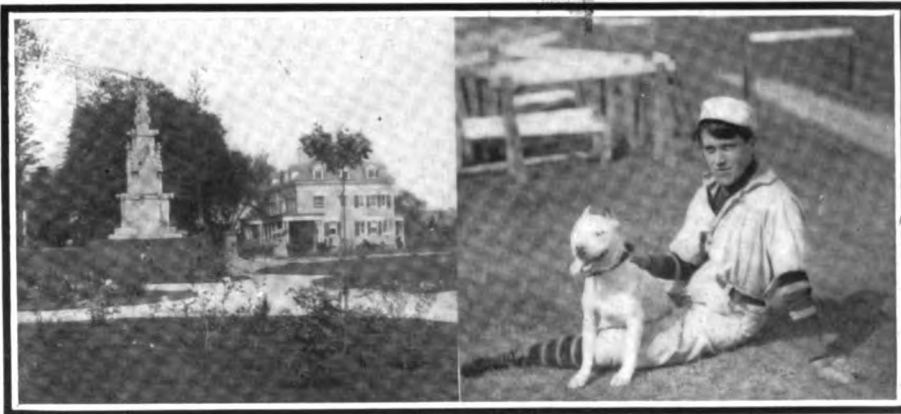
The tract included in the college campus comprises more than twenty-two acres, and there is



N. Y. U. MAN, PUTTING THE SHOT.

Wittenberg, 1878, and an LL.D., of Miami, 1887. He studied at the United Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Xenia, O., the Princeton Theological Seminary, and Tübingen and Berlin universities.

From 1857 to 1860 he was a teacher and school superintendent, and in 1863 he became pastor of the Westminster Church, Columbus, O., remaining there until 1868, when he went to the

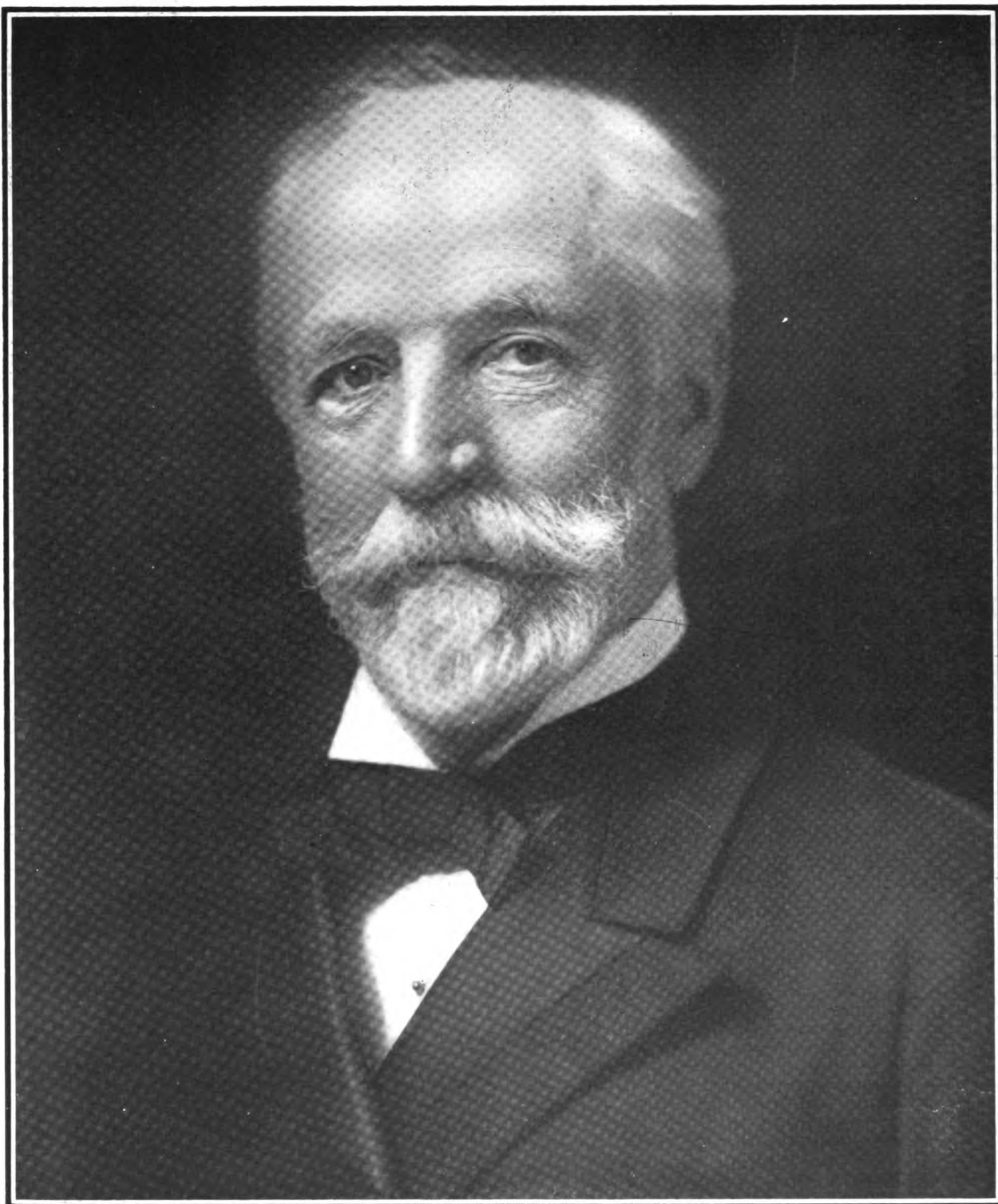


THE GRACEFUL FOUNDER'S MONUMENT AND GLIMPSE OF CAMPUS.



CAPTAIN OF THE FOOTBALL AND BASEBALL TEAMS AND HIS MASCOT.

CHANCELLOR MACCRACKEN AS I SAW HIM.



DR. HENRY MICHAEL MACCRACKEN, CHANCELLOR OF NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

As he stood there in the reception room of the New York University, with his tall, well-knit form limned against the background, while through the windows came a glimpse of the fine rolling sward of the campus, and above and all around was the free, open aspect of outdoors, it seemed to me that here was a man who fitted both time and place.

Chancellor MacCracken has the faculty of being able without an effort to impress on others the force and strength of a personality that has had much to do with the progress of an institution of which New York is justly proud. He stands well up against his background, neither too spare nor too portly. His head, well poised and masterful, is set firmly on shoulders that display strength, with the merest suggestion of a thoughtful stoop.

Perhaps the first feature about the Chancellor which attracts the attention is his eye—an eye

that is direct and searching in its glance. There is nothing of the weakling about any man who looks straight out and at you as Chancellor MacCracken does.

The Chancellor, though a native of Ohio, and having had an academic training, being a graduate of a number of prominent American and Continental universities, is, though an American first, a fine type of the cosmopolitan, as the head of such a seat of learning should be. During my full hour's discussion with the Chancellor, I could not help noting his strong, firm grasp of the world's affairs; his astonishing knowledge of those things which only indirectly have to do with his every-day life, and finally the affectionate regard and deep, almost reverential pride he felt for the New York University, which has become so distinct and definite a part of his life's work.

The Chancellor's voice has the vibrant quality

found only in men of great mental and physical vigor. There is a magnetic tone in it that must surely have been responsible for the Chancellor's success; but there are softer measures which tell of the repression and the self-control which must always be a part of the student.

And as this man, who has so firmly left his impress on the educational life of New York, led me through the beautiful buildings of his official home, he spoke with gentle pride of his university, of his hopes and his ambitions, and throughout it all shone the spirit of a father who works not only with his brain, but with his heart, for "the boys" and those who look to him as guide and mentor.

And when I left that winning, but forceful personality, it seemed less strange to me that New York University should have become such a potent factor in American life during the past few years. Digitized by GEORGE A. SHERIN.

NEW YORK POLITICS.

NO MORE POLICE POLITICS.

"I THINK that the public really believes now that Tammany stands for clean government," said Secretary Thomas F. Smith the other night at the Democratic Club. "We have been very patient, but all the obloquy thrown around during the last campaign only recoiled upon those who dealt in it."

"You would be surprised if you knew all the Republicans and persons who take very little interest in politics, who have sent word that they appreciate what Democrats are doing for New York in giving it a good government. It has had a stronger effect upon National politics than any influence that could be found."

NO PRESS AGENTS NEED APPLY.

DURING the Low administration a large staff of reporters made the City Hall their headquarters, expecting a good story to crop up at any hour of the day or night. For the first few weeks or months of Mayor Low's term, there was not a day that some alleged sensation was not forthcoming.

Generally this took the form of a statement that the Reformers had discovered some gross irregularity in the acts of the former administration. Or else it was a rumor that the Mayor or one of his cabinet was about to inaugurate some great improvement which would astonish New Yorkers.

"Just tack up a notice stating that we are not in need of any press agents," remarked Senator Plunkitt at his throne in the corridor the other day. "I have watched the newspapers closely and find that there has been plenty of good solid news since Mayor McClellan came here; but it has not been of the hysterical or faith-cure order."

WHERE IS MR. JEROME AT?

"TOUCHIN' on and 'pertainin' to the best ever," said Warley Platzek, "he had a great admiration for Mr. Jerome during the campaign. Yet the 'best ever' has not opened his mouth since; at least not in the characteristic fashion he was wont to. All of which goes to prove that William of Eighth avenue has some discretion, at least that which is the better part of valor."

"Mr. Jerome in a very chivalrous and graceful way has admitted that Tammany is doing better than any other administration ever did for the city."

There are no more picnics, balls or parties in the Devery zone, and there is little hope of any outings for the poor babies on the block when the bluebirds sing. And the "best ever" has not yet said what he thinks of Mayor McClellan.

DR. COX IS JOYFUL.

"I'LL win out yet," was the remark of Dr. Cox, who gravitates between the Manhattan and the Democratic clubs.

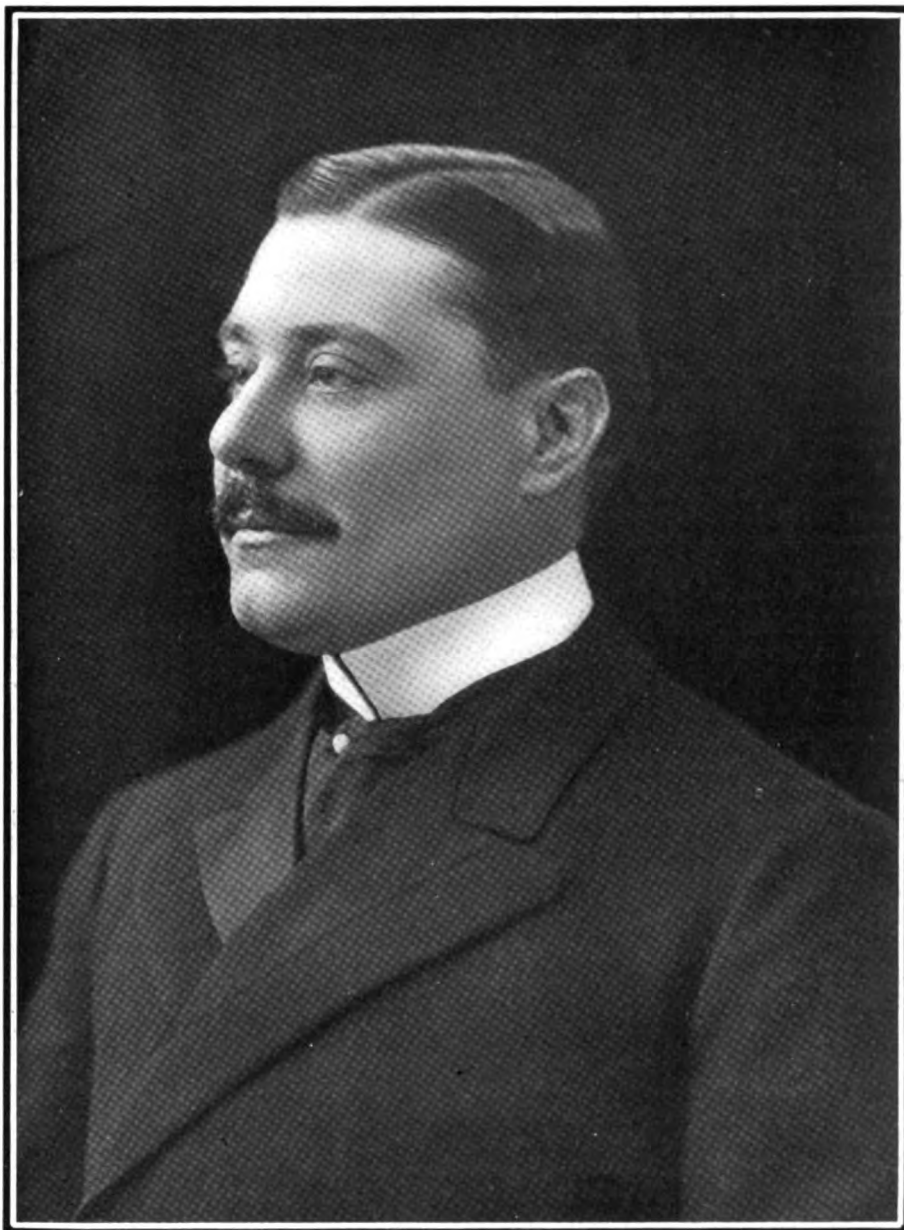
The doctor, who is a rich man, is rather radical in his political opinion as judged by the prevailing standard at the clubs in question. At these places nothing but the Cleveland brand is popular. Recently he bet quite a large sum with former Mayor Van Wyck and Tax Commissioner O'Donnell that Mr. Cleveland would not get the Presidential nomination, and that if he did, he would not be elected.

When the news came from Albany that the Parker men had secured more votes than the Murphy men, the doctor was triumphant. Not that he favors Parker, but the event showed that there were many State leaders who objected to Cleveland.

"You people had the laugh on me the other day," he said to a group, "but I'll have the last laugh, sure."

J. D. B.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM NEW YORK.



CONGRESSMAN JACOB RUPPERT, JR., OF NEW YORK CITY.

THERE is no man in Congress more in touch with his constituency by reason of his business activity and many interests in Greater New York than Colonel Jacob Ruppert, Jr., who has represented the Fifteenth District a number of years. When he consented to run on the Democratic ticket, it was because the leaders knew he could carry it against any other candidate the Republicans could nominate. It was a business sacrifice, because he was a young man with a brilliant commercial future before him.

Now, every time his term runs out, he is begged to accept a nomination for the party's sake. The Colonel is a plain matter-of-fact man, who is influential in legislation because he knows what the plain people of the land want. He is gifted with good common sense, and can deal with conditions regardless of fancy theory. In committee, such men are invaluable, and only those acquainted with life at the Capitol are aware of the labor done by congressmen and senators, which never goes on record, and never is referred to by the newspapers.

Colonel Ruppert, who is a member of the great family of brewers, and who was educated to take the head of the firm, was born in New York on

August 5, 1867. He was educated at the Columbia College Grammar School. He was appointed an aide-de-camp, with the rank of Colonel, on the staff of Governor Hill, and subsequently became senior aide on the staff of Governor Flower.

He first ran for Congress in 1898, is a strong Democrat and stands high in the councils of his party.

Colonel Ruppert has owned some of the most famous prize-winners at all the dog shows, and his St. Bernard kennels contain many of the best strains which were ever brought to this country. He loves dogs and horses, and is the proprietor of several great thoroughbreds, which have been entered in the big racing events.

Personally he is a fine specimen of physique, and is genial, whole-souled and extremely popular.

When it is considered that the German population of New York outnumbers that of any other class of nationality, and that it represents enormous wealth, and a very desirable element of citizenship, it is not to be wondered at that the political leaders are anxious for Colonel Ruppert's influence.

The Congressman is a member of many clubs, and an honorary member of innumerable social and benevolent organizations.

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AN ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL
OF METROPOLITAN LIFE.

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Vol. III. NEW YORK, MARCH 31, 1904. No. LIX

ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY Editor

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear later something to your advantage by addressing Broadway Weekly, 27 East 21st Street, New York.

POLITICAL COMPETITION A GOOD SIGN.

BENEATH the surface of the movements for the advancement of the interests of the many who have been named as likely candidates for the Presidential nomination, there is a united undercurrent of enthusiasm, which bodes well for the party at large. It demonstrates that there is a well-defined impression, if not a certainty, that the party can win. At present the leaders are in the public eye because they are trying to find out the preferences of the people, but it is a notable fact that while all are agreed the outlook is most favorable, there is absolutely no one candidate who overshadows all the others. The opinion of Mr. Charles F. Murphy, that he considered Mr. Cleveland the man who could certainly be elected, was purely tentative, and the leader made it distinctly plain that he was willing to leave the selection to the National Convention, without any inspiration from any section, or the State Convention or State Committee.

So that really the race is an open one, with no candidate so strong that he can win the nomination without a fair competition for it. Never in any former Presidential year were the lines so dim as far as candidates are concerned. But if the name of the head of the ticket cannot as yet be divined, there is no doubt that the reforms which will be demanded by the platform are already clear. There could be no more healthy sign for the party, and consequently for the country at large, when there is a competitive interest in any nomination. The Democratic situation is in strong contrast in this respect with that of the Republican. There is nothing but doubt in the latter party. The conditions very much resemble those of 1892, and it is a good omen that men like Richard Olney, John G. Carlisle, Bourke Cochran, and Senator Daniells are to the fore in predicting victory. Any differences which may exist are not organic, and when the National Convention shall have made its choice, it will be found that all are working for the man named, with a will and determination to place him in the Presidential chair.

INSTRUCTED DELEGATIONS ARE UNWISE.

IN the discussion which has been in progress over the selection of a delegation to the National Convention by Democrats, the logical point has been lost sight of. It has been argued by former Senator David B. Hill, that the State Convention should pass a resolution instructing the delegation to vote as a unit for some particular man; in this instance, presumably, Judge Parker. If this action were decided upon, then, with the exception of the chairman of the delegation, the members would go to St. Louis with their hands bound, so far as expressing their preference goes.

A delegation of mutes might just as well be placed on the ticket, because if they had their sight, they would be able to see the World's Fair, anyhow. Otherwise, they could obey the Japanese injunction

to young girls: "You must not hear, you must not talk, you must not see." Ergo, if it only takes one man to cast the vote decided upon before the delegation leaves New York, why spend any money in sending others with him to see him announce their vote, nilly-willy. In this light, mathematically and paradoxically, one vote is worth as much as a hundred, and Mr. Hill and his advisers might as well settle the matter for ever, by having the next Democratic Convention adopt a rule permitting delegates to send their chairman only, who could answer the roll-call, and transact all the routine in their names, and save the cost of time and money. And be it remembered, that the very particular business for which they go to a convention—the selection of candidates under the rule of an instructed delegation—is all settled before the members embark on the train.

Then why do they go to a convention? They are a bunch of Othellos as far as occupation goes, after they agree upon an instructed delegation. Folly could not overreach itself any farther in the superheated atmosphere of political humor. Above all things, be consistent with your foundations, for there are castles in the air here, as well as in Spain.

RACING AS A NATIONAL NECESSITY.

THERE is a large class of persons, and it includes many who are interested in racing as a sport, which views the contention of the rarest strains of horseflesh with an entirely wrong impression. There is a serious side of the question, not connected with betting losses or the gambling feature. It is the maintenance of the high standard of the American thoroughbred. It has been found necessary to import representatives of pedigreed families in the aristocracy of the equine, which principle of propagation has developed all the races, human and animal, to the present point of perfection.

The native horse whose prehistoric presence on this hemisphere is lost to aboriginal research, is unequalled for virtues which are racy of the glorious soil of its prairie heather. Nature provided well in giving man such a companion as the American broncho; but the demands of the times call for a larger and more temperate class of steed than the fiery, if faithful burro. It is in this connection that some of the wealthy men of the country have done a lasting service to the people at large. The most prominent of these in this generation was the late Mr. William C. Whitney; and it is only now, when the turf has closed over this honorable gentleman, that the Nation can really appreciate the great work he did during his life toward the production and education of a type of horse which would lead the world in its department, as other things American have done in their special field.

The horse had a friend in Mr. Whitney. He had studied its character as well as its strength. None knew better than he its good and bad points, and he had produced great results by the treatment which he adopted in his management of an immense breeding and training establishment. It is to be doubted if any monarch whose fame is encrusted with all the glitter of ancient magnificence, Biblical in its halo, ever possessed the kings of the equine race in the quality and multitude of Mr. Whitney's retinue.

ROOSEVELT'S CONFIDENCE IN SENATOR PLATT.

THE announcement that President Roosevelt was not in any manner seeking to direct or influence the anteconvention spirit of the Republican leaders of New York State was nothing sudden to those who knew of the confidence which the President places in Senator Platt. Some interested persons sought to convey the impression that the President had asked Governor Odell to take up his cause and act as his representative in securing delegates in the Roosevelt interest to the National Convention. Indeed, the mysterious actions of the Governor and the statement that he had been invited to Washington for this purpose led many to believe that it was true. But the President has effectually put a stop to this gossip, and it is plain that he recognizes Senator Platt as the only leader of National importance in New York State. The latter has remained silent during all the absurd rumors concerning the situation; but his imprimatur is a *sine qua non* with the Executive at Washington in all matters pertaining to New York.

DAVID BELASCO AND HIS STARS.



MR. BELASCO, AS HE APPEARS IN HIS LATEST PORTRAIT.

DAVID BELASCO, though a native of San Francisco, is thoroughly cosmopolitan both in art and personality. He is a playwright, a manager, and a producer of that form of ability usually designated as genius. He stands alone, his ideal being the truest high art. All his plays

have that indefinable charm designated as atmosphere. Four of his productions that stand forth with unerring significance are "Zaza," "Du Barry," "The Darling of the Gods" and "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." He has a high sense of the dignity and mission of the stage, and his constant

struggle is to maintain his ideals and to present casts of artistic excellence. Mr. Belasco is a student and a dreamer, but one who has the ability to make his dreams materialise in trenchant form, and who refuses to compromise where it is a question of art vs. the mercenary spirit.

DAVID BELASCO AND HIS STARS.



MRS. LESLIE CARTER IN THE FAMOUS TITLE ROLE OF "ZAZA."

MRS. LESLIE CARTER stands practically alone in her profession. There is no other actress quite like her in method, temperament or personality. She need never have done anything more than that superb *Zaza* and *Du Barry* in order to impress theatre-goers with the fact that here is a woman who acts with her brains, and with all the power and strength and superb physical and mental force that her Creator has given her. She is, perhaps, the greatest of English-speaking actresses. Her

finesse is remarkable, and she never misses the deepest human note.

The public's first distinct and pleasant recollection of Mrs. Carter was as *Maryland Calvert* in "The Heart of Maryland." From this to *Zaza* was merely a step higher in intensity—for *Zaza* was afire with the palpitant breath of a living woman. Her passion was all-compelling.

Then came "*Du Barry*," another triumph quite as distinct. Here we have the *Louis* favorite of romance and history in a great play,

surrounded by the most expert of stage management, and the deft, clever lines of an experienced stage writer—but all these are dominated by the great force of the woman herself.

Mrs. Carter has probably not yet done her greatest work, although *Zaza* and *Du Barry* might easily mark the pinnacle of any actress's ambition. She is a fine example of what can be done with ability and a great capacity for "work." Mrs. Carter is on a plane with Bernhardt, Duse and other great players of our day.

DAVID BELASCO AND HIS STARS.



BLANCHE BATES, THE STAR OF "THE DARLING OF THE GODS."

A FEW seasons ago a young woman of striking presence and undoubted ability, who had been favorably known in the West, came to New York and began to make an impression on metropolitan theatre-goers. Her first undoubted hit was as *Cigarette* in "Under Two Flags" under Mr. Belasco's management. As the girl of the army, Miss Bates made *Cigarette* a splendid creature of bone and sinew, of soft gentleness and tigerish anger. Then she appeared as *Madam Butterfly* in David Belasco's play of the

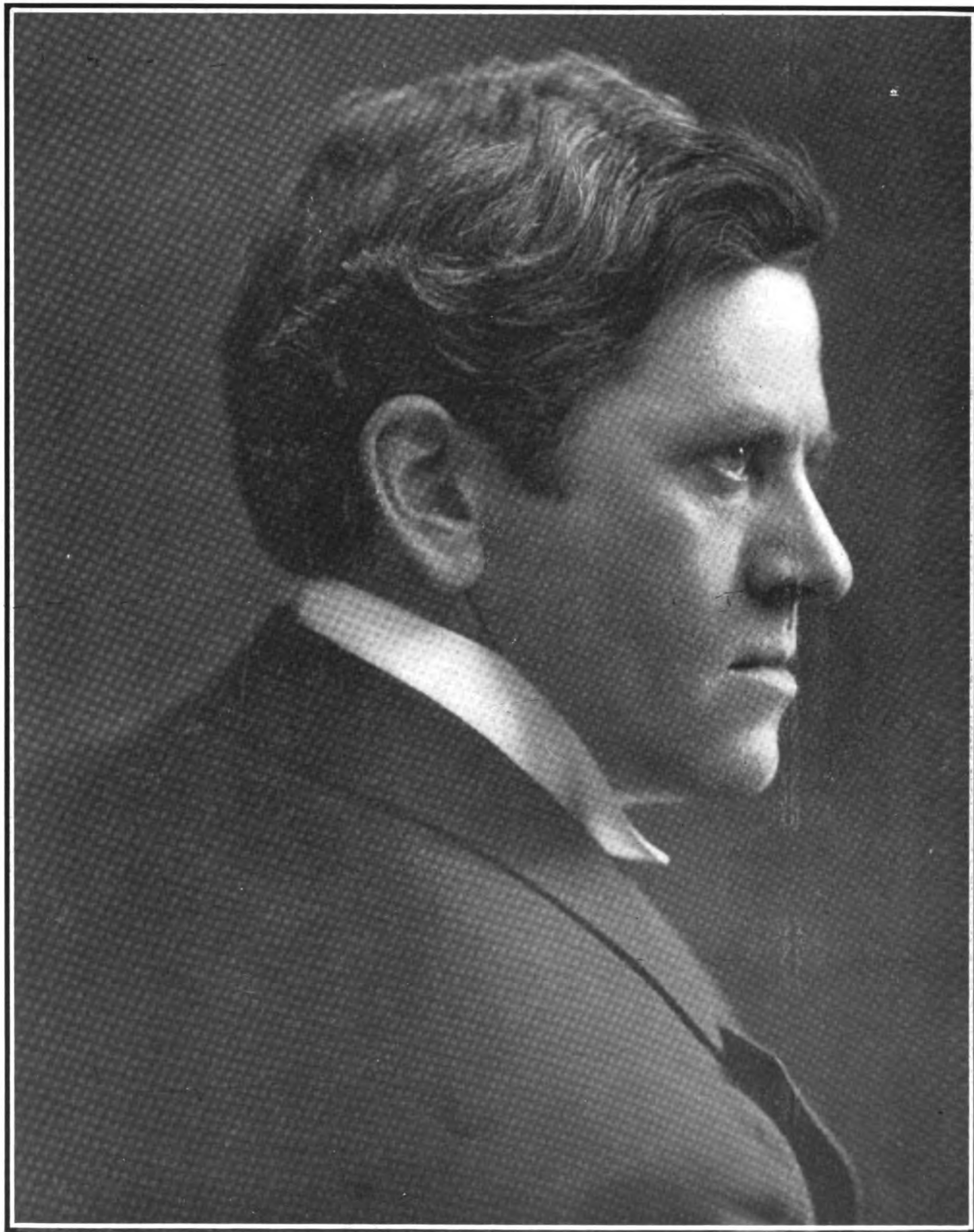
same name. Mr. Belasco decided to give her something more artistic to perform—something that more nearly measured up to the latent dramatic depths which he believed were hers. His play, "The Darling of the Gods," was the result, and Miss Bates was cast for *Yo San*.

In the Belasco-Long work, Miss Bates forsook the directness of the modern drama and entered the portals of the mystic East. Her *Yo San* is as colorful as the poppy, as wild as the fastnesses of her native mountains, and as

loving as love itself. No finer stage picture of the Eternal power and self-abnegation of true love have ever been shown than this love of *Yo San* and *Prince Kara*—a love that lasts through life and death, and is strong and tender at the end of a thousand years. In this respect "The Darling of the Gods" is the most splendid apotheosis of love ever offered to the public.

Miss Bates is also a comedienne of finished ability and rich experience, and is now a star of accepted standing and drawing power.

DAVID BELASCO AND HIS STARS.



DAVID WARFIELD, THE EMINENT YOUNG AMERICAN ACTOR.

MR. WARFIELD is peculiarly an actor of temperament. He amply proved this even when he played a number of seasons in rôles that were distinctly similar. While these at first were of the broad comedy order, there was always an underlying something that cropped out at odd times and showed the difference between the ordinary farceur and the finished actor. He has been well called "the comedian of pathos."

Mr. Warfield has contributed a distinct char-

acter to the American stage. His Hebrew is not the gibbering, foolish and impossible creature that he is made by so many so-called comedians. Mr. Warfield's Jew of the Ghetto is a homely, God-fearing man, with a quiet streak of humor and a fine, strong, enduring faith in his people, and withal a man of intelligence and a nice turn of wit. "The Auctioneer," with Mr. Warfield as the star, limned on his dramatic canvas the beautiful character of the old patriarch, who, through all the vicissitudes of wealth and pov-

erty, is still simple, though not ignorant, with a love for his wife and family that is as touching as it is faithful to the life of the Jew. Mr. Warfield's characterization is as fine a piece of work as the *Rip Van Winkle* of Mr. Jefferson or the *Beau Brummel* of Mr. Mansfield, and he is now rated in the same class with these great artists.

Mr. Warfield is to star next season in a new play, and is to-day looked upon as an actor of the highest artistic attainments and the greatest ambition.

WHAT NEW YORK'S SMART SET IS DISCUSSING.

MICHAEL DAVITT, the great Irish agitator, has been in town lately. It is hard to believe that the stout, matronly-looking woman, who accompanies him, is the slender little maiden he wooed and won some fifteen years ago. There is a pretty romance attached to their courtship which has never yet been talked over the teacups. It was on the occasion of his first visit to California, and the Catholic *haut ton*, as the six hundred is called in the West, rose *en masse* to do themselves proud in entertaining them. His wife, formerly May Yore, at that time was barely sixteen years of age. Day after day she could be seen with her bag of schoolbooks, wending her way to the Sacred Heart Convent, on Lake Merritt, in Oakland. Her aunt, Mrs. Cattnach, being one of the prominent Catholics in Oakland, naturally did her share in entertaining the Irish hero. She wined him and dined him, lunched him and lionized him, and, in short, became his social god-mother, and, although she was fair, fat and forty, people said that, after all, it wouldn't be such a bad match for Mr. Davitt. It takes no modest income to be a hero and successful agitator. One Sunday, Mrs. Cattnach invited a few choice souls to dinner, and as May never went to the convent on Sunday, she put on a clean, white muslin dress, just reaching to her shoe tops, tied a blue sash around her waist, while her long curly black hair hung around her shoulders in childish fashion. She looked just what she was, the simple, blushing schoolgirl.

During dinner Michael Davitt recited the story of his life, May listened attentively, her pretty face lighted up with smiles. At one point, the hero pointed dramatically to his armless sleeve. The simple, affectionate maiden burst into sympathetic tears, while her slender figure shook with sobs. Her aunt looked on with tender satisfaction. At the sight of those tears the virgin heart of Michael Davitt, hitherto unsullied by the praises and advances of the eligible world, was captured. Before the month was out, he proposed and was accepted. May Yore exchanged her girlish frocks for a bridal robe. It was reported that a large bit of the wealthy aunt's fortune went to Ireland with her niece. There were many who felt that it would have been wiser and more becoming if the gentleman had chosen a wife of maturer years. There were many Catholic women of Irish descent in San Francisco who could have filled this requirement, gracefully, satisfactorily and willingly. It was hard to be outwitted by a mere schoolgirl. But there is no accounting for the envy of some people, and it is impossible to satisfy everybody, except with Ruinart.

WHEN the season in New York is on the wane, the season at Monte Carlo is at its height, and the Gothamites, who have been entertaining lavishly during the winter, somewhat beyond their means, flock by the hundreds into that resort of the fashionable, the impecunious and the debt-burdened, to recoup their fallen fortunes. One doesn't even have to admit one is playing in earnest. It is all in a day's amusement, but oftentimes it is a desperately serious game. A napoleon skilfully placed, may double, treble, even quadruple, before the evening is over. The modistes in Paris watch with anxiety the fortunes of the Americans at the gaming table, for the more money taken in by the croupiers, the less handsome the gowns will be. Of course, we are not all so blessed as Harrison Power, who, after winning twenty-five thousand dollars in one week, had so little use for his money that he was able to play the gentleman bountiful and distribute ten thousand



From a photograph by Dupont, New York

MISS L. C. DORN.

Miss Dorn is a debutante of the season and is greatly admired. She is decidedly literary and is witty, bright and accomplished as well as being a society beauty. Intellectually she is much sought after because of her conversational charms.

dollars of it to the poor. It is not mentioned whether these deserving poor belonged to his own set or not.

WHAT has become of Mrs. James Ruggles? It is not a year ago since we read of her engagement to a rich Long Islander, and since that time she seems to have disappeared from the face of the earth, for no one seems to know where she is. As Grace Baldwin she was a belle, and moved in New York's most exclusive set. But after her marriage to Mr. Ruggles, she settled down into a life of domesticity. She lived in a small old-fashioned house in West Eighteenth street, the keynote of which was simplicity. She was always well gowned, but never wore a jewel or feather. In fact, she carried her simplicity to such a degree that we

believed it to be elegance and stripped our sideboard of its silver and china superfluities, and, like Mrs. Ruggles, left only a cutglass water-bottle to adorn it. When Mr. Ruggles died and the will was read, the widow found that all her economies had been needless, for he had left a large fortune. She immediately eschewed elegant simplicity, came out in crepe and mourning jewels, and adopted a style of living that savored of luxury and lavish expenditure. The sideboard groaned with its weight of silver and fancy china. The water-bottle had only been enforced simplicity. The modest governess was discharged and Miss Grace, her only daughter, at once became a member of a most expensive and highly exclusive boarding-school. Her young son was supplied with an automobile, and began to hold his own with the money-spending set at

college. Mrs. Ruggles' period of mourning is over, and there is no reason why she should not take her place in society. But no one sees her, only once in a while it is reported that she is about to renounce her widowhood.

AT present the six hundred is here, there and everywhere, but in New York, for its best of the season is over. Mrs. Astor has gone abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, Sr., are in Paris. After all, it wasn't very comfortable for them out here. The Belmont faction, with the Duchess of Marlborough backing it, is too strong for a man of so gentle and courteous a calibre as William K. Vanderbilt. Willie K. is no match for the Smart Set. He is a bit too old-fashioned. Mrs. Willie K., Jr., is at Aiken, or somewhere in the South. Little Muriel, her three-year-old daughter, has been very ill at the New York home, and now, with her nurse, is convalescing at the Country Club. One can't help asking impertinent questions. Why isn't mamma with Muriel? But, perhaps, she is devoting herself to the new baby. Let us hope so, at least.

Devoted mothers are not the fashion. Although Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs is bringing up her boy on strait-laced principles, she does it by proxy, through nurses and tutors. There is little doubt that Hermann, Jr., will follow in the footsteps of John Rockefeller, Jr., and will have his catechism class at the Cathedral, and in due time be knighted by the Pope. We have a Countess Leary, why not a Count Oelrichs? His good, old-fashioned grandmother, Mrs. Theresa Fair, while not to the manner born—although she never took to society, nor society to her—nevertheless considered it her duty to chaperone Tessie even into the heart of the innermost circle. She was a silent, good-natured soul, and watched the progress of her ambitious daughter through its various stages of success, until she became the wife of Hermann Oelrichs. As soon as Tessie married, she took her young sister Birdie under her wing, launched her into fashionable life and wedded her to a Vanderbilt.

YOUNG Hugo Baring, a member of the famous English banking family, had better see to it that his English kinfolk are not added to the list of those who are inclined to boycott Americans in the exclusive circles of Mayfair. Rumor has it that young Hugo is in America in search of a desirable alliance. In that case the bride must show a good social status, as the Baring family have a standing equal to any peer in England. No porkpacker's or brewer's daughters need apply. Some years ago his brother, Cecil, married Mrs. T. Suffern Tailor, nee Lorillard. Wealthy as the Baring

family is, the tidy little fortune of Maud Lorillard was not unacceptable.

MRS. FREDERICK NATHAN, of West Eighty-sixth street, has been entertaining considerably this winter. She is as philanthropic as she is fashionable, and as fashionable as she is philanthropic, and that means the superlative of both. Whatever she undertakes, whether it be a reform movement or a fancy dress ball, she carries it to a triumphant issue. She is, so to speak, a fashionable agitator, and will not let the women of her set don their handsome garments in peace. She worked society into a fever and wouldn't give them invitations till they refused to receive packages from the stores after five o'clock, and she forced the leading merchants in Broadway and Fifth avenue to provide their clerks with seats and give them a half holiday every week in summer. With it all, she is delightfully inconsistent, which means she is a charming woman. Not long ago, she read a paper before a meeting in which she depicted the



From a Photograph by Dupont, New York.

MRS. MILTON S. GUITERMAN.

Mrs. Milton S. Guiterman is one of the younger matrons of the exclusive social set, and her receptions are attended by people who are not only notable socially, but who are musical and literary in their tastes. She is very proud of her handsome son, with whom she has been much photographed. Her husband is a leader at the bar, and is well known in the financial district in which he is counsel to many of the large corporations.

GREW TALL AND INCREASED HIS SALARY.

ONE of the most successful of the matinee heroes now receiving the handsome stipend of five hundred dollars a week, was only a short time ago a stunted, round-shouldered and ill-formed man of unprepossessing appearance, but a vast deal of talent. For this talent he was engaged by a certain prominent impresario at a small salary, and given parts of minor importance on account of his not having sufficient stature to assume a leading rôle. Sometime afterward, however, the same actor presented himself to the manager for a re-engagement and surprised the latter by an appearance of renewed vigor and an increased height and straightness that completely changed the man's presence. He was re-engaged at a higher salary, and from that time forth became a fixture in the matinee world.

When asked about the great change which had come over the man, he reluctantly admitted that

it was not altogether on account of his personal endeavors, but by the adoption of a system known as the Cartilage system, invented by K. Leo Minges, of Rochester, New York—a young man who was himself afflicted in a similar manner as the young actor. Mr. Minges tried the system on himself and was gratified to discover that it was so successful that he increased his own height to six-feet-two, and was induced by his friends to give the world the benefit of a system which others had failed to discover and put into practical use. By this system any person, man or woman, can increase his or her stature from two to five inches by a method at once simple and effective. A book has been published on the subject, and this will be sent upon application to any applicant by merely writing the Cartilage Co., Dept. B. W., Rochester, New York.

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horrors of the sweatshop, the long hours, unsanitary conditions, the beggarly pittance the workers received. She concluded by beseeching her audience not to purchase any garments unless marked with a certain label, which signified that they had been made under proper conditions. The dear, gentle creature was draped from head to foot in real lace. She had evidently been too busy to study the condition of the lacemakers abroad, or else she thought that the pretty Italian girls worked under the orange trees to the music of the tambourine. The bare facts of the case of this beautiful piece of handiwork is so uncomfortable that we hesitate to disillusion her, and would rather let her think it woven by the spider.

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NO woman will deny that a fine complexion is a long step towards actual beauty. Every woman should know also that Dr. Dys' Sachets de Toilette Sève Dermale and Dysaline Cream is the simplest and also the most effective remedy for the complexion known to modern science.

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These Sachets, boxed daintily in lots of 50, except the Sachet de Jeunesse, containing 60, are sold as follows: Perles, per box, \$7.50; Beauté, per box, \$6.25; Fraicheur, \$5.00; Jeunesse, Aubépine and Concentré, \$3.75, respectively; Simple, \$1.75.

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PLAYS AND PLAYERS OF THE WEEK.

By ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY.

THE CENTURY PLAYERS AT THE PRINCESS.

SYDNEY ROSENFELD had no easy task in gathering a company of stock players which would compare favorably with those great aggregations of stock talent of recent years. In some respects Mr. Rosenfeld has shown excellent discrimination. In other instances he probably merely trimmed his sails to fit the dramatic weather conditions. "Much Ado About Nothing" is not the severest task set for any company. It is full of parts that fairly play themselves, and yet it offers dangerous shoals for the manager because tradition is ripe and the public's memory good.

It can be safely said that Mr. Shakespeare wrote a pretty good comedy and therefore we are concerned only with the players. First, last and all the time, we should begin with Jessie Millward, as finely tempered an actress as we have with us to-day. Her *Beatrice*, that sparkling feather-brained, chattering, but womanly niece of *Leonato*, is choke-full of the fire, energy and sparkle that Shakespeare intended. I must freely admit that if I have any prejudice, it is in favor of Miss Millward, for I have never seen her do an unworthy thing—not even in that most unfortunate dramatic freak, "Phroso," than which nothing more fiercely bad ever came out of a book. Miss Millward not only has had a long experience, but she also has the rare ability of being able to mold her own personality to fit parts which obviously were not written for her—and this she does with *Beatrice*. Only in the tenderer lines does she miss a whit of the rôle of the poet's deepest meaning.

Miss Rockwell as *Hero*, the purring, colorless, love-sick maid, is pretty, if not effective. But

then, no doubt, Shakespeare never intended *Hero* to be anything but the merest plaything.

Amongst the men, Theodore Roberts shows the richest and ripest spirit. His *Leonato* is strong in fibre and classic in spirit. The tender love of a father, the gentle forbearance of an uncle, and the outraged dignity of the parent are shown in all the most subtle shades of significance. The jump from "Arizona" to "Much Ado About Nothing" is spectacular, but Mr. Roberts makes it with a sure step.

The *Don Pedro* of Boyd Putnam is princely in person and withal a manly rendition of a fine character, barring Mr. Putnam's maddening laugh, which could be very nicely trimmed on the edges without hurting either Mr. Putnam's voice or his auditors' ear-drums.

The *Don John* of Martin L. Alsop is sufficient saturnine. It also fairly reeks with a Mephistophelian beauty. In fact, Mr. Alsop looks as if he might any moment break into a high, clear song praise of his own good looks.

Mr. Morris plays *Benedick*, and plays it very well or very badly, according to your point of view. His conception of the part seems to be that *Benedick* was an even-tempered, calm-browed man, who never allowed his voice to rise above a pleasant monotone, and who was inspired with all the fire of a large, well-dampened sponge. According to some great actors I have seen, *Benedick* was not exactly of this stripe. Admitting, however, that Mr. Morris's conception of the part is correct, his *Benedick* is a great performance.

Wallace Eddinger plays *Conrade* very haughtily, and the *Dogberry* of Frank Hatch is as mouthing and truculent as may be expected.

Mr. Rosenfeld need not feel at all ashamed of

The Century Players in "Much Ado About Nothing." They have much to learn in the way of playing into one another's hands, but this is the same fault that can be found with anything of youth—and time is the only cure.

HENRY MILLER IN "MAN PROPOSES."

MR. MILLER has not had very good luck in the selection of plays since his appearance in "The Only Way." Even "The Taming of Helen" was Richard Harding Davis at his worst. In "Man Proposes," Mr. Miller is once again placed *hors de combat*, and Ernest Denny, the playwright, is to blame. "Man Proposes" is dry and stodgy as a commonplace dramatist could make it, and in only two or three scenes, especially one in Act III, is Mr. Miller given the opportunity to prove the fine calibre of actor he is.

There is always something manly and hearty about Mr. Miller's work, even where he can display some of the subtleties of his craft. Thus his *Lord Wykeham*, notwithstanding the efforts of the playwright, becomes at times a virile and sympathetic rôle. This part, if played by the average actor, would be no more interesting than some of the three-volume novels with buckram binding, which lie molding on the English bookshelves.

I consider Hassard Short's *Ken* the best piece of work in "Man Proposes." In certain rôles Mr. Short has no superior on the English-speaking stage. *Ken* happens to be one of these rôles. The degenerate brother of *Lord Wykeham* is a study in moods, and one which must stamp this young actor as one of fine ability.

Among the women, Allison Skipworth as *Nina Jay*, a burlesque actress, softens the natural banality of such a part by a gradation of light and shade that stamps her as something I have never heretofore believed her to be—an excellent actress. If Miss Skipworth would eradicate from her work some of the dramatic slovenliness, she would be far more acceptable to the average theatre-goer.

Dorothy Hammond, as the ingenue, is, barring a predilection for hysterical humor, dainty, pretty and altogether charming. Helen Tracey and Mrs. Felix Morris are particularly good in unimportant rôles.

KATHERINE KENNEDY IN "THE RULING POWER."

WITH such a fine supporting cast as that which presents Elwyn A. Barron's play.

"The Ruling Power," any star of average ability, and any play having even ordinary merit, should be able to please even a New York audience. In no city in the country are audiences so patient and considerate. They either accord hearty applause, or treat a production with a well-bred indifference of the cosmopolite.

From the viewpoint of construction, dialogue, and as a reflex of current social life, Mr. Barron cannot be said to have evolved a natural and sequential appearing counterfeit. The presentment fails to convince, and the human interest of an incident is drawn out unnecessarily to four acts. The estimable and competent persons allotted to the parts—such as Orrin Johnson, Vincent Serrano, Rosa Rand, a woman of great dramatic strength; Stella Boniface Weaver, and Eugene Jepson, all artists of high reputation—have not a fair opportunity to do themselves justice.

In the part character of *Eleanor Harwood*, Mrs. Kennedy, whose husband is stated to have provided the financial aid for her starring effort, displayed a presence of mind and a frigidity of



SCENE FROM "MAN PROPOSES." HENRY MILLER AND DOROTHY HAMMOND IN THE NEW PLAY BY ERNEST DENNY AT THE HUDSON THEATRE.

manner which did not appeal to her audience, nor was it germane to the part. In Chicago Mrs. Kennedy was considered a beautiful woman, but owing, perhaps, to a want of knowledge of the art of making-up, she did not banish the glorious impressions created by the charms of Maxine Elliott, Drina de Wolfe, Lillian Russell and scores of other actresses. Success on the stage requires a training in technique, posing, deftness, conception of dramatic truth, and a thousand and one little qualities, besides the possession of ambition and the money to exploit it.

B.

FRENCH GRAND OPERA AT THE CASINO.

FRENCH Grand Opera at the Casino—tra la la! The first night was an occasion to be remembered. Patriotism packed to the walls in the lower part of the house, Bohemianism and the Quartier Latin, redolent of table d'hôte entrées and sour wine, stamped and huzzaed in the galleries. Critics bit their pencils and glanced furtively at pocket encyclopedias, giving musical data of "La Juive" and Halévy. The guileless, who were tempted to purchase librettos with the thrifty intention of combining a lesson in French with their operatic dissipation, discovered too late that they were treated to a liberal English version of a garbled Italian translation of the original French.

First-night traditions held fast and firm. It was almost nine o'clock when the orchestra leader made his appearance. He hissed wildly for silence. Men in dress suits, with Bourbon noses and Napoleonic profiles; dapper little pink-cheeked gents à la Boni de Castellane, laughed audibly. The apoplectic Mons. A. Lagye beat his baton on the prompter's box; it snapped in half. The curtain parted. It was a thrilling moment; a personage with bristling mustachios announced with profound obeisances and broken English that the prima donna, owing to a very sudden indisposition, would be unable to appear, but another dramatic soprano, he continued, when the applause had subsided, would replace la Guinechan. The obliging lady had a compound nomenclature; the name tripped from his tongue like liquid gold—such a name, too. "Bressler-Gianoli." It sounded promising and prima-donna-ish. The courtly gentleman disappeared with another profound bow; the overture began, the curtain rose, the chorus was in evidence, and opera in French at the Casino was a fact.

The chorus, the much-heralded chorus of Parisian chic and beauty, oh, ye shadows of New York show girls and Casino traditions of youth, blooming cheeks, sparkling eyes and gorgeous gowns! Such a curious collection of superannuated females in stout tan boots and the picturesque in cambric has not been seen in lyric Gotham since the paving of the Rialto in upper Broadway. An equally incongruous group of men, also in new tan boots and sombreros, joined the females in shouting the opening stanzas that prepared the audience for the entrance of the prima donna with the compound name.

Her charms were further heralded, when expectation had reached a high pitch, by a natty tenor in gray cotton tights and an abbreviated tunic, who serenaded his lady-love in a solo that ran through the gamut of tenor possibilities. He played *tours de force* with a truly charming voice that kept one on the ragged edge of wonderment. Now it was a high C, struck in a whispering falsetto, then it was a clarion chest-tone, and next a ringing "header." As for style, diction, phrasing and all that, the young man was a revelation in these various neglected arts. He was vociferously bravoed by his enthusiastic compatriots, and was just about to respond to a fusillade of bis, when the obliging prima donna, who had replaced the prima donna with the sudden indisposition, made her entrée, flying

from an infuriated populace with a sweep of melody, on the waves of which her venerable sire—the Jean de Reszké of the company—was also carried before the audience.

Mme. Bressler-Gianoli was booked to make her début as *Carmen* later on in the week, and in this rôle she is supposed to out-Carmen Calvé. She has a well-trained husky voice. She has plenty of dramatic strenuosity. She is homely, somewhat dumpty in figure, yet with it all she carries herself with a certain womanly charm. There were moments when she reminds one of the great Ternina seen through the small end of an opera glass, when one is seated at the farthest end of the greatest height of the Metropolitan Opera House. Such is Bressler-Gianoli. As for her venerable sire, the Jew, he is worth a paragraph to himself; he filled the stage, every nook and cranny of it histrionically and lyrically. He is a jewel, shining in the setting of shabby provincialism. He is bound to be snapped up by some enterprising manager, a Conried or a Savage. It is safe to assert that his days as the Jean de Reszké of the French company from New Orleans are numbered. He had moments of absolute greatness that made one's pulses beat, and at all times he held his audience in a grip of steel. Before the last act, the greater number of "ces Américains" rushed pell-mell from the theatre. They missed a treat, the final solo "Mon ame s'éclaire" of Gauthier. At its conclusion there was a stunning sustained high C. The house rose *en masse* and shouted itself hoarse.

Is opera in French a success as presented at the Casino? *Qui sait?* But Gauthier—the tenor—*eh bien!* he is almost big enough to shoulder the whole undertaking, including the most forlorn of superb ballets. In conclusion, bravo, Gauthier!

MISS AMBER LAWLORD IS A COMING STAR.

THE career of no other woman, who has made her début on the professional stage this season, seems so full of promise of great fulfillment as that of Miss Amber Lawlord, who has just left the company supporting Mr. Wilton Lackaye in "The Pit." Combined with great natural ability, she possesses the beauty, personal charm, and educational advantages which are the best concomitants for a successful professional life.

Most young women, who have been reared in luxury, seek to begin at the top of the stage ladder; but Miss Lawlord has shown much practical common sense and excellent judgment in making her initial appearance in a small part. She could not have selected a better opening than in the support of Mr. Lackaye, but she made it tell, because she had a thorough grasp of its possibilities as a unit of the ensemble.

Now, she has been advised by managers of experience that she would be wise in attempting a more ambitious rôle with her own company. This she will do in the near future. Miss Lawlord is a granddaughter of Amber Tunis, and is the widow of William Fairchild Morgan, of Kentucky, whom she married at the age of fifteen. At twenty she was a widow, and finding her fortune depleted, she placed her two children in a convent in New Jersey, and turned her attention to the stage.

She proved that she was not afraid of hard work, and possessed ability above the average of those who adopt the dramatic life. She has found a play suitable to her talents, and will go on tour in the fall with the best company she can engage.

During her engagement with "The Pit," her beauty was greatly admired by audiences. Her coloring is exquisite, and she is as dainty as a bit of Dresden china. Her hair, like her name, is amber, a rippling mass, which seems to caress her head, and she has soft, sympathetic eyes, brilliant with intelligence.

Miss Lawlord's voice is not her least charm,

its intonation being perfect and musical. This actress not only has magnificent gown creations, but she knows how to wear them, her carriage being patrician, and her temperament artistic. She is full of gentle courtesy, and her personality is a most striking one. S.

SYDNEY ROSENFELD'S CREDITABLE EFFORTS FOR ART'S SAKE.

WITHOUT any regard to the results of the Century Stock Company's production of "Much Ado About Nothing," even his most captious critics will yield a measure of praise for Sydney Rosenfeld's earnest efforts for the sake of dramatic art. There can be no doubt of the sincerity of Mr. Rosenfeld. Throughout his career he has aimed to create an American spirit in things theatrical, and has himself written some clever plays.

His errors, if he has made them, have been patriotic, and even those who are opposed to him, like him personally. That he has not the commercial instinct is not discreditable in any way, and he should not lose courage if his attempt does not come up to his own standard. The great captains of industry in every walk of life are compelled to rely upon combined effort, and to pool their resources, and those who are theatrical producers are no less exempt. Art is art, but it requires commercial enterprise and public opinion to allow it to thrive, as well as the temperament of writers and scenic experts.

THE SHUBERT ENTERPRISE IS COMMENDABLE.

THE Shubert firm deserve well of the people of New York for their courage and obedience to the city government, at much cost to themselves. Since the administration saw fit to demand a strict observance of the ordinances as they relate to the safety of theatres, the Messrs. Shubert have never uttered a word of complaint, although they were more heavily affected than any other managers.

At the Madison Square Theatre, William H. Thompson and an excellent company were presenting "The Secret of Polichinelle" to big audiences, and the same attraction is now prospering at the Garden Theatre. The transfer of this play was a big loss to Messrs. Shubert, yet they made no outcry. Then Kyrie Bellew was doing a banner business with "An Amateur Cracksman" at the Princess, but it had to be transferred to the Savoy, where it could easily play the season out. This was a heavy loss also to the Shuberts.

Yet they did not despair, but caused the Princess to be altered according to the orders of the Building Department, and gave Mr. Rosenfeld an opportunity to show the public what he could do with the legitimate. The public and the profession are not likely to forget the Shuberts for their admirable and ready display of citizenship.

THE GREATER CITY CHARTER PUZZLE.

COPIES of the Greater City Charter are much sought for. There is not an Alderman who is not studying it. And this is not an easy task, by any means.

"The present Board of Aldermen is better posted upon the law which governs the municipality than any one I ever remember," says City Clerk Scully. "I find that every Alderman has studied the city charter, and there is a great demand for copies. This is not often the case in any city."

BROADWAY WEEKLY'S EXCLUSIVE CHAT OF THE HOTELS.

By CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM.

THE PLEIADES CLUB AT REISENWEBER'S.

THIS season the Pleiades Club, an association of literary men and women, meets at Reisenweber's every Sunday evening. For many years past the club has met every Sunday evening, a banquet, followed by an entertainment, being the feature. In its early days the club, and its invited guests, assembled at Maria's, in Twelfth street; from there they migrated to Hecker's, on Fifth avenue; last winter, a year ago, found them at the Hotel Vendome, and this season Reisenweber's has the club in charge, with the chances, that if John Reisenweber, and his son-in-law, Fischer, continue as they have started, it will be many seasons before the club makes another change.

The present abode suits the Pleiades very well, its location and the generous co-operation of the proprietors helping along to success the spirit of good-fellowship that marks an evening at the Pleiades. To handle successfully two hundred and fifty or more people is no easy task, and a satisfactory accomplishment of that effort is due to Fischer, who superintends the Sunday night banquets. Bohemians are hard to please, but when they are satisfied, their loyalty is firm, and the fact that the present season has been a red-letter one with the club speaks well for John Reisenweber and his bright-faced son-in-law, Fischer.

The club has entertained so far many notable people at its banquets, among whom have been Bliss Carmen, Amelia Bingham, Edward A. Markham, Alice Fisher, Alice Shaw, the famous whistler; Police Commissioner McAdoo, Edmund Russell, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and others, well known in literary and theatrical life.

LIBBEY PROMOTES McDONALD.

AFTER a faithful service of over fifteen years, Alexander McDonald, for that number of years chief clerk for O. B. Libbey, has been promoted to the position of manager. McDonald began with Libbey when the latter had the Brevoort, on lower Fifth avenue, and when Mr. Libbey assumed the lease of the Albemarle, McDonald went along with him, and with him he has remained ever since. Libbey is not getting old—he is getting rich—and as riches not only give dignity to one, but also comfort, he has resolved to lay aside some of the cares of conducting the Albemarle and throw them on to the shoulders of McDonald, by making him manager. Long association with his employer has made McDonald fully posted as to Mr. Libbey's ways, and for that reason his filling of the position as manager is giving satisfaction to Mr. Libbey and to the patrons of the hotel.

GREGORY OF THE GREGORIAN.

HORACE BROCKWAY, of the Ashland House, and a few others who thought like him, must by this time have changed their views, now that the Gregorian Hotel, in Thirty-fifth street, near Fifth avenue, has proven to be a success. The Gregorian was built

and is owned by a rich man named Henry Braker, who made his money in cotton or some such commodity. When the building was completed a year ago, Braker looked about for a tenant. Lawrence, of the Sherman square, at one time thought seriously of leasing the hotel, but he was talked out of it by his family, and others looked the property over. When Horace Brockway was talked to, he could only see ruin in leasing the house, and wondered how any one, with the number of rooms, and the rent asked, could expect to make any money.

Averill and Gregory, who run the big Yates House, at Syracuse, were induced to lease the Gregorian, and there they are now, Gregory attending to the New York house and Averill remaining in Syracuse to look after the Yates. Of course, it needed a cheerful nature to tide over the first six months of the Gregorian's lease, for the public were not clamoring to engage rooms, and the buoyant nature possessed by Gregory was taxed severely to keep his heart, and that of Averill's, from fainting, as Longfellow would say; but the two men kept up, regardless of what others thought, making each department of the hotel as perfect as possible, and within the last six months business at the Gregorian Hotel has improved so that Braker, the owner of the property, has taken the two lots to the west of the hotel and is going to build upon them, and thus enlarge the hotel. Gregory sits in his private office, counting up his profits, and laughing to think how he has disappointed the wise men of Gotham, who predicted all sorts of dire failure for the man who would lease the Gregorian Hotel.

ALICE SHAW TALKS ABOUT SOUPS.

JUST now almost everything seems to be Russian or Japanese, even to the matter of foods, and the views of Alice Shaw, the famous whistler, on the subject of thick soups *a la Russe* at this time ought to be interesting. Mme. Shaw, in pursuit of her art, spent nearly two years travelling through Russia, giving concerts in the leading cities, and what claimed a great deal of her attention was the study of Russian dishes.

To the writer, a few days ago, Mme. Shaw said: "On coming back to this country after a long residence in Russia, what strikes the returning traveler most is the difference in our dishes and those of Russia. For instance, you rarely see a thick soup at an American hotel or restaurant. What I mean by a thick soup is not of the kind known here for years, but the soups made of different vegetables. Soups made of turnips, spinach, cabbage or potatoes, thick, toothsome and nourishing. In them you get the fine flavor of the vegetable, and so stocky are they that they are a meal in themselves. That is, they would be a meal in themselves for an American, but not for a Russian. In that country, on account of the extreme cold, the blood is easily chilled, and in order to keep up a bodily warmth, the Russian eats all the time. And such eating! In no country of the world, and I have toured India and parts of South Africa,

are the dinner tables so heavily laden, and in no country of the world is fish so daintily prepared. But, as I've said, it's the thick soups that attract the notice of an American, and make him wonder why we don't have them here."

THE COMING CONVENTION.

PREPARATIONS for the approaching annual convention of the National Hotel Association, which takes place in this city in June, are going right ahead. The Finance Committee is hard at work getting subscriptions to defray the expenses, while the Plan and Scope Committee is mapping out its policy.

The following circular has been sent out from the headquarters of the Association in Chicago:

"The directors have accepted the invitation of the New York City Hotel Association to hold the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the H. M. M. B. A. in New York City the first week in June, 1904.

"Our New York members have on more than one occasion given strong evidence of their unbounded hospitality and goodwill, and there is no doubt that the meeting next June will be of more than ordinary interest.

"The financial condition of the Association is the best in its history, the reserve fund now amounting to \$20,000. Every member should do his utmost to increase the membership within the next few months and make the twenty-fifth annual a red-letter event in the history of the Association.

"Give the matter of securing new members a little individual attention and thus help to build up and strengthen our Association, which has been of incalculable value to the hotel men of the United States and Canada.

"Yours fraternally,

"J. K. BLATCHFORD,
"Secretary."

THE SPRING SEASON AT THE BEACH.

THE spring season at Atlantic City is now on and from the present time until after Easter the hotels at the famous seaside resort will do a rushing business. At no other resort in this country are conditions so peculiar as exist at Atlantic City. There they have two good seasons, the Lenten and the mid-summer, both profitable—the difference being social; the Lenten season being made up of ultra-fashionable people and the mid-summer of patrons equally rich, but not so socially prominent. At the Jersey resort the limit in hotel building seems to have been reached, and no longer does one hear of new hotels being built.

They have at last at Atlantic City come to the conclusion that they have all the hotels they need, and instead of the patronage being scattered, as has been the case in the past, the

leading and the best-kept houses get the trade. As soon as New York City gets the same impression and puts an end to the incessant hotel building, good will result, and the houses now in existence will begin to do a profitable business, and a stop put to an idle expenditure of more money in the vain hope of reaping a fortune in the erection of hotels, for which there is no demand.

THE SWEEPING OF A NEW BROOM.

THERE is no greater truism in the English language than "A new broom sweeps clean." The truth of it is shown in what is at present taking place at the Gilsey House. Keen & Lancaster are there hardly two weeks, when they have made changes in the appearance of the interior that have wrought a great improvement. It is not necessary to go into detail as to what the new lessees have done, or are going to do. What they have done thus far speaks well for their judgment and the extent of their bank account. If they keep up at the pace they are going and follow out the scheme of decoration as shown in the men's sitting-room, the Gilsey House will become one of the most attractive hotels as far as the office floor is concerned—on Broadway.

(Continued on page 18.)

LEADING NEW YORK HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

CAFE MARTIN

26TH ST., BROADWAY AND 5TH AVE.
(Telephone, 1,260—Mad.)

RESTAURANT A LA CARTE. (Music.)

Table d'Hôte Dinner, \$1.25.

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JIRGAHN'S STRING QUARTETTE.

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After-Theatre Thoughts:

Birds and Rabbits and Broiled
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and things piping—at The Criterion.

AT THE THEATRES.

NEW YORK, B'way, 44th to 45th Street.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.
Klaw & Erlanger Mgrs.
The Dearborn Management presents
RICHARD CARLE
in the Operatic Brilliancy,
THE TENDERFOOT

DALY'S THEATRE, B'way and 30th St.
Evenings 8. Matinee Saturday 2.
Daniel Frohman, Mgr.
Charles Frohman presents
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER
MISS MATTHISON as Kate Hardecastle
BEN GREET as Tony Lumpkin

NEW EMPIRE THEATRE, 40th St. & B'way
Ev'gs 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.
Charles Frohman presents Augustus
Thomas's Best Comedy,
THE OTHER GIRL
THE ALL SEASON COMEDY TRIUMPH

HERALD SQUARE THEATRE, B'way & 35th St. 8:15 sharp. Mat. Sat. 2:15.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.
Chas. Frohman and Geo. Edwardes present
the farcical comedy, with music,
THE GIRL FROM KAY'S
with enormous cast, including
SAM BERNARD.

BELASCO THEATRE, 42d St. near B'way
Ev'gs punctually at 8. Mat. Sat. 2.
David Belasco presents, by arrangement
with Maurice Campbell,
HENRIETTA CROSMAN
in the new play,
SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS

BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st St. & B'way.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Jacob Litt, Proprietor.
Henry W. Savage offers
RAYMOND HITCHCOCK
in the new Comic Opera
THE YANKEE CONSUL

GARDEN THEATRE, 27th St. & Mad. Ave.
Ev'gs 8:20. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.
THE SECRET OF POLICHINELLE
(Pierre Wolff's Famous Comedy)
With WM. H. THOMPSON.

CRITERION THEATRE, B'way & 44th St.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.
ELEANOR ROBSON
in Israel Zangwill's Four-Act Play,
MERELY MARY ANN.

MAJESTIC, Grand Circle, B'way & 59th St.
Evenings 8. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2.
SECOND EDITION.
WIZARD OF OZ.

GARRICK THEATRE, 35th St. & B'way.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.
KATHERINE KENNEDY
in a new play by Elwyn A. Barron
THE RULING POWER

THE PROCTOR THEATRES.
FIFTH AVENUE,
TWENTY-THIRD STREET,
FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET,
ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH STREET
Splendid Shows Small Prices

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Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.
George Ade's Quaint Comedy
The County Chairman.

BROADWAY WEEKLY'S EXCLUSIVE CHAT OF THE HOTELS.

(Continued from page 17.)

END OF THE ARGYLE HOTEL.

BEFORE many weeks will have passed by the Hotel Argyle at Babylon, L. I., will be a thing of the past. Even at the present moment William Zeigler, the owner of the property, has started to demolish the hotel, and has arranged in its place to erect a collection of summer cottages.

With the demolition of the Argyle will pass into history a hotel for whose success many frantic efforts were made. It was built away back in the early eighties by Austin Corbin, aided by English capital. "Dick" Stearns was the first manager, after him Thomas P. Silleck, then Simeon Leland, "Zeb" Rogers, Charles Jaimes and E. N. Wilson. With the exception of Rogers, who leased the property, not one of the men mentioned made the place pay. The reason why Rogers succeeded was that he ran the hotel on a cheap plan and filled the house with all sorts and conditions of men and women. Stearns, Silleck and Leland tried to maintain a high standard. High or low standard, the Argyle was never intended to be a successful hotel. Its location was bad. It was built on an arm of the Great South Bay, and if ever on that account mosquitoes congregated at any one place, it was on the land upon which the Hotel Argyle was built. There was no escape from them, night or day. Money was spent in an effort to induce the annoying little "critters" to patronize some other locality, but without success. They liked the Argyle grounds too well and nothing would dislodge them. The news of the demolition of the Argyle will make many a man reminiscent, reminding him of the futile attempts to make the property a success.

CHARLES SCHRUG AND HIS NEW CAFE.

AFTER months of delay, caused by strikes, the Café de Paris, on Broadway, between Seventy-fifth and Seventy-sixth streets, has been

opened. The man at the head of it is Charles Schrug, for many years manager of Haan's restaurant, on Columbus avenue. When Clyde failed with his restaurant, where the Café de Paris now holds forth, Schrug made a bid to rent the place, having had, it was said, as a financial backer, Samuel Platt. The offer was accepted and extensive improvements were at once started. The interior was completely altered and richly decorated, and a week or so ago the place was opened. To show how wise some people are, when a well-known restaurant keeper was told that Schrug was to open his place, this restaurant keeper in question remarked: "He will close it in a week."

"Why?" was asked.

"Because, if I cannot fill my place, how can he?"

From the start Schrug has been doing a splendid business, a business that seems to be increasing every day. From his long connection with Haan's, "Charley" Schrug made many friends who have followed him in his new venture, and to no one will that success be more gratifying than the former patrons of Haan's, many of whom have followed him to the new Café de Paris.

NEW HOTEL AT SAN DIEGO.

AN old landmark, the Horton House, at San Diego, Southern California, is soon to give way to a modern hotel to cost \$750,000. The Horton stands opposite the little city park, and since the coming into existence of the palatial Coronado Hotel, has lost the profitable trade it once had, and is now patronized by travelling men of limited means and restricted expense accounts. Ancient in its appointments, the old Horton House reminded one of the mission ruins with which California abounds, and like them it is enveloped with memories of the day when the State was young and Southern California as country little known to the outside world. The property is owned by U. S. Grant ("Buck" Grant), one of the sons of the famous general, and as the lease now held by the present proprietor expires this month, the work

of demolishing the property is to begin within a few weeks and the erection of the new hotel started.

It is a question if there is enough tourist trade to San Diego to make two hotels a paying investment. The Coronado has had up to date all the trade that came to the resort tucked away in the southeastern end of the country. It has never been reported that the Coronado has had to turn away people. Perhaps, with the new hotel, additional notice may be attracted to San Diego, and more people induced to visit the town than do at present.

GOSSIP OF THE CORRIDORS.

THE proprietor of Greene's Hotel, in Philadelphia, has leased the hotel at Atlantic City, formerly rented by Robert T. Dunlop, and has changed the name to Greene's Hotel. The Breakers, at Spring Lake, N. J., has been leased by L. M. Moss, at present manager of the Lexington Hotel, Lakewood. It has at last been settled that David B. Plumer will manage the new hotel, at Spring Lake, and also the Briarcliff Manor in Westchester County, N. J., this summer. Between the two hotels Mr. Plumer will divide his time. The new purchaser of the Arverne Hotel, on Long Island, Ignatz H. Rosenfeld, owner of the Café Boulevard, on Second avenue in this city, is hard at work altering and improving his new purchase in time for the opening of the summer season. Great preparations are in progress for the semi-centennial of Atlantic City next June.

The celebration will take the form of a jubilee and the arrangements are in the hands of a committee made up of the leading men of the place. Mayor Stoy, a few days ago, visited Washington for the purpose of inviting President Roosevelt to be the guest of the city upon that occasion.

GOOD CHEER.

MOTHER (who has helped her son too liberally to goose): "Why, Willie, whatever makes you eat so much?"
WILLIE: "'Cos I like stuffin', mamma."

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SAM S. and
LEE SHUBERT,
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HAMLET

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**KYRLE BELLEW
AS RAFFLES
THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN.**

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WILTON LACKAYE
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Wm. A. Brady's magnificent production.

NEW AMSTERDAM, 42d St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8. Matinee Saturday 2:15.
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MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD
MARCH 21st.—Monday and Thursday,
A Parisian Romance; Tuesday (last time),
Ivan the Terrible; Wednesday and Friday,
Beaucaire; Saturday (mat.), Old Heidelberg;
Saturday, Farewell Night, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

HUDSON THEATRE, 44th St. near B'way.
Ev'gs 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Henry B. Harris, Mgr.
Charles Frohman presents

**HENRY MILLER
in the new play by Ernest Denny
MAN PROPOSES.**

PRINCESS THEATRE,
Broadway and 29th Street.

The Century Players, under the direction of
Sydney Rosenfeld, in

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

THE CENTURY PLAYERS

Jessie Millward	William Morris
Florence Rockwell	Theodore Roberts
Florence Kahn	Boyd Putnam
Lizzie Hudson Collier	Martin L. Alsop
Ann Warrington	Frank Hatch
Grace Gayler Clark	J. W. Albaugh, Jr.
Louise Mackintosh	Barton Hill
Elduina Oldcastle	Geo. C. Boniface
Mercedes Leigh	Fred Eric
Mildred Morris	L. Rogers Lytton
Harriet Broadhurst	William Herbert
Cora Williams	Clifford Leigh
Ina Brooks	Henry Stockbridge
Fanny Stockbridge	Robert Rogers
Mary Scott	Otis Sherden
Eugenia Flagg	Frederick Defoe
Augusta Gardner	W. D. Stedman
Marjorie Smith	Johnson Briscoe
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SECOND PLAY
A New and Original Comedy of American
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MONEY TALKS
Prices, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50. Boxes, \$10.00
Never any higher, and no speculators, hotel
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JEANNETTE LLEWELLYN EDWARDS IN HER CHARMING LITERARY WORKSHOP.

JEANNETTE LLEWELLYN EDWARDS, A NEW WRITER.

By HELEN KENNEY.

THAT Jeannette Llewellyn Edwards is an authoress of no mean ability is a fact proved by her late work, "A Girl and the Devil."

Miss Edwards is a New York woman by birth. She has traveled extensively, having spent much of her time in Mexico and South America. The inspiration for her story came to her while on a small Spanish steamer during her residence in tropical lands, and many of the characters are flesh and blood, especially *Chiquita*, the little colored child.

Another work by this authoress soon to be published, which will deal entirely with life in the southern half of the hemisphere, has been pronounced by the favored few, who have read the MS., far to exceed its predecessor. This she will call "Love in the Tropics."

Miss Edwards is a woman of rare beauty, tall and graceful, with a fair skin, hazel eyes and glorious Titian red hair. Perhaps, however, her greatest charms lie in "that most esteemable thing in woman—a low and gentle voice," and a smile of wondrous sweetness.

Her striking resemblance to the late Mrs. Charles L. Fair was often commented on at the time of the latter's death in France. And the pictures of the Princess Chimay, *nee* Clara Ward, of Detroit, are so often mistaken for Miss Edwards as to cause her much embarrassment.

She is passionately fond of children, and is frequently seen at matinees with several of her little friends and admirers.

Miss Edwards has the undeniable faculty of being able to express her thoughts in that clear, direct style which must characterize the work of

any writer who fights for popularity. Of late years, the subtleties of the Moores and the Merediths of literature have created cults, but have not by any means won the regard of the novel-reading public. As a matter of fact, your average intelligent reader likes his novel writer to be like a friend—no beating about the bush, no abstract freakisms, and in fact, nothing that is not sincere, direct and honest. And the very highest art is linked with such a literary purpose.

Miss Edwards is unquestionably a woman of moods and of airy fancy. These are distinctly discernable in her new book, and with an imagination such as hers and the ability to clothe her thoughts in fine though not gaudy raiment, she seems bound to take a foremost place among her clever contemporaries.

NEWSPAPER-MEN IN NEW YORK POLITICS.

By JOSEPH D. BYRNE.

REALIZING the value of the early newspaper training which he experienced, Mayor McClellan has been most liberal in the selection of members of the Fourth Estate for important positions in his administration. And they have not been named for ornamental posts either, but are occupying incumbencies of great responsibility, where brains, sagacity and integrity are prime necessities.

In the past, mayors have chosen a newspaperman occasionally for an office, but Colonel McClellan has directly appointed or influenced the appointment or retention of upwards of twenty, the most prominent being:

John J. O'Brien, Mayor's Secretary; Joseph W. Savage, Water Register; Alfred M. Downes, Secretary to the Fire Department; Willis Holly, Secretary to the Park Commission; William Clarke, Secretary to the Corporation Counsel; John Caldwell, Superintendent of the Speedway; Charles E. Hervey, of the Comptroller's office; Harry Walker, Secretary of the Aqueduct Commission; John W. Kenny, of the Comptroller's Office; Matthew Dobbins, Mayor's Executive Clerk; and Robert McIntyre, of the Comptroller's staff.

Thomas F. Smith, Clerk of the City Court, was also a newspaper man, and it must not be forgotten that William McAdoo, the Police Commissioner, began his career as a reporter. The Mayor himself was for several years a reporter on the big New York dailies, and his work was of a high character. There are others now engaged in the many city departments who spent several years hustling for news. Some of them have also been called to the bar and could practise as attorneys, and college graduates are well represented in their ranks.

Willis Holly, for a second time Secretary to the Park Commission, is perhaps the best-known of all the newspaper-men in office. What he does not know about State and city political life need not be learned by any public man. His work as the political writer for the New York *Sun* in its palmiest days, when he covered the legislative session at Albany, attracted the attention of the Democratic leaders and writers, and no one was surprised when Mayor Grant offered him the position of Secretary and Chief Clerk. Later, he became under the Van Wyck administration, Secretary to the Park Commission, and was again Secretary to Nathan Strauss. He is part owner of a newspaper at Yonkers, and is interested in several private enterprises. It was thought for a long time that Mr. Holly would be appointed Park Commissioner because of his faithful work during many campaigns, but the leaders determined that the post of Secretary involved the greatest responsibility. Mr. Holly's management of the press bureau during the last campaign was productive of better results than any in the history of Tammany. In no small measure was he the cause of the election of Francis Burton Harrison to Congress in the heavy Republican Diamond Back District in 1902.

None of the newspaper-men chosen for positions of trust made such rapid advancement as did John H. O'Brien, Secretary to Mayor McClellan. It cannot be said that his reward was the result of pernicious activity in a political sense. The position came to him because of his brilliancy as a writer and satirist. His very original work in the New York *Sun* in connection with Governor Odell's attitude on the Canal and other public matters attracted the attention of leaders of both parties. Mr. O'Brien has been a newspaper-man for fifteen years, having begun work in Buffalo. He spent three sessions at the Albany Capitol as correspondent, and was in-

vited to join the *Sun* staff in March, 1902. His articles were features of the paper daily until Election Day. He is married and has never held office before.

Following closely in the footsteps of Colonel McClellan, Joseph W. Savage, the new Water Register, graduated from Princeton in 1887 and the Columbia College Law School later. He is a native of Rahway, N. J., is married and lives in Leader Isaac N. Hopper's bailiwick. After practising at the New Jersey and New York bars for a few years, Mr. Savage took up newspaper work and was the political writer on the *Evening Journal* and later the *American*. He has been a member of Tammany for ten years, and is one of the ablest of her campaign orators, having spoken on the same platforms as men of National repute. He has been an enthusiastic worker in every campaign and was the favorite candidate for Congressional honors to succeed Colonel McClellan until he was appointed Water Register. The latter is one of the most responsible positions, with an annual receipt of over \$5,000,000, and having a salary list of 150 officials. Mr. Savage is married and has three children.

Every newspaper man and politician knows William F. Clark, Secretary to the Corporation Counsel. He had for years been connected with New York newspapers, including the *Herald*, *World* and *Recorder*, having held positions as reporter, editor, and in every department of a newspaper. His birthplace was New Haven.

Like Mr. Clark, Alfred M. Downes came from New Haven, where he graduated at Yale University. He is a lawyer as well as a newspaperman, and was Secretary to Mayor Van Wyck. Mr. Downes' work during the last campaign won him the friendship of Charles F. Murphy and other leaders, and he was chosen as Secretary of the Fire Department, a most onerous position. He is one of the best-posted men on municipal law and the charter.

Harry Walker, Secretary to the Aqueduct Commission, is another of the newspaper-men who stands well with the Democratic leaders. He was always very popular with his comrades of the profession.

John W. Kenny, of the Comptroller's office, was prominent in editorial positions before he joined the staff of Bird S. Coler, under Mayor Van Wyck. He had been what is known as a "*Sun* man," and later was editorially engaged on *The Morning Telegraph*. Mr. Kenny was a favorite of Richard Croker's, but he is also popular with the powers-that-be in Tammany now.

Robert A. McIntyre, another of Mr. Grout's assistants, was City Editor of the *Daily News* under Ben Wood, and he has unearthed several serious irregularities in his new official capacity.

Few men become political office-holders at as early an age as Matthew W. Dobbins, Executive Clerk to the Mayor. He was employed on the *Sun* when Mayor Van Wyck gave him a position. Mayor Low retained him, and now he has been promoted by the present Chief Executive of the city.

John Caldwell, Superintendent of the Speedway, "covered" politics for *The Evening Telegram* during the fall campaign, and he seemed to get very exclusive information, chiefly with reference to the McLaughlin revolt in Brooklyn.

Every politician in the city, and every person who has followed Tammany Hall history for years, knows Thomas F. Smith, who, in addition to acting as Clerk of the City Court, is Secretary of Tammany. He was the confidential friend of Richard Croker, and passed unscathed through the régime of John C. Sheehan, and that of the Carroll and the Triumvirate later. Now he is the

confidential executive of Leader C. F. Murphy, and this fact is a tribute to his ability and political tact. Mr. Smith is practically the leader in the Ninth District, where he buried the power of William S. Devery last year by electing Frank J. Goodwin as leader. Notwithstanding the popular idea that Mr. Smith is a deep political strategist, "he is frank, courageous in his opinions and bluntly truthful."

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MISS EDITH REMINGTON, ONE OF THE HANDSOME AND CHARMING YOUNG WOMEN OF NEW YORK SOCIETY.

SOME CIRCUS HUMOR AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.



YOUTHFUL, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD NEW YORK ARE GOING TO SEE THE CLOWNS AT THE BARNUM & BAILEY SHOW AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. OF COURSE, THERE ARE OTHER THINGS TO SEE AND TO HEAR, BUT THE CLOWNS OF TO-DAY SEEM TO BE THE CHIEF FEATURE OF AN UP-TO-DATE CIRCUS

THE PARTNER OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

CHIEF among those who came out of the West to seize a share of the control of the financial power of Wall Street, is George W. Perkins, who at about forty years of age has demonstrated the truth of the up-to-date advice, "Young man, go East." At the time when the boy Perkins was beginning to observe things in Chicago, the virgin breath of the prairie swept down State street daily, and his mind, as it developed, absorbed the vastness of Western conditions and surroundings.

His early struggles were of much the same character as those of other boys in pioneer days; but he quickly grasped the elements of commercial knowledge and training in the Chicago branch office of the New York Life Insurance Company. He was in gradual course, book-keeper, cashier, inspector of agencies, Superin-

tendent of Western Department, and Third Vice-President.

In 1892 he became Second Vice-President and came to New York in charge of the agency force. In this position he attracted the attention of leading financiers with whom he had business, and there was no little sensation created in 1901, when J. Pierpont Morgan offered him a partnership in the big banking firm.

There can be no doubt that it was the genius which Mr. Perkins displayed as an organizer with the New York Life Insurance Company that gained him his chair in the great house of Morgan. His ability to control an immense force of men and to discipline vast armies of subordinates has gained the admiration of his present partners, who have branches throughout this country and connections all over the civilized world.

Thus in the very prime of his manhood, solely as the results of his own brain work and industry, Mr. Perkins has become one of the strong pillars of the great national institution known as Wall Street. In the natural course of events, Mr. Perkins will be beyond any doubt the central figure in the financial life of the country. What the next decade may bring forth for him can only be gauged by the past.

In other respects, Mr. Perkins has diversified talents, and he is, like Mr. Morgan, more or less of an art patron. He lives in much elegance, in a handsome mansion at Riverdale-on-the-Hudson, removed from the buzz and bustle of the great city, where he is beloved by a large circle of friends. There are some treasured masterpieces of art stored in his ménage, and Mr. Perkins still demonstrates his early love of nature by strict attention to horticulture and arboreal decoration of his estate.

WHAT NEW YORK'S SMART SET IS DISCUSSING.

ONE lucky woman, who can toss her haughty blonde head at all the arrogant lords and ladies in the English Smart Set is the Dowager Duchess of Manchester. She was one of the beautiful and accomplished Yznaga sisters, and incidentally the mother-in-law of Miss Carrie Zimmerman, of Cincinnati. The Zimmerman millions made in trade, have done much toward relaunching our rather giddy Duchess Consuelo. The reason of her present social independence is that she has become a great favorite of King Edward, who not only enjoys her short, unconventional dinners, but her risqué stories are to his taste. King Edward is an enthusiastic bridge-player, so is the Duchess. The best bridge-players in London meet at her hospitable home in Portman square. Mrs. George Keppel, the famous wit and beauty; Lady Colebrooke, well known in New York; and Lady Sister Kaye generally assist the American Duchess in entertaining His Royal Highness.

THERE is a rumor going around that Miss Cynthia Roche is engaged to Arthur Iselin. They are both denying the report so vigorously that society is quite convinced that it is true. And what should be more natural! All their lifetime they have lived next door to each other. As boy and girl they played tag around Madison square, so it is not at all surprising that their childish attachment should have ripened into love. Miss Cynthia has always declared she intended to remain a bachelor girl. When we recall her mother's unhappy married life, we do not wonder that Cynthia prefers her liberty. Still, the Iselin boys have the reputation of making good husbands. As Fanny Work, her mother was one of the famous beauties of New York. Her daughter, on the contrary, is quite ordinary looking; but she has a breezy flow of animal spirits that are as attractive as her mother's statuesque and placid beauty. I recall a conversation I heard quite recently between a maid of the Iselin household and a maid of the Burke-Roche domicile. "There goes Miss Cynthia now," said one.

"Well, she's no beauty," remarked the other.

"I can't say she is," said number one. "She doesn't favor her mother at all. But she has beautiful hair and lots of style."

After all, this opinion is not conclusive, for we all know that no woman is a heroine to her maid.

IT has always been too funny to those who knew enough to be amused as they walked along Fifth avenue, to hear the future leaders of society conversing in French with their *bonnes*, unaware that it was *patois*, while their dear *mammies* thought it was pure Parisian. But, after all, it doesn't make much difference, for education is so often superficial in the Smart Set that the young people have ample time to forget their French before making their debut. This reminds me of a funny-enough story of a certain family; we won't mention names this time. This fond *mamma* prides herself that all her children speak a foreign language before their own.

She was boasting of this to a friend and said that her children were French linguists; in fact, the baby could not even understand her mother tongue. At this, the somewhat bored visitor, to evince her interest at so astonishing a piece of news, politely asked the oldest girl, a miss of twelve, to tell the baby to show her two little front teeth. The girl looked embarrassed and hesitated. The mother somewhat severely told her to comply with the request. The unfortunate child burst into tears and confessed between her sobs "that, although she knew every-



MRS. ALBERT DE CERNEA, ONE OF NEW YORK'S MOST GRACEFUL AND EXPERT HORSEWOMEN.

body did, and she knew she ought to know, but that she just couldn't and didn't know one word of French, or German either." Further inquiries revealed the fact that the expensive imported French governess had been learning English from the children, and spoke it fluently too. However, the day of the French *bonne* is over, and the fashionable world is importing nurses from Dublin for their children. The reason of this is obvious. The mothers want their children to make a good impression on the occasion of their London debut. The Yankee twang is severely criticised in the English set. The children pick up from the rich Irish brogue of their nurses a musical sounding of the vowels, which counteracts any tendency to the dreaded nasal twang.

GOSSIP about the Vanderbilt's is always interesting. At present they seem to be scattered in the four corners of the earth. Mr. and Mrs. Reggie and little Miss Reggie being the only ones in town, and they are just as busy as bees, preparing to break up housekeeping. Mrs. Cornelius has decided that the mansion in Fifth avenue is too large for herself and Miss Gladys, so she has invited Mr. and Mrs. Reggie to bring her little granddaughter with them and to make their home with her. The Fred Vanderbilt's are *en route* for Europe, and Mr. and Mrs. George have spent the greater part of the winter abroad.

WHY is it that women with pallid complexions will insist upon dressing in washed-out colors? Now, there is Mrs. Charles Alexander, who, if properly gowned in deep, rich colors, might be considered a striking-looking woman. As it is, she wears the lightest of gray, which only serves to make her pale cheeks look ghastly and give her light, very light blue eyes a colorless look. Her hair, too, is of the palest red, just the kind that isn't Titian.

Taking her altogether, she is, what might be called, a pallid study in pale tints. In her home Mrs. Alexander is lavish and artistic; in her dress, she is not. She rather prides herself upon her Bohemianism, and utter contempt for the stupid conventionalities of society. Her chief ambition is to shine in a salon of her own creation. At her weekly receptions there is a noticeable absence of the frivolous set. She surrounds herself with artists, musicians, scientists, and makes a heroic struggle to lead the conversation in serious channels. Be it said to her credit, she is one of the best-educated women in New York.

WHAT is Nathalie Schenck going to do next month to make her wedding a bright and shining mark in the annals of eccentricity? Until now Nathalie has created history in society. She first attracted attention when she was a mere bud, by starting an endless chain for a worthy cause, if not a poetical one, a refrigerator for our Yankee boys in Cuba. The consequence was that the post-office at Babylon had to call for assistance from Washington. Last summer she was the leader of those sweet girls in Newport who adopted the fashion of wearing their locks streaming over their shoulders. A style not quite so becoming to pudgy Miss Nathalie as to the more slender, willowy others. In fact, she is always doing something *outré*. What other girl would have the chance to marry a Suffern Tailor, or a Eugene Higgins—for there is no doubt they were both terribly smitten with her—and would give them up to marry a simple captain in the British army? This almost borders upon eccentricity. But, even if the captain is poor and blue-blooded, and Miss Nathalie rich and democratic, there is no reason in the world why the match should not turn out just as successful as the Goelet-Roxburghe combination. *Nous verrons.*

THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS.

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY Editor

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear later something to your advantage by addressing Broadway Weekly, 27 East 21st Street, New York.

MR. KRAUSE OF NEW YORK.

LEWIS KRAUSE is a merchant at 596 Broadway, New York. He is a dealer in silks and a very good line of humane feeling and consideration for others. Some time ago one of his employees stole some goods from him and was discharged. He was reinstated and immediately proved his ingratitude by making a larger haul than the first. Then Mr. Krause very naturally had him arrested. At the hearing before Magistrate Whitman, Mr. Krause made a strange request. Pointing at the slight, shrinking figure of a sad-faced woman with two children in the rear of the court room, he asked that the prisoner be discharged because he did not wish to bring more sorrow to the long-suffering wife, and ending with this rather strange argument: "And besides, your Honor, if you should send this man to jail, I should feel that the responsibility for both the happiness and support of this poor woman and her family would fall on my shoulders."

BROADWAY WEEKLY is not in the habit of slopping over in its praise. Here is a case, however, where a plain, ordinary acknowledgment to Mr. Krause is both a pleasure and a duty. Mr. Krause is an unusual man, although, thank heaven, of a type not yet extinct. He is evidently a believer in that great tremendous dogma: "Do unto others," etc., which, by the way, is usually claimed by the all-sufficient Christian. In this connection, it is not uninteresting to know that Mr. Krause is probably a Hebrew.

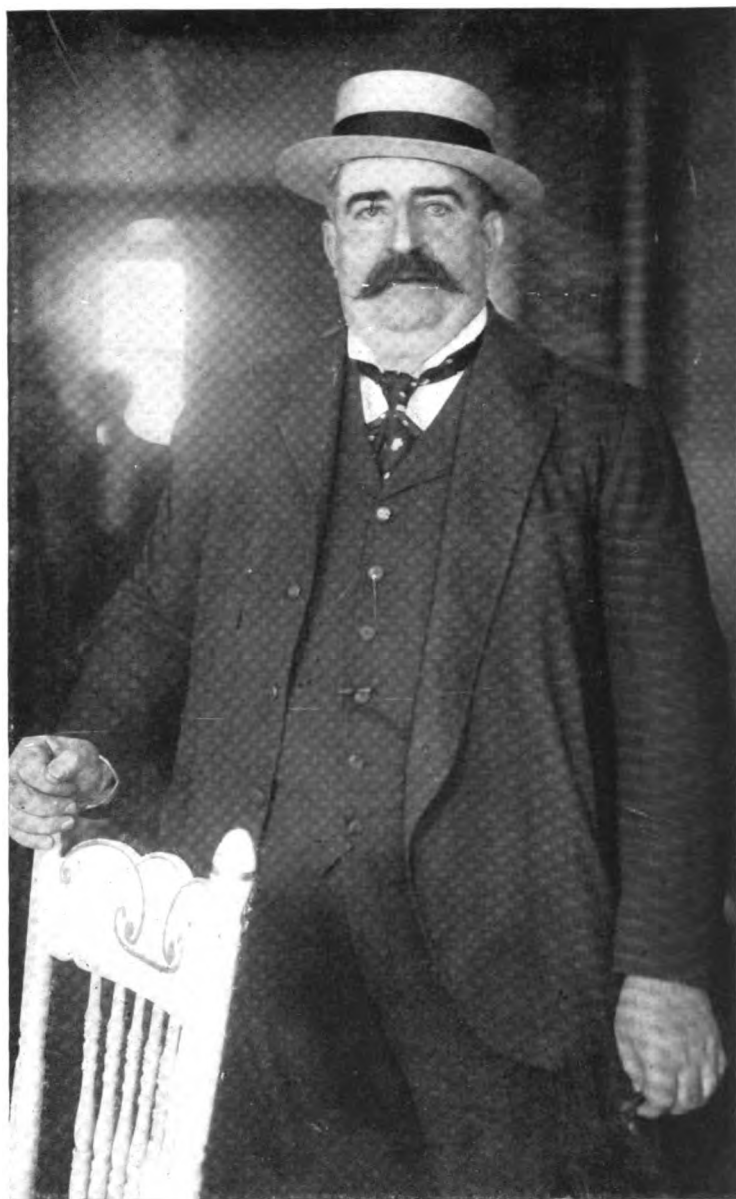
JUST HUNGRY.

A MORE beautiful or practical exposition of the old saying that a sheep hung doesn't feel any worse than a lamb, was shown in the case of a woman, who, without money or credit, selected the high-priced Waldorf-Astoria for her Lucullan operations. Whether she was brave, or merely reckless, is really up to your point of view. In other words, if it takes a certain amount of assurance to walk in a Dennett's restaurant and order twenty cents' worth of food without the wherewithal, does it not require a certain type of bravery to run up a check of \$3.80, and then to stand the steadfast and contemptuous gaze of the hotel detective?

MR. JEROME NOT AFRAID TO MOVE.

IT seems to be a fairly well-authenticated fact that various high and influential elements have been sturdily at work in the endeavor to prevent an investigation of the ship-building scandal by District Attorney Jerome. In fact, the millions represented, the reputations at stake, and the undisputed importance of those most intimately connected with this unsavory affair form a combination of strength and power that would deter the average public official from even contemplating an unfriendly move. BROADWAY WEEKLY is ready to make one statement unqualifiedly. If District Attorney

BROADWAY WEEKLY'S PUZZLE PICTURE.



FIND THE MAN WHO WAS "IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME." THEN FIND THE MAN WHO NEVER CAN BE AGAIN. A SAD, SAD STORY OF THE PUBLIC'S FORGETFULNESS.

Jerome wants to go ahead, he will do so on the merits of the case irrespective of all the pounding he may receive from whatever quarter. Even Mr. Jerome's enemies will admit that he has the courage of his convictions, and if once he believes he has the proper material in his hands, and is able to proceed, he will send just a few of the promoters of this gigantic swindle to Sing Sing, there to repent in solitude of their too enthusiastic eagerness to fleece an innocent and unsuspecting public.

CHIEF CROKER'S WAY.

A FINER vindication at the hands of the public could scarcely be expected by any man who has been unjustly treated than that which we publicly offered last week to Edward F. Croker, Chief of the New York Fire Department. Chief Croker, a fireman who actually goes to fires, was especially requested to appear before the very highest authorities on fire insurance, and to address the members regarding the cause and effects of and possible remedies for conflagrations like the great Baltimore fire. Mr. Croker gave his views tersely—which is his style. Mr. Croker spoke, too, of the splendid work of the men under him—which also is his style. What a small, mean, contemptible thing ex-Fire Commissioner Sturgis must feel at the present moment!

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

By CAROLYN LOWREY.

LILLY LANGTRY is willing to give up money. She has come across a photograph of herself at the age of fourteen, in which she appears as an ugly duckling, and it is a great shock to the beauty. She has offered twenty pounds for every stray photograph that may still exist. This order has been the delight of the shop-owners, as the people flock in to buy all the pictures of ugly children with the hope that the Jersey Lily may recognize herself.

At last Lakewood has had a sensation, created by John D. Rockefeller, which has helped society to tide over the Lenten season. Just imagine the Honorable John D. (beloved of Arthur Brisbane) in a golf jacket, skating with the giddy throng! Mr. Rockefeller's latest extravagance has been the automobile; but this dissipation lasted only a week, then back to his old friend, the hack.

THE long-flowing sleeve of the day may be very beautiful to look at, but it is a great trouble to the wearer. It makes a good duster, for it sweeps clean everything it comes in contact with. A bright little woman, who gave a dinner the other night, had a pair of "bicycle clips" as favors for the women.

It is a terrible shock to Arthur Kemp to see the wonderful happiness of his former wife, the present Mrs. Hunnewell. He cannot possibly understand how she failed to discover the beautiful in him. "Baby Belle" suggests that he find solace with the former Mrs. Hunnewell, and then they could make a delightful quartette. But then, "Baby Belle" always did like things a bit out of the usual.

RUMOR states that Sir Thomas Lipton at the ripe age of fifty-four has at last fallen a victim to the matrimonial bait. It comes as a surprise, for while Sir Thomas for the past thirty years has been noted a splendid host, he has always fought shy of being a permanent holder

FORMER ATTORNEY-GENERAL GRIGGS NOW A NEW YORK LAWYER.

WHEN John W. Griggs, former Attorney-General of the United States, opened a law office in New York in the Wall Street section recently, one of the ablest men who ever made history in New Jersey joined the legal brotherhood of this State. It has been rare that a man so honored in his native State and nation has turned his back upon public life as has Mr. Griggs. Yet he resigned as Governor of New Jersey to accept the Attorney-Generalship, and then again resigned from the latter.

Mr. Griggs was born in Newton, Sussex County, New Jersey, which is called the Scotland of America.

The former Attorney-General is a little over fifty years of age. After he had received tuition in his home town he was sent to Lafayette University, where he was graduated in 1868. He studied law and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-two, and went to Paterson, where he hung out his professional shingle.

Either as a young man or in the maturity of his manhood, Mr. Griggs had no personal liking for the practical politics of the day. But in a city of industrial progress like Paterson, in which new legislation is required constantly to meet the demands of expansion in the matter of transportation and mechanical advancement, legal aid was absolutely necessary in the drafting, com-

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Third Floor

in the live-stock market. If Dame Rumor be true, it will not be an American beauty, but a Glasgow widow of forty-four. Even the wisest men cannot always avoid the snares of leap-year.

IF anything tickles Oscar Hammerstein more than another, it is to be taken by a stranger for an employee of his own theatre—a stage hand, musician or attaché. The other day a vaudeville performer mistook him for the orchestra leader and demanded that he give him quicker tempo during his act. "I'm only a stage hand," said Oscar. "Well, hurry up and tell the professor," was the order.

piling and passage of laws. Naturally, where so many millions were at stake in the nature of railroad and corporate securities, the best lawyers were engaged. It did not take long for the people of Paterson to learn that young John W. Griggs was a good lawyer.

In the course of a few years every Judge in the State, and every big financial institution, knew that Mr. Griggs was one of the most reliable authorities upon corporation law. As New Jersey's law and procedure is based very closely upon English law, with its form of practice, including the antiquated Chancery branch, the knowledge of law embraced a wide range in its courts.

In 1876 the young lawyer was sent to the State Assembly, being returned for a second term in 1877. At that time there were many brainy and eloquent men in the legislature, and some rather radical attempts were made to promulgate statutes which foreboded years of litigation. Mr. Griggs made a name for himself by opposing every attempt to enact revolutionary or vicious legislation, and there were some battles royal lasting weeks. But Mr. Griggs was absorbed in his practice and longed to retire to private life again. He refused another nomination, and was allowed to remain out of office until 1882, when his party appealed to him to take the Senatorial nomination, the county being

FLOWERS worn in the hair are gaining favor—especially artificial roses with the leaves stemmed with diamonds. A fetching style for a blonde woman is a wreath composed of black jet leaves.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON DISCUSSES MISS CROCKER.

PROPOS of the marriage of Burton Harrison and Mary Crocker, there is quite an amusing story. When Mr. Harrison broke the news of his engagement to his mother, contrary to all expectations she was not at all jubilant, but gave way to a severe attack of nerves. It was incomprehensible, for everybody thought the California heiress a most desirable *parti* for the promising young lawyer. One day a mutual friend called on Mrs. Harrison and the trouble came out.

"Do tell me," she said, "what kind of girl is this Mary Crocker? Does she speak with a brogue?"

The friend assured her to the contrary, and spoke most enthusiastically of Mary Caston, her gentle, refined and highly educated mother, the niece of D. O. Mills.

Mrs. Harrison replied: "Thank goodness! I am deeply relieved. I was almost sure her mother was one of those uncertain forty-niners, a better laundress and cook than a lady. I don't care for money, but I do care for breeding and a voice attuned to the right pitch."

Suffice it to say, little Mary Crocker Harrison is now worshipped by her mother-in-law.

THE GOSSIP.

HAMBURG STEAKS.

A son of Erin entered a restaurant with pomposity evident, and seating himself at a table gave his order peremptorily, as follows:

"Here yez, waythur, I want wan o' thim Humbug steaks, an' Oi'll hov' it immedjetly."

He got it.

HOW HE KNEW IT.

"I got the best of my wife in an argument last night," said Wederly.

"Did she tell you so?" queried Singleton.

"Not exactly," replied Wederly; "but she said I was a mean, spiteful thing," as she went out of the room and slammed the door."

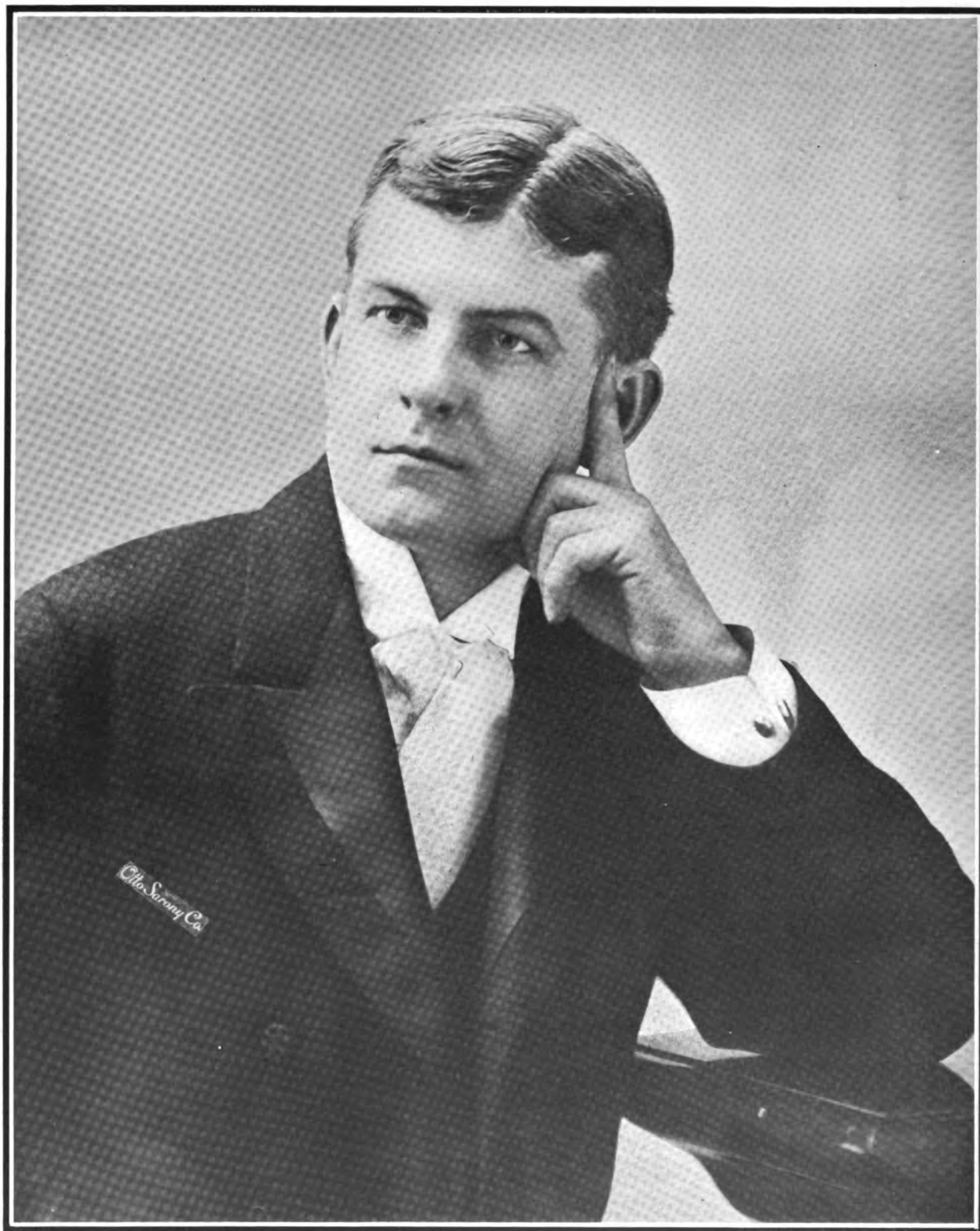
close politically. He did so; was elected and remained a member of the Upper House until 1888, being chosen President in 1886.

The State had been Democratic for nearly thirty years, when, in 1896, Mr. Griggs was nominated by the Republicans for Governor. He made a rattling tour through the State and a brilliant victory followed. But again he left State politics and resigned when President McKinley offered him a Cabinet seat as Attorney-General which he accepted. In 1898, however he tendered his resignation and went back to his law library. Mr. Griggs' closest friend was the late Vice-President Hobart, who was his neighbor in Paterson.

Personally, he is a masterly man in any situation of life. Of literary taste, he keeps abreast of all that is good in the old and new authorship. An orator of dignified address, classical in his English, of old Anglo-Saxon stock, Mr. Griggs is a very high type of man. While he is severe in mien, thoughtful and grave, there is a keen sense of humor in his make-up. Independent and high-spirited, he never carried favor in his life. In the domestic circle he is at his best, and he is an ardent golfer.

Taken altogether, John W. Griggs is a safe, conservative man, and if his party should remain in power, it would not surprise his admirers if he were given some important diplomatic post abroad. He is to-day one of the brilliant leaders of the great lawyers who make New York their professional home.

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON, LAWYER AND ORATOR.



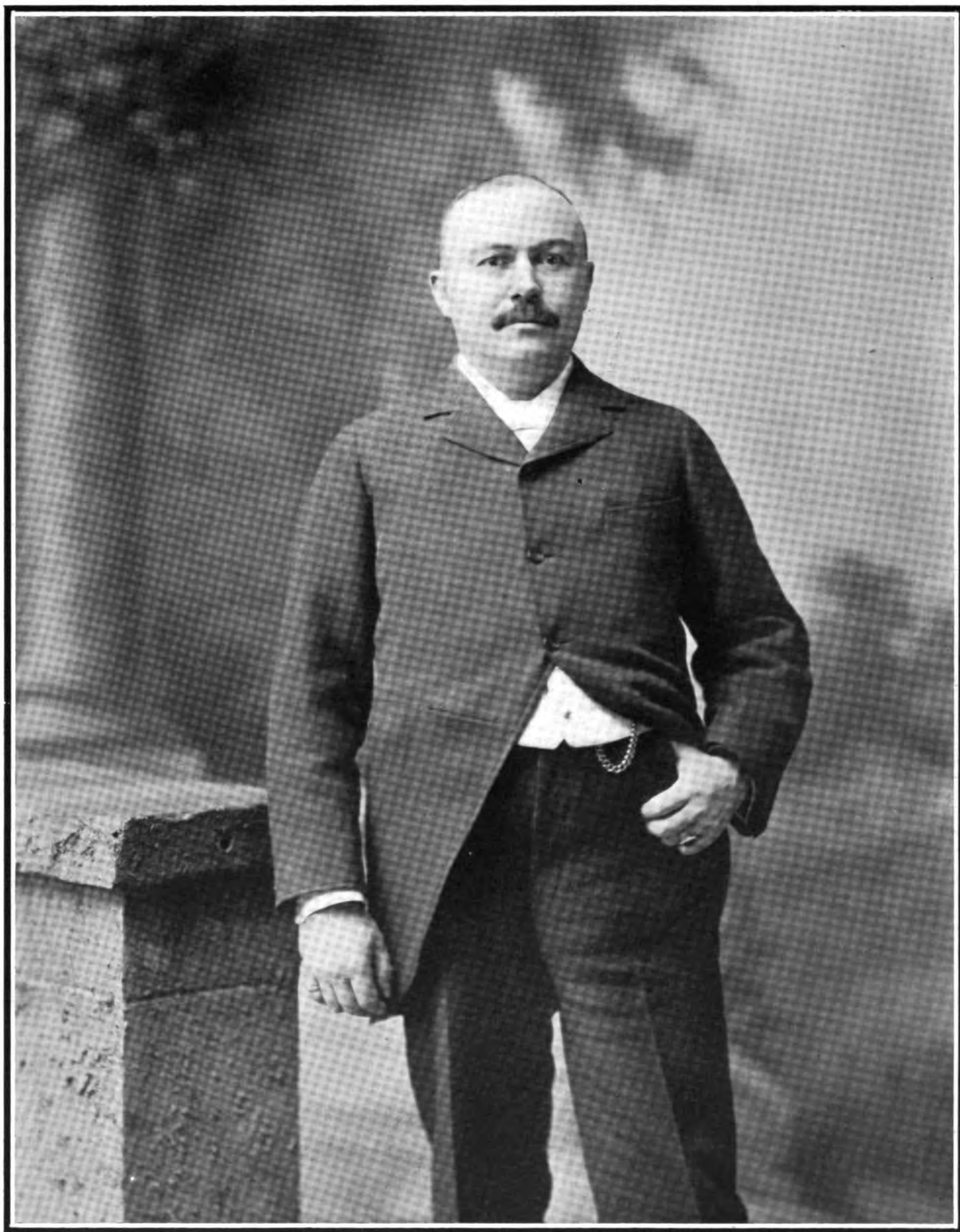
JAMES LINDSAY GORDON, OF NEW YORK.

FEW younger men to-day hold the position occupied by James Lindsay Gordon, orator and lawyer. Born in Virginia and educated at William and Mary College and the University of Virginia, he practised his profession in his native State, where he was a member of the Virginia State Senate for three years, serving on the Judiciary and Cities committees. Mr. Gordon has made campaigns in various Presidential elections in States designated by the Democratic National Committee. Wherever he has spoken,

his audiences have been deeply moved by his words, and he has held them captivated by a voice of unusual musical quality and flexibility. After locating in New York, Mr. Gordon became a member of the Law Committee of Tammany Hall; also of the Democratic and Seneca clubs, of the American Bar Association and of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. For four years he was Assistant District-Attorney of New York County and is now Assistant Corporation Counsel of New York City, assigned to the trial of negligence cases

for the city. Mr. Gordon has delivered orations before the Alumni Association of William and Mary and the University of Virginia, before graduating classes of the University of Vermont and Randolph Macon College and the Virginia Society of Atlanta, and addresses at the banquets of the Holland Society and the Ohio Society, the Southern Society, the Sheriff's Jury, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, the Missouri Society, the Charlestown Society of New York, and the Lincoln Club of Brooklyn.

A. L. ERLANGER, A REMARKABLE FIGURE IN THEATRICALS.



From a Photograph by Baker, Columbus, O.

MR. ERLANGER IN A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE.

MR. ERLANGER is a member of the well-known managerial firm of Klaw & Erlanger, and a moving spirit in the Theatrical Syndicate. Mr. Erlanger is something more than a mere manager—he is a producer and a stagecraftsman of rare and undoubted ability. He is personally responsible for the stage management of the Rogers Brothers and other important attractions. Mr. Erlanger's reputation

is international, as he is well-known in England and on the Continent.

Mr. Erlanger is one of the men who, during the past ten years, has succeeded in making theatrical contracts of some value, and not merely pieces of white paper with smudges of ink, to be broken almost before being made. With his associates in the Syndicate, he has succeeded in making a theatrical contract something

firm and definite, on which financial probity and business honesty are based.

Mr. Erlanger is loyal to his friends, just in his treatment of the army of men and women who are employed by Klaw & Erlanger, and a man whose word is as good as his bond—than which it is difficult to be more.

Mr. Erlanger is respected for the enemies he has made.

WINIFRED VOORHEES, A NEWCOMER ON THE STAGE.



From a Portrait by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.

MISS VOORHEES is a member of the "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" Company at the Belasco Theatre. This is her first season on the stage. There is about her that indefinite something which stamps the girl as from New York, N. Y. Miss Voorhees has ambition, backed by ability—a combination which has made many great players on the contemporaneous stage.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS OF THE WEEK.

By ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY.

THE SECOND EDITION OF "THE WIZARD OF OZ."

THE Circle was enshrouded in a thick, steamy mist, and the lights flickered through it in a hysterical sort of way. In general physical and atmospheric make-up, the scene was quite as like Picadilly Circus as New York can ever hope or fear to be. Men and women on foot, in automobiles and hansoms, and in almost every describable way, except on horseback, were trooping to the Majestic Theatre. It looked like a crowd headed for a new Irving production or a Calvé farewell. It was nothing of the kind; it was the first night of the second edition of "The Wizard of Oz," and all New York went to see *The Scarecrow* and *The Tin-Woodman*.

This show, which ran through all last summer, and was cut off in the very bloom of its second breath, is remarkable in that it has worn well. It is not even slightly frayed at the edges. "The Wizard of Oz" is practically a theatrical paradox—a pantomime with much conversation. In style and fibre, it is not unlike the big London productions, although quite American in treatment. There is no doubt whatsoever that Julian Mitchell is past master in the gentle art of painting stage pictures with living figures. The Poppy transformation scene in Act I is still one of the most beautifully effective pieces of stage management ever seen in New York.

However, all this is futile in the face of the fact that the audience on this particular foggy night went to see Fred. Stone as *The Scarecrow* and David Montgomery as the *Tin-Woodman*. These two young men, who seem to have slipped into the places left vacant by the unfortunate parting of Matthews and Bulger (though I admit that they are twice as eccentric and quite as funny as these last two ever were), have certainly made an unequivocal hit with New York theatre-goers. When Mr. Stone first made his appearance he was cheered in a way that would have made glad the heart of Edouard de Reszké, and Mr. Montgomery's reception was scarcely less hearty and enthusiastic. It was a pleasant tribute to these actors, who, while funny and unusual to a grotesque degree, are not guilty of any of the crude vulgarisms which so often make our comedians offensive.

And there was Lotta Faust, still very brunette and unbending and very handsome; and Allene Crater, the lady lunatic, fulsome and blonde and energetic; Anna Laughlin, with a baby stare and a baby gurgle in her voice; and Owen Westford, who manages to get some fun out of a rather unfunny part; and Stephen Maley, the *Sir Wiley Gyle*, who was really a very deep-dyed villain and who seemed to imagine himself the central figure in a good old Drury Lane melodrama.

Bessie Wynn was still the principal boy. A principal boy is, as a rule, very loud and assertive and possessed of a stertorous voice, and, taken altogether, a very noisy and unhandy piece of furniture to have around the house. Miss Wynn, however, is slender and pretty and entirely modest. She does not yell her songs—she sings them—and her boy poet is one of the daintiest pieces of work in the whole piece. It has the sparkle of Ruinart and a dash all its own. Out-of-town principal boys, please copy.

Charles Swain was the new low comedian—very, very low.

HENRY MILLER'S REVIVALET.

IN producing "Frederick Lemaitre," Henry Miller harks back to one of the earlier and most successful of the Clyde Fitch pieces. Although it is only a one-act play, it is one of the deftest and best written of the Fitch pieces. It



From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

JOSEPHINE CLAYTON, THE LEADER OF THE "POPPIES," IN THE SECOND EDITION OF "THE WIZARD OF OZ," AT THE MAJESTIC THEATRE.

has a literary flavor not found in some of Mr. Fitch's productions of the past five years, although this fact, when balanced against the box-office receipts, is probably not as important as it might be. Mr. Miller has always been very fond of *Lemaitre*, and played it for a long time, but discarded it some seasons ago. Later Charles Wells used the piece in vaudeville with considerable success. Mr. Miller found "Man Proposes" rather short for a full evening's entertainment, hence this revival of "Frederick Lemaitre."

KATHERINE KENNEDY ON THE MOVE.

IT cannot truthfully be said that there will be gnashing of teeth and loud wails of pain when Katherine Kennedy leaves the Garrick Theatre to make way for Eleanor Robson; nor can it be said, further, that "The Ruling Power" has added one scintilla of merit or interest to the present season.

For years Elwyn A. Barron was, perhaps, the best-known dramatic critic West of New York; then he took to play-writing. One of his earliest pieces, if not his very first, was a rather

weird affair called "A Mountain Pink." It was weak, foolish and unsuccessful, and as to merit was about the worst in the "M'liss" class. Then Mr. Barron did some more criticizing and some more play-writing, the former cleverly, and the latter poorly. Finally he went to London. New York had nearly forgotten him, when along came "The Ruling Power," with Katherine Kennedy. Up to writing, this is the end of a very sad tale.

At any rate, Katherine Kennedy leaves the Garrick, and Eleanor Robson, a real actress in a real play, appears in still another theatre in "Merely Mary Ann." Mr. Zangwill's table manners may not be as pretty or conventional as those of Mr. Barron's, but he certainly knows how to write a better play.

THE STRANGENESS OF "THE GIRL FROM KAY'S."

THE New York *Herald* informs a palpitant public that "they are standing them up at the Herald Square." Here we are near the end of the fifth month of "The Girl



HARRY WOODRUFF, ONE OF THE GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG MEN OF THE AMERICAN STAGE. HE HAS BEEN ON THE ROAD—ALAS AND ALACK!—AND ALL ON ACCOUNT OF POOR TOASTED "OLYMPHE."

From Kay's," and the business keeps way above the normal point. All of this is in face of the fact that the New York critics on the morning after the opening performance at the Herald Square were quite sure that "The Girl From Kay's" wouldn't do at all. The management thought it would, and the cast kept on improving the performance, until finally the town woke up to the fact that here was a big solid hit.

I saw a performance of "The Girl From Kay's" the other night, and it is so much cleaner and brighter, and more cleverly worked out than it was on the first night, that the hard work of the stage management and the ever-increasing spirits and unflagging interest of Hattie Williams and Sam Bernard have turned a mediocre performance into a rattling good evening's entertainment.

ARNOLD DALY'S AMBITION.

IF the theorists are not very careful, young Arnold Daly will be getting ahead of the whole crowd in the matter of a subsidized theatre. This young actor, who, only a few seasons ago, was a mere knickerbockered boy, has, in presenting "Candida" and "The Man of Destiny," given New York two of the most artistic performances of the winter. He has become an exceedingly serious and purposeful player, to whom no disappointment is too great for surmounting or hopes too high for fulfillment. He was handicapped first by his opening at the Vaudeville Theatre, which is a pretty tough theatrical nut for any one to crack, and then, after his company had attained a certain smoothness, the theatre closed, and he was obliged to make a shift. He has been back again at the Vaudeville for some time, and he has done surprising business, all things considered.

I understand that Mr. Daly has been offered a sufficient amount of backing to enable him to play in New York for a whole season if he cares

to do so, using "Candida," "The Man of Destiny" and other plays he has at his disposal.

All of which must be very gratifying to Mr. Daly, who seems of late to have taken a fresh grip on his profession and to be holding on with firmness and precision.

AFTER A VISIT TO PROCTOR'S.

WHAT a remarkable thing is your twentieth century stock company! No doubt, you often have a tall, cadaverous man, with frayed side whiskers and sparse head-covering, tell you that these are not the days of the good old stock company, and that the drama has been knocked out by the commercial spirit of this age. This is a pessimistic theory that I always like to riddle, if possible.

The other night I dropped in at the Fifth Avenue Theatre and saw the F. F. Proctor Stock Company in a revival of "The Lost Paradise." Here was a company that had been playing right straight through a long, arduous season, with more new productions than a dozen stars would make in as many years, and yet there was a freshness in action, a clean-cut method and an excellent technique that one would expect from a company that had been playing in the same piece for weeks. The costumes were fresh and

handsome, and the scenery not only well done, but in one instance elaborate.

Among the well-known members in the cast of "The Lost Paradise" were Vernon Clarges, who played *Andrew Knowlton*, backed by his years of ripe experience; Malcolm Williams, the leading man, as *Reuben Warner*, who was both good-looking and able; Lotta Linthicum, as *Margaret Knowlton*, tall and graceful, and Rose Stuart, handsome and nearly red-headed, as *Mrs. Knowlton*. This particular "Lost Paradise" would certainly make my friend of the frayed side-whiskers decidedly uncomfortable, as your-bred-in-the-bone pessimist hates to be convinced that anything is right anywhere at any time.

ROBSON VERSUS STANGE.

THE often fought-out question regarding the inherent right of a dramatist to exact a certain rendition of his lines and the equally asserted privilege of a player to do as she or he everlastingly pleases, has cropped out again in its most virulent form. While there may have been various other reasons besides the one given, there is not the slightest doubt that when May Robson left "Piff, Paff, Pouf," it was after a particularly stormy passage at arms with Stanislaus Stange regarding some of the latter's lines.

It is a perfectly well-known fact that Miss Robson has a very broad-shouldered mind of her own. There is nothing of the shrinking bud about Miss Robson when she has once laid out her plan of battle. Mr. Stange, on the other hand, does not bend with every whiff of a summer breeze. He, too, likes to have his judgment pass as legal tender. At any rate, I am told that when Miss Robson and Mr. Stange came to verbal blows, that there was a very pretty and picturesque display of fire-works and that the actress's opinion of the playwright would not look well in full-face caps.

In the meantime, Fred. C. Whitney seems to permit himself to stand in the background and allow his principals to play out the game to their heart's content. In the present instance Mr. Stange seems to have won. At any rate, he intends that his words shall be spoken as he hands them out.

BONN AT THE IRVING PLACE THEATRE.

FERDINAND BONN is one of those rare actors who can express their every emotion by pantomime or facial expression. Wild gesticulation and a screechy voice do not form a part of his dramatic equipment. I saw him recently as *Volkhardt* in "Zapfenstreich," and although there are some things that I understand very much better than German, I was able, with a skeletonized knowledge of the play itself, to appreciate his performance. He is an admirable actor, with much of Continental beefiness in his method, but also the excellent German genius of paying strict attention to small things. He has a good voice and a manner that is something more than pleasing. His intonation is strong and virile.

Some time ago, in these columns, I advised ambitious dramatic students to go and see Ethel Wynn-Matthison, at Daly's Theatre. I now add Ferdinand Bonn, of the Irving Place Theatre, to the list.



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WILL MISS SPRECKELS BECOME MRS. SANTOS-DUMONT?

By ALICE J. GRAHAM.

WILL she, or will she not? is the question we are all anxiously discussing these days. That is to say, will Claus Spreckels' daughter marry the daring and ambitious aeronaut, Santos Dumont? She declares that she will, while papa declares that she won't. Of course, like her older sister Emma, she can defy the sugar king and his millions and marry the man of her choice, and, should she decide to elope, she and her hero could safely sail away in an airship fitted up with modern conveniences, feeling quite sure that the irate father could not overtake them. We can't help wondering, however, if the young lady's love is ardent enough to induce her to give up her palatial mansion with the retinue of servants to which she has been accustomed, and could she be content with the modest suite of rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria, which is probably the only home her airship hero could give her. There have been rumors upon rumors of her engagement, all of them being announced with authority, but as yet the young heiress is still a spinster.

Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, before her marriage was another martyr to these matrimonial reports. She was Miss Nellie Joliffe, of San Francisco, the eldest of eleven children. Her parents were in very moderate circumstances, her father being only the captain of a ferryboat plying between San Francisco and Oakland, and, with his ever-increasing family, it was all his thrifty wife could do, with the strictest economy, to make both ends meet. Fortunately she had a sister, Mrs. Matthews, who was as generous as she was rich. She permitted the struggling family to live, rent free, in one of her numerous houses, and, in turn, sent each of the younger children to a convent to be educated. There was no question about it; Nellie Joliffe was one of the most beautiful girls in the city of the Golden Gate.

She attracted the attention of Mrs. Adam Grant, one of the wealthiest women in the city, and she immediately took Nellie under her wing. Mrs. Grant had the entrée to every home of fashion and wealth. Nellie, as her protégée, accompanied her. Mrs. Grant saw to it that she was becomingly gowned. Everywhere that Nellie went, she was followed by a host of ardent admirers, and the *haut ton* predicted for her a most brilliant marriage. Not a month passed that the report of her engagement to some nabob was not circulated. First it was Senator Fair, and we all agreed that she would make a charming hostess for the mansion on Nob Hill. Hardly had that report died away, than Robert Morrow was on the list. Society felt that Nellie was a little too young and giddy to be a mother to his three growing boys. But he was rich and could afford nurses and tutors, and whom he married was his own affair. This report, like others, came to naught. We were all sure that James Phelan, mayor of the city, had succumbed to her charms. Each of the Wallace boys in turn paid her court, but they chose their brides elsewhere. For a time, old Robert Lisle was most devoted, when, to the surprise of every one, he turned around and married Miss Sarah Kelly, who was just a trifle beyond *passé*, but has made him a brilliant and effective wife.

In the meantime the years passed. Alice Joliffe who was only a child when Nellie was first launched in society, had grown up and married young Dr. Moffatt, the son of the banker. Virginia, the sixth daughter, had also settled herself satisfactorily, and still Nellie lingered on in single bliss. She was taken up by Mrs. Theresa Fair,

and for a while it was thought she would marry young Jim; but he died, and Nellie was still on the eligible list. This sort of thing kept up for more than a decade, to put it mildly. With her beauty and youthful spirits, Nellie could scarcely be called an old maid. At last, when we had all come to the conclusion that she had had some romance in her early life and had taken the vow of celibacy, lo and behold! young Spreckels appeared on the scene, and Nellie was borne a willing captive to become the bride and mistress of his home on Pacific Heights. In the meantime Frances, the third sister, had gone to Vassar. After a course of appearances in private theatricals at the college, she decided that her histrionic talent was hidden under a bushel, so she hid herself to the stage. Through the influential name of Spreckels she immediately obtained a position as ingenue in the Modjeska company. She declared that because of Madame Modjeska's jealousy of her superior talent and popularity she was forced to leave the company. At last accounts, sister Nellie had agreed to allow her a certain monthly income, provided she gave up the stage, and devoted herself to literary pursuits instead. As yet the public has not heard from her pen. This time it may be a case of jealous editors.

Mrs. Spreckels makes periodical visits to New York, and although her wealth and connections would make her a desirable adjunct to Gotham's western colony, she goes nowhere. She is a confirmed invalid and is never seen without a trained nurse. Some say that she is suffering from an incipient disease, while others maintain that she is completely broken down by the death of her eldest son, a child of six, to whom she was a devoted, tender mother. All that science and money can do to restore her to health is being done, but the once beautiful Nellie Joliffe is but a shadow of her former brilliant self.

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POLITICAL.

NO ONE WILL ARREST ASSEMBLYMAN FINCH.

IF Assemblyman Finch ever comes to New York and should have the misfortune to get in any trouble, it will be impossible to find a policeman who will arrest him. He is the most popular man in police circles at present.

Mr. Finch introduced a bill to raise the salary of captains, and every man on the force is pleased, as they all expect to be captains in due course.

"We all feel," said a Tenderloin roundsman, "that we need have no more fear of politicians. Formerly, the blame was placed upon politicians when any trouble was made for saloonkeepers; but I assure you it was not so much the fault of the police or the politicians. Every politician naturally desired to be in good standing with the brewers, and the saloonkeepers wanted immunity, so that they could keep open without interference.

"Now the police are satisfied with Commissioner McAdoo, and the politicians cannot help themselves.

"But the saloonkeepers have less influence with the leaders now than the leaders have with the police."

WAR-WHOOPS ON THE AVENUE.

THE peaceful and exclusive atmosphere of the Knickerbocker Club was disturbed the other night by a series of wild yells which resembled either a college cry or the war-whoop of some Indian tribe.

Some of the staid old members were much wrought up that there should be such unseemly noises at so late an hour, and the flunkies of the household were instructed to investigate.

It was found that a few of the younger men



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had merely tendered a greeting after their own idea to Francis Burton Harrison, the young Congressman who that night had been elected a member of the Tammany Society. He is now qualified to smoke the pipe of peace and do other strange rites in the Wigwam.

The Tammany Society is, of course, distinct from Tammany Hall, and the capture of such a distinguished scion of a distinguished family is considered quite a feather in Leader Murphy's headgear.

LITTLETON TO BE THE CONVENTION ORATOR.

NOT the least force against Senator McCarren in his fight with the Manhattan leaders is President Littleton, of Brooklyn. Indeed, Mr. Littleton probably exercises more influence with Leader Murphy than any other man in the Brooklyn Democracy. He is certainly the most powerful man in the party in the borough across the river at present.

There is little surprise expressed now when it is reported that Mr. Littleton may be the spokesman of Mr. Murphy in the National Convention. He is gifted as a speaker, and the fact that he comes from Senator McCarren's own borough would dampen the Parker boom in the convention.

J. D. B.

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NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE SPRING HOTEL SEASON.

By CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM.

PROPOSED NEW HOTEL AT CONEY ISLAND.

It may safely be said that the new hotel that is to be built at Coney Island this summer is largely at present on paper. Though plans have been drawn for it, ground has not yet been broken. The location selected is at Ocean Parkway, Sea Breeze avenue and West First street, and the land is a part of the estate of the late John Y. McKane. The location is opposite the new park lately opened by the City of New York, and is free from the unpleasant features that mark the western end of the Island. It is proposed to call the new hotel the Concourse Park Hotel, and the management is to be vested in Myrtle Myers, H. Arthur Cahn and Thomas E. Coffey. Who is backing the prospect is not at present known, but this much can be said without fear of contradiction, that it is Brooklyn capital that is behind the enterprise. For the present the office of the Concourse Hotel Co. will be in the Clarendon Hotel, Brooklyn. The plans have been drawn, the managers selected, and the only thing now remaining to be done is to break ground—not a trifling matter, by any means.

SHADES OF MAJOR HILL.

THE burning, during the recent Baltimore fire, of the Carrollton Hotel calls to mind the personality of Major N. H. Hill, who was manager of the Carrollton at the time of its destruction. The Major was a typical Southerner, and for aught we know—he still continues to be one. The Major took infinite pleasure in his work as manager of the hotel, and one can picture his grief as he watched the relentless flames destroy the old hotel. It is only a few years ago that many thousands of dollars were spent in altering and improving the property and putting it back to the front rank of Baltimore's hotels.

The house had run down badly, its

old-time trade had in large numbers gone elsewhere, but with the coming of Major Hill, and the improved condition of things, the old trade had started to return. Now that fire has laid waste the famous "tavern," many expressions of sympathy will go out to the Major over his loss, and the hope will be entertained that ere long a new hotel will spring up, at the head of which will be Major N. H. Hill, that fine type of Southern gentleman.

CRANE BECOMES A BONIFACE.

THE California Hotel, at San Francisco, has been leased by Carlton C. Crane, for many years the representative in San Francisco of the New York Central Railroad. The California was conducted for many years by Gen. Warfield, a bluff, gruff and hearty sort of fellow, who seemed to take life easily and upon whom the cares and worries of existence rested very lightly. The California Hotel is somewhat after the style of the Gilsey or Grand in this city, and if memory serves, adjoins one of the leading theatres. Crane, the new man, is a genial chap, far from being slender in his physical outlines, and from his long residence in 'Frisco, and on account of his association with the big railway corporation, has made many friends. There is an impression that a coterie of rich men are backing Crane in his new enterprise.

PROFITS OF HOTEL KEEPING.

ONE hears from time to time the wail of the unsuccessful hotel man, who says "there is no more money in keeping a hotel."

How true the claim may be, can be judged from the following:

"The value of the estate of the late James J. Belden is being estimated by attorneys for the State Comptroller and counsel and witnesses for the estate, who have been putting in evidence before George H. Bond, appraiser under the

State inheritance tax. The estate, as figured by the executors, amounts to \$4,000,000, which places the Manhattan Hotel in New York at \$3,000,000—the amount for which it is assessed. It is shown that Mr. Belden's income from the Manhattan was \$240,000 a year, which is 6 per cent. upon an investment of \$4,000,000. Out of that there were no taxes, assessments or expenses of any kind to be paid."

NEW HOTEL AT PITTSBURG.

THE erection of an enormous hotel at Pittsburg by H. C. Frick, according to Director Bigelow, of the Department of Public Works of that city, will crown extensive improvements to be carried out at the intersection of Grant street, Sixth avenue, and its vicinity. The Director told of the hotel project in a reply he made to a request for information regarding street improvements to be made as a result of the passage of the franchise ordinances of the Verner traction syndicate.

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WILL MAKE YOU A REGULAR PATRON

Music that's sure to please you.

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RESTAURANT A LA CARTE. (Music.)

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SPLENDID RESTAURANT, TABLE
D'HOTE and A LA CARTE.

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AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS.

HOTEL ST. GEORGE

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NEW YORK CITY.

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New FLEMISH GRILL ROOM.

WM. TUMBRIDGE, Prop.

Have you heard of the TABLE D'HOTE
DINNER at

REISENWEBER'S?

Every evening. \$1.00.

Another attraction—

JIRGAHN'S STRING QUARTETTE.

Also every evening. The hit of the town.

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things piping—at *The Criterion*.



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Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Klaw & Erlanger, Mgrs.

The Dearborn Management presents

RICHARD CARLE

in the Operatic Brilliancy,

THE TENDERFOOT

DALY'S THEATRE, B'way and 30th St.
Evenings 8:10. Matinee Saturday 2:15.
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Charles Frohman presents Shakespeare's
Comedy

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

With **EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON** and
BEN GREET

LYRIC, Broadway, 7th Ave. and 42d Street.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mat. Sat. 2:15.
Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Prop.

WILTON LACKAYE

-IN-

THE PIT

Wm. A. Brady's magnificent production.

HERALD SQUARE THEATRE, B'way &
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Chas. Frohman and Geo. Edwardes present
the farical comedy, with music,

THE GIRL FROM KAY'S

with enormous cast, including
SAM BERNARD.

BELASCO THEATRE, 42d St. near B'way.
Ev'gs punctually at 8. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

David Belasco presents, by arrangement
with Maurice Campbell,

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

in the new play,

SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS

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THE TWO ORPHANS

With the following distinguished ALL-STAR
CAST:

Kyrle Bellew, James O'Neill, Charles Warner,
E. M. Holland, Jamison Lee Finney, Fred-
erick Perry, Grace George, Margaret Illing-
ton, Clara Morris, Annie Irish, Elita Proctor
Otis, Clara Blandick.

CASINO, Broadway and 39th Street.
Telephone, 6020 & 6726—38.
Eve's at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15

Fred C. Whitney presents

PIFF, PAFF, POUFF.

Book by Stanislaus Stange.

Lyrics by William Jerome.

Music by Jean Schwartz.

PRINCESS THEATRE,
Broadway and 29th Street.

Century Players

IN

ROSEMERSHOLM

Seats now on sale for all performances.

NEW EMPIRE THEATRE, 40th St. & B'way
Ev'gs 8:20. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

Charles Frohman presents Augustus
Thomas's Best Comedy,

THE OTHER GIRL

NEWS NOTES OF
PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

An opera, called "The Queen of Laughter," by William Brady, a Cincinnati composer, has been produced at Spokane, Wash., and it is to be seen in New York during the next engagement of the Bostonians.

Frank L. Perley is trying to induce Minnie Ashley, now Mrs. William Astor Chanler, to appear in "A Venetian Romance," which is to be produced shortly in this city.

Three acts of Grace George's new play have been delivered to Manager Brady. It will be modern in its date.

It has been remarked that the pugilist whom Lionel Barrymore pictures in "The Other Girl" at the Empire Theatre, owns a resort next door. There is good opportunity to make comparisons between the acts.

Every Tuesday night parties of brokers attend the Lyric, taking turns to see Wilton Lackaye get his clothes torn off in "The Pit."

There are four of the Daly family appearing with the Ward & Vokes company in "A Pair of Pinks." They are a sister and nieces of Dan Daly.

Joseph Jefferson began his 1904 spring tour at Jacksonville on April 2d, and it will end in Paterson on May 7th. He is playing his usual repertoire.

Caroline Lum, a young prima donna, is now supporting George W. Monroe. She is considered to have a good voice, and a future of much promise.

Olive Celeste Moore, who was with the Bostonians, has declined an offer to go to London and sing there. She is now visiting friends in Ohio, taking a rest.

George W. Lederer is emphatic in stating that he will have a music hall going all this summer in New York.

Madge Carr Cook and Eleanor Robson are the only mother and daughter starring on the American stage. Miss Carr

is playing in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and Miss Robson in "Merely Mary Ann."

Lydia Knott will make her debut in "Young Tobe Hoxie," when Ernest Lamson produces it in this city in a few weeks.

Mrs. Beatrice Meho, an American, has made a hit in Berlin with an entertainment called "Singing Pictures."

When Abraham L. Erlanger returned from England, he brought with him all the models for the scenery and proper-



A NEW PORTRAIT OF ADA REHAN AS *LADY TEAZLE*, IN HER JOINT STARRING TOUR WITH OTIS SKINNER IN "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

ties of "Humpty Dumpty," the Drury Lane pantomime, which Klaw & Erlanger are to present here next season.

Robert B. Mantell is already preparing for his production of "Othello" in this city next season. He has definitely resolved not to accept an offer to play in England.

At last a real Baroness has made a real success here on the stage. She is the Baroness Hertha von Seldeneck, and is on tour with her violin and a concert company.

THE PROCTOR THEATRES.

FIFTH AVENUE,

TWENTY-THIRD STREET,

FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET,

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH STREET

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Small Prices

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(Pierre Wolff's Famous Comedy)

With WM. H. THOMPSON.

SAVOY THEATRE, 34th St. and Broadway.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

KYRLE BELLEW

AS RAFFLES

THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN.

BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st St. & B'way.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.

Jacob Litt, Proprietor.

Henry W. Savage offers

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

in the new Comic Opera

THE YANKEE CONSUL

CRITERION THEATRE, B'way & 44th St.
Ev'gs 8:30. Matinee Saturday 2:15

Charles Frohman, Mgr.

ELEANOR ROBSON

in Israel Zangwill's Four-Act Play,

MERELY MARY ANN.

WALLACK'S, B'way & 30th St. Ev'gs 8:15
Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.

George Ade's Quaint Comedy

The County Chairman.

HUDSON THEATRE, 44th St. near B'way.
Ev'gs 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.

Henry B. Harris, Mgr.

HENRY MILLER

in a new play

MAN PROPOSES.

GARRICK THEATRE, 35th St. & B'way.
Ev'gs 8:15. Matinee Saturday 2:15

Charles Frohman, Mgr.

KATHERINE KENNEDY

in a new play by Elwyn A. Barron

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HAMLET

BROADWAY WEEKLY

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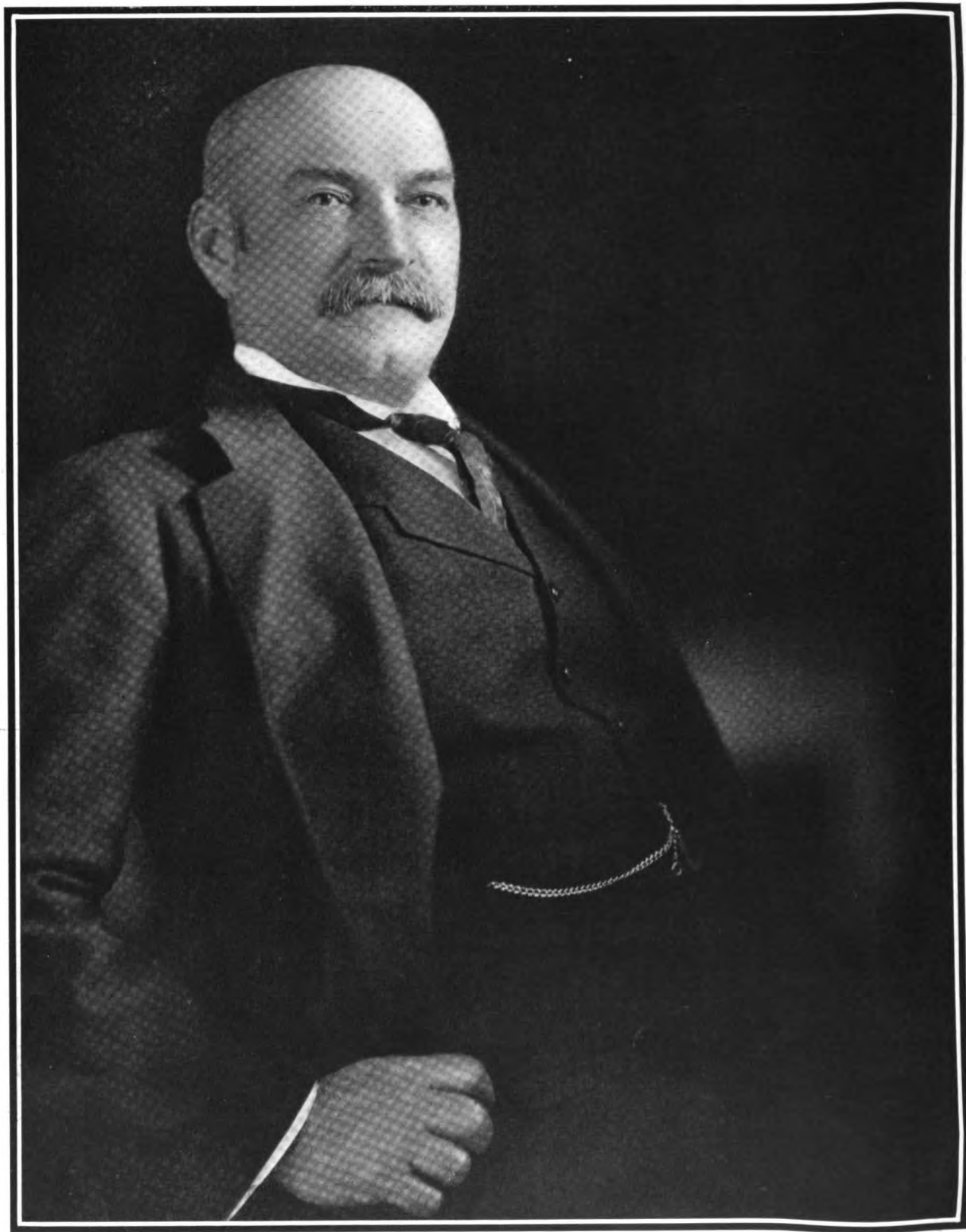


THE MOST CLASSIC FACE ON THE STAGE TO-DAY.

Kyle Bellew, now appearing in the star revival of "The Two Orphans," at the New Amsterdam Theatre, has features almost perfect in their classic beauty. He has for years been considered the handsomest man on the contemporaneous stage. Mr. Bellew's *Romeo* is about the best of those offered to the public by the actors of the past two decades.

JOHN B. McDONALD, THE MAN WHO MADE THE SUBWAY.

By HELEN KENNEY.

*From a Portrait by Pirie McDonald.*

JOHN B. McDONALD.

THERE is one man who, above all others, has left his mark upon this day and generation in this the greatest city in the world. He is John B. McDonald, whose work on the great subway is nearing completion after several anxious and trying years. The public does not yet realize the moral effect which this remarkable undertaking will exercise upon the nation at large, as well as for the personal

comfort of the millions of people to whom it comes as a blessing, after nearly a generation of worry and personal inconvenience.

Unlike all other public works, money was the least important factor in the enterprise promoted by August Belmont and those who associated themselves with Mr. McDonald. The secret of the success of the underground rapid-transit construction was the discovery of a man who could

take upon his shoulders the direction and centralization of the entire scope of the scheme. Men there were who could be depended upon to do certain parts of the work admirably, but one who could grasp every end of the great systematic plan of campaign; who could command the army of skilled, unskilled, and professional labor, gather the mighty mass of material, almost all of which had to be specially manufactured; who could

MRS. GEO. J. GOULD, A FINE TYPE OF AMERICAN WOMAN.

WHEN it is desired to recall some young matron who is a pure type of the thorough American woman whose accomplishments and virtues commend themselves to the admiration of the entire nation, and as an example of what a true American woman really is, the name of Mrs. George J. Gould is that which comes to the thoughts first.

The women of America owe thanks to Mrs. Gould for her recent noble defence of the society women of this country, whom she declares to be as affectionate, as dutiful, and as pure as those of any other land. From childhood Mrs. Gould has been noted for her sweetness of disposition and her devotion to her mother, and now she is a brilliant society leader; her life as a loving wife and admirable mother are household words.

On every occasion when she has been before the camera, she has preferred to be seen in the embrace of one or another of the beautiful girls or handsome, manly boys who are the joy of the Gould family circle at Georgian Court. There was none of the society people that attended any of the functions of the winter season who attracted such attention as Mrs. Gould. Her beauty is at its zenith, and her personality is heightened by the indefinable charm which won

her a triumph from the first moment she turned to a society career.

New Yorkers have always looked upon Mrs. Gould as their special favorite in the exclusive set. They have followed her victories with all the loyalty which a people lavish upon their queen, and she has ever been a gracious and mindful recipient of the honor.

Under the direction of Mrs. Gould, Georgian Court in the pines of Lakewood has become probably the most famous residence for country entertainment on the entire continent. It has so many specially arranged facilities for both outdoor and indoor sport that a month's visit could be passed there, and still would be much novelty; and this is chiefly rendered possible by the delightful and dignified management of a large household of guests by the gracious lady who is its hostess and mistress.

In a rare degree, Mrs. Gould possesses that finesse which in women far exceeds the diplomacy which is displayed by men in dealing with society affairs. There are no more delicate duties than those which women are called upon to execute in the adjustment of a large household. Tact, which is an uncommon gift, and a fine sense of the conventionalities play their part

in the life of a society matron, and none in the best circles has these in such generous measure as Mrs. Gould.

As Mr. Gould wields so important and responsible a power in the financial and industrial world, so his charming wife is quite as supreme in the direction of society's sphere. Among Mrs. Gould's admirers there are none so attached to her as the younger matrons and debutantes, who seek her counsel in their little troubles.

Mrs. George J. Gould is, indeed, a fine type of American woman and a credit to the world's best society.

BROADWAY WEEKLY

is publishing the most artistic society portraits to be found in America to-day.

send to the four corners of the earth for the necessary concomitants of the network of buried conduits, was the task which confronted the men who undertook the building of the Subway.

Naturally, they studied all the great construction work which had been completed in this and other countries, and were called upon to consider geological and territorial conformations which would have to be overcome in the carrying out of the contract. Theory could play no part in such a venture, but the scientific side of the project had to go hand-in-hand with the hard, practical delving and digging which brawn and muscle alone could accomplish.

To find a man of mental breadth for the execution of the rapid-transit plan, who would be acceptable to the financiers, to the Commissioners, and who should have the confidence of the public, was indeed a hard matter. At this juncture it was realized that but one person known to the big railroad and industrial chiefs of the country was capable of heading the entire war upon the obstacles which had to be overcome in the carrying out of the roadway for tracks from the Battery to Harlem.

This man, John B. McDonald, had become known by his works alone. He had fought difficulties which had been deemed unsurmountable by the most expert engineers and in a string of States has left monuments which will bear his name with honor to posterity when the names of warriors and statesmen will have faded in the mold of time.

It was characteristic that this man should have through his life cherished an ambition to do this very deed among the scenes of his boyhood, and where he had already won fame as a contractor on the biggest enterprises of the section. So, when the city of New York, acting under the Board of Rapid Transit Commissioners, awarded him the contract for the construction of the Rapid Transit Subway for the sum of \$35,000,000, with \$2,750,000 for terminals, the public mind was eased, for it was felt that the long-looked-for railway would become a fact.

In February, a month later, Mr. August Belmont organized and had incorporated the Rapid Transit Subway Construction Company, with a capital of \$6,000,000, to guarantee and aid Mr. McDonald in the construction work.

The people had watched its growth from a small hole in the ground until it became the

most perfect work of its kind in the world. There is nothing in the vast structures of ancient times—those marvels of viaduct and conduit—that equals the solidity of the Subway.

That Mr. McDonald has lived to see the completion of the Subway is a matter for congratulation to every citizen. That he will be the man of honor when it is handed over to the public is not only natural, but a matter of certainty if Mr. Belmont has anything to say in the premises. There is no man who holds so high an opinion of Mr. McDonald as does Mr. Belmont.

It is only possible to refer briefly to the many contracts which Mr. McDonald has carried to successful completion. Born in Ireland in 1844, he bears physical evidence of the splendid race from which he sprang, and in his open countenance he carries the index of a mind equal to the fullest demands upon unlimited determination, a depth of ingenuity, a wealth of resource, and a genius for detail. The faculty of managing brigades of artisans, preserving the economies which contribute to mountains of expenditure, all reflect in the features of Mr. McDonald's broad and sagacious face. The contour of his head is a phenological proof of his faculty.

When as a boy he arrived here, Mr. McDonald's father had made progress and settled in the upper part of Manhattan, which was then open country. His early years were spent around the Jerome Park section, where, later as a man, he built the greatest storage reservoir in the world. He knew also every foot of the ground where he has just finished the Fort Washington branch of the Subway.

A public-school education fitted him for the battle of life, and he was soon busy, night and day, with contracts after a preliminary experience in a clerkship. His father had been a contractor, and at one time was an alderman. For four years the son had been employed by the contractors of the Croton water system at Boyd's Corners, Putnam County. He was later Chief Inspector of masonry under the Commissioners for the Fourth Avenue Improvement. Then he became interested with Dillon, Clyde & Co. in subcontracts for the building of the northern part of the tunnel between Ninetieth and 100th streets, on the New York Central Railroad. He was successful in all he undertook, and was interested with Smith and Ripley; on the construction of the Boston and Hoosic tunnel; a bridge

over the Hudson River; the Georgian Bay Branch of the Canadian Pacific, and important work on the extension of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, from Binghamton to Buffalo.

Severing his connection with the contractors of these undertakings, Mr. McDonald took a large section of the West Shore Railroad contract, the extension of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, from Baltimore to Philadelphia; the extension of the Illinois Central, from Elgin, Ill., to Dodgeville, Wis., which amounted to \$4,000,000; the Trenton cut-off for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and the building of the Potomac Valley Railroad from Cherry Run to Williamsport, Pa.

The greatest of his railroad work, however, was the construction of the Baltimore Belt Railroad, which carried the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad directly under the City of Baltimore, under Howard street, under houses and massive buildings. It is regarded as the most difficult piece of railroad construction in the world. John K. Cowen, then President of the Baltimore & Ohio; Samuel Rea, now Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Mr. McDonald were the authors of the enterprise, and they formed the Maryland Construction Company, of which Mr. McDonald was President. He was executing the Jerome Park Reservoir contract when he undertook the Rapid Transit work. He is also advancing the four-track electric railway from Harlem River to Portchester, connecting the Subway and elevated railways, which will soon be a great thing for those who wish to travel directly from the suburbs to any point in the city.

This relation of many wonderful enterprises, all greatly successful, tell more truly than anything else the character of the man. Personally, he is a giant in the vocation of life which he has chosen, and is known and respected by every man of prominence in financial and commercial life.

Mr. McDonald has a fine social side. He is an entertaining man in the sense of a clubman as a companion, and one fond of the delights of domesticity, and his home in The Dakota, overlooking Central Park, is typical of the broad mentality of the man, John B. McDonald, who is at this juncture easily the foremost master builder of the nation.

AN EASTER INTERVIEW WITH DRINA DE WOLFE.

By ADELAIDE LOUISE SAMSON.

A VERITABLE lady's boudoir carried out in nuances of absinthe green and pearl is this little salon of Drina De Wolfe, in one of the chic uptown apartment hotels. Its owner, I decided, possessed a mind attuned to Parisian daintiness. A bit of statuary here and there, a love of a coffee set, displayed on exquisitely worked linen, a few shelves of choice white vellum volumes, discreetly selected water color and etchings, no flowers in evidence (which is quite Parisian), but the tantalizing fragrance of an enigmatical perfume and portraits of Sara, La Grande Sara, in every available space. Bernhardt as *Gismonda*, by Chartran; Bernhardt as *Adrienne*, by Carolan Duran; and Bernhardt in her teens, by Bastiel La Page, "A worshipper at the shrine of Bernhardt," which was a foregone conclusion. Then there was a sound of light footsteps, and Miss De Wolfe, very slender, very pale, with a wealth of marvellously tinted auburn hair, came into the room. She was dressed in a clinging, trailing black gown, severely simple, elegant and effective. As she seated herself in proximity to the portrait of *la Bernhardt* in her teens, one is struck by the curious resemblance of the two faces.

"I love *la Sara*," she said, almost at once, following the glance of her face and that of the portrait. "She is my ideal as an artiste, my inspiration as a woman of courage and indomitable grit. Success did not come to her in a day or a year. She worked and struggled for it. That is what encourages a young woman to plod on. A prize that is not worth fighting for isn't worth winning."

"Then you have no ambition to shine as a star?"

"No, no; most emphatically no. I want to work my way out from my present ambitious condition. I don't think a would-be artist has any right to gain an education by working off her crudity and amateurishness on an audience. Talent is an accidental gift, but the expression of it in art is a long, long training."

"And your training?" The question was involuntary.

"I have had far too much luck and far too little dramatic routine," was the quick reply. "Nevertheless, I am not quite so recent a newcomer as I am supposed to be. I have had my



MISS DE WOLFE IN A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE.



A PROFILE STUDY OF MISS DE WOLFE.

share of hardships, and hunger, too. After I was graduated from the Convent of the Dominican Sisters in Paris, I returned to London, where we were living at the time, and announced my determination to go upon the stage. To make a long story short, my family permitted me to make a start, thinking in that way to bring me to my senses the more quickly; it really wasn't a schoolgirl's caprice that moved me, but a conviction rooted in my innermost being—not of my talent, but of the necessity of living my life through that one medium of expression."

"And you acted in London?"

"Hardly that. But I travelled with a theatrical company throughout the provinces at the generous stipend of fifteen shillings a week. One must be pretty earnest for art's sweet sake to voluntarily suffer the hardships of a provincial tour for an entire year, summering and wintering it, at these starvation rates."

"You won no recognition?"

"None at all; and I deserved none. I was just one of a thousand scrawny, earnest girls in the ranks. I came to America and thought I was the luckiest girl in the world to obtain an opportunity to play ingenue rôles in Proctor's Stock Company. It was a fine experience too. And now——"

"But before now," was suggested, "there was a season at Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse?"

"That was an episode, not an experience," came the hurried reply. "I had only to wear a fine gown in that rôle and look as pretty and stylish as I could. I don't like to recall it."

"Then you think that a fine gown and the capacity for looking beautiful are not important factors of advancement on the stage?" The question was a vital one for Drina De Wolfe, for, during the Mrs. Osborn "episode" she acquired a reputation as one of the best-dressed and most effective women on the New York stage.

"Factors, perhaps, of advancement, but not

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

By CAROLYN LOWREY.

NOT even Christian Science took our New Yorkers to the Garrick Theatre, where Katherine Kennedy, the new star, recently appeared in "The Ruling Power."

Mrs. Kennedy is a well-bred, well-gowned woman; but then, strange as it may seem, New Yorkers meet those people occasionally, and feel they would like a little more for their money.

Mrs. Kennedy says she is an actress, but somehow the empty seats night after night are not convincing.

It was not a question of "Do not buy your seats from the speculators," but "Buy them from any one so long as you come."

YOUNG Dudley Carter, son of Leslie Carter, has won his way into the hearts of the professors at Harvard by his own manly conduct. When a little tot he used to say: "You know, mama dear, when I am old enough to choose, who it will be?" and the first act of his manhood was to carry out the desire of the child.

JAMES G. BLAINE evidently feels that he prefers "wild oats" for a permanent diet, and his table lately has been most bountifully spread. His wife, strange to say, thinks the courses too highly flavored for her taste.

As Martha Hichborn she thought it would be easy to reform "Jimmie," but he is bound to be noticed by the public, and this seems to be the only way in which he can claim attention.

Society is likely to have another scandal in connection with this young man, who is a disgrace to his name.

MRS. BRADLEY-MARTIN is not only one of the best-groomed women in the world, but is most fastidious about her footwear. This spring, owing to the stock market, possibly, she has been in an economical mood, and only ordered forty-nine pairs at the small sum of five hundred dollars.

It is the special duty of one maid to care for these shoes every day. Mrs. Bradley-Martin, as a collector of shoes, stands second to the Empress

Josephine, who had more shoes than any woman in Europe.

A DELICIOUS air of mystery hovers around the beautiful Countess Cassini.

It is only a breath, a little intangible something, but it is there. Should her uncle be recalled from Washington this silence may be broken. Is it jealousy of a young American girl? These two girls, each charming in their way, are outwardly friends; they are like two cats with their coats of beautiful fur, but the claws are just as sharp as if they were common-bred.

EVA TANGUAY is going out at the head of her own company in "The Radium Star." Miss Tanguay has at last found a manager who feels he can stand her hysterical outbursts. The company is to be composed of men and women without nerves, and the contract calls for an attending physician to travel with them.

SIMON STEINGUT, THE MAYOR OF SECOND AVENUE.

THERE is no better-known man on the East Side of New York than Simon Steingut, who has for many years been called the Mayor of Second Avenue, because of his great personal popularity, and the confidence which all the people of the section place in him.

Mr. Steingut is a prosperous real-estate broker and owner, and his knowledge of values is highly respected by the most expert judges of realty. He has a most persuasive address and attractive presence. Mayor Steingut, while he has no official position, is in every sense a father to the people of his district. All who have trouble go to him for advice, sympathy and help. He is asked to aid the unfortunate every day of his life, and the amount of time and money this costs is no small consideration.

Politically, he is a power to be reckoned with by both parties, and he carries in the palm of his hand, as it were, at least 2,000 votes; people now look to him as they would to a ruling prince. No convention or important meeting is complete without his presence, and he is always chosen a delegate.

Mayor Steingut is a great personal friend of Julius Harburger, the Deputy Sheriff, who is one of the big Tammany leaders. Then the Mayor is



SIMON STEINGUT, MAYOR.

a leader socially, and there are some very notable assemblies on the East Side, at which great wealth and influence are represented.

The women are even greater champions of Mayor Steingut than the men, and woe betide any one who says anything derogatory to him; but no such instance is on record. There are a great many people of the section who do not believe in going to law over their differences, and dozens of these cases are referred by agreement to Mayor Steingut, whose decision is abided by with all the respect possible.

At holiday times he is expected to give away turkeys, coal, and other comforts to the poor. Then there are calls at all hours of the night; medical aid is needed; the dead must be buried, and offenders must be bailed out. He is even expected to get admission to West Point for some of the boys in the district.

The Mayor is a fine type of the successful man of affairs, who believes in sharing his prosperity with those less fortunate than himself.

OTHER HONORARY MAYORS
will be pictured and written about
IN BROADWAY WEEKLY.

of real success. In the race for honors, beauty counts for nothing, absolutely nothing, allowing there is a decent figure and no abnormal ugliness. The truth of this is apparent. Who crowds the theatres with an enthusiastic audience—is it the beautiful women or the great artist? Beauty, of course, is no handicap, on the contrary; but an interpretation is more than skin deep; it is study, cleverness, routine and understanding."

"And dress?"

"As for dress; after the highest standard of interpretation is reached, I believe the next effort should be directed toward the highest standard of dress. Dressing is an art that is worth serious consideration, especially on the part of an actress. If a woman knows how to make up and dress, she need never regret her lack of beauty. I refer to the stage, of course."

"What are your plans for the future?"

"I am not looking too far ahead. I am seeking knowledge as I go along. I try to believe

that every day is my opportunity, and if I look forward at all, it is to a summer vacation of hard work in Paris. I have arranged to attend the Mounet classes at the Paris Conservatoire, besides taking private lessons from M. Mounet. I have also to make the acquaintance of the divine Sara. At any rate, I propose to have the front seat for every one of her performances, so that I can enjoy, and perhaps learn, some of the secrets of her incomparable methods."

"You see," concluded Miss De Wolfe, with a parting smile, "my ambitions are tremendous. I dream of success—yes; I hope to reach my goal in due time, but I am willing, very eager, to serve my apprenticeship. I have chosen for my motto that of Mme. Bernhardt, 'Malgré tout,' which is a clarion call to win in spite of obstacles."

And as I left this tall, handsome girl, with the beautiful hair and fine eyes, I could not help thinking that she would be heard from in no uncertain way in the not far distant future—that is, if temperament counts for anything.

"THE FIRES OF ST. JOHN."

THE Robinson, Luce Company announces for publication in April, Charles Swickard's English translation of the great Sudermann play, "The Fires of St. John," which is entitled in the original German, "Johannisfeuer." The play has recently been presented for the first time on the English-speaking stage, by Nance O'Neil, the young American tragedienne, who is now in the third month of a series of special afternoon performances in Boston. The play is arousing fully as much discussion as did the same author's "Magda" and is conceded by many critics to be the most brilliant work of this famous German dramatist. The volume will be bound tastefully in cloth.

RICH ENOUGH TO SNUB.

DOROTHY: "Jack, I do wish we were rich."

JACK: "How rich would you like to be?"

DOROTHY: "Oh! awfully rich; rich enough to snub people and still be called agreeable."

BROADWAY WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL
OF METROPOLITAN LIFE.

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY Editor

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear later something to your advantage by addressing Broadway Weekly, 27 East 21st Street, New York.

DON QUIXOTES OF THE PRESS.

THE deductions drawn by some of the estimable editors who provide lurid reading matter for the people of New York do not come up to the Sherlock Holmes standard. Political prophets are in more disrepute even than those who indulge in atmospheric or meteorological prognostication. Of late weeks, these experts have been busy in announcing that very important personages have leagued together in order to form a Cave of Adullam against Charles F. Murphy, the leader of the New York Democracy.

Indeed, their plaint that Mr. Murphy, Mayor McClellan and Commissioner McAdoo would not lift the "lid" even a little bit has been

pitiful. Yet these same editors opposed the election of Mayor McClellan because they feared he would throw the "lid" to the discard. Now they foam because he has batted it down tight. They have even threatened him with political extinction if he does not permit certain supposed influential people to open gambling houses and allow vice to stalk about uncontrolled. But even these persons publicly repudiate any attempt to offend Mr. Murphy. They all say he is such a nice man.

Now, the veriest tyro in polemics should be able to realize one fact. Even if the entire brigade of so-called sports, touts, and the class politely called Chevaliers of Industry were to combine against Mr. Murphy, Mayor McClellan and Commissioner McAdoo, the last three would probably be the best pleased trio in the city. Such action is too good to expect. It would be too powerful a recommendation to the rest of the good people who want a clean city. The residents of New York know they are getting a clean and honest government, and they do not care one fig for party when the honor and safety of their families is at stake. So the Don Quixotes of the press may charge their windmills and lament the good old wide-open days, but their whacks are as healthy as the ocean zephyrs, which fanned the ruddy and contented countenance of Charles F. Murphy at Atlantic City.

REPUBLICANS ON THE DEFENSIVE.

WISE men in the Republican party do not look with approval upon the attempt to make Governor Odell the mouthpiece of the organization in this State. There has never been any real danger that he would supplant United States Senator Platt, either in influence with the best element or in the affections of the rank and file. Nationally, the Senator is still the foremost figure in the councils of his party, and there are daily indications that the great leaders all over the country look to him as the source of information and advice from his own State.

A political leader, like a military commander, is not only born, but must have stood the test of loyalty and experience through many a hard-fought battle, and when such a one commands the esteem even



From a Pen-and-Ink Cartoon by John Farnum.

WHO CAN TELL?

THE POLITICS OF A GREAT CITY.

SENATOR TOWNE'S ALL-POWERFUL INFLUENCE.

MOVING quietly along Broadway with but little of the New York spirit of rush, former United States Senator Charles Arnette Towne, of Minnesota, may be frequently seen as he goes from the Victoria Hotel to his office in the Townsend building.

The West sees but little of the Senator nowadays, for his interests keep him chained to the desk in New York. While he is a very shrewd business man, the Senator is above all else a student; of literary tastes and one who does not seek any publicity.

The big leaders of the Democratic party have high hopes of the great work which he is expected to do in the coming campaign. His skill as a debater, his eloquence as an orator, and his power with audiences render him a great prize politically.

THERE ARE TWO McADOOS IN THE FIELD.

NO less powerful in their day than were the Richards and Richmonds of the field of Bosworth are William A. and William G. McAdoo, although their influence locally is cast in different channels.

"What is the difference between William A. and William G. McAdoo?" asked Senator Plunkitt of Congressman Sullivan.

"Being a theatrical manager, I give it up," retorted "Big Tim."

"Well," explained Mr. Plunkitt, "William A. is keeping the lid down in New York City and William G. is keeping it down in the Hudson River."

Which was Senator Plunkitt's way of stating that William G. is president of the company which has just completed the tunnel under the Hudson.

FASHIONABLE TO BE IRISH NOWADAYS.

"I DECLARE there are great changes, these times," said Lawrence Delmour the other day.

"In the good old times the boys took pleasure in old-fashioned celebrations of St. Patrick's Day. To look at a procession now, it seems more like a Schutzenbund fest. On St. Patrick's Day the Hibernians wore soft gray felt hats, like brewery men out for a picnic, and there wasn't a drunken man in the crowd.

"Then the nobles at the Democratic Club would phase you with their exquisiteness. There wasn't an Irish gist on the menu and the wines of Rheims were served instead of the good old tumbler of punch. There were pretty near as

of his opponents, he must undoubtedly receive that of his own comrades. This specifically and clearly indicates the relative position of Senator Platt in New York.

Through fair and stormy weather he has remained at the helm of his party ship, and never once has there been a single act of his which flavored of personal gain, ambition, or craftiness, which was inconsistent with the make-up of a great leader,—one whose first thought was of party and the advancement of political principles which were personal convictions.

Just now, however, the Senator is called upon to face conditions which he did not bring about, and he has, indeed, a hard task to excuse the methods which the Odell administration of State affairs has adopted during the past gubernatorial term. In no Presidential year since the war have the prospects of Democratic victory been so bright.

Tiffany & Co.

Sterling Silver

Wedding Presents

Candle Sticks, each \$5.00
\$9.00, \$10.00, \$12.50, \$20.00 upwards.

Dishes and Trays for
Bon Bons, Salted Almonds, etc. \$2.50
\$4.50, \$7.00, \$10.00, \$13.50, \$18.00 upwards.

Violet Holders,
and tall Flower Vases \$10.00
\$15.00, \$20.00 upwards.

Watteau Baskets
for Flowers, Bon Bons, etc. \$10.00
\$15.00, \$18.00, to \$200.00 upwards.

New Grape Fruit
and Orange Spoons, each \$1.50
to \$3.00.

New High Compotiers
for Bon Bons, Hors-d'Oeuvre, etc.,
each \$25.00
and \$30.00.

Shortcake Servers \$11.00
\$13.50.

Flower Pots \$20.00
\$25.00 and \$34.00

Jardinieres and Fern
Dishes \$34.00
\$65.00, \$90.00 upwards.

UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

many Knickerbockers as Irishmen there, and it's hardly acceptable to meet Chaunceys instead of Patricks.

McINTYRE READY FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

IN order to fill out his spare time in attending to his real estate business, Robert McIntyre, of Comptroller Grout's staff, has started a new weekly paper in South Brooklyn called

The Item. The name is innocent enough, but the editor is a skillful writer and has much influence.

During the coming campaign *The Item* will take a very active part in the fight. It is not pro-McCarren, but seems to lean toward the New York brand of leadership.

Probably the Grout candidacy for the Governorship will find an ardent advocate in *The Item*. And this recalls the fact that it was BROADWAY WEEKLY which first set forth Mr. Grout's availability in this respect.

COMMISSIONER KATZ'S THEATRE PARTY.

THERE was very little publicity over former Commissioner Jacob Katz's theatre party, by which he paid a double compliment, first to his daughter Theodora, whose birthday was celebrated, and secondly to the Democrats of the Twenty-ninth District.

Mr. Katz had just declined an offer of one of the positions as Tax Commissioner, so that when he invited the leaders and the rank and file to attend a matinee at Proctor's, he had no ulterior object in view.

"I hope all you gentlemen enjoyed yourselves," was the comment of Miss Katz after the performance.

"We surely did," replied one of the party, "and we will dance at your wedding when it comes off."

CHARLES F. MURPHY'S SILENT MOVEMENTS.

LEADER CHARLES F. MURPHY will never find it necessary to follow Richard Croker's plan and leave the country to avoid the reporters. At Tammany Hall it is said he has the power to render himself invisible.

Any day when he is in the city, or even out of it, there are reporters on his trail, and these are experts in keeping a man in sight. Yet he manages to meet big men from all over the country, and no record of such important conferences find publication.

Recently David B. Hill and William J. Bryan were at the Hoffman House, but did not meet. Special men were detailed to follow both of these leaders and Mr. Murphy. A prominent Tammany man saw Mr. Murphy leave the Twenty-sixth street entrance of the Hoffman House in the middle of the day on which Mr. Bryan called on Mayor McClellan.

He watched all the newspapers to find out what Mr. Murphy had been doing there, but there was not even mention of the fact.

"Now, whom did Mr. Murphy go to see—Hill or Bryan?" he asked.

But there were none who could answer him.

J. D. B.

LET US HAVE JUSTICE.

ONCE more an effort is being made to raise the liquor license fee in New York. Already the rate is higher than the circumstances warrant. Those who fancy themselves arrayed on the side of temperance are really consumed by the injustice and virulence of their own intemperance. The time is long past when the respectable liquor dealer is looked upon with discredit by the normal minded. He is in a business protected by law and fortified by commercial standing and the good-will of his business associates, and all the ill-advised attempts of busybodies to increase what is already a heavy burden will act as a boomerang. BROADWAY WEEKLY is a firm believer in individual rights and the un-American spirit of too much meddling with the affairs of others does not appeal to us. There are dishonest liquor dealers just as there are dishonest plumbers and dishonest shoemakers, but the great majority of the decent, self-respecting members of a legitimate business community should not, and must not, be made to suffer for the sins of others. The present tax is already too high. To increase it will be adding insult to injury.

THE REMARKABLE REVIVAL OF "THE TWO ORPHANS"



SCENE IN ACT I—ELITA PROCTOR OTIS AS LA FROCHARD, CHARLES WARNER AS JACQUES FROCHARD AND JAMES O'NEILL AS PIERRE FROCHARD, HIS BROTHER, IN THE ORDER NAMED.

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

42d Street, West of Broadway

KLAW & ERLANGER

Managers

The New Amsterdam Theatre Planned and Designed by A. L. Erlanger and F. Richard Anderson, and executed by Herts and Tallant, Architects

A REVIVAL OF

THE TWO ORPHANS

A Romantic Play, in Four Acts and Seven Tableaux, by ADOLF D'ENNNY and EUGENE CORMON
The Original Union Square Theatre Version was made by Hart Jackson, Esq., for A. M. Palmer, and is played by arrangement with Kate Claxton, its present owner

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A. M. PALMER. Stage Management of WILLIAM SEYMOUR

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

CHEVALIER MAURICE DEVAUDREY.....	KYRLE BELLEW
COUNT DE LINIERES, Minister of Police.....	FREDERICK PERRY
PICARD, Valet to the Chevalier.....	E. M. HOLLAND
JACQUES FROCHARD, an outlaw.....	CHARLES WARNER
PIERRE FROCHARD, the cripple, his brother.....	JAMES O'NEILL
MARQUIS DE PRESLES.....	JAMESON LEE FINNEY
DOCTOR OF THE HOSPITALS, St. Louis and La Salpetrière.....	FRANK ROBERTS
M. DE MAILLY.....	STANLEY JESSOP
N. D'ESTREES (with song).....	STANLEY HAWKINS
MARTIN, Citizen of Paris.....	R. PATON GIBBS
ANTOINE.....	GEO. S. STEVENS
LAFLEUR, in the service of the Marquis De Presles.....	FRANK CONNOR
OFFICER OF THE GUARD.....	BASIL WEST
CHIEF CLERK IN THE MINISTRY OF POLICE.....	HENRY J. HADFIELD
FOOTMAN TO THE COUNTESS DE LINIERES.....	ALFRED JAMES
LOUISE.....	GRACE GEORGE
HENRIETTE.....	MARGARET ILLINGTON
COUNTESS DE LINIERES.....	ANNIE IRISH
LA FROCHARD, Mother of Pierre and Jacques.....	ELITA PROCTOR OTIS
MARIANNE, an outcast.....	CLARA BLANDICK
SISTER GENEVIEVE, Matron of La Salpetrière.....	CLARA MORRIS
JULIE.....	MONA HARRISON
FLORETE.....	MIGNON BERANGER
CORA.....	CORINNE PARKER
SISTER THERESE.....	LUCY MILLIKEN

Soldiers, Guards, Ladies and Gentlemen, Prisoners, Nuns, etc.

THE revival of "The Two Orphans" at the New Amsterdam Theatre is another one of those affairs which are roundly berated by certain portions of the profession, and sneered at by the pessimist who has seen nothing good at the drama since 1880. Nevertheless, it is a remarkable performance, both as regards the men and the women who play the various important and minor rôles, as well as for the fine setting which its promoters have given it.

The first night was a memorable one in every way. The vast New Amsterdam Theatre was packed from the orchestra clear back and up into the farthest row of the gallery. The Metropolitan Opera House has never held a finer assemblage, if brains and beauty and splendid gowns count for anything.

And what a magnificent welcome was given each and every one of this brilliant band of players! When Grace George, as *Louise*, the blind girl, made her appearance haltingly, very nervous, very pretty, and very pathetic, Miss Kate Claxton from a box above first applauded generously and then, unabashed, wiped away the tears that came to her eyes. In fact, tears and enthusiasm were mixed in excellent proportion on that evening.

And not a whit of abatement was shown in the reception accorded any of the other fine artists who helped to make the revival a remarkable one: Miss Illington as *Henriette*, handsome and vibrant; Kyrle Bellew, good-looking in wig and graceful with sword; E. M. Holland as *Picard*, making the character stand out strongly and firmly, very much E. M. Holland, but still very much *Picard*; Annie Irish, distinguished and gracious as the *Countess De Linieres*; Elita Proctor Otis as the terrible *Frochard*, horrible in

PASTE THIS IN YOUR SCRAP BOOK. IT IS A CAST WELL WORTH PRESERVING.

"THE TWO ORPHANS," AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE.



THE TWO ORPHANS IN ACT I—GRACE GEORGE AS *LOUISE* AND MARGARET ILLINGTON AS *HENRIETTE*.

make-up and the awful creature to the life; Clara Blandick, strong in the first act as *Marianne* and pretty and repentant in Act III; Frederick Perry, stern and forceful as the *Count De Linieres*; James O'Neill, as *Pierre*, the cripple, fine of method and intelligent and sympathetic to a degree; and that excellent English actor, Charles Warner, as *Jacques*, the swaggering, insolent, but very possible cutthroat *Jacques*.

But the real ovation came in Act III, in the courtyard of the Prison of La Salpêtrière. The programme told the story, of course, and the audience was ready. When there emerged from the wings the well-beloved Clara Morris, robed in the dress of *Sister Genevieve*, it was as if the whole house had only been playing before and was now ready to really show how great and strong and enduring can be the loyal love of Americans for those who have served them well. It was a

scene to make the heart beat faster, and the eyes grow misty. And when later on all were called for recognition by the audience, no wonder that the group finally dwindled down to Miss Morris, who stood there very, very happy. And no wonder, too, that she turned her back for a moment to wipe away the tears that came as naturally as an April shower after pleasant sunshine.

And in the wings the various members of the company also applauded vigorously as if they, too, were glad to pay so much homage to a woman whom they were proud to call a sister in art. From my seat I could see them, and more particularly Margaret Illington, who, in her excess of joy and admiration, I expected to see every moment run out and clasp Miss Morris in her arms then and there.

"The Two Orphans" is so very much better

than the average melodrama of to-day (for say what you will, it is a romantic melodrama) that it can be easily understood why Miss Claxton should have played in it for so many years, and that it is still to-day one of the important stand-bys of touring companies. It is not merely sensational, though heaven knows it is full of thrills; it is distinctly well-written, well-knit and an altogether moving piece, in which there is a dramatic reason for everything that is done. At any rate, it is certain that you will not have many opportunities of seeing such a play with such a cast for many a long dramatic theatrical day. If you want to know what art, experience, fine discrimination and the latter-day manner of doing things on the stage can accomplish in the way of a revival, go to the New Amsterdam Theatre and see "The Two Orphans."

R. B. H.



SCENE FROM "SAUCY SALLY," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE. CHARLES HAWTREY IN THE CENTER.

ANNIE RUSSELL IS HAPPY.

THOUSANDS of people all over the country were delighted to learn that Annie Russell, the charming actress, had at last announced herself that she had become Mrs. Oswald Yorke, and she is now the wife of her leading man. There had been much interest in the reports that the star had married, but the admission that the ceremony had been just performed, proves that Miss Russell's denials were genuine.

Every kind of ingenious device had been contrived to get at the truth, for the rumors were persistent for many weeks. Now the actress' friends may breathe freely, and add their congratulations to the hundreds already tendered.

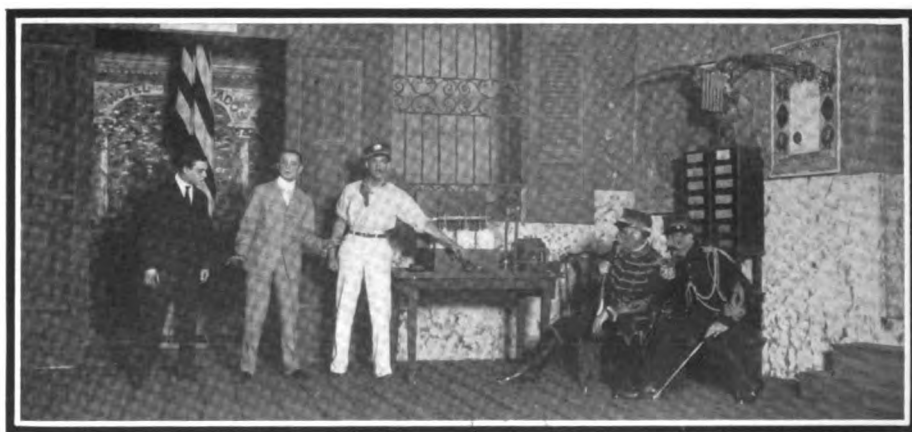
PLAYS FOR THE SEASIDE.

SHUBERT BROTHERS are preparing for a busy summer at the theatre at Manhattan Beach, and some of the most favored musical plays are to be offered there under the personal direction of E. R. Reynolds.

Of late years every attraction at the Manhattan has been successful, and the following are some of the pieces which it is contemplated to produce: "The Runaways," "A Chinese Honeymoon," "The Toreador," and perhaps "The Girl from Dixie." The Whitney attractions which will be presented are: "Dolly Varden," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Piff, Paff, Pouf," and "The China Doll."



MARGARET ILLINGTON, AS HENRIETTE IN "THE TWO ORPHANS."



SCENE FROM "THE DICTATOR," BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, AT THE CRITERION. EDWARD ABELES, WILLIAM COLLIER AND JOHN BARRYMORE FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.



The Secret of a Good Complexion WOMEN WHO DESIRE BEAUTY

Should Embrace This Opportunity to Secure a 60-Day Daily Treatment of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers and Fould's Medicated Arsenic Soap for One Dollar.

If your blood is impure, or if you have pimples, freckles, wrinkles, blackheads, redness of face or nose, a muddy, sallow skin or any blemish whatever on or under the skin, you should procure at once these marvellous beautifiers of the complexion, skin and form. This ad. must be sent with your order. If you cannot send now, cut this out and send when it is convenient, as this offer will be good any time if ad. is sent with your order. Address all orders to

H. B. FOULD, Room 108, 214 Sixth Ave., New York.

Sold by Druggists Everywhere

WHAT NEW YORK'S SMART SET IS DISCUSSING.

THE Morgans have evidently decided to make the best of rather a bad bargain in regard to the marriage of George Morgan to the young Japanese girl. All the family are heaping honors upon her. There seems to be a sort of rivalry as to which one shall entertain her the most lavishly. Most of her time, however, she spends with Miss Morgan at her Madison avenue apartment. The young girl's father was a very great man in his own country. Her family was quite averse to the marriage with young Morgan, and made all sorts of stipulations before the compact was sealed. Should a son bless the union, it will be interesting to watch his development; for, surely, there could be no greater combination of brains than an American and a Japanese, particularly when both represent the best of their own country. So here's a glass of Ruinart to the unborn prodigy!

FROM the news we receive from Paris it would seem that the spark of literary genius that appeared in Mrs. Clarence Mackay has died out. We hear nothing more of her book, but a great deal about the beautiful costumes she is ordering for the coming season. One tea gown alone is to cost eight hundred dollars, and an order is placed with a certain milliner for thirty-six hats. A special order, too, has also been given for perfumery. It is quite the fashion abroad for husbands to accompany their wives while out shopping. It is something one rarely if ever sees in America. The Duke of Roxburghe always goes with his wife on her expeditions to the stores. Probably this chaperonage is necessary in Europe, where the wily shopkeepers are always laying traps in which to snare the jingling American dollars that are so foolishly and extravagantly spent in Europe.

BEHOLD us again overwhelmed with surprise at the announcement of the engagement of Miss Elsie Whelen, of Philadelphia, and our young and talented Robert Goelet. Ever since last November these two young people have kept us guessing as to what their real intentions might be. On Monday, the engagement was announced, Tuesday she denied it, Wednesday he affirmed it, Thursday mamma denied it. This sort of play kept up until we grew tired and turned our attention to more serious engagements. Now, just when we are all interested in the April weddings, and had even forgotten the existence of Miss Whelen, up pops the announcement of the wedding again. But, in spite of the beauty and wealth of the prospective bride and the position and attractions of the young barrister groom to be, we positively must refuse to be interested. The yeas and nays, the squabbles and reconciliations, of these cooing doves are too great a strain on our good nature, to say nothing of our nerves.

THE prize-hat contest which marked the close of Mrs. George Taylor's Lenten sewing class is one of the most noteworthy examples of intelligence and thought that have emanated from society for a decade of years. Besides the rare sport it afforded the contestants, practical results have been accomplished, for the hats are to be given to the little Italian children in the slums. While we frankly admit that Mrs. Berry Wall's creation of pale-blue forget-me-nots and blue ribbons is hardly a suitable headgear for the great unwashed, we don't doubt that it will be a great success in little Italy. Besides, it is a marked improvement on monkey dinners, beauty luncheons, rag-doll parades, and such other puerile esca-



From a Portrait, Copyright, by Burr McIntosh, New York.

MISS DU COE, A PRETTY NEW YORK GIRL WHO IS CLEVER WITH THE FOILS.

pades. We even acknowledge that the slang dictionary and the acquisition of a ready repertoire of slang will, at least, require a use of brains. The kitchen lancer, so fashionable in the London Smart Set, and sure to be imported here by midsummer, if not graceful or artistic, is, at least, healthy and athletic.

OUR young divorcees who have migrated to Dakota need not banker after the *jeunesse doree* of New York, for one of Scotland's sturdy lords, the Earl of Caithness, is on the way to till the land in North Dakota. He brings with him not only a long line of ancestry, but, something still more rare, an utter indifference to the American heiress and Yankee commercialism. There is no doubt that he will be wooed and won, but bachelors of forty-seven

are not so easy to catch. That this is not his first visit and that he has passed unscathed through the ordeal of intriguing mammas and charming daughters lead one to believe the rumor that a romantic love affair in early life has closed his heart against further loves. However, he is a good catch; so, divorcees, despair not. Don your prettiest frocks, wear your most seductive smiles, and bear in mind that faint heart never won fair lord.

THERE is no more fascinating group of young married women in New York than the daughters of the venerable Mrs. Valentine G. Hall. Now, that her youngest daughter is to wed Mr. Forbes Morgan, Mrs. Hall intends to devote herself to her grandchild, Miss Elinor Roosevelt, whose mother is dead. Mrs. Stanley

Mortimer, the second daughter, is identified with the Long Island colony, but has homes at Tuxedo and Newport as well. She is a great traveller and usually winters in Italy.

The pride of the Hall family, however, is Mrs. Lawrence Waterbury. Her reputation as an expert card-player is well known. She is always up to something original. At one time she performed the wonderful feat of eating half a large watermelon without knife or fork, keeping on a pair of dainty white gloves which she did not even soil. Mrs. Waterbury owns a racing stable. Last summer one of her horses was a winner, and there was no happier woman in New York than this same fascinating Mrs. Waterbury, whom popular verdict has pronounced "a good fellow."

ALTHOUGH there was rejoicing at the birth of the little daughter of Lord and Lady Curzon, still, the advent of another girl was somewhat of a disappointment, for already there were two older sisters. A little brother would have been hailed with joy, not only by the sisters, but by the fond parents as well. However, better luck next time!

SINCE we have heard that Miss Long—Dr. Long, if you please, the daughter of the Secretary of the Navy in the Cabinet of President McKinley—intends devoting her life to work among the foreign poor in New York, we have been doing a great deal of speculating. Will she, like Caroline Stokes, fall in love with a poor coworker and take him for a bridal trip through Europe? Will she marry a ne'er-do-well in her own fashionable set, and renounce her ideals, or will she become wedded to her work and live for it alone? Apropos of Miss Stokes' marriage, we hear that the work of the fashionable enthusiasts in that particular settlement has grown languid. An eligible young man in a settlement is a great incentive to piety and good works.

IT is fortunate for Countess Annie Leary that Easter will be early this year, for, with the close of the Lenten season comes the end of the sewing-classes which meet weekly in her drawing-rooms to gossip and make flannel petticoats for the naked heathen in Africa. For the next few weeks Countess Annie will be very busy. The first of May must find her, bag and

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These Sachets, boxed daintily in lots of 50, except the Sachet de Jeunesse, containing 60, are sold as follows: Perles, per box, \$7 50; Beauté, per box, \$6.25; Fraicheur, \$5 00; Jeunesse, Aubépine and Concentré, \$3.75, respectively; Simples, \$1.75.

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SIMEON FORD, AS HE IS.



SIMEON FORD, ORATOR-HOTELKEEPER.

baggage, heirlooms and antiques, in a new home, or else the courts will know the reason why. She has been served with a dispossession notice, not as in the case of her poor almoners for non-payment of rent, but because she was not wise and only took a two years' lease on her Fifth avenue mansion, and the owners were inconsiderate enough to sell it over her head. Now, if this were the first time it had happened, we might feel sympathetic; but Miss Leary knows that we know that her ancestors did almost the same thing, they thoughtlessly only took a ninety-nine years' lease on their house, and, of course, Miss Leary had to move when the lease expired. It seems to us she ought to have profited by their experience. Countess Annie is a charming woman, generous, witty, fascinating, musical, intellectual, artistic, but just a little odd on the subject of youthful frocks. On all occasions she gowns her figure in girlish white, with sashes and shoulder-knots, and rosebuds in her hair.

THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS.

COMFORTABLE QUARTERS AT ST. LOUIS.

THERE will be little trouble in making oneself comfortable at St. Louis, thanks to the Buckingham Club, which will open its new hotel before May 1. It is located just across Forest Park from the Fair Grounds, ten minutes from the main entrance. This is in the most select residential section in St. Louis, and it is a modern fireproof structure, elegantly promoted, destined for the families and members of the club. There will be no overcrowding, and the club offers all the desirable equipment of a home.

Those who are behind the project are leading men of the World's Fair city, and they are doing it from a business and money-making standpoint. The club's coaches will meet those who arrive at the station, and automobiles and tally-hos will be at the disposal of the visitors. Information bureaux, trained servants and every accommodation will be provided, and care will be taken to see that all guests are desirable and of good social standing.

A FATHER'S TROUBLES.

"No man," says an embarrassed father, "ever fully realizes the wealth of information he does not possess till his first-born begins to ask questions."

THERE are some people so dead to all sense of wit and humor that they dub some public speaker "Joe Miller, the Second." No such title could ever be given to Simeon Ford, whose prominence as a wit and a delightful after-dinner speaker has only been the creation of the past ten years. Unlike Depew, Ford is not a teller of stories, but a maker of speeches in which sarcasm, wit and seriousness are brilliantly blended.

It is not generally known that before becoming a hotel proprietor, Simeon Ford was engaged in the practice of law. It is said it was not his fault, having been forced into it by his parents; and it was while as a limb of the law he became a member of the firm of Ford, Shaw & Company, proprietors of the Grand Union Hotel. How he can attend to the many dinners he does, prepare and deliver his speeches, and still look after the management of his hotel, is something many people cannot understand.

Mr. Ford is one of the well-known figures of the town, and a metropolitan in every sense.

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THE LATEST FAD IN NEW YORK WEDDINGS.

By ALICE J. GRAHAM.

THEY say that Nathalie Schenck is preparing a great surprise in the way of a wedding reception. They also say that one of the other brides to be (I won't mention names this time) is going to outdo Miss Schenck. What is the sense of a commonplace, everyday wedding, with orange blossoms and a real lace veil in a Fifth avenue church, and all the rest of it which has been done to death, when one has millions and imagination, not to mention ambition? Of course, the public can hardly be expected to prove itself so charmingly effective, as it was in the case of the Goelet-Roxburghe wedding. Then, those rude, richly gowned ladies really helped to make the nuptial celebration a success by their bad manners and curiosity in crowding and pushing and fighting to see an American heiress converted into a Duchess. Our April brides feel duty bound to conjure up something out of the ordinary.

The bride already mentioned is to have a peach-blossom wedding, so it is rumored. It is not difficult to imagine the church decorated with pink-laden branches of the trees, nor the bridesmaid carrying the fragrant blossoms, nor the fragile pink coronet of the bride. But it is even rumored that the complacent papa will uproot one of the finest trees in the orchard with all its wealth of blossoms and embryo peaches and transplant it bodily to the chancel of the church. Under its flowering branches the blushing bride and happy groom will plight their troth. They will both have the exquisite consciousness that Nathalie Schenck hasn't thought of this, and, if she has and isn't already married, she won't dare to plagiarize upon this idea.

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THE SUMMER THEATRICAL FIELD.

ALMOST unnoticed there has come a great change over the field of theatrical effort in summer, and, whereas a few years ago there was an entire suspension of activity in this period, nowadays thousands find employment throughout the country in various amusement enterprises.

Owing to climatic conditions the roof-garden field rather waned for a year or more, but there are rumors that this may be a busy summer locally on the roof tops. The best vaudeville houses, such as Proctor's and Keith's, throughout the country have been very fortunate on all-the-year-round theatres, while the Manhattan and Brighton Beach theatres were successful.

A great many million dollars have been spent upon summer-resort theatres and similar ventures, and stock companies composed of the best material have flourished in many cities. The construction of such a magnificent auditorium as that of the Ariel Theatre over the New Amsterdam by Klaw & Erlanger would indicate that the big firm which does everything so thoroughly, was prepared to cater to summer patrons.

Some of the biggest successes in the line of musical comedy and light opera have made themselves established attractions by a summer run on Broadway, and considering that the very best people can be engaged at moderate salaries during the summer, the season seems to be a tempting time to try out new efforts.

Surely, no better opportunity could be had to demonstrate the probabilities of the National-theatre idea than in the slack season. The great performances of the Dramatic Festival at Cincinnati two decades ago, when Booth, Barrett, McCullough and the great stars presented the dramatic masterpieces, was the nearest that any organization has ever come to a National theatre.

If those who have the idea in view and who are earnest in carrying it out could arrange one of these festivals in New York, they would find nothing to regret in their enterprise.

But, as in London and Paris, the summer theatrical field is becoming more of a permanency, and the reduced salaries tempt many managers.

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Portraits in Broadway Weekly

Among the many portraits that have been published in BROADWAY WEEKLY during the past few weeks are the following:

F. H. Sothern as his latest photographer sees him. No. 40.
Miss Cerecia Loftus. No. 40.
Blanche Bates as *Yo San* in "The Darling of The Gods." No. 40.
Fritzi Scheff as *Babette*. No. 41.
Beautiful center page of Maude Adams in scenes from "The Pretty Sister of Jose," recently at the New Empire Theatre. No. 42.
Virginia Earle as she appears in the role of "Sergeant Kitty," recently at the Casino. No. 43.
Margaret Livingston as *Yuki* in "The Japanese Nightingale." No. 43.
Colonel George B. McClellan, Mayor of New York. No. 44.
Beautiful center page of Anna Held in scenes from "Mam'selle Napoleon." No. 41.
Marie Tempest in scenes from "The Marriage of Kitty." No. 45.
J. Pierpont Morgan. No. 46.
Comptroller Edward M. Grout. No. 46.
Mrs. John P. Lafan. No. 47.
Paula Edwards. No. 47.
Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. No. 47.
William Gillette in "The Admirable Crichton." No. 47.
Maxine Elliott in "Her Own Way." No. 47.
John J. Delaney. No. 48.
Henrietta Crossman in scenes from "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." No. 48.
William McAdoo. No. 48.
Charles M. Schwab. No. 52.
Annie Russell in "The Younger Mrs. Parling." No. 52.
Senator Patrick McCarren. No. 52.
Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew. No. 49.
John F. Ahern. No. 49.
Judge Alton B. Parker. No. 51.
Arthur Brisbane. No. 51.
Grover Cleveland. No. 50.
Charles F. Murphy. No. 50.
Ada Rehan as she appears in "The Taming of the Shrew." No. 51.
Mrs. Thomas Collier Platt. No. 53.
Emma Calve. No. 53.
Senator Thomas C. Platt. No. 53.
Scenes from "The Pit." No. 55.
District Attorney Jerome. No. 56.
Thomas F. Smith. No. 56.
Miss Lella Paget. No. 56.

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MAYOR McCLELLAN'S BALTIMORE IS AN LITERARY BENT. AMERICAN PHOENIX.

NO more pointed rebuke could be administered to the doctrinaires who predicted disaster in the event of Democratic success than the remarkably able commentary upon the Venetian Republic which was lately published by Mayor McClellan. The volume which bears the imprint "The Oligarchy of Venice" is a fine literary attainment, and it has received the highest praise from authorities upon the art of historical script.

The unfulfilled predictions of hysterical theorists have only emphasized the wonderful success of Mayor McClellan's execution of his duties, but his scholarly treatise has demonstrated that he has governmental conception which would be creditable to the most distinguished statesmen in the country.

It has been observed by the critics that his book exhibits a grasp of the philosophical causes and effects of the Imperial Republic of the Adriatic, and that the lesson which it carries to the modern American mind is timely, practical, and worthy of the greatest publicity. Those who know his Honor personally are not surprised that he has proved equal to the task of producing historical writing far above the average; and the development of his career as a leader in this the greatest of all Republics will be worthy of the attention of every citizen, no matter what his political affiliations may be.

UNDAAUNTED by the awful disaster which rendered the business and manufacturing section of Baltimore a dreary waste, the courageous merchants are already rearing more magnificent buildings on the site of the ruins, and in the meantime are reaching out for an expanded trade. The loss of millions has only aroused still more the enterprise of the large firms of Maryland's great city.

Hardly had the blaze been quenched at the warehouse and laboratory of C. W. Abbott & Co., at No. 224 South Charles street, than the manufacturers of the world-famous Angostura Bitters had perfected arrangements to provide a supply for their customers. Very little of the stock was saved, so the firm proceeded to work night and day to serve the demands of the public. Already the temporary plant is in full swing, and shortly a larger and more commodious plant will be erected on the old site.

Any delay in the supply was due to the effort to maintain the quality of the product which has been the chief recommendation of the article.

HIS ELECTION BET.

PERCY: "I've done a tewwibly daredevil thing, Gussie."
Gussie: "What is it?"
PERCY: "I've made an election bet with a fellow, and if I lose I'm not to shave for forty-eight hours."



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EXCLUSIVE NEWS OF NEW YORK'S HOTELS.

By CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM.

GEORGE MURRAY GOES TO BELMAR.

THE Columbia Hotel, at Belmar, N. J., has been leased by Frank DeWolf, for a long time steward of the Sherman Square Hotel. After leaving the Sherman Square, DeWolf formed the partnership of DeWolf & Walsh, and purchased "Jack's" Columbus avenue restaurant. A month or so ago he retired, leaving Walsh in sole charge and leased the Jersey resort.

DeWolf shows good sense in taking with him as steward George Murray, known to many hotel men as a man of splendid ability. He was steward of the Windsor Hotel in its palmy days, many seasons at the Long Beach Hotel, and up to a few years ago was lessee of the Westminster Hotel, in this city. He left the Westminster at the conclusion of his five years with a snug fortune, but Wall Street has attractions that many men cannot resist, and George Murray was one of them.

HALCYON HALL'S NEW TENANT.

THE hotel in Dutchess County, N. Y., that Thurlow Weed's granddaughter—Mrs. Davidson—spent thousands of dollars in constructing, Halcyon Hall, has been leased for the coming summer by William P. Kenney. Kenney for two or three seasons past has run the Hotel Thorndyke, at Jamestown, R. I., opposite Newport, and when the Jamestown season came to an end, he was engaged to manage a winter-resort hotel in North Carolina, a property owned by Wagner & Co., a wholesale grocery firm at Charleston. Kenney, after being with Wagner & Co.'s hotel but a short time, went to the Mountain Park Hotel, Hot Springs, N. C., which house he has managed up to the present time.

Halcyon Hall, in its day, was one of the show places of the country. It is situated at Millbrook, and the country about is hilly. Mrs. Davidson, before building the hotel, spent two years or more in Europe studying hotel architecture and methods, and the knowledge she thus gained was used in the construction of Halcyon Hall. Features not used in any other resort hotel in the country were introduced, and a method of management that was not only unique, but costly. It is doubtful if the hotel has ever declared a profit. Perhaps Kenney may, by his hustling ways and experience, succeed in making the house pay.

BRESLIN IN SOLE CHARGE.

BY effecting a lease of ten years and seven months of the building, James H. Breslin is now the lessee of the Hotel Wolcott. The lease was obtained from the New England Trust Company, owners of the property, and the reason why there is a fraction of a year—ten years and seven months—in the lease is to account from the present time until next October, when the ten years begin. William C. Dewey, who built the Wolcott, and who held the title to the property, now retires, with the corporation known as the Hotel Wolcott Co.—which, it is safe to say, is more "Jim" Breslin than anything else—in sole possession.

Business at the Wolcott has taken a big jump lately. When the hotel was opened things were not settled, all the furniture was not in place and there was a general atmosphere of unpreparedness. Now everything has been put in its proper place, the employees have learned what is expected of them, and the entire running of the machinery of this truly beautiful hotel is now so smooth that the future for the new Wolcott is very bright indeed.

NEW POLICY AT THE FIFTH AVENUE.

THE engagement of W. J. Tompkins as room clerk in the office of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to take the place of A. C. Hoagland, who resigned to go into the banking business, marks a violent departure on the part of the proprietors from a long-established policy always to go to Boston to fill vacancies in the office of the hotel. When Hoagland left, it was thought that Vilas and Darling would bring over some one from the Hub to take his place, but, instead, they went to Washington, where Mr. Tompkins had been for two years in the office of the Shoreham Hotel. There is no desire on the part of the writer to discredit the selection of Tompkins, as his manner in the office of the Fifth Avenue Hotel indicates that he is a clerk of ability and is giving satisfaction to the firm; but what astonishes some people is why Vilas and Darling departed from a long-time policy.

DAUGHERTY BIDS THE LADIES FAREWELL.

LAST week, the first of the month, William H. Daugherty resigned his position as steward of the Hotel Martha Washington. His reasons for resigning were that he refused to submit to the senseless interference of one of the female members of the Board of Directors, and rather than to be at variance with the "lady," he bid the hotel ta! ta!

Daugherty is a remarkably fine steward. This is no senseless puff nor an exhibition of gush. For years, in every hotel he has been, the Majestic, Park Avenue or New Amsterdam, Daugherty did splendid work and left behind him at each hotel a good reputation as a steward.

GREENE, MANAGER OF THE WOODWARD.

A CHANGE in the management of the Hotel Woodward, Broadway and Fifty-fifth street, has taken place. R. Graham-Woodward, who superintended the construction of the hotel and after directing the management retiring in favor of T. D. Greene, for many years associate manager of the Hotel Jefferson, at Richmond, and proprietor

THE GARDEN HOTEL, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

High-class patronage. Famous cuisine. White service throughout. American and European plans. Now open.

W. I. FINCH.

for many seasons of the Princess Anne Hotel, Virginia Beach, Va. The real proprietors of the Hotel Woodward were Lord & Taylor, the dry goods merchants, who relegated to Mr. Titus, of the firm, the trusteeship of the hotel's affairs, all bills being paid by the firm. Nathan Clark, who built the hotel, borrowed \$500,000 from the New York Life Insurance Co. He then leased the hotel to Woodward, who, in order to obtain the furniture for the hotel, assigned his lease to Lord & Taylor, and the opinion of lawyers is that in that case the dry goods firm is responsible for the bills of the hotel. Of late, guests of the hotel paid their bills by checks drawn to the order of the Hotel Woodward, such checks being endorsed by Mr. Titus, as trustee.

Mr. Woodward for several seasons managed the Hollywood Hotel at Long Branch, and his association with the Hotel Woodward was his debut in the hotel life of the metropolis. The owners of the Hollywood have been making overtures to Woodward to assume again the management of that hotel. He has the offer under consideration.

THE WOODRUFF TO BE BUILT.

GROUND for the new hotel—to be called The Woodruff—on Montague street, Brooklyn, was broken a week ago, and work has been started looking for the completion of the hotel by next winter.

It looked for a long while as though the hotel was never to be built, as the talk was that the promoters had difficulty in raising the money; in fact, it was generally understood in Brooklyn that the project had been abandoned. But the work being started proves beyond all doubt that the Woodruff is to be a fact. The plans call for a very imposing structure, both inside and out. There are to be 450 rooms, and the hotel is to

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THE WOLCOTT,

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Music that's sure to please you.

be conducted upon the European and American plans. C. A. Knott, a man well known from his twenty years' connection with Florida hotels, is to be the manager of the hotel. One can safely judge from the name that "Tim" Woodruff, the former Lieut.-Governor, has some financial interest in the hotel. In fact, he has got a very large interest; no doubt, he is the man who is supplying all the cash.

HAD AN ATTACK OF "COLD FEET."

THEY say that Muschenheim, who is to conduct the big Astor House, in Long Acre Square, had a bad attack of "cold feet" a month ago. For years, as every man about town knows, Muschenheim ran the Arena Restaurant, in West Thirty-first street, and his profits were enormous, so much so that he has been enabled to invest many thousands of dollars in the new Astor Hotel.

Among Muschenheim's friends are a great many hard-headed Germans, who, like himself, have made fortunes in real estate investments in this city—Muschenheim is a large holder of New York real estate—and when they saw him paying out vast sums of money in getting his new hotel ready, they began to counsel him to go slow and not to forget that money did not grow on trees.

The more they talked, the more thoughtful he got. Muschenheim lives at the Ansonia Hotel, and one night,

(Continued on page 18.)

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Every evening. \$1.00.

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HERALD SQUARE THEATRE, B'way &
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HENRIETTA CROSMAN

in the new play,

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Direction of A. M. PALMER.

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Eve'gs at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.

Fred C. Whitney presents

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Book by Stanislaus Stange.

Lyrics by William Jerome.

Music by Jean Schwartz.

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Broadway and 29th Street.

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With H. REEVES SMITH and Great Cast.

Seats now on sale for all performances.

NEW EMPIRE THEATRE, 40th St. & B'way
Ev'gs 8:20. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

Charles Frohman presents Augustus
Thomas's Best Comedy,

THE OTHER GIRL

EXCLUSIVE NEWS OF
NEW YORK'S HOTELS.

(Continued from page 17.)

while talking to Webb, the manager, he told how he was beginning to feel "shaky" about his new venture on account of the way his friends had been talking to him. Would Webb take a walk down to Long Acre Square and look over the New Astor Hotel and tell his friend, Muschenheim, how the property looked? Webb, of course, went down, looked the hotel carefully over, and the next night he told Muschenheim that the property was in good shape and everything pointed to the New Astor being a success. Webb's opinion pleased Muschenheim very much, and it is said the fear of "cold feet" has vanished.

BRIGGS MAY CHANGE HIS MIND.

THERE is a likelihood that Walter M. Briggs, manager of the Sherman Square Hotel, may not lease the Buena Vista Hotel, in Maryland, for the coming summer. The Buena Vista is a large, imposing summer hotel about forty miles distant from Baltimore, and had for one summer as lessee William F. Paige, of mountainous memory. Its location is fine and commands a splendid view of the surrounding country, but the impression is that the construction of the house is somewhat ancient.

Briggs was offered the lease of the house on very attractive terms by the owners, and about a month ago he made a trip to Maryland and looked the property over. He returned to town very enthusiastic and started at once to arrange for leasing the property. His enthusiasm at present seems to be on the wane, and the probabilities are that the Buena Vista Hotel is not to have Walter M. Briggs as a lessee this summer.

THE PROPHECY OF GEORGE DURANT.

THEY tell a very funny story about George T. Durant, who has taken the place of the late "Lon" Foster, as manager of the New Amsterdam Hotel.

When "Plunger" Walton reopened the Victoria Hotel, Durant was one of the clerks in the office. For some reason or other Walton and Durant could not agree—they didn't seem to get on well together—and every one expected that

COLONEL MANN, IN
NEW YORK AGAIN.

COLONEL W. D. MANN, who recently returned from his trip to the South, is looking strong and more vigorous than at any time during the past ten years. This old warrior of metropolitan journalism is as thoroughly a part of New York life as the Greeley statue or the Flatiron building. He was a notable figure a few weeks ago at the New York Press Club dinner, his broad shoulders and leonine head being the subject of much comment from the well-filled boxes.

Colonel Mann, by the way, is one of the most indefatigable workers in New York newspaper life, and has created a competency only by the strictest attention to business and the exercise of a keen journalistic instinct.

sooner or later George Durant would get his "walking papers." One morning word came from Walton's private office that Durant was wanted. Up he went, and then and there the two men had it out—not in fists, but in words. Durant was told that his resignation would be accepted. This was just what he wanted, and in order to show Walton what he thought of him, Durant, with scorn in his voice, said:

"Mr. Walton, you were fired out of the St. James, you had to get out of the Grand, you left the Brighton Beach in a rowboat, and, by hookey, you will go out of this hotel in a balloon.

It is not related under what conditions Walton gave up the Victoria. But he did, and at last accounts he was living with his son in Trenton, N. J., and Durant is now manager of a New York hotel.

GETTING READY AT ARVERNE.

THE Arverne Pier Company, on Long Island, has filed with the Bureau of Buildings of the Borough of Queens plans for a new music hall and theatre and a pier, all to be built south of the boardwalk between Gaston and Vernon avenues. The music hall, which, with the theatre, is to be built out upon the pier, will be 71 feet by 120 feet and the theatre 50 feet by 100 feet, two stories. It is estimated that the entire work will cost about \$100,000.

AN OPEN LETTER
ABOUT
MAY BUCKLEY.

CHICAGO, March 22, 1904.

EDITOR BROADWAY WEEKLY:

Allow me to say that the interview with Miss Buckley, published in your magazine of a recent issue and written by a correspondent, was, in my opinion, anything but worthy of so clever, dainty and talented a young woman. As dramatic critic of a daily in a city where Miss Buckley appeared in stock work one summer, I had every opportunity to study her work in an organization where the bill was changed every week. Any one familiar with stock work knows this invariably means hard study and endless rehearsals. I am only one of a large number of playgoers who lost their hearts to the dainty graces and fascinating personality of one who has proved her right to be called one of the cleverest leading women on the American stage. I have also witnessed Miss Buckley's work while she played the ingénue rôles in the Frawley Stock Co., and later, when she was leading woman with James O'Neill, and have often wondered why some manager has not starred her long before this. She has beauty of a distinct type, a soft, sweet voice that is most appealing, a winsome personality and undoubted talent. She has kept out of print so much of late that when anything is written about her, it should do her justice, and certainly the interview written by your New York correspondent did not present Miss Buckley to your readers as she really is.

Yours truly,

A PLAYGOER.

CORRIDOR CHAT.

J. J. LANNIN opens the beautiful Garden City Hotel very soon. The chief clerk of the Dutcher House, at Pawling, N. Y.—the hotel that Frank Lord has leased—will be James Cleveland, who has held the same situation at the Dutcher House for fifteen years.

NEW LYCEUM, West 45th St. and B'way.

CHARLES HAWTREY

-IN-

SAUCY SALLY.

HUDSON THEATRE, 44th St. near B'way.
Ev'gs 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Henry B. Harris, Mgr.

Charles Frohman presents

ETHEL BARRYMORE

in her greatest success

COUSIN KATE

GARRICK THEATRE, 35th St. & B'way.
Ev'gs 8:15. Matinee Saturday 2:15
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

ELEANOR ROBSON

in Israel Zangwill's Four-Act Play,

MERELY MARY ANN.

KNICKERBOCKER, Broadway & 38th St.
Nights at 8. Mat. Saturday only.

FORBES

GERTRUDE

ROBERTSON AND ELLIOTT

"The most impressive Hamlet since Edwin Booth."

HAMLET

THE PROCTOR THEATRES.

FIFTH AVENUE,

TWENTY-THIRD STREET,

FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET,

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH STREET
Splendid Shows Small Prices

GARDEN THEATRE, 27th St. & Mad. Ave.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.

Charles Frohman, Mgr.

THE SECRET OF POLICHINELLE

(Pierre Wolff's Famous Comedy)

With WM. H. THOMPSON.

SAVOY THEATRE, 34th St. and Broadway.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

THE SUPERSTITION OF SUE

A Three-Act Farce by PAUL ARMSTRONG
Preceded by

THE BLUE GRASS HANDICAP

BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st St. & B'way.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Jacob Litt, Proprietor.

Henry W. Savage offers

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

in the new Comic Opera

THE YANKEE CONSUL

CRITERION THEATRE, B'way & 44th St.
Ev'gs 8:30. Matinee Saturday 2:15
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

Charles Frohman presents

WILLIAM COLLIER

in RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S Farce

THE DICTATOR

WALLACK'S, B'way & 30th St. Ev'gs 8:15
Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.

George Ade's Quaint Comedy

The County Chairman.

BROADWAY WEEKLY

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**RICHARD
STRAUSS,
THE
FAMOUS
CONTI-
NENTAL
COMPOSER
WHO
HAS
BEEN
VISITING
NEW YORK**

This is the latest and most characteristic picture of this great writer of tone poems who has been described by James Huneker of the *Sun*, as "the man who with his magic wand of music, paints with the brush, slashes with the sword, and makes all passion possible."

THE MANY-SIDED WILLIAM H. PAGE, JR.

By GEORGE A. SHERIN.

WHEN the Democratic party next secures control of the National administration, there is one lawyer, William H. Page, Jr., who may be looked for as a strong candidate for the highest judicial honors. Mr. Page has never been previously prominent in political matters, but as a private citizen he has been forcefully active in his influence for the Democracy, his pen having presented arguments and facts which have cleared up doctrinal tangles and conflicting myths. The story of his career reveals the character of the man, and the information that for many years he has been held in the highest esteem by the great leaders of the party, for his learning, sagacity, and indomitable perseverance.

The son of a distinguished physician, Mr. Page was born in Paris, France, in January, 1861, while his parents were touring Europe. When he arrived at the family homestead in Boston, he was only six months old. Later, in his youth, he graduated from the Boston Latin School, and then from Harvard. From 1883 until 1886, when he was admitted to the New York bar, he studied at the Columbia Law School, at the same time he was articled to the firm of Bangs & Stetson; becoming later a member of the firm of Hoadley, Lauterbach & Johnson, and still later of Page & Conant, from which he withdrew in 1904.

At present he practices alone, with a numerous corps of attorneys. Probably there is no lawyer in the city who has had more to do with litigations and problems affecting the public service corporations. Mr. Page is a fluent linguist in Spanish, and his office is said to contain the most complete collection of works on Cuban and Mexican jurisprudence to be found in the country.

As a Democrat, Mr. Page has been a most effective orator at large campaign meetings.

At sunrise every day, at every season of the year, he is to be seen on horseback, and equally sure is it that he will be found at the New York Athletic Club every evening ready for a bout at boxing or wrestling. He claims that to a man of his profession physical exercise is indispensable for his best mental efforts.

The greatest tribute ever paid to Mr. Page was what the late William C. Whitney said to business associates during the strenuous administration and constructive period of the New York street railway development. He had ob-



WILLIAM H. PAGE, JR.

served the laborious and painstaking methods of Mr. Page, and when at last the latter undertook what many considered an almost impossible task, Mr. Whitney remarked:

"I don't see how he is going to do it. I don't see how it can be done, but I will say this, I never knew him to fail in anything he undertook."

And Mr. Whitney himself was this very same kind of remarkable man.

The members of the bar attribute Mr. Page's success to his personal attention to the smallest

details of what he does, and the faculty in a marked degree of availing himself of the work of others.

Recently, the series of articles in the New York *Sun* from the pen of Mr. Page, in which he proved the legal and constitutional competence of Mayor McClellan's citizenship and availability for the Presidential nomination, attracted the attention of the profession all over the country. The fact that the Mayor was *de facto* a citizen, although born in Germany, was conclusively settled by Mr. Page and the authorities he quoted.

DOES MRS. SAGE REALLY LOVE THE WORKING GIRL?

DURING the Lenten days, Mrs. Russell Sage had ample opportunity for carrying out her pet philanthropy, namely, helping and uplifting the working girl. In fact, she had a great triumph, equal to any social success. She has been appointed president of the Pascal Institute, an association founded to train girls to earn an honest living. Mrs. Sage's affection for this class of girls is only equal to her frank dislike of the society girl who flippantly feeds her dog with ice-cream soda. We all know she removed from her old Fifth avenue mansion, in the vicinity of Huyler's, in order to spare herself this painful sight. This peculiarity of Mrs. Sage is certainly worthy of admiration. We never hear it without recalling a certain incident that occurred about a year ago.

Listen: A young woman journalist had been commissioned by the editor to seek an interview with Mrs. Sage asking her opinion on the subject dearest to her heart—the working girl. Her letter remaining unanswered, the young woman, sooner than believe that Mrs. Sage had been remiss, felt that Uncle Sam had been careless,

so she wrote a second letter. Choosing a day when it was raining in torrents, she hid herself to the Sage home and rang the bell. Through the glass doors she caught a glimpse of a little prim figure, with bands of gray hair smoothed around a rather severe face which she immediately recognized as the object of her search. The prim figure remained in sight when the maid opened the door. Taking the letter she handed it to Mrs. Sage who read it, looked the worthy working woman sharply in the face, and said in a loud, distinct voice: "Tell the person, Mrs. Sage is not at home." Can it be that Mrs. Sage's much-vaunted love for the working girl is—what shall I say?

THE SPRING OF 1904

will be the busiest in the history of American Theatricals. All the big productions will be covered by pen and camera in BROADWAY WEEKLY

EVERYTHING IN BROOKLYN IS NAILED DOWN.

"THERE is no fear of any of the Brooklyn men giving up anything to Manhattan," was the comment of an Islander at Tammany.

"Why, it was stated last week that every one of the District leaders over there, excepting three, had good jobs in the city or borough employ. These Brooklyn men have got everything nailed down. They were born to pap. In the old McLaughlin days there were as many as three generations in office at one time. Poor Brooklyn. Most of the people in Brooklyn only sleep there and pay their taxes. So the politicians were never interfered with.

"But when a leader loses his patronage he loses his following. Yet these men all claim to be very greatly superior to the New York politician. The truth is, there is a political aristocracy over there."

Don't forget that there will be some big productions on the New York stage in the next few weeks. They will all be covered fully in BROADWAY WEEKLY.

WHAT NEW YORK'S SMART SET IS DISCUSSING.



From a Photograph by Dupont, New York.

THE BARONESS DE POLLANDT, ONE OF THE HANDSOME YOUNG MATRONS WELL KNOWN IN NEW YORK AND CONTINENTAL SOCIETY.

IN spite of her fashionable propensities, Mrs. Clarence Mackay works hard "between dances" for literary honors. She is showing a taste for that line of work quite as pronounced as her brilliant cousin, Caroline Duer. If Mrs. Mackay is not so steady at this occupation as Cousin Caroline, it is because her social requirements are quite overpowering. In addition, there are two young Mackay prodigies to share her maternal attention. However, we are promised some very brilliant and impassioned novels in the near future. At present, Mrs. Mackay is in Paris, trying to get "the best of," or, at least,

to get even with the Paris shopkeepers who, at this time of the year, are on the lookout for the slippery American dollars. She is seen quite often with her mother-in-law, Mrs. John W. Mackay, in and out of the Rue Rivoli. These Americans are known at once by the tremendous pair of black pearls worn by Mrs. John W., and which apparently never leave her overweighted ears, waking or sleeping.

AT present, there is a long list of fashionable women who are attempting to "do" something, besides being purely and simply frivolous society belles. Even amongst

the younger married set there are few drones. Mrs. Herbert Parsons, *nee* Clews, a worthy daughter of a brilliant father, has written a book on political economy, which has been accepted by the public schools. Besides, she is constantly contributing to the magazines and newspapers. Marietta Benedict, now Mrs. Leslie Colton, has surprised herself and all her friends by her fluency, so to speak, with the paint brush. She had a very creditable exhibition of her work recently, at Knoedler's art rooms, and although quite wealthy, she informed her friends that she was not adverse to accepting a properly signed

check from the select few in the right set. As a result of her refreshing candor she has had half of the smart coterie as her subjects. One beautiful and striking likeness that may be exhibited is that of Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt and her little girl.

THE débutantes of the coming Newport season must look well to their laurels, for it is rumored that Miss Gladys Deacon is to be a guest of one of the most popular Newport hostesses. Handicapped as Miss Deacon has been by the unpleasant scandal between her father and mother, the beautiful American, since her entrée into society abroad, has captured all hearts. Even the conservative Queen of England was so entranced with her modest and youthful charms that she took her under her own august patronage on several auspicious occasions, thus putting the seal of her queenly approval upon the young girl, and setting aside, once and for all, any unpleasant results of the little indiscreet affair of her imprudent, though charming, mamma. It is said that when the Duke of Norfolk rather surprised the Honorable Gwendolyn Mary Constable by his sudden offer of marriage, he was instigated to do so through pique at being jilted by Miss Deacon, who preferred marrying to suit herself, than to being the Premier Duchess of England, and wife of an Earl Marshal to boot.

MISS NORMA MUNRO, daughter of the publisher, besides being an heiress in her own right, is literary and really very clever. At present she is engaged in writing a play. No less a critic than Haddon Chambers is to decide whether or not it shall be given an actual stage trial. Miss Munro is an automobile enthusiast also, a tennis player, and one of the most accomplished whips in town. In fact, she is an all-around woman athlete, and "a hail-fellow-well-met."

MRS. GOELET, mother of the Duchess of Roxburghe, seems to be of a most restless temperament. At the present moment this restlessness has taken the pleasant form of renovating Floors Castle, the ancestral home of her ducal son-in-law. Before the advent of the Goelet millions the estate was so impoverished that it was necessary for the haughty Duke to submit to letting out the fishing rights. But Mrs. Goelet combined riches with her haughtiness, and she would have no such dishonor cast upon her daughter's high-priced escutcheon. So, while the lucky pair of turtle doves are quaffing Ruinart on their yachts, or risking good Goelet dollars at Monte Carlo, or exploring the Paris shops, Mamma Goelet has been living a happy, busy life at Floors, superintending the refurnishing and redecorating of the castle.

IN spite of their wealth, the Alfred Vanderbilts seem to be a very comfortable sort of couple. First, they get rid of all their superfluity of expenses by closing up their most cumbersome establishments and living unostentatiously in a modest six-thousand-a-year apartment. When that waxes burdensome, they decide upon accepting the invitation of Mamma Cornelius and paying her a long, sensible visit, with the baby, between seasons, just like good old-fashioned country folk. Not to save expense, of course, but doesn't it look that way? Next, instead of hearing all sorts of interesting extravagant stories about Mrs. A——'s going abroad to shop in Paris, or coquetting with the bank at Monte Carlo, here she is spurring on A. V. to buy another farm and stock it with poultry, vegetables, and other marketable truck. It seems spiteful to say it, but it is questionable if all these facts redound to the Vanderbilt credit, or is it just the cropping out of their good old, joint, thrifty ancestral



MRS. ELLIS, NÉE ADAMS, AND MISS SAMUELS, TWO OF NEW YORK'S MOST EXPERT EQUESTRIENNES, IN CENTRAL PARK.

blood that thinks as much of raising a good turnip or 'tater for market as true, royal blue blood does of turning out the same Grecian nose generation after generation?

young daughters, trusting to time to blow this little affair over, as it so generally did the greater event.

THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS.

MRS. EDWARD PARKER DEACON, who since the unpleasant contretemps with her husband some years ago, has re-assumed her maiden name of Baldwin, retaining, of course, the Madame, is in a peck of trouble with her aristocratic friends in Paris, who, in spite of her past, have been on visiting terms with her. The trouble lies in the fact that Mrs. Baldwin has rented her Paris mansion to Edward Dreyfus, brother of the famous captain of the same name. This has given great offense to the St. Germain colony, who could quite forgive the little indiscretion of falling in love with one of their own pretty countrymen, but will not tolerate Dreyfus patronage. Madame Baldwin knew full well that none of her aristocratic friends would pay her 3,500 francs a month, a trifle of seven hundred dollars, for her charming hotel in the Rue Jean Gougan; so, as soon as the objectionable tenant signed the lease, she flew to Rome with her two

NEW IMPORTANCE FOR THE H. B. HUMPHREY CO.

THE H. B. Humphrey Company, well-known advertising agents, recently expanded and are now among the biggest concerns in this line of endeavor on the North American continent. Cleveland A. Chandler, well known in publishing circles all over the country, has been elected vice-president to succeed W. B. Curtis, and handsome new offices in the Johnson Building, Twenty-eighth street and Broadway, have been opened. Charles H. Fryer, a prominent figure in metropolitan advertising circles, is the chief of staff, and is assisted by Irving W. Humphrey. Backed by a splendid record, the H. B. Humphrey Company should take a prominent place among the important advertising agencies of the country.

LOUIS MANN, A REAL AMERICAN COMEDIAN.



MR. MANN—FROM A LATE PORTRAIT.

THE undoubted hit that has been made by Louis Mann during the tour of the Weber & Field's organization, has served to bring this player more prominently than ever before a discriminating public.

There is not the slightest doubt that Mr. Mann's work with Weber & Field's has been brilliant and effective, and out-of-town dramatic critics seem to have made up their minds that he is the real German comedian of this celebrated trio. At any rate, Mr. Mann has succeeded in convincing the theatre-going public throughout the country that he is considerably more than a German comedian.

There is no actor on the American stage to-day who is more tellingly and absolutely enthusiastic

in his murder of the English language on the stage than Louis Mann, and yet, away back of all this lingual contortion is the strength of true art and an ability and experience not always found in the equipment of a comedian.

Mr. Mann's methods, while farcical as a rule, occasionally take on the dignity of a legitimate dramatic purpose. There is finesse, and that strict attention to detail which, we are told, is closely akin to genius. Thus it is that Mr. Mann could readily discard his German make-up and his intricate method of speaking, and play a straight part without very much effort and, with a sure aim and a firm hand, make a success.

If Mr. Mann should eventually decide to sever his connection with Weber & Fields, stardom

will merely regain its own. In "All on Account of Eliza" and other pieces he has proven his right to be a star. New York, however, and particularly Broadway, dislikes to think of Mann as anything but a permanent theatrical fixture. He is essentially a metropolitan comedian, although his art is so broad and generous and his style so clear and direct, you do not wonder that he does not require a purely Broadway setting.

When all is said and done, there is a big difference between the comedian who gains his point with an axe and one who, by subtle suggestion, makes his audience understand exactly what he is driving at—which is another way of saying that Louis Mann is an actor and not merely a conversational blunderbuss.

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AN ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL
OF METROPOLITAN LIFE.

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY Editor

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear later something to your advantage by addressing **Broadway Weekly, 27 East 21st Street, New York.**

IMPARTIAL REVIEW OF THE PRESIDENTIAL OUTLOOK BEFORE CONVENTIONS.

IN the conflict of party interests, preceding political conventions, plain, everyday citizens fail to realize the tremendous pressure of the influences at work. So sensitive are the conditions that the least error by word or act may blast the ambition of any candidate. There has never been a Presidential contest which from an expert and independent standpoint is so uncertain in its prospects as the approaching appeal to the popular vote. One exception may, however, be noted—that the Republican nomination will beyond any doubt fall to Theodore Roosevelt, the President incumbent. The shrewdest men in the leadership are free to admit that they see no other person who has any possible chance to be chosen by the Chicago Convention.

Therefore it rests with the Democracy to provide any contingency by which a change in the National administration could be made. At the present time the air is unsettled with the differences among the party sections, which presage well for a healthy fight in the St. Louis Convention. The cold fact that Democrats are divided as to who should carry their standard is a good sign, as it demonstrates that there is hope of victory in the air. Yet, the two vital factors in the possibilities of success are not in such shape as to cause unmitigated satisfaction to those who wish to see what has been called a "sane and safe" party management, without regard to machine politicians, who are chiefly guided by self-interest.

The surface of things three months before the National Convention does not predicate the apparently smooth conditions which result from the aggregated wisdom and well-considered judgment of the great leaders. Favorite sons are seldom more than political stalking horses. No single person has arisen to controvert the claim that Judge Alton B. Parker is worthy of the high honor of the Presidency. The truth, which all the leaders, who wish for certain victory, frankly assert, is, that the hidden strength of several candidates and their advisers, will change the complexion of matters at St. Louis. The fight which has been made for Judge Parker in the newspapers would indicate that there was no aspirant who could wrest the nomination away from him. Even the most bitter opponent of William Jennings Bryan and his theories agrees that he is still a power with voters in the West. In fact, he would be more dangerous as the adviser and supporter of a candidate than as a candidate himself. Mr. Bryan has distinctly ruled against the Parker candidacy. Even to the last ballot, if he can have his way, the Bryan support will be withheld from Judge Parker. It may be a disagreeable dose for his supporters, but it is the plain unvarnished truth.

During the past few weeks both Republicans and Democrats have been surprised to find that William Randolph Hearst is to be

reckoned with, and that no candidate can be nominated without his aid. The Hearst campaign is the result of systematic and clever manipulation for a period of over two years. Every inch of the political ground has been ploughed, until there is at his command a great network of machinery in every State, equal almost to that of either of the big parties. Missionary work has been done by skilled political adepts among the labor men all over the country, and while the majority will, no doubt, vote for their natural political preference, a good percentage will aid Mr. Hearst until it sees that he has no chance for the nomination.

The name of former Governor Francis of Missouri has been mentioned as that of a man upon whom to center the various strength of the men who cannot capture the prize. That they would flock to any candidate rather than Judge Parker, because of the latter's close friendship for David B. Hill, is admitted.

It has been noticed that the Cleveland men have developed a sagacious silence, and that the Democrats of New York City following the discreet deportment of their leader, Charles F. Murphy, have not only not yielded to the Hill demand that they should fall in line for Parker, but still mutter without a tremor—"Cleveland!" It would astonish many cautious politicians if the name of either Grover Cleveland or George B. McClellan were not mentioned in the coming Democratic State Convention. The claim that Mr. Murphy is anxious to get the Presidential nomination for Mayor McClellan is laughed at by those who really know the political chart. Every one feels that Mr. Murphy would be glad to see the young Mayor triumph, but he is without any doubt sincere in his belief that Mr. Cleveland could be elected.

If the party desired it, Mr. Murphy could not prevent the nomination of Mayor McClellan. He is now so strong with the Democracy of the State and entire country that he possesses an individual standing before the nation, which approaches the dignity of statesmanship. The older leaders avow that Mayor McClellan combines the elements which attract the people, apart from partisanship; the glory of his youth, the heritage of a proud American descent, the record of a parent's patriotism, and finally his own achievements are indelibly written upon the pages of the country's history. Again, any man who could administer the government of the Nation as sanely and modestly as he is doing the same service for the municipality, is one who may be depended upon to stand by the people without sectional limitation or geographical pressure.

Nor has any single objection been made from any quarter, from any leader, from any section, from any individual, to the many suggestions from North, East, South and West, that Mayor McClellan



THUMBS!

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THE MEN THAT RUN THE TOWN.

IN THE CIRCLE OF LOCAL POLITICS.

WELCOME FOR RANDOLPH GUGGENHEIMER.

HEARTY, indeed, was the welcome given to Randolph Guggenheimer at the Democratic Club, when the portrait of President Fox was unveiled.

"How do you do, Governor?" was the greeting of many of those present.

Mr. Guggenheimer disclaimed any ambitions in this direction, but there are some who would not be surprised to see him show some strength in the convention.

The speech which the popular lawyer delivered was effective and timely.

SULZER A POPULAR HERO.

NOT one man in local Democratic circles creates the enthusiasm at popular gatherings which falls to the lot of Congressman Sulzer.

"I firmly believe that Mr. Sulzer could be elected Mayor of this city," said T. D. Sullivan recently. "He has great influence with organized labor independently of political affiliations."

The fight which Mr. Sulzer has made for every labor measure, his great battle for the letter carriers, and his championship of the cause of merchants and business men in the new post-office crusade have built up a great personal following for him.

O. H. P. BELMONT A DELEGATE.

A LETTER received from O. H. P. Belmont states that he will be home from Europe in time to begin the campaign, and surely to attend the National Convention. He has just been elected a delegate to the State Convention.

In the Twenty-fifth District, whenever they want Mr. Belmont to do anything, they just put his name down and he is satisfied. He has always stood by the party, and during the stormy days his purse was open at every call.

Mr. Belmont is always the first man called upon by the National Treasurer in every Presidential campaign.

should be considered by the National Convention. Should, indeed, Mr. Cleveland absolutely decline, would not the high character and attested ability of Colonel McClellan be a fitting alternative for the wisdom, experience, and proved worth of the Sage of Princeton? This is the question which leaders, rank and file, are asking.

But from the impartial outpost, the currents are rushing too swiftly to decide at this time who will be the candidate of the Democracy, or what will be the definite platform.

NEW YORK TAXPAYERS FIND COMFORT.

IT is by the non-political acts of a municipal administration that history is made. That which weighs with the great body of voters at election times is the record of conducting the business of the city, regardless of partisan glory. Surely, the people who pay the cost of governing New York have reason to feel gratified with their experience of Mayor McClellan and his officials!

It is a safe assertion to make that the employees of the city, from the most exalted commissioner down to the humblest clerk, have as great a dread of Mayor McClellan's rebuke as they would have of that of the most partisan Republican. He has shown a determination to exact faithful and effective attention to duty on the part of all.

Commissioner Hayes has won the praise of every class, including fire insurance companies and property owners, for his discipline and

"QUITE A NICE YOUNG MAN."

WILLIS HOLLY, Secretary of the Park Commission, tells a humorous story concerning former United States Senator David B. Hill, which rather reflects upon the latter's political sagacity.

Mr. Hill was very well acquainted with Richard Croker, although they were never friends, and in some manner or other he formed rather a bad opinion of the rank and file of Tammany Hall.

The rapid advance of Mr. Charles F. Murphy in the councils of the party, and his final selection as leader, seemed to have escaped the notice of Mr. Hill. Mr. Murphy's fame had not penetrated to Wolfert's Roost.

When Mr. Murphy became the chieftain of Tammany, Mr. Hill, according to Mr. Holly, asked: "Who is this Murphy? I cannot recall him."

A friend then explained what a remarkable man the new leader was.

"Oh, yes; I think I recollect him. He was leader of the Gas House District. Yes, a very nice young man."

Mr. Hill's next meeting with Mr. Murphy was at the gathering of the State Committee, which Mr. Murphy dominated, and at which he caused a resolution to be passed in favor of the election of United States Senators by the people.

BIRD COLER CHIRPING AGAIN.

THOSE who know Bird Coler, one-time Comptroller, are much amused at his recent declaration.

"I'm a political has-been."

Nothing could be farther from the fact. Mr. Coler made a wonderful run for Governor, and the leaders of the party think he is young enough to have many political honors before him.

Indeed, it would not surprise many to see Mr. Coler in Congress next term. He has proved his wisdom in his silence. At the same time he remained loyal to the father of his political fortune, Hugh McLaughlin.

But Mr. Coler is strong with the rank and file of the party.

RICHARD SLATER NOW A NEW YORKER.

DURING the next campaign, the effete East will have the honor of listening to the florid Western eloquence of the Hon. Richard Slater of Kansas. Mr. Slater is the most unterrified Democrat that ever came out of the West. His editorial utterances, while keeping the Kansas Legislature in the path of rectitude, are historic.

"Yes, I'm goin' to try the effect of a little of the Kansas brand of talk upon you Easterners this year. You know when I get up to speak I'm never bound by any platform or pink-ribbon policy. I give it straight from the shoulder."

It is not likely that the Hon. Richard will give Maurice B. Blumenthal and the committee on speakers any chance to review or censor his oratory.

HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY IN TAMMANY.

A PART from the fact that he is greatly respected on his father's account, Harry Payne Whitney is personally greatly liked by the men in Tammany.

He is vice-president of the Executive Committee and was frequently seen on Fourteenth street before his bereavement. The leaders expect that he will take an active part after his period of mourning. There are many young men of the exclusive set who have joined Tammany since Mayor McClellan was elected.

JOHN D. CRIMMINS IS PLEASED.

HAVING visited the Pope, spent some time in European capitals and visited friends and relatives abroad, John D. Crimmins returned to find his expectations as to the McClellan administration fulfilled.

"I knew Colonel McClellan would make a safe Mayor," he said. "No influence can reach him unless it is for good. He is the coming man and is one whom all the people can trust all of the time."

Mr. Crimmins refused a Commissionership after the election, but he was strongly in favor of the nomination of Mr. Grout and the retention of Major Woodbury.

J. D. B.

enterprise in the management of the department. The retention of Street Commissioner Woodbury has given satisfaction, and the efforts of Bridge Commissioner Best to solve the interborough transit free from prejudice and favoritism are most commendable.

That Police Commissioner McAdoo has displayed an integrity, courage and absolute indifference of outside influence in directing his department is palpable even to the most violent Reformers. His veto has been free from party bias or machine rule.

In the Dock Department, one misses the pyrotechnical publicity method of McDougall Hawkes; but Commissioner Featherstone has tackled the ferry problem vigorously and has secured the admiration of the other boroughs, which have hitherto been snubbed by the powers of Manhattan.

Mr. Grout has already given the public a taste of his quality as Comptroller and he is still a watch-dog of the city treasury. He is no more alive to the difference between false economy and wise expenditure, however, than Mayor McClellan himself.

The promptitude with which the Mayor handled the irregularities in the City Marshal's office and other complaints, which were placed before him, was as praiseworthy as his change of opinion in regard to the request to use the public parks for other purposes than the recreation of citizens.

Yes, in this city they are making history which will bear fruit in the coming National campaign.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS OF AN IMPORTANT SPRING.

By ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY.

"PIFF, PAFF, POUF" AT THE CASINO.

"PIFF, PAFF, POUF" is really the dramatic apotheosis of "Bedelia." Without the lilting swing of Jean Schwartz and the busy jingle of William Jerome in "Piff, Paff, Pouf," this piece would scarcely be embraced by New York audiences. As it is, "a musical cocktail," as the program has it, is a distinctly blithe and entertaining affair.

"Piff, Paff, Pouf" aspires to the dignity of English musical comedy, so far as its authors are concerned. Nowadays, your musical comedy of the Strand is never happy without a dictionary full of names more or less well known in contemporaneous stage writing. Among those who have contributed to "Piff, Paff, Pouf" are Stanislaus Stange, book; William Jerome, lyrics; Jean Schwartz, music; Gerald Coventry, stage manager, and F. C. Whitney, producer. With the Shubert Brothers as the proprietors of the Casino, and the orchestra under the direction of John Sebastian Hiller, we have a very imposing array of names.

There is not the slightest doubt that Mr. Stange started on the foundation of a plot. No doubt, too, he fooled himself right up to the opening performance. Then something dropped. It was Stanislaus Stange, playwright. The curtain was not up on this piece five minutes before every one in the house was absolutely convinced that "Piff, Paff, Pouf" was a case of William Jerome



SAM. S. SHUBERT.

THAT Sam. S. and Lee Shubert, neither of them more than twenty-seven years of age, could have climbed so far up after only nine years of experience in the business of theatrical managers, seems little short of remarkable. Sam started his career selling newspapers in front of a theatre in Syracuse. Lee sold neckwear in a clothing store. When they were ten and eleven years old, respectively, their combined capital amounted to just \$10. The two saved everything they earned, and in 1894 had enough to buy the road rights to Hoyt's "A Texas Steer." They cleared \$10,000 on that, their first venture, and during the following year managed four road attractions.

Sam Shubert came to New York and got a

foothold here at the Herald Square Theatre. To-day, the two brothers run four theatres in New York—the Casino, Madison Square, Princess and the Lyric; they have two in Chicago, one in Albany, one in Syracuse, one in Utica, one in Rochester and two in Troy. They are building a new theatre to be known as the Garrick in St. Louis, and are planning for some fine theatres to be erected in the principal centers of population in this country. Within a few days they have acquired the lease of the Manhattan Beach Theatre, which gives them another house in which they can play their big musical attractions, thus giving their players, very often, a season of fifty-two weeks, instead of thirty-two to thirty-five, which most other managers can give them.



RAYMOND HITCHCOCK IN THE TITLE ROLE OF "THE YANKEE CONSUL," AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE. PUZZLE: FIND THE TWO SMILES.

and Jean Schwartz. These writers of that café classic, "Bedelia," popped out at every swish of a skirt on the stage and every swing of the leader's baton. Such an array of songs, furnishing whistling opportunities for even the least musical, have not been heard on Broadway for a whole season. Starting with "Under Our Lovely Umbrellas" and running right along through "Melancholy Sunbeam and the Rose," "I Don't Want Any Wurzburger," "Love, Love,

Love," "Barney Donoghue," and along to the last "March of the Flags," this Schwartz-Jerome combination is before our eyes and in our ears for two and a half hours. Mr. Jerome may not be another Gilbert, or Schwartz a replica of Sir Arthur Sullivan of jingling memories, but I'll vouch for the statement that their songs in "Piff, Paff, Pouf" will pretty soon be found on the piano of every Angeline Vavours in this town.

Eddie Foy as *Peter Pouffe* is still Eddie Foy as *Sister Anne* or any one of the other dozen characters he has played during the past few seasons. This means, of course, that he is exactly the Eddie Foy that the audience wants. This comedian, who never shirks his work, never makes his hearers feel that they are there only on sufferance, and that he should really be over at the Metropolitan Opera House, and who finally receives a large and ever-expanding salary because he deserves it, is the one strong, searching ray of sunshine among the men at the Casino. He is funny and that's all we require of a comedian.

Mr. Joseph Miron as *August Melon*, with a quartette of marriageable daughters, shows himself to be first cousin to a subway explosion.

Alice Fischer, fresh from stardom, is the *Mrs. Lillian Montague*, a widow of marital longings and quite able to take care of herself wherever men and millions are concerned. Miss Fischer's work is really remarkable when you consider the fact that this is her first appearance in a piece of this character. She has the true buoyancy and spirit of musical comedy.

Grace Cameron is *Cora Melon*. This black-haired, dainty woman is never anything but artistic. She has a voice of fine quality and a manner vivacious and refined. Miss Cameron is seen too little in New York, and her *Cora Melon* is welcome to those theatre-goers who are somewhat tired of the average stage musical comedy ingenue to whom lingerie is more than method.

The Misses Mabel and Hilda Hollins are back at the Casino for the first time in many ages—as measured by theatricals. Little Miss Hollins is prettier than ever, while big Miss Hollins seems to grow taller with the passing of each season.

The girls of the original pony ballet are the busiest young creatures on Broadway. There is barely a moment when they are not dancing or singing to their hearts' content. Repose is not for them. They are a whole musical comedy, melodrama, farce and comic opera rolled into one.

WILLIAM COLLIER IN "THE DICTATOR."

THE latest comedy by Richard Harding Davis is clever because it is a satire. Mr. Davis knows his Central America as well as we know our own Longacre Square. His treatment of Porto Baños is whimsical in the extreme, and his experiences are, no doubt, based on the merry months he spent in Central America when revolutions were much more frequent than good breakfasts.

Brooke Travers, with *Simpson*, his valet, is bound for Porto Baños. He has suddenly left New York because he believes he has killed a cabman in an altercation. Of course, every one except *Brooke Travers* and his valet is perfectly aware of the fact that the cabman was not killed, but this knowledge too early dispensed would rob Mr. Davis of his dramatic reason for existence. *Travers* exchanges places on board ship with *Colonel John T. Bowie*, newly appointed United States Consul at Porto Baños. After this exchange of identities, *Travers* finds that there has been a new president in Porto Baños, who is yearning for the opportunity to fill *Colonel Bowie* with revolutionary bullets. *Travers*, however, accepts this prospect rather than that of going back to New York in the custody of *Duffey*, a secret-service detective. He lands, proclaims himself Consul, and starts a little revolution of his own. Between the stiletto of *Juanita*, a bloodthirsty widow of Panama, who has been in love with the real *Colonel Bowie*, and *General Santos Campos*, who has been president since last Tuesday, he stands a pretty good chance of being shot or stabbed. Mixed up with the affair is the *Rev. Arthur Bostick*, a missionary, and *Lucy Sheridan*, who has been sent from New York to be the bride of the *Rev. Simpson*, but who promptly



Photograph by Otto Sarony Company, New York.

ALMA ADAMS, ONE OF THE PRETTY YOUNG WOMEN IN "THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN," AT WALLACK'S.

proceeds to fall in love with *Brooke Travers*. It goes without saying that *Travers* is neither shot nor stabbed, and as is also usual, the hero, the heroine and the entire situation are saved by the arrival of sailors from an American man-of-war. Incidentally, it should be mentioned that *Lucy Sheridan* agrees to become the wife of *Brooke Travers*.

William Collier is *Travers*. He has never played a character more neatly fitted to his personality than this same scapegoat. To tell the truth, Mr. Davis hasn't drawn very high types of Americans. *Brooke Travers* is an insolent, lying and reprehensible young fellow, but he is amusing. Mr. Collier gives him all the careless insolence mapped out for the rôle by the author, and throws in something extra for good measure.

George Nash, as *Colonel John T. Bowie*, makes us blush for our country. This particular United States Consul is a rascal of the first water, but

he is at least consistent in his rascality. Mr. Nash is effective in the part.

John Barrymore as *Charlie Hyne*, a wireless telegraph operator, confirms the good impression he made as a reporter in "Glad of It." *Hyne* is one of those knowing boys who have the news before it happens, who are resourceful to a degree, and whose illusions are shattered shortly after they leave the nursery. Mr. Barrymore has much of the manner of his father, Maurice Barrymore. Mr. Barrymore has that insouciance and style which thousands of actors, older and larger, would give many thousands to acquire with as little effort as Mr. Barrymore shows in his work.

Miss Nannette Comstock is the *Lucy Sheridan*. Miss Comstock has little to do except to dress in simple but exceedingly becoming fashion. She can wear a Panama hat with more dash than almost any other American actress.

Louise Allen (Mrs. Collier) is the volcanic *Senora Juanita Arguilla*. Her make-up is splendid, and

while her Spanish might not be all that could be desired, no doubt, it is altogether too good for Central America.

The small bit of *Dr. Jasquez* by Francis Sedgwick is excellent while the *General Campos* of Robert McWade, Jr., is as full of revolution as Pain's fireworks factory.

"The Dictator" will do.

CHARLES HAWTREY IN "SAUCY SALLY."

MR. HAWTREY, sleek and gentlemanly, deserves better than "Saucy Sally" at the hands of F. C. Burnand, the Editor of *Punch*, who wrote the farce now on view at the Lyceum Theatre. I believe Mr. Burnand also wrote "The Club Baby," which we saw some years ago at the Union Square Theatre. "The Club Baby" must have grown up and married, because "Saucy Sally" is its legitimate offspring. It certainly belongs to the same family and has the same physical makeup—large in structure, broad of shoulders, blustering of voice and with a fine propensity for getting out of trouble at the last moment.

Herbert Jocelyn is a hero in conversation. He has married a young woman who was under the impression that he was a remarkable explorer and whose mother has written a book about his thrilling adventures, based on word of mouth. He is tired of the whole thing, however, and wants to retire, but the proud mother-in-law will not permit him to do so. He is, therefore, obliged to absent himself from home in order to go on cruises with the mythical "Saucy Sally." On this particular trip with which the first act has to do, wife and mother-in-law, the latter of whom has grown very suspicious, decide on accompanying him to Southampton and seeing him off, and of course the jig is up. The next two acts are spent in straightening out *Jocelyn's* love affair with a certain *Cecile*, of London, and in getting away finally from his adventurous life. This he does without his wife's discovering that he isn't exactly a model husband. Mama-in-law, however, is an exceedingly wise old person who knows everything from beginning to end but who decides to call quits to save her daughter's happiness—which isn't always the way of a mother-in-law.

"Saucy Sally" is noisy and quite of the old English farce comedy style in construction and texture. Every player in the cast is exceedingly busy from the time the curtain rises until it falls. There is considerable slamming of doors, but on the other hand, there is not an offensive line or situation in the whole farce—which certainly cannot be said of all the important farces of recent years.

Mr. Hawtreys plays *Jocelyn* in his usual high comedy manner. This actor never descends to buffoonery. He is always the gentleman in appearance, even if playwrights occasionally ask him to impersonate men we would not hold up as examples of righteousness.

Mrs. *Jocelyn* is played by Julia Booth, a tall, pretty English girl who, if appearances count, might recently have stepped out from her father's rectory in Suffolk.

Fannie Brough as Mrs. Lambert, the mother-in-law, is still humorous and always mistress of the situation. In listening to Miss Brough, it would be possible to imagine with closed eyes that it is Jennie Yeamans who is speaking. Both the enunciation and quality of voice are the same in each case.

Frances Belmont plays *Cecile* of London. Miss Belmont is an exceedingly pretty girl.

Fred Thorne, one of the best character actors England has sent us, plays *Jack Buncombe*, a sailor, with much vigor and all the breeziness of the salt water.

Arthur Playfair as *Ezra Jefferson*, is one of those rib-sticking, back-slapping, haw-haw stage types



PAULA EDWARDES, THE YOUNG STAR OF "WINSOME WINNIE," TAKING BREAKFAST IN HER APARTMENTS. NOT AMAZINGLY EXCITING BUT CERTAINLY INTERESTING.

that would be massacred in real life. In fact, so strenuous was Mr. Playfair during a recent performance that Mr. Hawtreys was thrown about so that he sprained an ankle. Nothing more strenuous than this happens even in "Notre Dame" when some one or other pushes some one else off the belfry to the pavement below.

Evan Evans, a good character bit, is contributed by E. A. Plumpton.

WRIGHT LORIMER A SURPRISE.

FOLLOWING in the footsteps of Arnold Daly, Wright Lorimer, a young actor who has never before appeared prominently in this city, scored a surprise at the Knickerbocker Theatre in his production of "The Shepherd King," which was jointly written by himself and Arnold Reeves. While it can hardly be expected that the drama, which deals with the David and Goliath of Scripture, will meet with the artistic approval and financial success of "Ben-Hur," the presentation was most gratifying and warrants the vaulting ambition of Mr. Lorimer. Notwithstanding the danger which always attends any production of a Biblical subject, the effort was a most worthy, dignified and attractive attempt.

From an acting standpoint, it will not detract

from Mr. Lorimer's honors to say that May Buckley as *Michal* won the audience completely by her natural archness and dainty method. She is more than ever in evidence as a skilled actress, and grasped the spirit of her surroundings with discretion. Mr. Lorimer played the part of *David* with sincerity and excellent dramatic effect. He has a gracious presence, a pleasing and robust physique and an intellectual force seldom developed in actors so young. His elocution is academic, but sufficiently realistic to convince.

Charles Kent played *The King* acceptably, and Edward Mackay as *Jonathan*, his son, was passable. The cast was a big one, but although efficient as an ensemble it did not reach the point of high excellence necessary to a fine dramatic impression.

It was evident, however, that Mr. Lorimer and his advisers were keenly alive to the demands of scenic and accessory strength, for there has seldom been seen such a correct and pleasing series of stage pictures as those given in "The Shepherd King." The selection of costumes, the blending of colors, and the theatric effect were delightful. Evidently expense was not spared to appeal to the highest dramatic sense of the audience, and with the aid of a master in the craft of stage-writing the play would have been



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one of the sensations of the season. There can be but little doubt that in these days of striving after originality, and the dearth of suitable material, Mr. Lorimer will meet with success, after the too wordy dialogue has been revised. With the assistance of an experienced manager the production might be chiseled into excellent shape.
B.

"AN AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE" AT THE SAVOY.

"AN AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE," recently in evidence at The Princess, is a scrry hodge-podge of the late Grant Allen's clever studies, and a clumsy vehicle for a dizzy whirl of quick-change character studies impersonated by H. Reeves Smith (please notice absence of hyphen), an amiable, able young man capable of better things.

If one isn't already saturated with the literature of the late Grant Allen, one gleans that the play concerns a lot of finely gowned women of title, a young Irish colleen with debts and a brogue, a Chicago magnate, and the usual breezy, slani-bang daughter who represents the Western type in histrionic art, and the African millionaire himself, interpreted as one might say in a handsome manner by Mr. J. M. Colville, who closes each scene by almost going mad with a fit of temper. Last, but not least, there is H. Reeves Smith, who divides himself into six different characters varying from a High-church Anglican Reverend to a mesmerist and a private detective, and around whom revolves the machinery of real diamonds sold as paste, a spurious Van Dyke sold as real, a country estate that goes up in hot air, and a mythical *Colonel Clay*, who hangs fire until the last act. By the way, when he does materialize he wins distinction for the late Grant Allen as a patron of doubtful English. "Who is the real Colonel Clay?" he asks, and then answers with an impressive thump on his decorated chest, "It is *me*."

H. Reeves Smith works like a Trojan in every one of his six selves. He is at his best as the *Rev. Richard Brabazon*; he is at his worst as the *Conjuror*, but he gains our sympathies, and we are rather glad when vice wins out over virtue, and he retires in the last act with his nice little wife to enjoy his ill-gotten gains.

Minnie Dupree is the nice little wife. She is in a peck of trouble throughout the entire play, all because of that wonderfully wicked husband whom she adores because he is so wonderful in



ALICE BRANDT, ONE OF THE PRETTY YOUNG ACTRESSES APPEARING IN NEW YORK.

his wickedness, and of course the funny, pathetic little crack in her voice comes in handy to suggest pathos and the hidden canker-worm. For hubby's sweet sake she becomes a French maid, in coquettish cap and apron, to the ladies of title, and is such a picture of despair and of a maid with a mind attuned to intrigue that it is a matter of continual wonder why the ladies of title insist upon forcing their confidence upon her, and discussing the family secrets in her presence. Of course, she reports the same to hubby, and he likewise acts upon it. The little French maid has one refreshing quality. She speaks real French with something of a real

imported accent, but Minnie Dupree deserves no credit for that, as she is as much French as Yankee.

The other women in the cast are so so, and would be better if they could manage the front trains of their fine gowns without tumbling over them.

On the whole, "The African Millionaire" might be worse. There is a genuine laugh or two in it, which is more than can be said of some other so-called comedies of the season. S.

"PIFF, PAFF, POUF."

SCENES FROM THIS PIECE WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BROADWAY WEEKLY.



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CARLOTTA NILLSON, A CLEVER ACTRESS.

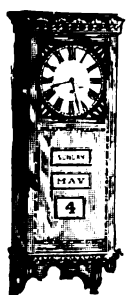


A NEW AND FAVORITE PORTRAIT OF MISS NILLSON.

CARLOTTA NILLSON, who plays the leading part in Horace B. Fry's new play "Love's Pilgrimage," given at a special matinee at Wallack's Theatre on Thursday, April 14th, is a young woman whose personal charms and earnestness of purpose will go far toward carrying the play to success. Back of all this is a wealth of personal experience and professional training which will count strongly. She has played in London with George Alexander, Charles Wyndham, and Sir Henry Irving. In America her most recent hit was in "Hedda

Gabler," with Mrs. Fiske, whose simple, natural methods, intellectual force and temperamental qualities are strongly emphasized in Miss Nillson herself.

It is interesting to know that in her native town in Sweden, where she was born, her home was only a few steps removed from that of the other Nillson whose fame will always be memorable in the annals of the operatic stage. Can it be that another is about to share the honors of the Nillson name with that great and beautiful artiste?



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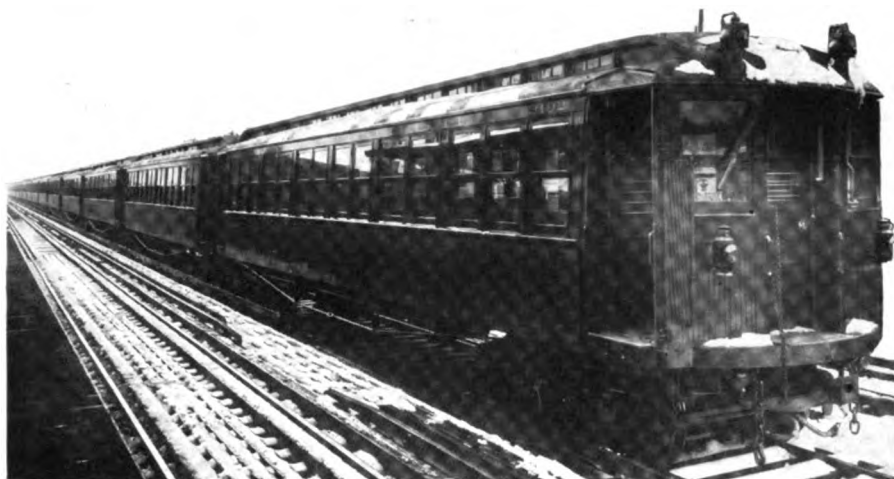
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THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

By CAROLYN LOWREY.

SO Joan Haydufelt has at last succumbed to Dan Cupid. This girl, who has been noted for her beauty along the Western coast and who has shown considerable dramatic ability, will now go into matrimony.

They say, "Love laughs at locksmiths," but in this case it is a blacksmith who has made a fortune and won the beauty.

Well, it will save expense for Miss Maydu, as she is known in the theatrical world. She will have her vaudeville production hammered into shape by her own hubby.

"The Duchess of Manchester will entertain King Edward." One hundred and fifty thousand to go in four days. It is said that eight thousand and four hundred will go to tickle the palate of the King. I wonder if the King likes pork—it would help out papa Z—so much.

The camera fiend will soon be seen along Broadway as the result of the latest fad, the jeweled stocking. This brilliant bit of conceit

will cost from forty to four hundred a pair. Hide them? Never! My lady will hold her skirts up in front and give to them what is called the "Eugenie lift."

Electric lights will be at a discount, and the Flatiron Building will soon be the most popular annex in New York, for the loiterer will surely think he is "seeing things."

One of the possible sights in Newport next summer may be the Monkey craze. The Malabar monkey has been taught to fan, and really out-rides the electric affairs. It will be a funny sight on a summer afternoon to see a procession of carriages, and My Lady taking her drive with a monkey sitting beside her fanning and chattering—not so pretty but funny.

Fifth avenue has a riddle to solve. Easter Sunday found the windows of the Sage mansion studded with flowers. Real flowers that cost money, and now their dear friends are wondering whether they were gifts or if Russell really paid for them.

The butler says that Mr. Sage has not quite reached his second childhood, and the butler is supposed to hold the secrets of the family.

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BAN JOHNSON, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN BASE- BALL LEAGUE.

IN the days of ancient Greece, had Ban Johnson lived in that heroic age, he would have been immortalized by a statue in the Stadium for his services to the people in conducting the Olympian games.

The story of Mr. Johnson's life forms one of the most inspiring records in athletics in this country. Some years ago, and they are not many, he was a hard-working newspaper man in Ohio. While Senator Hanna, President McKinley, and other statesmen were adding fame to their native State, Mr. Johnson was laying plans to carry out his ambition to own or to control a chain of baseball clubs composed of the best players who ever "struck out" on an American diamond.

This seemed an impossible task, but Mr. Johnson never faltered, and he was the same smiling "Ban" to all, as when he scored the National League games for his newspaper. There were several necessary points for him to consider; the procuring of capital for expenses, the acquiring of franchises, the signing of players of the first rank, and convincing the public that he would give them better than what they had been getting in the line of baseball.

The position of the National League was nothing short of impregnable, and it had under contract all the players of note. It also owned ground in the big cities, and it was just as easy to get a railroad franchise through as one for a baseball league.

But before any of the great men, who ruled the destinies of baseball, were aware of it, Ban John-

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BROADWAY WEEKLY

27 EAST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK

GRACE GEORGE AS *LOUISE* IN "THE TWO ORPHANS."

GRACE GEORGE, who plays the role of the blind girl in the splendid revival of "The Two Orphans" at the New Amsterdam Theatre, is doing some of the finest work of her short but brilliant career. Her *Louise* is a finely drawn piece of pathetic portraiture, which, even in company with the other splendidly played characters at the New Amsterdam, stands out definitely. Even Kate Claxton, the original *Louise*, whose career of many years was wrapped up in this role, has paid a splendid tribute to Miss George.

This young woman, who has made such remarkable strides in her profession and has risen from obscurity to the position of a paying star, makes of *Louise* a beautiful character, and one whose appeal to New York theatre-goers is not only through the eye and the ear, but also the more direct route of the heart; for Miss George displays beauty, intelligence and the great, strong sentiment of a true woman in her portrayal of this most difficult character.

son had his public, and was acquiring his players and grounds. And there was never a brass band in front of his party of associates. The opposition laughed, and declared that there was more wind than substance about the project. They were not even alarmed when he secured a footing in one big league town, and smiled, for he had a plan to put a club in every city where the National League had a team. That he won his battle, not excepting New York, is now a matter of recent history.



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THE LATEST NEWS AND GOSSIP OF HOTEL LIFE.

By CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM.

'FREE' BOARD AT THE COLLINGWOOD.

IT was a saying of David M. Hammond, who kept the Plaza Hotel with his brother, Fred, for many years, that if a man could not pay his first week's board he couldn't pay the second, and it was always good policy to ask the man to vacate.

It is evident—plainly so—that William F. Bang, who has recently gone into bankruptcy growing out of his leasing and conducting the Hotel Collingwood, did not believe in the doctrine of Dave Hammond, for in the list of debts due the hotel it shows that one boarder was allowed to run up a bill of \$2,523, another "guest" left behind a small item of \$607 for accommodations received, while one man—he must have been the "star boarder"—had the confidence of the hotel sufficiently to run up a bill of \$3,122. Other accounts show \$566, \$961, \$1,305 and \$329.

Since Bang retired, the owners of the property have taken charge and installed Edward J. Welch, a practicing attorney of this city, as manager. Welch has the reputation of being a "steam engine," and has infused new life into every working department of the hotel. The new manager has not made any changes in the staff, which is made up of E. N. Sweet, room clerk; J. W. Fay, cashier; Mrs. Winkle, private bookkeeper; L. G. Martin, night clerk; Hermann Frye, chef; Oscar Beebber head-waiter, and Thomas Noon, head-barkeeper.

Mr. Bang is now living at the Hotel Lincoln, which is conducted by his brother, Henry A. Bang.

BIG EASTER TRADE

THE Easter business at Atlantic City this year was enormous—never so great in its history—and all the hotels, large and small, profited by it. A peculiarity of the Atlantic City trade is that for a week or so before and after Easter there is a great rush of business; then, after the Easter excitement, things quiet down and continue so until the middle of June. There is considerable business during the months of May and June, but the genuine rush does not set in until the first week in July.

A house that seems to catch a good part of the fashionables that go to Atlantic City is the Garden Hotel. The Garden is owned by a firm in Philadelphia that manufactures some sort of proprietary medicines, and a good deal of the profits made in the drug business has been put into the hotel. The house is very richly furnished, and in good taste, and there is a generous policy in the management that is always attractive to people of means—people who want the best, and have the money with which to purchase it. For two or three years the lessee has been W. I. Finch, a clever sort of man, quite young and of very engaging manners. Finch has a fad for collecting rare china, which is used in the hotel. Finch has paid dearly for his fad, for rarely does a week go by that, when stock is taken, it has

not been found that some pieces of the china have been stolen—people who have stolen articles from hotels never "steal," they simply are "collecting."

With Finch at the Garden Hotel, as assistants, are: Henry E. Watcham, chief clerk; Henry W. Searls, room clerk; Charles Barney, cashier; W. A. North and Frederick Hambel, front clerks; Joseph F. Pike, steward, and Henri Piccourt, chef.

Some idea of the class of people that go to the Garden may be gleaned from the fact that among the guests a week ago were two admirals, two governors, and a well-known prima donna

THE COLONIAL TO HAVE A MANAGER.

WALBAUM, owner of the Colonial Hotel at Arverne, L. I., has decided this summer to engage a manager for his hotel instead of trying to do it himself. The Colonial was built only a few years ago, and for its size is an exceedingly attractive hotel, the style of architecture being as its name implies—colonial. The man that Walbaum has engaged is Alfred Eliot, who, during the past season, has been connected with the Lakewood Hotel. With the Edgemere Hotel, the made-over Hotel Arverne and the Colonial with a new manager, the approaching summer at Arverne ought to "come out strong," as Mark Tapley would say.

TO MAKE WAY FOR A BUSINESS BLOCK.

THE Hotel Gerard, at Rochester, N. Y., is to be demolished and in its stead a big business block is to be erected. The Gerard previously had been the Hotel Livingston, and it was at the Livingston that George W. Sweeney made sufficient money to enable him to lease the Victoria Hotel in this city. After Sweeney retired, a number of hotel men—real and alleged—undertook to run the Livingston, but their successes were not brilliant—in fact, the very reverse. Sweeney's success proved that the location was all right, and there was enough of trade in Rochester to make the Livingston a profitable venture. As his successors made a fizzle of it, their failure to make a success must be put down to either lack of ability, or to a smallness of bank account—probably both.

CARRIGAN LEASES THE INN.

DOWN at the extreme end of Rockaway Beach, the Corbin Banking Company has a land scheme, something after the style of Sea Gate, on Coney Island. To help along the sale of cottage sites, the Corbin people—they also own the Manhattan Beach property—a few years ago built on the water's edge quite an attractive hotel which they called the Park Inn. Though finely located, the Inn has had varying success, due to poor management, no doubt. For a few seasons the Corbin Company managed it themselves, but two years ago they leased it to J. B. Wiggins.

This summer the lessee will be C. A. Carrigan, who has been the steward of

the Hotel Wolcott. Carrigan was steward last summer of the Edgemere Hotel, and at the time that Lancaster and Roesser made that spectacular *coup* to secure the Hotel Marie Antoinette, Carrigan was one of the men in the deal. It is said he contributed \$6,000, and when the project fell through and Roesser retired, it was reported that Carrigan lost what he had put in. It looked for a while as though he had, but now things have brightened, and in time he will get back every penny of his money.

Carrigan has at last a splendid opportunity; the Inn is a good property, and then, again, he will be his own boss. His plan is to make a specialty of shore dinners. One can get aboard a Rockaway train either at Thirty-fourth street or at the Flatbush station, in Brooklyn, and be landed right at the door. The banking company is going to spend considerable money in beautifying the place and ginger is to be infused into the management. The house contains seventy-five rooms and the entire place is on the style one meets with on the New England coast—Queen Anne, and all that sort of thing. The Inn opens about June 15th, and to signalize that event, Carrigan is to entertain the hotel men of this city with a sumptuous clam bake on about the day of the opening.

Until he opens his new place he will make his headquarters at the Wolcott. E. W. Howland, from the Collingwood, will take Mr. Carrigan's place as steward of the Wolcott.

THEY OBJECT TO SUCH NEIGHBORS.

PEOPLE living opposite Fire Island—Fire Island is on the lower side of the Great South Bay, Long Island—are very much perturbed over the efforts of the State Commission in Lunacy to have the Surf Hotel, on Fire Island, set apart as a place of recreation for the State's insane, and a petition is being circulated asking Governor Odell to insist that the Commission abandon the project.

Ever since the poor old Surf Hotel ceased to be a cholera station, frantic efforts have been made to revert it to its old use—a hotel—but without success. Many people point to the fact that Dave Sammis made a fortune there; but those same people forget that people who now go to resorts would not for a moment put up with the accommodations afforded by the Surf Hotel. They would have done so twenty-five years ago, but not now, when the profession of hotel-keeping has been brought to its

(Continued on page 18.)

THE GARDEN HOTEL, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

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erick Perry, Grace George, Margaret Illing-
ton, Clara Morris, Annie Irish, Elita Proctor
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Book by Stanislaus Stange.

Lyrics by William Jerome.

Music by Jean Schwartz.

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THE LATEST NEWS AND GOSSIP OF HOTEL LIFE.

(Continued from page 17.)

state of perfection. The Surf Hotel has had its day. What the State of New York should do would be to sell the property to some rich syndicate who would clear off the rambling lot of buildings now upon the island, and in their place erect a fine, imposing summer resort hotel. Nowhere on the Atlantic Coast is the air more bracing and salty, no more rugged place exists on the ocean's side, and all that is needed to bring that knowledge to the public is to build a fine hotel on the island; the Long Island Railway will see that the people are carried there in a quick, satisfactory manner.

CHAT OF THE CORRIDORS.

JOHN J. RORKE, at one time in the steward's department of the Hotel Savoy, is now superintendent of the Knollwood Country Club, at White

NEW LYCEUM, West 45th St. E. of B'way.
Evenings 8:30. Matinee Saturday 2.
Daniel Frohman, Mgr.

Charles Frohman presents

CHARLES HAWTREY

in F. C. Burnand's Farce

SAUCY SALLY.

GARDEN THEATRE, 27th St. & Mad. Ave.
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(Pierre Wolff's Famous Comedy)

With WM. H. THOMPSON.

SAVOY THEATRE, 34th St. and Broadway.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
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THE SUPERSTITION OF SUE

Paul Armstrong's Rollicking Farce.

Plains, N. Y. . . . The Prospect House, Shelter Island, will again this summer be managed by D. P. Hathaway. . . . Harry Pierson is now in the office of the Hotel Cumberland, in this city. . . . The Florence Apartment House, Fourth avenue and Eighteenth street, is to be made over into a transient hotel. . . . The Jefferson, in East Fifteenth street, has changed hands, the firm that runs the Spanish-American Hotel, in Irving Place, having leased the house. . . . The talk about town is that Jacob King and D. Pick, the two men who were said to have leased the Hollywood, at Long Branch, have withdrawn from the project.

CAME NEAR GETTING

THE BRIGHTON.

THE publication in BROADWAY WEEKLY recently of the plan of William T. Grover to lease the Brighton Beach Hotel, Concy Island, has brought out the statement that there was another person who came nearer than Grover to getting the lease of the hotel, and he was C. Wynne Perkins. Perkins, when Roche and King were lessees of the hotel, three or four years ago, was the steward. For some time past he has been with the Hartford Club, at Hartford, Conn. This year Perkins went to the Brooklyn Rapid Transit people, owners of the Brighton, and made a pretty strong fight for the lease—so much so that had not E. Clark King expressed a wish to again lease the hotel, Perkins would have won out.

A PROFITABLE RESORT.

A SUMMER resort only fairly known to New Yorkers is Magnolia Beach, on the Massachusetts coast. It is about forty miles north of Boston and is on a small bay across from Gloucester. There are about six hotels there, the Oceanside Hotel being the leading one. Two other hotels that reach out for the summer trade are the Magnolia and the Hesperus. The proprietor of the Oceanside is Upton, and last year Hodgkin, who goes this summer to manage the Poland Spring Hotel, in Maine, was the manager of the Magnolia. This year a company, at the head of which is E. A. Grabow, is to run the affairs of the Magnolia. Last year Grabow and Ainslie ran the hotel

THE NEW TIFFANY HOME.

THE new home of Tiffany & Company at the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirty-seventh street, of which the corner-stone was laid recently, will be one of the handsomest and most artistic buildings on New York's famous thoroughfare. These exercises by the way, were exceedingly interesting. In the corner-stone was set a copper box containing many documents and memoranda regarding the history of the Tiffany house and other material. There were also placed in it replicas of twelve medals designed by Tiffany, each of which commemorated some important event of American history, and also press notices, clippings and other material deftly arranged by Mr. Heydt, of the home establishment.

It is interesting to watch the upward flight of Tiffany's. The original house was Tiffany & Young, and was founded in 1837, at 259 Broadway. Ten years later, the business was removed to 271 Broadway, with the new title of Tiffany, Young & Ellis. Six years later, in 1853, Nos. 550-552 Broadway were occupied by the new firm of Tiffany & Company. Exactly seventeen years later, the immense building on Union Square was finished, and it was confidently expected that this would be the last move. The later site selected, however, shows that even a conservative house like Tiffany & Company keeps pace with the march of progress.

at Swampscott, Mass. People go to Magnolia in droves, Upton's profits at the Oceanside being enormous. The beach and the country inland are very attractive, and nowhere along the New England coast is life "one long summer's day" as it is at Magnolia, near where the waves break over "Norman's Woe," over the existence of which Longfellow wrote the pathetic poem, "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

HOTEL MEN!

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BROADWAY WEEKLY

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AMELIA BINGHAM, PROMINENT ON THE AMERICAN STAGE AND NOTABLE METROPOLITAN HOSTESS.

WHAT NEW YORK'S SMART SET IS DISCUSSING.

IT is quite the fashion now for mothers to attempt to become duplicates of their daughters. In some cases, the effort is brave, indeed, even at a distance. For "fair, fat and forty" to look like fair, fragile eighteen, is no easy task, but the maid who knows her business, and has an eye to a raise in her wages, has just this duty to perform. So far as the hair is concerned, there are no complications, as the most exquisite, realistic novelties in that line can be obtained for a consideration from your Paris hairdresser, but it is the telltale lines that cause the trouble. Eighteen is so tantalizingly free from these encroachments; however, everything is possible to a French maid. A noticeable example is Mrs. Ogden Mills, who looks so ridiculously like her twin daughters, that, at a reasonable distance, it is difficult to tell one from the other. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is another extremely youthful mother, although with her brown hair and brilliant coloring she is far handsomer than her fascinating daughter Marion. Mrs. Burke Roche is another claimant to youthful looks. She and her daughter are great pals, and in this case again the mother is the more beautiful. Mrs. M. T. Kennard and her daughter are also extremely alike. They are tall, blond, graceful and beautiful.

But in most cases, where the resemblance is very striking, it is because the daughters look too old for their age, and the mothers look so bewilderingly young (as they imagine). This is true, much as it is to be regretted.

Society seems to be quite disappointed in Miss Leila Paget, as judging from the brilliancy and gayety of Mrs. Paget, one was led to expect the replica of the mother in the daughter. On the contrary, Miss Leila is quite unostentatious, and but little given to frivolity. Mrs. Paget actually looks younger than her daughter, and when they are together, the contrast is marked. Mrs. Paget is a remarkably handsome woman, with a stunning figure, exquisite complexion, and the brightest of eyes. Her vivacity and youthfulness are her greatest charms, while her adaptability for all kinds of society has often been questioned. Drinking champagne a high noon is not considered the best of taste, but Mrs. Paget, the worthy daughter of Mrs. Paran Stevens, does not care a continental what people think of her as long as she is happy and makes other people happy. To tell the truth, this is



ROBERT L. GERRY, ONE OF THE CLEVEREST AND MOST ENTHUSIASTIC RIDERS AMONG THE YOUNGER SET OF NEW YORK'S ELITE.

just what Mrs. Paget does, and it is the secret of her great popularity here and abroad.

MRS. ADOLPH LADENBURG, noted for her fearless, daring horsemanship, has returned with renewed brilliancy to the ranks of the Long Island coterie. All are on the *qui vive* with curiosity to know what new scalps are hanging to her belt, after her late European trip. It is rumored that she has, at last, decided to settle down to marital felicity for the second time. We have not yet heard the name of the fortunate one, but we hope he is worthy. When a woman has had the handling of millions, and spent most of her time riding horseback in the

"open," it is a momentous question, not only to divide one's millions, but one's liberty also, with a mere man.

YOUNG Mrs. Frank Gould is following the good example of the Vanderbilts and has given up the fashionable fad of raising pet dogs and hothouse flowers. Instead, she is adopting the charming practice of raising babies. Her first-born, Helen, named after the mother, and the wealthy maiden aunt, is a real Kelly in appearance, but the new baby, described by an eyewitness, has the real Gould features. Just how the well-formed, but prominent Gould nose looks in miniature, defined through a mass of baby wrinkles, is a question not easily answered.

"EAT, drink and be merry, for tomorrow ye die," is evidently Mrs. Pembroke Jones' motto, and one that she is putting into practical use at her country place in North Carolina. Trainloads of visitors are constantly coming and going. Mrs. Pembroke Jones possesses the happy knack of asking the right people together, and there is always the possibility of something interesting happening. Sunrise parties promise to be one of the functions of the early spring days. If the

dance of the night before happens to end late, the guests don't go to bed at all, but don out coats, swallow a cup of hot coffee, or its equivalent, after which they hie themselves to the spot where they may obtain the prettiest view of the rising sun, and there they stand and rave. Mrs. Pembroke Jones inaugurated these parties, and even if the young ladies don't enjoy the walk or the view, they realize that it is a rare opportunity to have a *tele-a-tele* with their affinities.

BROADWAY WEEKLY

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MISS RALSTON, WITH HER INSTRUCTOR OF THE RIDING CLUB, TAKING A DASH DOWN PICTURESQUE ROTTEN ROW IN THE PARK.



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CITY HALL PARK AND A TOUCH OF SPRING.

MRS. ONATAVIA AND THE REMARKABLE HASTINGS GIRLS.

IF it is not too impertinent, I should like to know what has become of Mrs. Onatavia.

From all sides in the Smart Set we hear about Mr. Onatavia, who, besides his numerous other attractions, has the enviable reputation of being the best-dressed man in New York. Sometimes he is on a yachting trip with a select party of kindred souls, again we meet him in the South. Just at present he is on the Riviera, making a tour in his automobile. But there is never a word heard about his worthy spouse. As the gay and giddy Miss Lily Hastings of San Francisco she gave the Californians many interesting bits of lights and shades to gossip over at afternoon tea. However, since her marriage to Mr. Onatavia some years ago, when she became a resident of New York, beyond the fact that she is living in a handsome house, we hear absolutely nothing about her. Can it be that there is a cloud on the matrimonial horizon? The Hastings are strict Roman Catholics, and though, according to the tenets of their church, they must strongly disapprove of divorce, still they are not averse to separations, amicable or otherwise. Judge Hastings, the father, was one of the most brilliant, as well as wealthiest lawyers on the Pacific Coast. He was the son of an Indian chief, and this touch of Indian blood not only gave his daughters their swarthy skins, and straight black hair, but a touch of eccentricity which kept society on the ragged edge wondering what they were going to do next. At the death of his wife, a sweet, gentle, refined woman of bluest blood, the Judge found himself encumbered with four daughters and one son.

What to do with them he hardly knew, but finally solved the problem by settling a fortune on each of them, and informed them that he intended to spend the rest of his money on himself and have a good time. Fortunately for California, his idea of a good time consisted of founding and endowing the Hastings Law School and of assisting worthy but fortuneless young men to complete their college education. Later, he married a very young nobody, a country girl in her teens, and lived happily ever afterwards, as he well deserved. Bob, the son, followed in his father's footsteps and studied law. At a proper age he married the daughter of a fashionable clergyman and settled down. Clara, the oldest girl, became Mrs. Catherwood and the mother of a large family. She was not any too happy, and when her children had grown up, she became a *séparée*. But her husband very thoughtfully hied himself away to Spiritland, and left her free to marry again, which she did in an exceedingly short space of time. Lulu, her eldest daughter, married Ernest de la Montanya,

one of New York's best catches. But a few years of wedded life convinced them that their two hearts did not beat as one, and they separated.

Flora Hastings was the beauty of the family, and looked like an Indian Madonna with her oval face, crimson cheeks, sparkling eyes, and straight black hair that reached to her knees. She possessed exuberant spirits and was the life and light of every place she visited. At twenty she married Wynne Keyes, a civil engineer, the son of General Keyes. A few months later, from a merry, light-hearted bride, she became an unhappy, silent woman; as one would say, a woman with a heart history. There seemed to be no cause for the sudden change. Her husband worshipped her, as she did him. One little girl, whom she called Azalia after her mother, blessed the union, and besides all this, they had abundant wealth. Finally, the secret came out. It seems that in a moment of girlish folly, after a dance, she had accepted a dare and married her partner in the waltz. Then she went to Europe and forgot all about the trifling adventure. The young man turned out to be a rascal. He found out that what was supposed to be a mock marriage had really some claims to legality. This knowledge he used to extort money from Mrs. Keyes, threatening to reveal all and wreck her home if she refused. Flora Keyes was too young and inexperienced to know that it was blackmail, or perhaps she knew too well the stern character and honesty of her husband to confide in him.

To make a long story short, it came out in a scene as tragical as it was pitiful. Wynne Keyes left his wife, taking the child with him, and measures were taken to annul the first marriage. Later, Flora and her husband were remarried, but she felt that he had never forgiven her girlish folly, and shortly after died of a broken heart.

Ella, the third daughter, unlike Flora, was persistently gloomy and silent. At first it was undecided whether this was from preponderance of brains, or a lack of them. All who knew her, decided in favor of the latter. The other Hastings were inclined to extravagance. Ella, in spite of her comfortable income, was given to habits of thrift and economy. This was thought highly commendable by the family at first, as she was always willing to lend them any sum on their notes to eke out their own incomes. But, one day, for some unknown cause, she rebelled, and in a sisterly fashion refused to be the victim of their extravagances. It was then thought wiser to have brother Bob look after her affairs, but Miss Ella would have none of it.

A suit was begun, but Ella pleaded her own cause so eloquently and wittily, that she won the day, and the Judge congratulated the father on having so clever a daughter, although those who knew her best still knew that she was simple.

Lily, the youngest, had a pretty, piquant little face, and beautiful tawny hair. She was, however, the unfortunate possessor of a husky cracked voice, a sort of foghorn. She hated books, but brother Bob, who took her in hand, insisted upon an education. Lily simply refused to learn. Finally Bob effected a compromise. He agreed that when Lily had mastered the contents of her geography, she might leave the Convent whether she was of age or not. Knowing Lily's propensities, he felt that he had her safe and sound for another year. But Miss Lily put the Hastings wits to work, and in less than a month had finished the book. The day she finished the last chapter she packed her trunks, went home, and launched herself in society.

The first thing she did was to follow the example of the swagger set and fall in love with a *matinée* idol, the tenor of a minstrel show. The wooing carried on in secret was bliss to the romantic girl. The minstrel knew better than to court the father's wrath by asking for the hand of his daughter, so he left San Francisco, and went to Sacramento, arranging with Lily that the day she came of age she was to meet him there and marry him. These deep-laid plans would have succeeded, had they not reckoned without papa. Somehow he became cognizant of the whole affair, and sensibly and wisely did nothing but waited and watched.

Lily was of age and had money. The morning she left home, papa seemingly went to the office, but in reality he was on the same train as his wilful daughter. When the train was about fifty miles from Sacramento, Lily found herself confronted by a representative of one of the leading dry goods houses, who insisted upon the payment of a large bill before she could leave the State. Papa was telegraphed for to meet the emergency, and in a short space of time appeared on the scene, clasped his weeping daughter in his arms and handed the officious collector a cheque for the full amount of her indebtedness.

Brother Bob and the tenor, in the meantime, were having it out together in Sacramento. That night the tenor left for parts unknown and Lily never heard of him again. A year later she became Mrs. Harry Jerome, but almost before we could get accustomed to her new name, she was divorced. Now she is Mrs. Onatavia, whose whereabouts for the moment have aroused our curiosity.

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

By CAROLYN LOWREY.

THE PLEIADES IN THEIR OWN HOME.

SO the Pleiades are to have a club house all their own. A few weeks ago, at the usual Sunday evening banquet at Reisenweber's, Lee Fairchild made the announcement that next season would find them in their new quarters.

The contractor has promised to have the walls of the club thick enough to stand the test of the opening night.

ASAD lot of men can be seen straying up and down Broadway. They are called "Bridge" widowers. The grass widower is happy and gay, the sad widower is an object of interest, but the man whose wife has become a bridge fiend goes about with a band around his arm, marked "Hopeless."

WHEN the copy of a decree of divorce with no alimony attached, was handed to Raymond Hitchcock recently on the stage, and his friends congratulated him, he modestly remarked, "Well, I always tried to give my wife everything she wanted, so why refuse her a small thing like this?"

THE action of Nethersole vs. Nethersole comes as a surprise. Everyone realizes how heroically the young and tender Mrs. Nethersole must have endured the bonds of matrimony rather than court notoriety. Whoever heard of Sadie Martinot courting public attention? Perish the thought! As for Mr. Nethersole, he has evidently grown tired of being known only as Olga's brother, or Sadie's husband. When free, he may carve out a name for himself at the head of Frank Daniels' company.

MRS. ALICE J. SHAW, the well-known whistler, has discovered that her twin daughters possess remarkable singing voices, and has arranged to place them under the tuition of a prominent vocal teacher. Mrs. Shaw has a world-wide reputation and has whistled before all the crowned heads of Europe. She will, in the future, accept engagements to appear alone in public.

THE collection of rare dinner plates in the Smart Set has become a craze. The Vanderbilts hold the finest assortment of gold plates in the world. A set of twelve rare china pieces, copies of old paintings, valued at one hundred dollars a plate, is owned by Mrs. Robert Smith, of Seventy-second street, but possibly the oldest set of dessert plates in the world are of genuine tortoise shell, six and a half inches in diameter, and owned by a very wealthy spinster of New York. This set may in time become a treasure of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

HUGH J. GRANT, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR?



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NEW YORKERS WHO ARE WORTH KNOWING.

LESLIE WARD A YOUTHFUL CLUBMAN.

THERE is no younger-looking man among the clubmen of New York than Dr.

Leslie Ward, the first vice-president of the Prudential Insurance Company. Dr Ward is a multi-millionaire, and his family has been prominent in New Jersey since Colonial times. He spends his winters in New York. During the Civil War he went to the front as surgeon of a regiment, yet his hair is still the rich original auburn, and his figure is as erect as any of his own sons, who have been athletes at Princeton.

The late President McKinley was a warm friend of Dr. Ward, and visited him at his country place on the New Jersey coast shortly before his death.

LEWIS STUYVESANT CHANLER'S POLITESSE.

FRIENDS of Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, which means the entire list of the exclusive set, have had much fun with him lately, owing to his little dispute with Judge Newburger over the latter's charge of contempt of court against the young philanthropist lawyer.

But the aristocratic scion takes the persiflage very cleverly, and to many minds his apparent meekness toward the Sessions Judge, and the mock humility when within the bar, gave him much the best of the argument.

HARVEY WATTERSON A REAL NEW YORKER NOW.

HARDLY less well-known in Wall Street, where he is practising law, than in the Club circles uptown, Harvey Watterson, son of the Kentucky editor, has settled down to be a New Yorker in all that the name implies.

Mr. Watterson has not brought with him any of the clannishness which always seems to cling

to the society people from the blue-grass State. He is enthusiastic about the city of his adoption, the new subway, and every improvement. And he is well posted in local politics, and will, doubtless, find his way to Congress. One of Mr. Watterson's weaknesses is to become a confirmed first-nighter, and he is already well known to the habitués of the Broadway houses.

CAPTAIN MOSS A FAVORITE.

SINCE Major General and Mrs. Corbin arrived at Governor's Island, and became prominent in the exclusive set, the officers at the Island have been in demand at the best functions.

Captain James Moss, the General's aide, is the social autocrat on the military reservation and is probably one of the most popular officers in the Department of the East. He is very welcome at all the clubs, and is said to rival Harry Lehr as a master of entertainment.

EDWARD R. THOMAS MUCH TALKED ABOUT.

IT is understood that Mrs. Edward R. Thomas will entertain extensively next season. Her husband is the most active among the younger multi-millionaires. His time is occupied with a large racing stable, his Wall Street interests, the management of a daily paper and a deep interest in all things theatrical.

Then he is a most ardent autoist, and no day passes without his appearance in the park in the imported machine in which he toured Europe.

LOUIS SHERRY IN PARIS.

THE greatest chefs of the French capital are now catering to the taste of Louis Sherry, of Fifth Avenue, and he is taking note of every novelty, with as much

scientific enthusiasm as an expert in millinery dotes on the latest confections in her own art.

Before leaving, Mr. Sherry went to Narragansett Pier to look over things so that he could plan his campaign for the season there, and he will visit Italy and other countries, always with the object of providing novelties for his patrons here.

CLARENCE MACKAY IS PROUD.

ON his way uptown after a busy day with his stocks and bonds, Clarence Mackay finds time to make many purchases of books, all of which go to Mrs. Mackay's library and study. There is no one who feels so delighted over his wife's success as an author as Mr. Mackay. Indeed, she herself does not attach so much importance to her luck with her two volumes as her husband.

The financier is quite an extensive reader and is growing as self-contained and deliberate as his father was. He seems to take a delight in domestic life, and owing to his retirement from the turf and devotion to business alone, the family circle is one of the most charming and simple in society.

GENERAL JAMES' REMARKABLE ACTIVITY.

SINCE his return from Europe, where he married an English lady, former Postmaster James is seen daily at an early hour, hastening to his office as President of the Lincoln National Bank, on Forty-second street.

The General, who was born in 1832, counts himself in a more youthful class than either Senator Platt or Senator Depew. Like both these leaders, he has lived a very active life from the time he left Utica, where he was born. He is an ardent admirer of President Roosevelt, and would take the stump for him were he to be nominated.

MAY BUCKLEY THE STORM CENTER.

April 9, 1904.

EDITOR OF "BROADWAY WEEKLY."

DEAR SIR: In the current issue of your magazine I have read (and with amusement) the letter regarding May Buckley by "A Playgoer," or rather should the communication be signed "A Critic," although perhaps erstwhile?

I am, of course, delighted to know "A Critic's" idea of the art of interviewing and with the short favor of March 22d, as a sample, one should, doubtless, devote himself to a player's personal appearance and stage presence?

Your correspondent laments that so little has been published of this young artiste, and I, for one, fail to see why, if he be so well versed about her art, personality and accomplishments, we have not been favored with a volume devoted to such, or at the least an article or two, from the Chicago playgoer's pen.

Miss Buckley is a personal friend of the writer's and she herself, I believe, had little fault to find with the recent short interview, written by myself and published in the March 10th issue of BROADWAY WEEKLY. It so happens that I am quite familiar with this accomplished player's personal appearance and purposely left the same from the "unworthy interview," simply devoting it to a few brief remarks on her career, and, of such, the most important facts. That Miss Buckley is a capable leading woman, anyone at all interested in the theatre knows. It may be, and I should not be surprised if it were so, that Miss Buckley has no desire to become a

star at present. She is young and has an exceptionally bright future.

If the writer of this valued communication will kindly favor me with his name, I should be glad to advise Miss Buckley, who might thank him personally for the interest, in this slight matter, that he has taken.

"A Playgoer" may, perhaps, be afflicted with "*cacoethes loquendi et cacoethes scribendi*."

Very truly,

R. W. ALLISON,

Newark Correspondent for BROADWAY WEEKLY.

HAS THE IMPERIAL BEEN SOLD?

THERE is a report about town to the effect that the Imperial Hotel has been sold to Oscar, of the Waldorf-Astoria.

The lessee of the Imperial is Mrs. Robert Stafford, who succeeded the late "Bob" Stafford, who died about seven years ago, and who, with his son-in-law, H. P. Whitaker, now proprietor of the Hotel Netherlands, was the first one to open the house and remained its proprietor until his death. Since then the widow, Mrs. Stafford, has carried on the business, with Morgan Ross and Lem Smith as managers.

In the meantime Mr. Whitaker has made a brilliantly successful record at the New Netherlands Hotel, which now is one of the most imposing and important hotels in America.

About two years ago Mrs. Stafford began the erection of an annex to the Imperial, on the Broadway side, and it is to be opened in a few months.

Oscar, the new lessee, it is said, is to take possession on May 1st, but one of the conditions of the purchase is that all reports of the sale

are to be denied until actual possession is taken. To attempt to verify the report would only meet with defeat, but the people who are responsible for the statement that the hotel has been sold, claim to have the best of authority for making it. How long the lease is for, or what the price paid cannot be learned.

BE BEAUTIFUL!

NO woman will deny that a fine complexion is a long step towards actual beauty. Every woman should know also that Dr. Dys' Sachets de Toilette Sève Dermale and Dysaline Cream is the simplest and also the most effective remedy for the complexion known to modern science.

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These Sachets, boxed daintily in lots of 50, except the Sachet de Jeunesse, containing 60, are sold as follows: Perles, per box, \$7 50; Beauté, per box, \$6.25; Fraicheur, \$5 00; Jeunesse, Aubépine and Concentré, \$3.75, respectively; Simples, \$1.75.

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY Editor

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear later something to your advantage by addressing Broadway Weekly, 27 East 21st Street, New York.

INFLUENCE OF THE FIRST VOTE.

THE unknown quantity in the coming Presidential campaign is the new crop of First Presidential voters, the young men whose pride of citizenship is aroused by the casting of their first vote for the ruler of their country. Those who will exercise this privilege cannot be measured by the same gauge as those of the past, because the effluxion of time has brought with it great conditional changes and a much higher appreciation of the power of the individual vote.

There is little to fear, however, from the effect of this class of vote, no matter which way it is cast, for its complexion has always been patriotic and tinged with the love of fatherland and the principles upon which the Republic is founded. The political leaders, who have observed closely the trend of youthful public opinion, claim to be cheered with the prospect, for after eight years of a policy which has limited the possibilities of a career for the young men of the country, there are evidences of unrest in the ranks of the younger workers.

The great increase in the reading of newspapers, the numerous educational advantages which are now at the disposal of the people, and the decadence of parade, bluster and meretricious appeals, indicate an independence of thought in the new men who are beginning to exercise their franchise in public matters. Men are no longer tied to the personal dictation of the ward leader, and the entire community is better posted upon the influences which, in the past, controlled Presidents, Governors and public officials. Confronted with the plain issue of right and wrong, money is not the potential factor which it once was, and the leaders see that this element must be considered in the making of nominations.

It is this tendency which has created a hope that in the battle for the selection of a standard bearer, the Democracy might do itself the honor of naming George B. McClellan in connection with the Presidential nomination. Indeed, the apparently submerged

sentiment in his favor is felt on all sides, like a spark which portends an eruption of enthusiasm which would send a convention off its feet. Such a movement would attract the support of a young man approaching the ballot box for the first time. And the leaders know it. Does George B. McClellan carry in his breast the secret which will solve the problem of victory for the Democracy?

OUR FRIENDLY FOREIGN CRITICS.

TIME has mellowed the critical habit which always possesses visitors to our shores from foreign climes, until at last we welcome every utterance, no matter what the source, and in turn accord it the calm and deliberate analysis which we think it deserves.

Having cast aside the strenuous patriotic feeling, which asserted itself in former years, at any animadversion upon our way of doing things, we now approach all foreign comment in a spirit of gentle humor, with the consciousness that we have as a nation, made our own way to success, after our own fashion. This, in spite of the century or more of prophets, who in the fulness of their hearts warned us of the awful fates which have never materialized.

It is the opinion of thinkers of to-day that even the strictures of Charles Dickens upon his first visit here would cause but a passing quiver among the super-sensitive nowadays, but that the great bulk of the people would accept them as fuel for exploitation at the hands of cartoonists and professional humorists.

And there has been a grain of moderation even in the recent critical efforts of the Insular Briton, the most notable being that of Sir Philip Burne-Jones, who actually said a number of true things about our national weaknesses, in characteristic British fashion. It was about as moderate a judgment of many things as was possible to a son of Albion. Sir Philip clearly gave us the impression that he intended to be a regular yearly visitor to the scenes in which he located and detected some awful solecisms.

Within a few days other, if not quite so distinguished, commentators, have arrived in the persons of five stalwart London "bobbies," who are to lend picturesqueness and realism to the Royal British Exhibit at the St. Louis Fair. It is to the honor of these useful men that their criticisms were tempered with a modesty which betokens a high order of intelligence among those who are regarded by their own countrymen as somewhat automatic.

These men made brief but very practical visits to some of our city station houses, and viewed the management of traffic by the police. They did not hesitate to express their admiration for the good points in our system, but did not hesitate to suggest those things which they do better in London. Their deportment and opinions have been accorded praise.

On the same lines the attitude of Mr. Moseley and his English Labor Commission has commanded the attention of our scientific men for its moderation and common justice.

On the whole, even the severest strictures from such sources is preferable to the spectacle of the Patagonian aborigine, whose mode of expression was a grunt and a shrug of horror at the enameled bath tubs of Ellis Island.

WHAT CLEVELAND THINKS OF PARKER.

"THE recent movement looking to a concentration upon Mr. Parker's candidacy afforded me the greatest possible relief and satisfaction.

"I do not see how any one professing to be a real, intelligent Democrat can hesitate to accept Mr. Parker, if he should be nominated, as a fit representative of safe and conservative Democratic principles, entitled to hearty and unreserved Democratic support.

"Some of us may have been of opinion that another nomination might be more expedient. But that should be a mere matter of opinion, which should pass out of sight immediately, if the choice of the convention should fall upon Mr. Parker."



MISS DOLLIE DISDAINFUL—A NEW YORK TYPE OF GIRL ADMIRIED AND NOT A LITTLE FEARED.

WHEN SCIENCE WORKS WONDERS.

NOT long since an article was printed in these columns referring under the caption of "A Remarkable Case" to a wonderful brush, to which the recovery of a person partially paralyzed was attributable.

The article created a great deal of comment, has been copied by hundreds of medical and other publications, and, whereas absolute dependence can be placed on the statements made in the aforesaid article, the circumstances referred to therein merely corroborate the old

adage: "There is nothing new under the sun."

In the case spoken of, a patient unable to move for over five weeks, was able, by the application of an ordinary hair brush to the back of his occipital region, figuratively speaking, "to take up his bed and walk;" and although this case was out of the ordinary, it is surprising that in addition to the "*Spinal Brush*" helping restore, as it does, normal circulation to torpid, impeded or sluggish veins, the mere use of this brush should prove such a blessing to both men and women—brain workers as well as such as lead sedentary lives—and while no claim is made that the brush will do anything out of the ordinary, it is

freely acknowledged that friction accelerates circulation; and as circulation is as necessary as ventilation, and ventilation as necessary to humanity as water, it is not surprising that even such as are in perfect physical health should be unanimous in adding their pæans of praise to what is universally considered a boon to humanity.

The advertisement of this brush is found in the advertising columns of this publication, and readers would do well both to acquire and to recommend this brush to all such of their friends as are likely to see the utility of so necessary an article.

FLASHLIGHT SCENES FROM THE IMPORTANT



THE PATRIOTIC CHORUS IN ACT II.



SCENE FROM ACT II, WITH THE FUNNY EDDIE FOY IN THE CENTER GENTLY REMONSTRATING WITH THE MILESIAN LADY ON THE RIGHT.



MAUDE HOLLINS AND HER SHILLELAH CHORUS IN THE LAST ACT.

SCENES FROM "PIFF! PAFF! POUF!" AT THE CASINO.

SPRING THEATRICAL OFFERINGS IN NEW YORK.



ONE OF THE SCENES FROM "WANG" AT THE LYRIC, WHICH IS STILL FRESH IN THE MEMORIES OF THEATRE-GOERS OF HALF A GENERATION AGO. DE WOLF HOPPER STILL SINGS THE TITLE ROLE.



AN ENSEMBLE SCENE AT THE END OF "THE TWO ORPHANS" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE. AMONG THE NOTABLES IN THIS SCENE ARE GRACE GEORGE, MARGARET ILLINGTON, ANNIE IRISH, E. M. HOLLAND, ELITA PROCTOR OTIS, JAMES O'NEILL, KYRLE BELLEW AND CHARLES WARNER.

FROM TWO NOTABLE METROPOLITAN REVIVALS.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS OF THE WEEK.

By ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY.

THEMSELVES AGAIN.

WEBER & FIELDS have regained their normal composure. After a full season of more or less picturesque bickerings and at the end of a period furnishing volumes of newspaper stories that must have been particularly offensive to these men who had spent together a full generation of amity and prosperity, the members of one of the most remarkable theatrical partnerships have made up their minds that both personal convenience and financial success depend on unity of thought and action. There is not the slightest doubt whatsoever that there have existed strained relations between these two comedians during the past eighteen months. On the other hand, it is equally certain that busybodies have done their enthusiastic best to widen the breach between them. Vaulting ambition was the corner stone of their dissension. Their amazing success on Broadway, their altogether remarkable entry into the list of successful metropolitan managers, and their astounding judgment of the likes and dislikes of New York theatre-goers very naturally created the desire for still greater things. Then came their Waterloo. They had the means, the experience and opportunity to build up an entirely new following; but unfortunately they had not the time to devote to the actual practical working out of their plans. Their music hall, though small in size, together with their personal appearance in the burlesques in their house, required all the energy of men even with their capacity for hard work. Consequently they were obliged to rely on the aid of others whose judgment was bad and who led them into all sorts of unprofitable ventures. Willie Collier undoubtedly furnished them their saddest experience. He must have cost Weber & Fields at least thirty-five thousand dollars in a few short months.

I am told by those who think they know, that if Weber and Fields were to quit business now, and count their pennies, they could muster a good clean six hundred thousand dollars be-



WRIGHT LORIMER IN THE TITLE ROLE OF "THE SHEPHERD KING," AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE.

tween them—and this is entirely aside from the problematic value of several manuscripts which mean a good royalty income for several years. Such a fortune as this, however, could not stand the drain of losses on the outside which in the aggregate come perilously near to the one hundred thousand dollar mark. All this is now a thing of the past. Under their new arrangement, notwithstanding all unpleasant reports of recent months, we shall see a continuation of the old-time arrangement next season without the strenuous sideplay of the season of 1903-04. Weber and Fields are square men who have the respect of their associates, who are not averse to paying big salaries to big people, and who have furnished novel entertainments for knowing Broadwayites during their long stay in New York. With some new names on their program and with the necessary changes in their stage offerings made advisable by the trend of the present-day

theatricals, there is no reason why their next season on Broadway should not be as notable as any in their history.

THE SUCCESS OF "PIFF, PAFF, POUF."

JUST before the opening performance of "Piff, Paff, Pouf," Eddie Foy remarked to a friend in the Metropole, that the piece would be either a big success or a flat failure, he was not quite able to make up his mind which.

Fortunately for Fred. C. Whitney, "Piff Paff, Pouf" has turned out to be a big hit if the box office receipts are any criterion—and the average manager will tell you that this is good enough for him. The receipts have been steadily on the increase from the first night, and it looks as if this musical hodge-podge would be good for a run straight through the summer. This, too, appears to mark the renaissance of Whitney



Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

MONA DESMOND, ONE OF THE LITHE AND SINUOUS BEAUTIES OF THE METROPOLITAN STAGE.



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as an important factor in American theatricals. Mr. Whitney has not enjoyed an overwhelming return on his productions for the past season or two, but in "Piff, Paff, Pouf" he has a big money maker. With renewed courage, therefore, and with the immense fortune which is safely tucked away in several New York and

Detroit banks, Mr. Whitney must be reckoned with in the future.

Mr. Whitney must be given full credit for having afforded the right kind of an opportunity for William Jerome and Jean Schwartz. Heretofore these two men have been known as clever

song writers. If Mr Jerome is capable of turning out a decent book, they will undoubtedly become prominent as musical comedy writers. I learn from their publishers that their songs in "Piff, Paff, Pouf" have started off with such a brisk sale that they are bound to become the song hits of the year.

POOR SUE!

PEACE to her ashes! Do not think too unkindly of her nor be too severe in commenting on her shortcomings, many and flagrant though they may have been. With one accord New York is ready to agree that "The Superstition of Sue" was about as bad as a fruitful season has brought forth. To be sure, it was only a filler-in at the Savoy; the only trouble was—it didn't fill. Men who for years had borne grudges against their fellows covertly sent them tickets for "The Superstition of Sue" and then hugged themselves in ghoulish glee over their fiendish work. And now that poor girl is gone, even if not forgotten; and so—*requiescat in pace*.

MRS. GRANT, OF KINGSTON, ONT.

WHILE on the subject of songs, it is interesting to note that a Canadian woman has written two of the daintiest offerings that have been heard in New York in years. Among those who sang at the benefit of St. Andrew's Convalescent Hospital, at Sherry's last week, was Hardy The, the famous French concert singer. This was his debut in English songs. The first number was "Where'er Thou Art," by Mrs. E. M. Grant, of Kingston, Ont. His second was "Pensée," also by the same composer. Both songs were received with the keenest appreciation by a most critical audience, which would gladly have welcomed a further exposition of the scoring of this clever woman who served to make this fine singer's debut in English a



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notable one. Mrs. Grant is, however, something more than a mere writer of dainty songs. She has completed the score of an opera, which shows her versatility, some of the numbers possessing the airy grace of the lightest and most facile touch, while other numbers have all the martial swing and vibrant qualities one expects to find only in the writings of a male composer.

DRUNKENNESS AS A DISEASE.

THERE are so many factors incident to the proper treatment of alcoholism and the care of drug habituates generally, which are practically outside of the possibility of control by the family practitioner, that it is not a matter of surprise that an institute has been founded under the name of the Oppenheimer Institute. Its object is to furnish special facilities for the treatment of patients of this class.

The vast majority of American medical men and public men generally have come to consider drunkenness as a disease, to be treated with medicine and special care like other diseases.

The Oppenheimer treatment is the subject of a sketch, by Lady Henry Somerset, in February, 1904 (London), *Review of Reviews*, welcoming the practicable temperance work of the Oppenheimer Institute, which had been much needed in England.

Lady Henry Somerset placed at the disposal of the American Commission of the Oppenheimer Institute a hospital where demonstrations were made under the supervision of the leading physicians in London.

It is now planned to establish Institutes throughout the United Kingdom where intemperance can be treated scientifically, like any ordinary disease.



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MISS MAUDE ADAMS, EMINENT YOUNG AMERICAN ACTRESS.



MISS MAUDE ADAMS IN HER DRESSING ROOM. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORRISON, CHICAGO.

THEATRE PARAGRAPHS.

Helen Royton, who came over from England to play a part in one of the Fisher & Ryley productions, and who met with more or less success, is going back to England for the summer.

While Rose Coghlan announces very positively that she will not insist upon a divorce from John T. Sullivan, Sadie Martinot has actually instructed her lawyer to proceed against Louis Netherole, asking one on the ground of incompatibility of temperament.

William Collier says he has seen every morality play and every recent Shakespearean revival. He has always had a warm spot in his heart for the legitimate since he left Daly's.

Wilton Lackaye is becoming a matinee idol in spite of himself. For years he has been the most captious critic of the handsome young men favored by the gentler sex. One sad day he promised

to speak before the Professional Woman's League, and since then he has been a standing attraction for every feminine organization. De Wolf Hopper chortles with glee at the Lambs. "It's just retribution, that's all," he says. "He roasted us, and now he's getting charred himself." And the Lambs are wondering who Hopper meant by "us."

Francis Belmont will not be here next season, as she is destined by Mr. Hawtrey to head a provincial company in Great Britain.

May Yohe has made a hit on her return to the stage in England. She made her re-appearance at Brighton in a singing sketch.

The automobile germ has seized the company playing "The Wizard of Oz." At least six of these vehicles carry the company's colors through the park every day. And how the Ruinart pops!

"The Prince of Pilsen" company is

now upon the high seas. But there are not many high "C's" thrilling through ocean zephyrs in the present latitude of the Savage beauties.

Charles Bigelow is to play several musical instruments in "The Man From China." Mr. Bigelow is also a church organist at St. James, L. I. where he spends his summers.

Society turned out in force to see Elizabeth Emmet, one of the New Rochelle branch of the famous family, make her first appearance with Clara Bloodgood in "The Girl With the Green Eyes."

William J. McKiernan, author of "The Gunner's Mate" and other melodramas, will send his fairy spectacle "Our Cinderella," on the road next season. It was recently produced by the Spooner Stock Company in Brooklyn.

Corse Payton's presentation of "The Two Orphans" attracted large audiences

in Brooklyn. He threatens to send it on the road next season.

Mrs. G. H. Jones is to celebrate her seventy-sixth birthday soon. She is the next oldest actress on the American stage to Mrs. Gilbert, and like the latter, was born in England.

Bobby Newcomb, child of a once famous minstrel, is supporting Edna Bronson in "The Fortune Teller."

Eleanor Falk, who has given the season over to vaudeville, may go to England to try her luck. Her mother, Murtha Porteous, was a big favorite there some years ago, after she retired from the old Casino Opera Company.

Immediately upon the closing of James K. Hackett's season, he will go to England with his wife, Miss Mary Manning. His time will be spent in London principally, looking over the new productions for his star, William H. Thompson, and other of his attractions.

LEADERS ON NEW YORK'S POLITICAL CHESSBOARD.

SECRETARY SMITH'S COUNTRY ESTATE.

"TOM SMITH need never go to Ireland," said City Chamberlain Keenan at the Jefferson Club last week. "I see he too bought a country place in New Jersey at Deal, the fashionable watering place which is quite as exclusive as Newport in its way."

"And he can't square it by buying green liveries for his coachman, either. I could hardly believe my eyes when I read it in the *Herald*."

"Perhaps he wants to go to the United States Senate like McCarren when New Jersey goes Democratic. You know there are thousands of Smiths in Jersey, and they have a family picnic at Peapack every summer. Then there's former United States Senator Smith over there and he might like to have Tom for a colleague."

NOT A NEGATIVE ADMINISTRATION.

THERE is nothing tame about the meetings of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment nowadays. At every meeting the attendance has grown larger, and it is now ranked as the real ruling power in New York government.

"There are at least three men in the Board who will be heard from nationally before they close their careers," was the comment of Walter Scott after the last meeting.

"They are George B. McClellan, Edward M. Grout and Martin B. Littleton."

This seems to be the general opinion. All are certainly made of gubernatorial timber, to say the least. Mr. Grout and the Mayor had already made a record for courage and plain speech.

Now Mr. Littleton has shown his mettle, and he has measured swords with Mr. Grout.

THE MYSTERIOUS C. B. and C. CLUB.

FOR some years there has been in existence a noonday club, composed of leading Democrats, who only meet once a week—on Wednesday, and all efforts to find out the real objects of the gatherings have failed, much to the amusement of the members, who have always declared that their intentions are most innocent.

Several persons have managed to divine the reason for the club's existence, but they have at once been initiated, and in turn have become equally uncommunicative. The mem-

bers have no by-laws, and they are seldom seen together, excepting when they eat at a restaurant near the City Hall.

During Mayor Van Wyck's term he was the most regular attendant, and even now he often drops in at noon hour.

The secret is out at last, owing to the fact that former Sheriff Dunn deserted and formed the rival B. S. club.

"Why do you call it the B. S. club, Sheriff?" Mr. Dunn was asked.

"For the same reason that Van Wyck called his the Corned Beef and Cabbage Club," replied the Sheriff. "Only mine is a Beef Steak Club instead of Corned Beef and Cabbage."

ABRAHAM L. ERLANGER IN POLITICS.

THERE was much joking at Manager Abraham L. Erlanger's expense when he attended the banquet at the Democratic Club, tendered to Frank A. Croker as a compliment to the latter for his management of the Tuesday night entertainments at the club.

The real theatrical manager was induced to attend by his brother, the Sheriff, and the latter remarked: "Abe, I don't see you getting any banquets in your line."

"Never mind, brother," retorted Abraham, "Peace abide with thee. Knowest thou not that I can swing several thousand votes in a campaign?"

"That's a mighty good beginning in politics," remarked Gustave A. Rogers. "We'll all have to go and buy boxes at your theatre."

"Yes," replied Mr. Erlanger, "but buy them for the benefit of the family of Policeman Enright who was killed by a burglar."

Taken all around, Mr. Erlanger proved to be quite as good a politician as he is a manager.

JEROME BACK IN TAMMANY?

THEY are making bets that District-Attorney Jerome will speak from Tammany Hall platforms during the next campaign. And this proves the altered condition of things under the administration of that organization. In Croker's and even Kelly's time, once a man left the Hall, there was no chance of his being welcomed back.

Now, however, prodigals may run their auto-

mobiles in front of the Wigwam and the fatted calf is made ready for a barbecue.

This policy rather bewilders the rank and file, for they cannot note the drift of current events until it is all over. One man alone can horoscope the political future—Charles F. Murphy.

"The silent, sagacious and surprising Murphy," as Commissioner Hertle calls him.

THE RISE OF HARRY MACDONA.

OUT of the rearrangement of influential interests, caused by the death of William C. Whitney, another comparatively young man has come to the front, although for some years he had through his dead friend been more or less a factor in politics.

Harry Macdona began his career like Mayor McClellan as a newspaper man, and meeting Mr. Whitney politically, he was advised by the latter to study law, which he did.

In a very short while he was one of the counsel for the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. Recently he was called into consultation by August Belmont and other leaders as the apparent heir of the Whitney political interests, and he is now personally a man to be reckoned with, owing to his Wall Street and political connections.

A COMPLIMENT TO W. R. HEARST.

WITHOUT reference to the merits or demerits of the Hearst claims for a nomination," said Colonel E. L. Price, former Chairman of the New Jersey State Democratic Committee, at the Astor House last week, "he must be given credit for forming a magnificent organization."

"I doubt if any political party ever had the splendid network of political machinery which he has built up all over the country. He is in touch momentarily, night and day, with clever leaders in every State, and that is more than either of the regular organizations can boast. If he desires, he can in any event use an immense influence in the coming campaign."

"I think the Democratic leaders are a trifle slow in getting together. They have plenty of material and should now be busy mapping out their plans."

J. D. B.

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By CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM.



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A FAMOUS HOTEL CENTRE—FIRST ON THE LEFT IS SEEN THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, THEN ON THE CORNER ABOVE IS THE ALBEMARLE AND ON THE NEXT CORNER THE FAMOUS HOFFMAN HOUSE.

ART IN HOTEL LITERATURE.

THE progress that has been made in recent years in printed matter distributed by American hotels, is a subject of wonderment to foreigners. Not only are vast sums expended in the printing, but the art of the leading designers is employed to create a class of pictorial work that is beautiful in the extreme. A notable instance is shown in the two booklets that are being sent broadcast this spring by J. J. Lannin, of the Garden City Hotel, at Garden City, L. I. Mr. Lannin is also proprietor of the Summit Springs in Maine. Both booklets are marvels of beauty of coloring and design and give one an artistic idea of the character of both hotels. The photographic effects of both have rarely been excelled.

The St. George, in Brooklyn, of which Captain Tumbridge is the proprietor, is also sending a booklet, printed by a bank-note company in this city. The St. George affair is a very handsome thing and gives one a capital idea what sort of a hotel the St. George is.

The Hotel Somerset, at Boston, distributed what it called an "Easter Greeting." It was a booklet of five pages, containing the menu for the day's dinner and the programme of the concert that was given during the evening. The front page of the cover had on it a half-tone picture of the hotel. The idea was carried out artistically, and reflected credit upon Alfred S. Amer, the manager of the hotel. Amer, by the way, has made a success as manager of the Somerset. He has only been there a year or so, having been manager of the Criterion, in this city, before going to the Hub. Young in years, but old in experience, Amer has made a reputation for himself in Boston, that in time will land him in higher places.

THE GARDEN HOTEL, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

High-class patronage. Famous cuisine. White service throughout. American and European plans. Now open.
W. I. FINCH

HIS FEELINGS ARE WROUGHT UP.

ONE of the maxims of an early Roman writer was, "Censure is the price we pay for being eminent." Muschenheim, who is about to open the big Astor Hotel, in Times Square, evidently has not made a study of Roman philosophy, for if he had, he would not be wrought up over the story printed in the BROADWAY WEEKLY a week ago about his having an attack of "cold feet" regarding the future financial welfare of the Astor Hotel. Any one with observation can see that a better location could not be selected for the hotel, the building is very imposing and Muschenheim has the reputation of being a man of wonderful ability as a Boniface; therefore, any statement about his feet getting "cold" over the future of the hotel, should be regarded as what the French would call a *jeu d'esprit*—a bit of pleasantry. As many men about town can testify, Muschenheim is "all right." The general opinion is that his new hotel will be an immense success, but he must remember one thing—the more prominent he becomes, the more he will be talked about, and if at any time the BROADWAY WEEKLY publishes anything about him, it will be in a spirit of pleasantry and not for the purpose of doing him an injury in his business. Let Mr. Muschenheim remember the old Roman philosopher and his feelings will not be so easily ruffled.

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NO EUROPEAN EXODUS THIS SUMMER.

THE one great *belle noir* to summer hotel men every year has been the number of people who spend the summer in Europe, who, were they to stay at home, would pass the season at the resort hotels. For years past the great exodus of people to Europe has been an enormous loss to summer hotels, but this summer things will be different,

as there promises to be no great rush for European resorts. The Atlantic steamship agents report that not in years have the bookings been so light and the reason they assign for it is the losses that people have recently met with in Wall Street and the necessity of their remaining at home to watch their affairs. A. E. Dick, proprietor of the Grenoble in town, and also of the Long Beach (Continued on page 18.)

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J. H. BRESLIN.

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NEW YORK CITY.

EUROPEAN PLAN ABSOLUTELY.

AVERILL & GREGORY, Proprietors.

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JAMES B. REGAN, Prop.

After-Theatre Thoughts:

Birds and Rarebits and Broiled Lobsters, Grilled Bones—and things piping—at The Criterion.

SUMMER PREPARATIONS AMONG THE HOTEL PEOPLE.

(Continued from page 17.)

Hotel, in a talk with the writer a few days ago, in speaking of the outlook for the approaching summer, said:

"The trouble in Wall Street is going to be of immense value to the summer resorts on account of the money that has been lost on the street, and the need of people remaining at home to be in touch with their affairs, and not spending the summer abroad. My attention has recently been called to such a condition. I rented a few days ago a suite of rooms at Long Beach to a New York business man for \$350 a week. I knew he had many years, with his family, been spending the summers abroad, and when I asked him why he had decided to remain in this country, he said on account of the condition of Wall Street he would have to be near his business. And so I find it with others. They must be near their place of business in case there should be any quick turns in the market. A hotel man who has a resort on Long Island, and with whom I talked, tells me the same thing."

FROM BUILDERS TO BONIFACES.

THE ease with which some men can glide from one line of business to another, has been shown in the case of Hollahan and Ahearn, owners of the Cambridge Court, in Forty-ninth street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues. The two men have always been builders in this city, and a year ago they put up the fine hotel building

in Forty-ninth street and leased it to Hickey and Clark. Hickey and Clark didn't seem to agree. Clark, who was a medical man from Chicago, had certain notions—some said they were crude—about the running of a hotel, especially in New York City. At last finding they could not agree, the two men decided to separate and the lease was taken off their hands by Hollahan and Ahearn, who resolved to run the house themselves, retaining Arthur Hickey as manager; and there they are now, seemingly contented, making money and going about their work as managers as though they had been in the profession all their lives—for Gen. Horace Porter says that hotel-keeping is a profession. There are many instances in this city where men engaged in building have taken to hotel-keeping, and not one case can be cited where they have failed.

RENEWED TALK ABOUT THE KNICKERBOCKER.

THERE are a great many people, who for a few years past have been worrying themselves over the affairs of James B. Regan—they used to call him "Handsome Jim"—and wondering if he would be able to carry through his project of being proprietor of the Hotel Knickerbocker, the big house that is being built at Forty-second street and Broadway. All sorts of talk were indulged in. Some said that Regan was not big enough for the place and the owners listening to the talk of the town had squeezed "Jim" out and had given the lease to some one else.

All such talk is bosh. Regan if he

lives—and he has the appearance of being in splendid health,—will be the lessee of the Knickerbocker. He has now an office in the St. James Building and every day, with his assistant, Baker, he is hard at work giving out contracts for furnishing the hotel. One big departure has been made from the original plans of construction; in fact, the interior of the building is being made at the outlay of many thousands of dollars.

It will be a year or fifteen months before the hotel is opened, and in the meantime Regan is at work giving a good deal of his attention to the Woodmansten Inn, up in Westchester, adjoining the Morris Park race track. The Inn at one time was a palatial country house, but with a generous outlay of dollars, Regan has made it over into a delightful place for New Yorkers to spend the day. The same spirit in the way of good cooking and service that marked the days when he had the Pabst Hotel, at Forty-second street and Broadway, is to be found at the Inn and a general effect of refinement and comfort nowhere to be found in any of the places just beyond the limits of Gotham.

CORRIDOR CHIAT.

THE Hotel Brooklyn, Centre Moriches, L. I., will be again managed this summer by Frank M. Rogers, who manages the Hotel Regent, Broadway and Seventieth street. The Brooklyn opens June 15th. Duncan Campbell, late of the office staff of the Marie Antoinette, is now in the West. William T. Pierce, at one time one of the best known hotel clerks in this city, has

recovered his health, and is now connected with the silversmith firm of Reilly & Co., 418 West Twenty-seventh street, in this city. Work on the new hotel at Coney Island, the Concours Park Hotel, is going right ahead, the foundations being finished. The work of putting in the frame structure has been started. The owners expect to open June 1st. Thomas P. Silleck, manager of the Manhattan Beach Hotel, will open his office in the Corbin Building, John street and Broadway, May 1st.

THE BELLECLAIRE ROOF GARDEN.

MILTON ROBLEE is planning great things for his roof garden on the Hotel Belleclaire this summer. Many changes in the way of conducting it are to be made, changes that no doubt will lessen the expense, at the same time contributing to the comfort of the patrons.

Roblee has found, as many Bonifaces before him have found, that warm dishes cannot be served on roof gardens, where the air is apt to be cool. Roblee tried it last year and found the plan did not succeed. To construct a kitchen on the roof of the Belleclaire meant a big outlay of money, and rather than go to such an expense he has decided to serve cold dishes only. Instead of a vaudeville performance being given, the orchestra is to be enlarged and concerts on an elaborate scale will be offered. In the meanwhile Roblee continues to publish the "Belleclaire Weekly," and pictures of his handsome house, and his assistants, male and female, continue to be scattered broadcast.

NEW YORK'S LEADING THEATRES

NEW YORK, B'way, 44th to 45th Street.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Klaw & Erlanger, Mgrs.

The Dearborn Management presents

RICHARD CARLE

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THE TENDERFOOT

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Henry W. Savage presents

THE PRINCE OF PILSEN

Prior to its presentation in London.

LYRIC, Broadway, 7th Ave. and 42d Street.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mat. Sat. 2:15

Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Prop.

DE WOLF HOPPER

IN

"WANG."

HERALD SQUARE THEATRE, B'way & 35th St. 8:10 sharp. Mat. Sat. 2:10.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

Chas. Frohman and Geo. Edwardes present the farcical comedy, with music,

THE GIRL FROM KAY'S

with enormous cast, including SAM BERNARD.

BELASCO THEATRE, 42d St. near B'way.
Ev'gs punctually at 8. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

David Belasco presents, by arrangement with Maurice Campbell,

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

in the new play,

SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS

MAJESTIC, Grand Circle, B'way & 59th St.
Evenings 8. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2.

SECOND EDITION.

WIZARD OF OZ.

With MONTGOMERY and STONE.

NEW AMSTERDAM, 42d St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Klaw & Erlanger, Mgrs.

THE TWO ORPHANS

With an ALL STAR CAST.

Direction of A. M. PALMER.

No Advance in Prices.

CASINO, Broadway and 39th Street.
Telephone, 6020 & 6726—38.
Eve'gs at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Fred C. Whitney presents

PIFF, PAFF, POUF.

Book by Stanislaus Stange.

Lyrics by William Jerome.

Music by Jean Schwartz.

THE PROCTOR THEATRES.

FIFTH AVENUE,

TWENTY-THIRD STREET,

FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET,

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH STREET

Splendid Shows

Small Prices

NEW EMPIRE THEATRE, 40th St. & B'way.
Ev'gs 8:20. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.

Charles Frohman, Mgr.

LAST WEEKS.

Charles Frohman presents Augustus Thomas's Best Comedy,

THE OTHER GIRL

The all season Comedy Triumph.

NEW LYCEUM, West 45th St. E. of B'way.
Evenings 8:30. Matinee Saturday 2.

Daniel Frohman, Mgr.

Charles Frohman presents

CHARLES HAWTREY

in F. C. Burnand's Farce

SAUCY SALLY.

PRINCESS THEATRE.
Broadway and 29th Street.
Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Lessees.

THE SECRET

OF POLICHINELLE

With W. H. THOMPSON.

BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st St. & B'way.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Jacob Litt, Proprietor.

Henry W. Savage offers

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

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THE YANKEE CONSUL

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Charles Frohman, Mgr.

Charles Frohman presents

WILLIAM COLLIER

in RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S Farce

THE DICTATOR

GARRICK THEATRE, 35th St. & B'way.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.

Charles Frohman, Mgr.

ELEANOR ROBSON

in Israel Zangwill's Four-Act Play,

MERELY MARY ANN.

HUDSON THEATRE, 44th St. near B'way.
Ev'gs 8:30. Matinee Saturday 2:15.
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Charles Frohman presents

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MARGARET ANGLIN

IN CAMILLE.

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George Ade's Quaint Comedy

The County Chairman.

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Nights at 8. Mat. Saturday only.

WRIGHT LORIMER

—IN—

THE SHEPHERD KING

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MISS ANNIE IRISH, THE BARONESS IN "THE TWO ORPHANS" AT NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE.

(See article "An Intimate Interview With Annie Irish-Dodson," in this number.)

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

By CAROLYN LOWREY.

IT has been decreed that pearls are permissible in the daytime. This fact was strongly in evidence at the Burden-Twombly wedding, where these gems predominated. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., wore her black pearls which are considered the finest in America. It took a Parisian jeweler two years to collect these fifty-odd stones, which are perfectly matched.

BY the way, speaking of the Burden-Twombly wedding, things were in a state of chaos. No special places were reserved for the guests, much to their disgust. Mrs. Theodore Frelinghuysen was insulted by being sent around to the side. Chauncey Depew and his wife were also turned away from the center door, but when George Munzig, who faithfully attends all state functions, was told that no place had been kept for him, he insisted upon standing at the door, and shaking hands with all the women he knew as they came in. To cap the climax when the wedding march was to start, they found that one of the ushers, Mr. Louis Cass Ledyard, was taking a nap.

A FEW fresh air fiends are going around, making things slightly uncomfortable while furs are necessary. It has become the habit lately for these women to get into a car, and while others are freezing, they open a large fan and put it into motion; not content with this, they march to the front of the car, open the doors wide, and stand for three or four blocks until their corner is reached.

One little woman has named them the "germ" extinguishers.

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR has had a \$200,000 gymnasium with a fine marble swimming pool built in her home at Ferncliffe-on-the-Hudson. No more ideal home for comfort and pleasure exists than this. Every outdoor game, except golf, is to be had here. The tennis court is the finest in the country, and is Grecian in style.

SINCE the arrival of Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, who recently was at the Everett House, the report has been spread that this charming widow is ready for another matrimonial venture. The Everett was obliged to engage an extra force of bellboys to answer the calls. The Duchess frankly states that her first was for money, the second for title and the third for love. One is rather curious to see under what head the fourth would be accepted. She has grown so used to marrying, that the habit has become a strong one.

MISS ALICE JAY MORGAN, a society girl from Philadelphia, is to enter the theatrical world under the wing of Mrs. William Astor Chanler, formerly Minnie Ashley. Mrs. Chanler has become a favorite with the "Knickerbocker" set, and is winning fresh laurels each day with her husband's friends. Miss Morgan is as effervescent as Ruinart in manner.

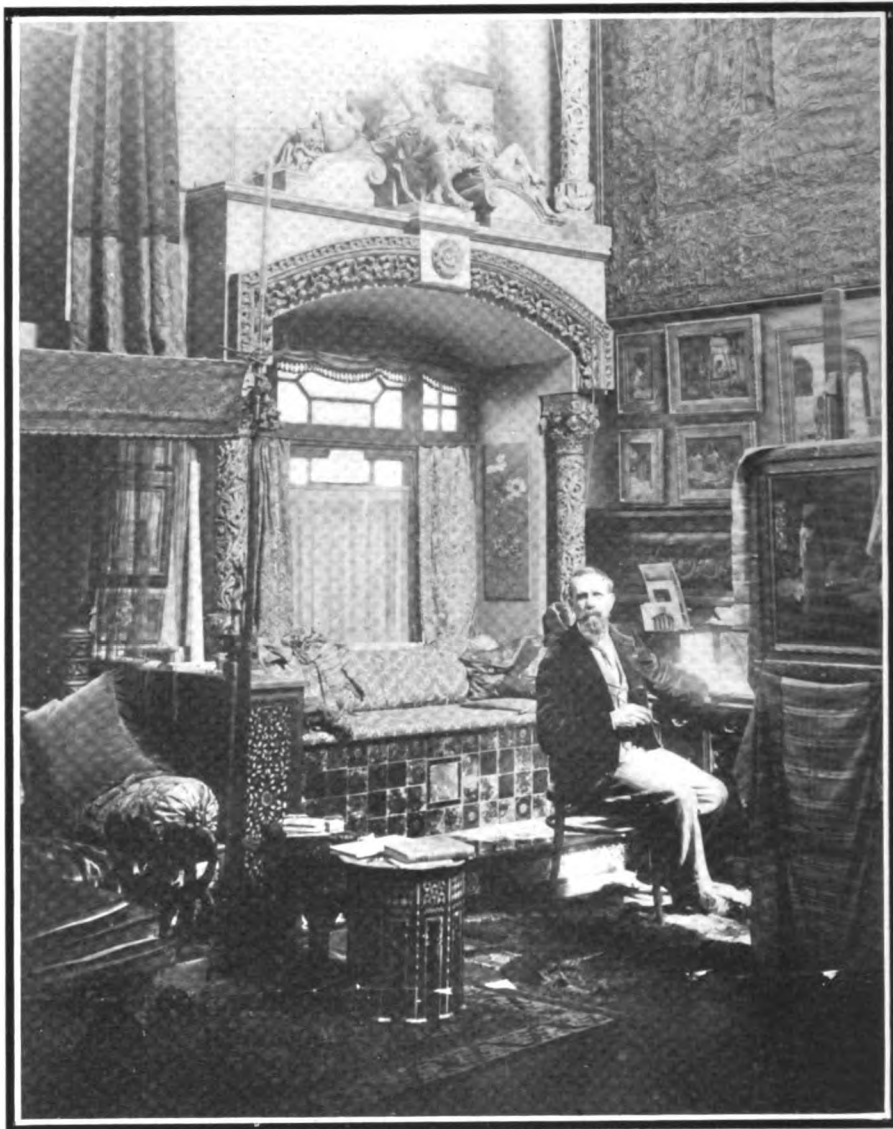
REASSURING.

MR. SICKLY: "Now, doctor, tell me candidly, in what condition do you find my lungs?"
DR. SOONOVER: "They are in pretty bad shape, but there is no danger of their not lasting as long as you live."

HE KNEW.

"Cyrus Winterville" snapped the indignant wife as the quarrel waxed fiercer, "you married me for my money, and you know it!"
"Tis false!" roared Mr. Winterville. "I married you for your amiable disposition, you virago!"

BRIDGMAN, OF NEW YORK, ARTIST.



MR. BRIDGMAN IN HIS BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED STUDIO.

THAT it is better to be born lucky than rich is a truism which allows of no dispute; but to be born plucky as well as lucky is indeed a gift of the gods. And this gift was made to the American artist, F. A. Bridgman, who was born at Tuskegee, Alabama, November 10, 1847. His father, a physician, was from Massachusetts, as was also his mother. The family, at the time of the artist's birth, was

wealthy. All was lost, however, during the Civil War, when the Bridgmans moved to Massachusetts.

At sixteen years of age young Bridgman had left school and come to New York, where he was apprenticed at engraving to the American Bank Note Company. It was the only opening he could find which gave any vent for his artistic inclination. This is the point where the lad



"THE WOOD NYMPH."—BY BRIDGMAN.



"THE SIESTA."—BY BRIDGMAN. ONE OF THE NOTABLE PICTURES AT THE RECENT UNION LEAGUE CLUB ART EXHIBITION.

showed his pluck. After he had worked all day at his trade he studied evenings at the National Academy of Design and later at a life class in Brooklyn, where he lived.

Thus, at sixteen years of age the boy was working night and day and painting whenever he found a spare moment.

At eighteen luck took him by the hand and led him to friends who assisted him with a few hundred dollars. He went at once to Paris, where he studied at the *École des Beaux Arts* under the celebrated Gerome. The first five years of his life after finishing his studies in Paris were passed in Brittany, but desiring more sunlight and color he went to the Pyrenees for the summers and to Algeria and Egypt for the winters.

Mr. Bridgman has exhibited at the Paris Salon; Royal Academy, London; National Academy of Design, New York, and his pictures are hung in many of the private collections of prominent Americans and in the Museum of Art, Central Park.

He has been awarded many medals, is a Knight of the Legion of Honor and officer of the order of St. Michale, Bavaria. Mr. Bridgman is not only an artist but also an author and composer as well, having published "Winters in Algeria" and "Anarchy in Art," the latter having appeared in French. A poem, "The Idol and the Ideal" has been published in French, and will shortly be published in English. Those who have been favored with private readings of this poem are high in praise of the work, which is

an unusual subject treated in a unique manner.

At the art exhibition held in the Union League Club recently, Mr. Bridgman had seven examples of his works which were greatly admired by all lovers of beautiful paintings. The largest and probably the most notable was his "Pharaoh Crossing the Red Sea." The artist has made his home for many seasons in the location of the scene and the painting is said by those who have also been in the neighborhood to be remarkable in its color effects and general atmosphere.

A "Polonaise" and "Minuet" for orchestra have also been published by the artist as have several pieces for the violin and piano, Mr. Bridgman being a master of both instruments.

TREVATHAN TROUBADORS' MUSICAL MELANGE.

IT'S a far hoot frae the heather i' the Hielands, tae Eighth avenue, New York, but melody is as potent in soothing the breast of Trevathan o' the tracks to-day, as it was in arousing the fighting blood of his ancestor of Mid-Lothian centuries ago. And so it came to pass, that Charles E. Trevathan, whose writing is as law to the Medes and Persians of the racing fraternity, and whose script has always been highly prized by the readers of the *Morning Telegraph*, recently set apart for himself an evening of festivity, an eisteddfod, at which he could celebrate the humiliation of his foe and jubilate over the purchase of the newspaper aforesaid by his friend E. R. Thomas.

In obedience to the dutiful discipline of his employers, Mr. Trevathan, who is appreciated by his friends as one of the best fellows in the world, as well as a courtly gentleman, had refrained from expressing his utter dislike of William E. Lewis, a descendant of the ancient Welsh druids, who seems to have reciprocated the Scottish sentiment, but who happened to be the editor-in-chief of the *Telegraph* scribes.

When Mr. Trevathan learned that his friend Mr. Thomas, had passed the bawbees for the plant of the newspaper, he went in search of an orchestra; but Herr Conried had gone on tour, and all the classic organizations were engaged,

so he went out into the highways and byways, and succeeded in enlisting a band of Cuban troubadours on Seventh avenue. These, with their lyres, mandolins, guitars, and banjos, a quaint motley of color, entered the reporters' room of the *Telegraph*. The saintly and cloister-like quiet of the department was aghast at the intrusion, but the brave Trevathan, free as Norval on the Grampians, arranged a circle of chairs around the door of the Celtic Lewis, and said:

"Gentlemen, be seated."

In solemnity he addressed his comrades of the staff:

"The orchestra will now play, 'I've a Longing in my Heart for You, Louise!'"

And the band played, while Mr. Trevathan executed a *pas seul*. By this time the ponderous editorial brain had been aroused by the unseemly sounds, and coming to the door, Mr. Lewis glanced angrily at the troubadours, and then banged it shut. But the bold Trevathan opened it again with the remark:

"No, no, my dear Gaston, I want you to listen to this serenade."

Again, and several times again was the door opened, shut, and opened, but the band played on. The glee of the staff was suppressed, but it was a chortling glee. Having run the gamut of their repertoire, Trevathan led his artists to the

Broadway Apartment House, where he sought admittance to the home of William G. Guard, the Sunday Editor, for whom he entertains a great liking. The Guard household had retired early, as usual, but the Trevathans would not be gainsaid, so the attendant called up Mr. Guard, who is an ardent devotee of the muse, and notified him of the attack.

What he replied has not been recorded, but the serenade was given underneath his window. Unlike Juliet, he did not peep at the moon, or look down on Romeo Trevathan.

Deep into the night did Trevathan and his trusty troubadours seek those whom the chieftain regarded with favor, and the light of another day saw the parting, as Mr. Trevathan reclined in his automobile, while his choir sang: "I've a Longing in my Heart for You, Louise."

CRUEL.

BYSTANDER: "Should you say that picture was taken from life?"

CRITIC: "I don't know; but the world wouldn't suffer if the artist was."

HONORABLE.

MR. STANDARD: "Is it my daughter you want, or is it her money?"

TOBIAS HOWENS (amateur champion, 100 yds.): "Mr. Standard, you surprise me. You know very well that I'm an amateur athlete."

MR. STANDARD: "What's that got to do with it?"

TOBIAS HOWENS: "A great deal, sir. It debars me from taking part in any event for money."

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY		Editor

THE THOROUGHBRED IS KING.

ONCE again the clatter of the great American thoroughbred coming down the homestretch is as the sound of music to the thousands of the leisure class who long for the thrill which sways the assemblies at Aqueduct, or Morris Park, or by the salted waves of Brighton.

Under the conditions which have brought about great reforms in running, and for which Mr. Belmont and all the other rulers of the Jockey Club have striven so earnestly, in the East, at least, the public is assured of fair competition in all contests on the turf.

Race meetings nowadays are fête days, when the tired professional man, the merchant, or the tradesman may with his wife easily reach the track in comfort, and obtain all the exhilaration and healthy incentive of a day in the open, relieved for a brief time from the strain of active daily life.

The precautions for the orderly conduct of great crowds, the solicitude for their personal comfort and the freedom for legitimate enjoyment, have attracted persons who formerly never patronized racing. There can be little doubt that the location of running courses near the sea has appealed more to the public than those which are inland. The ozone of the sea air, the other neighboring attractions, which enable the visitor to spend an entire day in the pleasure resorts, form an irresistible claim upon the people of the metropolis.

The city of New York has benefited in many ways, surely that part of it which skirts the Long Island shore, by the absolute prohibition of racing in New Jersey. In the old days of Monmouth Park, the patronage of the wealthy was bestowed upon the grand track on the New Jersey coast. Now, any resident of New York may within an hour reach the scene of all the great classic events.

MR. LAUTERBACH'S REPUTATION SAFE.

BUSY-BODIES have endeavored to bring the name of the famous New York lawyer, Edward Lauterbach, into the astounding and unsavory Doehme-Nordica divorce suit. Those who know Mr. Lauterbach, professionally or personally, and have watched the brilliant career of this eminent lawyer, know fully that he has not departed an iota from the path he has trod so many years. Mr. Lauterbach is so far removed from the class of the legal trickster that his reputation is safe and sound in the hands of those who know him best.

"FREEDMAN TO GUARD FLAGLER MILLIONS."

THIS is the way it reads in the daily newspapers. Judge Gildersleeve of the Supreme Court has appointed Andrew Freedman committee of the estate of Ida A. Flagler, formerly the wife of Henry M. Flagler. Mrs. Flagler's personal property amounts to more than \$2,000,000. Judge Gildersleeve showed his faith in the uprightness and business acumen of Mr. Freedman in thus appointing him to a position of so much importance. Mr. Freedman, although still a young man, has the satisfaction of knowing that in a few years he has, by energy, enthusiasm and unquestioned ability, worked himself up to a position where he stands as one of New York's prominent figures. Mr. Freedman's career could be watched with interest and profit by the pessimists who contend that there is no chance for young men in New York.

TELEPHONES AND SPORT IN AMERICA.

By A LONDONER IN NEW YORK.

WHEN Mr. Whitney died I happened to be stopping with one of his closest sporting friends; one who instantly travelled 2,000 miles in order to render what services he could, and I learnt a good deal of the life of the man whom the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* refers to as a failure. It is, even there, acknowledged that the man whom English people looked upon merely as a sportsman from America, was the founder of the modern American Navy, and he appears as the political and social failure only because he preferred to enjoy life to grasping at the Presidential chair.

There are sportsmen in America, but as a nation America is far from understanding sport, or caring one rap about it. Of the small percentage who do practise sports of some kind only a smaller percentage do it because they like it. Men here go into dogs as an Englishman goes into the Stock Exchange, because it is a means of combining business, sport, and excitement. But there are exceptions, and I have met some of them. It appears to me that a man who could kill time with race-horses when he was not called upon to mark time in naval architecture, deserves the title of "sportsman" and appreciation instead of depreciation.

It is easy to see wherein the newspapers' mistake arises. Carlyle said that the English population was forty millions—mostly fools. The American city population is mostly telephones. A man—a business man, and they are all that—is merely one end of a telephone. He has it in his office, in his private house, in the bedroom of his hotel; and in this way all business is done. It is at first an immense saving of time; when London adopts it, it will clear the streets, for London has a telephone service that is as little serviceable as possible. Here it is a real service. I have been using my bedroom connection to talk with people living out in the country fifty miles from any place that we should regard as worthy of the name of village. The telephone not only makes engagements, but contracts; it not only makes fortunes in cotton speculation, but it talks to every official in the hotel from the boot-black who charges sixpence for cleaning a pair, to the laundry who returns your linen, including white evening shirts, in six hours. But while the telephone at first relieves the roads, and the streets, it creates more business, and the rest between the intervals of conversation with the ends of the earth grow less and less. So that a busy man becomes, in his waking moments, merely the other end of a telephone. Now you can understand that a man who has given a portion of his time to the race-horse, and to its accompanying fresh air of heaven, is past praying for in this Continent, even although he enabled the late President McKinley to knock the bottom out of Spain's Admiralty.

But the better class of Americans, and by that I mean those who have the greater tasks to perform, are discovering that they *must* stop up one end of the telephone for a few months in every year, although the stoppage may lose thousands of dollars and risk millions. That is how it happens that a crack setter in America has grown in value until his stud services are worth \$2,500, for every one wants the best. That is how it happens that there is one stud farm in America that has six hundred thoroughbreds upon it. The strain of business is not removed without a strain in an opposite direction, and consequently when Americans play, they "play some." Not only the body has to be called away from the infernal machine—the telephone—but the mind also. It must be excitement in an opposite direction, nothing less will serve.

Mr. Whitney did not breed the horse with which he won the English Derby, he merely rented him, and in this, too, the *Appeal* discovers pathetic failure.

In England we look at things in anti-telephonic ways. We think he is the happy man who can, at least cost, gain happiness. The man who can bet and win and enjoy the sunshine and excitement of the race-course, on other people's horses, is better constituted to enjoy life than he who needs must earn glory before he begins to enjoy living.

There are great men who seem to have been born with one end of a telephone in their mouths, but how many of them do not need a tame doctor, like Sancho Panza on the Island, to whip away from their tables all that is nice? It may be better, as Mr. Ruskin thought, to dig gardens with a wealthy American, and spoil vegetation in a futile effort to assist humanity, or digestion. But the one everlasting factor remains that while you are slaving the body you are apt to slave the mind also, unless you resort to something like play that gives you other things besides telephone messages to think about.

Every change is good if taken in moderation, and if it is taken otherwise than moderately it becomes no change. The danger with the younger generation of American Society is exclusive sporting, just as with the past it was exclusive work, until old men retired and died because they had no interest left in life. A wealthy American who works harder than a creature of the chain gang lately asked his sons to put down some of their expenses, because his income would not run to it. He gave them twenty-four hours to decide which sport was to go. Then he called them to him. "Have you thought it over?" he asked. "Yes," was the reply; "we have decided what must be done." "Well, what is it?" the parent joyfully asked. "There is only one thing possible," they replied; "you must work nights."

G. T. TEASDALE-BUCKELL.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND AS A MILITARY AND SOCIAL CENTER.

By JOSEPH D. BYRNE.



MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY C. CORBIN.

FOR the first time in the history of Governor's Island as a military settlement, it has risen to a fitting place in the exclusive social atmosphere of New York, and this recognition is due to the popularity and accomplishments of Mrs. Corbin, wife of Major-General Henry C. Corbin, Adjutant-General of the United States Army, commanding the Division of the Atlantic, which embraces the Departments of the East and Gulf.

It is no small sacrifice for a matron of Mrs. Corbin's social standing, to leave Washington and take up her residence on the military reservation of sixty-nine acres which stands out in

New York harbor, for although nature has done much for the wild garden spot, man has to answer for the neglect of what should be a superb park, garlanded with flowers, and a feast for the eyes. In deciding to dwell among the rank and file of Uncle Sam's soldiery, Mrs. Corbin has followed the life-long desire of the bluff but genial General, who is never so much at home as when attending to camp details and looking after his "boys."

There is not a day upon which Mrs. Corbin is not busy with society obligations and calls, for she has become as great a favorite on Murray Hill as she was as a girl in Washington. The

general public, who know nothing of the Island except what they see from the decks of passing ships, and from the shore of Manhattan, has no true idea of the circumstances of life there; but the amenities are far from warlike, and the little aristocracy of officers' wives and ladies of the families attached to the Post, form as charming a circle as there is in this whole broad land of ours.

Soon after Major-General Corbin took command he made arrangements which have improved the morale and general tone of the settlement. There is now a salon attended by the officers and their families in full dress, which has

raised the standard as well as added to the picturesqueness of the routine. Upon the representations to the War Department by the General, Governor's Island will be the scene of many delightful affairs this summer, and the miserable old craft which has been used for transportation of officers, and everybody of distinction or otherwise, will be supplanted by a fitting yacht for the use of the General. It must be remembered that there are innumerable forts near by, like Hamilton, Washington, Hancock, Schuyler and other quarters occupied by troops which are under his command, and it will add to the efficiency and discipline of the Department if General Corbin's advice is followed.

It is no departure from the truth to say that the quarters provided for private soldiers are more modern and comfortable, than those assigned to the officers, with few exceptions. Indeed, some of the prisoners in the old fortress of Castle William are relatively more agreeably off than those of the rank. There is a population of nine hundred persons on Governor's Island, and there are two hundred prisoners confined for military offences. A few thousand dollars expended to improve the residences on General's Walk, and Colonel's Row, would be a boon to the women of the households, as well as to the men. The houses are, as a rule, old, built of wood, generations ago, and containing none of the ordinary conveniences of a Harlem flat.

The men whom Uncle Sam selects to command his troops are supposed to be educated, talented and the best-developed physical specimens of the flower of the nation's manhood; and it is only justice that they should be given the accommodations which any ordinary gentleman would demand. Work is now in progress upon the reclamation of submerged flats at the south end of the water line. At one time there was a race track upon the Island, and it was a popular place of recreation and sport for the rich farmers of Canal street and Greenwich Village.

And there are at present many sports on the same spot, but they are more athletic in their character. There is a golf links, rather restricted in size, used by the officers. It requires very fine judgment to avoid driving the sphere into the Major-General's private office. A player would hardly be courtmartialled for such an offence, however, for General Corbin approves of every kind of outdoor sport, and encourages his men to cultivate them. Recently the "Corbin boys" beat the Alpha Field Club baseball team by a score of 15 to 7. In this direction Lieutenant Bump, the athletic officer, made perfect arrangements for the visitors. Tennis is also played, but a good gymnasium is badly needed.

The Young Men's Christian Association has a house where lectures and literature are provided, and the men of the post have regular receptions and dances at intervals during the winter. The officers have a club at the South Battery, but all of them are well equipped in this respect in New York, for they are very welcome in New York society. The Ward McAllister of the Island is Captain James Moss, a most agreeable gentleman, who is the Major-General's aide. He comes from the 24th Infantry. The social demands made upon an officer of Governor's Island are very great, and life is very expensive in this section.

It must not be inferred that the ranking officers have nothing to do, for a visit to Department Headquarters will soon dispel any such idea. The brick building which has far outgrown its necessities, was once a residence. It is as busy a place as any commercial building in Manhattan. A large force of clerks and officers work long hours attending to the correspondence and administration of the Atlantic Division. The details of furnishing supplies, disciplining, housing, instructing, and controlling a great army of in-

fantry, artillery, cavalry, musicians and staff are all directed from this point.

The responsibility is illimitable, and the drilling and perfecting of the various arms of the service are but a small part of the duties of the Major-General and his officers. The scene of activity in a military sense, includes from the Canadian coast border line to Porto Rico. There are hundreds of points where troops are stationed, artillery districts, arsenals, camps, barracks, signal posts, forts, quartermaster's depots, subsistence depots, armories, medical supply depots, engineer corps, recruiting stations, saluting stations, rifle ranges and innumerable details.

The condition of every gun, building, hospital, man and bit of property of the Government is recorded, and the record must contain the movement of every man, officer, horse, or any accident. It is a marvelous labyrinth of book-keeping, and an almost mathematical problem, hemmed in by the ironclad constitutional limits of the executive. The Major-General's office is simplicity itself, but the military figure of the grim warrior who rules the roster of the Atlantic Division unbends with courtly grace when he addresses civilians. That he is popular with the men may be for the reason that he understands them so well and that he can and is not



From a Portrait by Marceau, New York.

MRS. HENRY C. CORBIN, WIFE OF MAJOR-GENERAL CORBIN, AND THE CHARMING CHATELAINE OF GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.



COLONEL HENRY OLCOT SHELDON HEISTAND.

afraid to recall the days of his youth in the Army of the Cumberland, and on the plains of the West.

One of the busiest men on the Division staff is Colonel Henry Olcot Sheldon Heistand, an ideal soldier, a West Pointer, who was confidential secretary to President McKinley in the campaign of 1896, and who was Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff in the China Relief Expedition for the relief of Peking. He is the author of "Alaska, its History and Description," and is now Adjutant-General of the Division.

There is a private telephone system, a telegraph system, and a public store, where everything in the line of table luxuries and necessities may be purchased. Soldiers are usually good providers and some of General Corbin's warriors

have had to forage in the wild and woolly country, with more vigor than it takes to get supplies on Governor's Island.

The War Department is now arranging for a yacht-like tug for the use of the staff in the waters of New York; and the crew, officers and attendants will have a specially designed uniform to wear in its service. The military are to have a regulation uniform, appropriate for wear while aboard the craft, and the officers' mess at the Island will have plenty of material for fun when the uniforms arrive.

The private citizen can secure a very good idea of what the Army is doing, by a trip to the little green island whose community is so graciously presided over by the Major-General and Mrs. Corbin.

BUSY, IS HE?

MR. WIDDLE: "Well, my dear, you've made so much fuss because I don't spend my evenings at home like a good husband and father that I have resigned from the club. Does that suit you?"

MRS. WIDDLE: "It's just splendid. Now hurry through dinner and get dressed so we can go to Mrs. Highup's ball; and to-morrow night we'll go to Mrs. Tiptop's party; and the next night, you know, Mrs. Wayup has a musicale; and we mustn't forget the Globetrotter's reception the night after."

MR. SAUER (to his wife): "How horrid of you to be always looking as sour as a crab-apple! Just look at Mrs. X—over yonder; the very picture of cheerfulness."

MRS. SAUER: "You seem to forget, my dear, that Mrs. X—is a widow."

A little girl, on being told by her mother that when a child died an angel came and took her up to Heaven, thought deeply for a moment, then said:—

"Ma, if an angel comes asking for me, say I am not in."

THE SPRING OF 1904

will be the busiest in the history of American Theatricals. All the big productions will be covered by pen and camera in BROADWAY WEEKLY

MR. BRISBANE, MONEYMAKER.

SOME folk were surprised when it was announced that Arthur Brisbane, the editor of the *New York Evening Journal*, was to become the financial sponsor of a new \$150,000 theatre to be erected in Harlem. The surprise was due principally to the fact that no editor is supposed to have \$150,000 for any purpose at any time.

Mr. Brisbane has earned a big salary for some years. Even in the dim and misty past, when I was a daily newspaper reporter, Brisbane was known as "The Boy Editor." I refuse to say how long ago this is, but Mr. Brisbane is still comparatively a young man. Tales of the fabulous salary he receives from W. R. Hearst have been rife for years. I have it on pretty good authority that Mr. Brisbane made over \$40,000 last year on the *New York Evening Journal*, as I understand his income is figured on both a salary and percentage basis. Besides this income, which nearly equals that of the President of the United States, Mr. Brisbane has taken flyers in Wall Street, and, if rumor comes within a mile of the truth, he has been one of the few who have carted money out of the Street during the past year.

A BIT OF GOSSIP FROM MARIETTA.

(From our Marietta, O., Correspondent.)

SOMETHING about Marietta. I wonder if you have ever met her. If not, I should like very much to tell you briefly, and in as few words as possible, how aged she is, and what she is doing at the present time. In truth, Marietta is one hundred and sixteen years old, and comparatively little known outside her own sphere—Washington County. It will require no lengthy argument, however, to sum up Marietta's advantages for continued development as an industrial center. Her location at the junction of the Muskingum and Ohio rivers, —her rich agricultural surroundings, her center in an immense oil territory of seventy miles in diameter, which has already increased in output for twenty-four years past. Furthermore, her proximity to inexhaustible coal deposits, her abundance of surrounding stone quarries, underlaid with clay and shale that will make paving and vitrified brick and tile, give her added advantages. Marietta has good transportation facilities both by river and rail.

Marietta has no narrow crooked streets—thanks to the Boston pioneers, who had something to say when the city was plotted. Now those streets are all paved, and the old Marietta has given way to the new and is lighted with beautiful electric arches, spanning from curb to curb. Her fine new Court House is another beautiful monument, at the corner of Second and Putnam streets, where the trolley cars meet, and part, going in various directions. Another noticeable feature, frequently commented upon by strangers, is that nearly every resident lives in his own home, which speaks well of the people of Marietta and suburban wards. This fact, however, is due to good times—to oil—to the Building and Loan Societies, to the Board of Trade, and strong business enterprises, which are yet prospering—having begun on a small basis, always increasing, never diminishing, but reaching upward, and they are come to stay always, as there is plenty of coal, and an abundance of natural gas, and electricity and water.

The Ohio and Muskingum valleys are full of interest for the student of history, and the handiwork of the Mound Builders is protected, and still in the original state as when first made.

It is exceedingly rare to find a city of this size (20,000) so cleanly—the lawns surrounding the beautiful homes are always cut, and immaculately beautiful. On the public corners are the wire waste-paper baskets, and the streets are swept clean by the white-wing brigade. E. M. S.

A FAMOUS ENGLISHMAN

THE *Cedric*, which arrived on the 15th of April, brought John Mackintosh, the famous "Toffee King" of England to this country again. The reception which the press gave him off Sandy Hook is certainly worthy of notice by BROADWAY WEEKLY, as Mr. Mackintosh is to-day one of the largest, if not the largest, candy advertisers in this country, although his famous old English candy was not introduced in this country until within the last six months.

A BROADWAY WEEKLY correspondent had quite a talk with Mr. Mackintosh at the Holland House and found him a very interesting and original Englishman. He found him a shrewd



JOHN MACKINTOSH

ILLUSTRATIONS'
REPRODUCED
from
SNAP-SHOT
PHOTOGRAPHS
by
OUR STAFF
PHOTOGRAPHER.



would give away thousands upon thousands of samples of Toffee. He told us that this Toffee Saturday was the most expensive kind of advertising, but it was his intention to keep it up as he wants everyone to try what he says is an absolutely pure confection. He told our representative of the good things which he puts into Toffee—of the immense amount of butter sugar and cream which he uses.

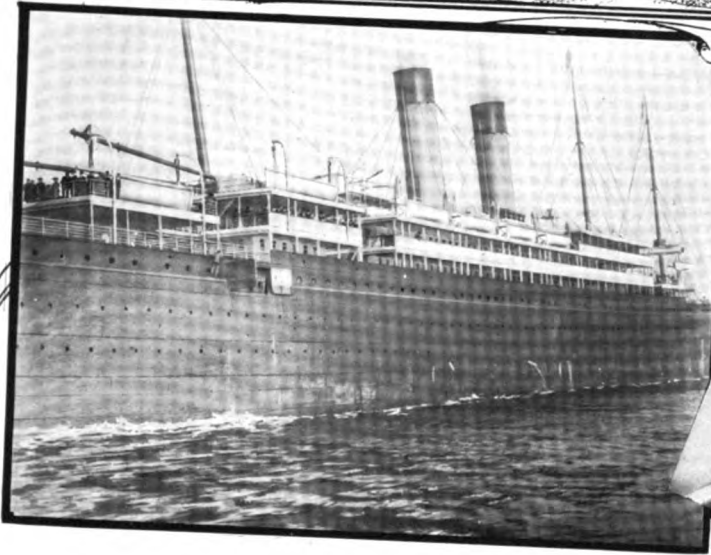
business man and more progressive than most English manufacturers. He told of an immense business of his one brand in England and that his three immense factories were working to their full capacity.

He mentioned that he had just completed a great sampling campaign throughout Belgium and that every man, woman and child in Belgium has received at his expense a sample of his toffee. He has plans all made for building a factory in Belgium.

Mr. Mackintosh mentioned a number of original methods for introduction. One of them especially was his inaugurating of "Toffee Saturday" in the United States, his plan being to take up city after city and use large space in the press, announcing that on a certain Saturday, which he wishes to be called "Toffee Saturday," he



N NOW VISITING AMERICA



He estimated that one-half of the butter coming into Halifax, England, which is a city of over 120,000 population, went directly to his factory and that sometimes his check for one purchase alone was over \$20,000.

He told of immense output in the different factories; he said that if the year's output were cut into ounce packages, there would be sufficient to supply a package to every man, woman and child in the United States (population, eighty millions); the British Isles (forty millions); Germany (fifty-six millions), and it would leave enough packages to supply Canada.

"I build up my business with giving away my Toffee," he said. "I rely upon the 'moreish' taste. If I can only get a sample into the mouths of the people, I can safely rely upon securing a customer. That's why I inaugurate a Toffee Saturday, and after Toffee Day I find that people continue to buy the Toffee, because of the real good qualities of this old-fashioned candy."



The photographs reproduced with this article will give our readers some idea of the royal reception the Press gave Mr. Mackintosh off Sandy Hook. The tug *Guiding Star*, commanded by Captain Love, which guided the *Reliance* to victory during the cup races, was hired for this special purpose and was well filled with newspaper and magazine advertising men, who went down to meet the Toffee King.

The boat was profusely decorated with flags and bunting. It was a complete surprise to Mr. Mackintosh, and through a megaphone he was informed that a special permit had been granted him from the Custom House officers so that he could come aboard the tug.

Mr. Mackintosh will remain in this country for over a month and we wish this broad-minded Englishman all success.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS OF THE WEEK.

By ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY.

A NEW CAMILLE.

THERE is this much to be said of Margaret Anglin's *Camille* at the Hudson Theatre: it is utterly and completely different from any *Camille* New York has ever seen before. This fact, in itself, does not make or unmake the merit of Miss Anglin's performance. It does, however, unquestionably take away much of the force of the criticisms of those dramatic writers who have seen fit to criticise adversely this particular *Camille*.

Camille is at once one of the easiest and at the same time most difficult rôles to portray. It is easy, because it affords splendid opportunities to the intelligent player; and it is difficult, because it taxes both the mental and physical energy of an actress and must necessarily be considered in the light of comparison of a long critical road along which are thickly studded the milestones bearing the names of some of the greatest women of the world's stage.

Miss Anglin is handicapped by the fact that the Almighty never intended that she should impersonate women to whom virtue is merely an abstract problem. Miss Anglin is to-day the finest exponent of the pathetic that we have on the contemporaneous stage. There is not another woman I can recall who can lend to *Mimi* of "The Only Way," for instance, such a wealth of tenderness, such a world of shrinking pathos, or whose every cadence of voice or expression of heart-rending sorrow, are so nearly a part of the woman herself—a woman to whom self is greater and higher than art.

But surely because Miss Anglin's *Camille* is different from the *Camille* of other actresses the critics need not stand aghast in feigned astonishment. For lack of the proper light and shade Miss Anglin can be roundly blamed. In the first act, she is not by any means *Camille* the heartless, the thoughtless and the scarlet woman to the life. Miss Anglin loses that high note of exuberance which serves to throw out in contrast the more somber moments in the later acts of the play. Even in the supper scene, which, if you are a theatre-goer, you will remember is made distinctly ribald by some actresses, Miss Anglin is repressed, where even explosiveness if not absolute carelessness would relieve the monotone. But from the first act, in which she distinctly falls short, Miss Anglin continues to grow stronger until finally in the scene with *Armand's* father, she rises to fine heights, and strikes the truest note of self-abnegation and unselfishness. Later, in her parting with *Armand*, when she kisses him good-bye and dissembles a gayety which her aching heart can never know again, Miss Anglin is a picture of womanly tenderness that cannot be easily forgotten. And finally, on her death-bed, she is the regenerated *Camille* whose life flutters out to the requiem of a chastened soul and a poor bruised spirit.

We have had stock *Camilles* galore; Clara Morris has given us a hectic, nervous and commanding *Camille*; Sarah Bernhardt has offered us a courtesan, dramatic and powerful, but Sarah Bernhardt first and *Camille* afterward; and Duse, whose *Camille*, like each of her other great characters, is softer and more plaintive than Bernhardt's, dies by inches before our very eyes; and though each of these impersonations is fine in its respective way, not one displays the exalted pathos of this little Canadian woman, who has been scored so heavily by the critics because she dared offer a *Camille* of her own.

Mr. Miller's *Armand* is a different matter. It is equally unsuited to his personality and to his

methods. His *Armand* lacks the fire or the tenderness of almost any of the *Armands* we have seen in recent years. It is cold, metallic, dispassionate. In even the stronger scenes, his *Armand* is as cold and almost as argumentative as a professor addressing a class in botany. Mr. Miller is bad. *Camille* might as well cling for comfort and support to a steam heater that isn't connected with steam heat as to this precise and unlovable *Armand*.

Bruce McRae as *Count De Varville* lends distinction to a thankless rôle. Arthur Elliott as *Armand's* father, is impressive. Morton Selten as *Saint Gaudens* evidently has seen Richard Mansfield in "A Parisian Romance."

Jeffreys Lewis is *Madam Prudence*. She is too little on the stage. More of Jeffreys Lewis in almost anything is an improvement.

DE WOLF HOPPER IN "WANG."

"WANG" wears well. This comic opera, which, ten years ago, was hummed all over the country, must have been a better piece even than any one suspected at that time, for the simple reason that the average comic opera, revived after ten years, is about as foolish and futile a proposition as a cancelled postage stamp. "Wang," however, as seen at the Lyric Theatre, appears to have some of the qualities that make the old Gilbert and Sullivan operas so acceptable when capably sung.

De Wolf Hopper's legs, coupled with that good voice of his, still carry the brunt of the performance. Mr. Hopper without his legs would be as a mariner without a compass. He might be able to live without them, but he would not accomplish very much. There are those who claim that they never have nor will they ever be able to understand why other misguided beings think De Wolf Hopper is funny. A good percentage of these people, however, go back each year and hear Mr. Hopper after having paid their excellent money at the box office. Consistency, being a jewel, is not as plentiful as rhinestones. Hence, Mr. "Wang" is doing a good business at the Lyric, and fools who come to scoff, stay to grin.

Madge Lessing has not been entirely spoiled by London, though she has a few mannerisms which were foreign to her in those days when she was the winsome and altogether charming star in the Twenty-third Street Temple of the Muses. Miss Lessing's wee sma' voice sounds tired.

What a remarkable transformation in pretty Nella Bergen. When last I had seen Miss Bergen on the stage she was rapidly developing the physical proportions of the Amelia Summerville of "Evangeline" days. But now Miss Bergen is almost as slight as a sylphid and looks at least ten years younger than she did three years ago, and her voice has kept pace with her general improvement. If Miss Bergen would only give her secret to a waiting world I will guarantee that she can corral both the dollars and the heartfelt thanks of every woman in New York who at present is boring her friends with the question "Do you really think I am getting any bigger?"

THE LATE FRANK W. SANGER AS I KNEW HIM.

WITH the passing of Frank W. Sanger American theatricals have lost a really strong figure. I had known Mr. Sanger for a good many years, and he was as fine a type of American as one could meet in any walk of life. He was firm and definite in his purpose, thoroughly to be relied upon at any time, and

one of those men who have lent dignity to the American stage. He was kindly in speech and action, and while somewhat reserved in manner was charming to meet.

And many a man and woman in the profession, dropped a tear when big Frank W. Sanger departed his life, for they had reason to know that in a quiet, unostentatious way he had gone down to his pocket many a time for those in distress.

Peace, peace, to his ashes!

INTERESTING AND ODD.

A CURIOUS story was told me the other day regarding a certain famous or, to be exact, infamous physician who has been figuring quite prominently in the papers, and has been declared to be a criminal by twelve of his countrymen. When this man, who got into trouble on a most serious charge, was found guilty, the manager of a certain big musical organization, with a pretty and clever woman as a star, announced that he might have to close the tour, and it was then learned by many for the first time that the doctor was the angel in the case. He had invested \$50,000 and was said to be ready to spend \$50,000 more, when criminal proceedings were brought against him and he had his own troubles to look after. About a half dozen well-known singers and a chorus of about fifty are anxiously awaiting the outcome of this curious condition.

IRVING AND TERRY.

SIR HENRY IRVING, after a most successful tour of the United States, has returned to England safe and sound, and in the best of health and spirits. American playgoers were more enthusiastic than ever over the actor's startling performance of *Mathias* in "The Bells," and their love of the historical in the literature of romance meant splendid houses for the old success, "Louis XI." But if they enjoyed one thing better than another, perhaps that one thing was Irving's beautiful bit of character work in Sir Conan Doyle's strong little play, "A Story of Waterloo." Their appreciation of his performance of *Corporal Brewster*, the wheezy and fast-fading relic of the Duke of Wellington's forces, amounted almost to a demonstration, and it was over this that William Winter grew so generous with encomium as to declare, in effect, that the stage had never seen, and would never be likely to see, a greater actor than Henry Irving. A specially happy scheme in connection with Sir Henry's return to England is his arrangement, so far at it has at present gone, for the repair of the broken stage-partnership between himself and Miss Ellen Terry.

Not Art alone, but Commerce, too, has paid its tributes in America to the genius of Henry Irving. In the window of one of the New York hosiery stores, establishments which are noted for the eccentricity of their display-cards, there appeared the following statement during the time that Sir Henry's *Mathias* was being talked about: "TWO GREAT ATTRACTIONS! IRVING'S BELLS AND OUR BOWS!" Again, in a hat store not far from the theatre where Sir Henry was announced to appear in a day or two, was the legend: "OF COURSE YOU'LL SEE IRVING! BUT HAVE A LOOK AT THESE FIRST!" The actor's appearance in New York Society in a dress coat with sleeves tightly buttoned round the wrist proved a matter of considerable interest to younger sons, who carried off the idea to their

tailors, and had coats made on the same pattern. But they forgot that Sir Henry wears unstarched cuffs to his shirts, and there are rumors of terrible struggles in the trying-on compartments of the swell tailors, where board-like cuffs were forced down into sleeves that held them like handcuffs. and were a great vexation to the unlearned in Houdinism.

WILSON BARRETT'S LATEST PLAY.

LONDON.

THE romantic suggestion of the title of Mr. Wilson Barrett's latest dramatic work, "The Never-Never Land," finds no echo in the play itself. It is simply and frankly a melodrama, full of the virility of character and fiber one naturally looks for in a work from the practised pen of the author, but also, it must be confessed, lacking in novelty as regards the theme, and somewhat unpleasant in conception.

That Mr. Barrett's source of inspiration was the history of the "nobleman languishing in Dartmoor"—as it was also Mr. Jerome's in "Woodbarrow Farm"—there can be no doubt. Take as your central idea the notion that the claimant, although an arrant impostor, was actuated by motives of friendliness and benevolence, and you have the prime motive of "The Never-Never Land." The first sign of weakness in the play is that the audience fail to agree with the view of the dramatist in regard to his hero.

All this will, however, be best understood by giving a brief *resume* of the plot. The scene opens at Wooloogongla Gully, New South Wales. *Jack Landale*, an aristocratic ne'er-do-well, is working a mining claim with his friend, *Jack Mowbray*. *Landale* has married a coarse creature named *Sal Becker*, who is, however, already married to one *Nat Rudder*. *Landale* dying, is full of a desire that his relatives in England should not know what a wretched useless existence he has led, and to cheat them into a better opinion of him he conceives surely the strangest plan that was ever hit on. He had received a letter from his mother saying she was in failing health, and begging him to return, and he implores his friend to impersonate him. *Mowbray* reluctantly consents, and returns to *Landale Abbey*, England. Here he receives the most affectionate greeting from his supposed mother, and *Sybil*, his supposed sister.

From this moment the dramatist, in so far as he leaves the limits of sheer melodrama, undertakes the hazardous exercise of skating over thin ice; and it cannot be said that he very dexterously or successfully accomplishes his task. The imbroglia which he has evidently led up to as the main feature of the work commences with *Mowbray's* appearance as *Landale* at *Landale Abbey*; for it is soon evident that *Sybil* and he have fallen in love at first sight. It is in the handling of this exceedingly dangerous theme that the dramatist exhibits more daring than skill. It is a subject which only the very highest genius could handle, and even then I feel sure that it is not a fit subject for dramatic treatment. The dawning and realization of their passion between the supposed brother and sister constitute a theme that only a Shelley could deal with; and while Mr. Barrett might urge that *Mowbray* passed through the ordeal unscathed, being conscious of their lack of relationship, the same plea cannot extend to *Sybil*, who reciprocated the transports of love lavished on her by the man she believed to be her brother. Such dramatic action is, to say the least, shuddery; and all the ingenuity which Mr. Barrett employs in unravelling the tangle cannot dissipate the unpleasant impression of the earlier incidents. If it were really worth the while of the talented author to employ his pen on such a theme at all, it is quite certain that he should have conducted his action—at whatever loss to the dramatic force



HELENA FREDERICKS, ONE OF THE STRIKING FIGURES IN "THE TENDERFOOT," AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE.

of his conception—so that no indication of love, or none which led to any reciprocal manifestation, should be made until it was made quite clear to both that there was no tie of blood between them.

The melodramatic machinery to amplify the above theme is fairly evident. *Sal Becker* and her rascally husband, of course, appear on the scene with blackmailing intent; she as naturally claims to be *Landale's* wife. Equally, of course, they have in their train some rascally associates to help in their nefarious designs; and equally, of course, the *deus ex machina* who exposes *Sal* as a bigamist and leaves the way clear for *Mow-*

bray, revealed in his true person, to propose and be accepted by *Sybil*, so that the final curtain might descend to the promise of imminent wedding-bells.

The honors in acting went to Mr. Austin Melford as the villainous and humorous *Nat Rudder*. Very clever also were Miss Phyllis Relph as *Sybil*, and Miss Haidée Wright as *Smudgee*, the "god out of the machine" to whom I have alluded. Mr. Albert Ward, as *Mowbray*, was also very successful; and with the clever efforts of Mr. Frederick Annesley, as *Landale*, in the opening scene, roused the audience to cheers.—*The Free Lance*

AN INTIMATE INTERVIEW WITH ANNIE IRISH-DODSON.

By ADELAIDE LOUISE SAMSON.

ONE must not ignore the Dodson in approaching Annie Irish, for not only does it represent a husband, to whom Annie Irish pays homage as to her liege and lord in the good old-fashioned way, but ever since it was hyphenated to its maiden prefix, it has become an important factor in the career of its owner. One surmises at once that even the big comfortable drawing-room—a home room—has been made to yield to the sway of Dodson. It is a shrine, subdued, solid and serious, charted to comfort of a man—not of an ordinary man, but of a man attuned to temperament and art. There were fine engravings, mahogany settings, books, but a noticeable absence of frivolities, and, wonder of wonders, no piano—such as Annie Irish might have pined for in single blessedness.

How it came about is hard to tell, but the beautiful 'cello voice is explaining confidentially with a rhythm that sounds like a bit of Shakespeare grafted on to every-day life.

"I am a trifle old-fashioned, I fear," Mrs. Dodson was saying, "but after I married I felt that it was my duty to become acquainted with my husband, to pass the beginning of our married life together. Later on it is different. There were ties and memories of those first years that bind, but one must start out together—so I made a sort of break in my career by refusing to leave New York when my husband was acting here and refusing to remain in New York when my husband was on the road. In this city, curious to relate, audiences seem to lose interest in a play if acted by a married couple. Indeed, it is not advisable to let it be known that members of the cast are husband and wife. In England it is different. There is more personal loyalty in the public and less personal curiosity. The distinction is subtle, and yet most defined. Artists who have lost their youth are accepted in England because of this loyalty."

"And our firmament of dramatic stars—do you approve of ready-made stars?"

Miss Irish laughed. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," she quoted. "The appellation of 'star' has no significance save through the work of the artist. Whatever brings forward good work that would otherwise be hidden under a bushel, is a worthy method. But the true dramatic star must shine undimmed and radiant through an atmosphere as black and thick as a London fog. The successful rôle doesn't make a successful artist, although the very heavens applaud. I have watched the rise and setting of many a star—the real and the paste—and in the long run it is the real star who wins the day or rather night—since we are dealing in stars. The true laurels have been won by those who have served a youthful apprenticeship—the best work, recognized as such, is being done by the workers. The audience passes the final verdict, not the playbills and the big headings. Why, there are certain actors and actresses, I mean right here in New York, who move me to go to the box-office and buy a seat! No, they are not stars—but they are artists."

The conversation drifted to the all-star cast of "The Two Orphans." Mrs. Dodson's rose-tinted cheeks flushed with enthusiasm and her big earnest eyes glowed.

"It is a delightful experience—unique, I may say, and a wonderful success. I never happened to see the play, so as a melodrama alone it was interesting and my rôle, that of the *Countess de Linieres*, is in a way a creation. The traditions of the play have always presented the mother of *Louise* as an old woman, although as a matter of fact *Louise* is only sixteen and her mother relates that she was married at that same age. For the first time in the history of the famous melodrama, the *Countess* appears as she was created by the author. My rôle, therefore, had an added interest for me, as it had no precedent. It is glorious," continued Miss Irish, "to come in touch with the distinguished mem-

bers of our cast. Every night, Clara Morris grips me with a thrill—that marvelous woman, who with a gesture can send out sparks from the divine flame. Clara Morris is a genius and unique even among the great!"

"Your favorite plays, Miss Irish?" By this time the Dodson had eluded my memory.

"Period plays," was the answer, "and the greatest of all period plays—Shakespearean. I served my apprenticeship in the Irving-Terry company, and I have been hankering for Shakespeare rôles ever since. I don't know as to whether we shall ever here in New York reach the standard of a playhouse devoted to the classics, but I am positive that every good play leads to a keener and fuller appreciation of the great Shakespeare rôles, which appeal to the intellect as well as to the heart. They have to be understood equally by the understanding and the emotional nature. It is the ideal combination."

"Your favorite rôle?"

Miss Irish smiled. "I never played my favorite rôle, although I played a favorite rôle while longing for a chance at the other. I refer to 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' in which I was the poor creature caught in the snare of drink. You know that I am English and am familiar with that part of the country where Hardy placed the scene of his story, so I knew and loved the type of the English peasant girl who yearns for something beyond her, whose voice she hears through the streams and the murmuring of leaves as she goes about her work."

Miss Irish rose and threw out her arms with a big generous gesture. As she stood in the sunlight, she unconsciously took on the character that possessed her for the moment, that of the unfortunate and beautiful *Tess*, and as I bade her good-bye, I could not but hope that a kind opportunity would favor her longings—Annie Irish as *Tess*—Annie Irish in Shakespeare—would be a sort of dramatic millenium.

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27 East 21st Street, NEW YORK

WHAT NEW YORK'S SMART SET IS DISCUSSING.



HOW ONE PRETTY GIRL OF SOCIETY [KEEPS A TRIM FIGURE AND CLEAR EYE.

THE fact of the engagement of Santos-Dumont to Lurline, the pretty daughter of Claus Spreckles seems to gain strength with age. This will bring consternation to the hearts of many coquettish Parisiennes, who vied with one another in their attentions to the gritty inventor. But the marriage will be a fine thing for young Santos, the Spreckles millions won't come amiss in advancing his white elephant of a flying machine which has not yet performed the wonderful feats expected of it. Santos-Dumont is not really a Parisian, although the French nation claims him, and they have worked hard in his behalf. As a matter of fact, he hails from South America. A word to the wise will not come amiss.

Young Dumont had better mind his manners, and learn a lesson from his confrère Marconi, who was jilted on the eve of his marriage to Miss Josephine Holman, on the plea that he was too absorbed in his work. There is no doubt that Marconi was madly in love, so it is difficult to understand this rather transparent excuse. There are those (but there are always idle but interesting chatterboxes) who say that the young lady was "on with the new, before she was off with the old." Her subsequent marriage to a young Hungarian gave a touch of truth to this gossip. At all events, if Santos-Dumont's love affair terminates in a marriage, Miss Lurline can console herself with the knowledge that while absorption is not an admirable trait in a lover, it has its decided advantages in a husband.

MRS. THEODORE SUTRO, when she is not attending musicales or advancing the interests of her worthy husband, is generally approving or disapproving of something. At the present moment she is discussing the pros and cons of the automobile, and, in her ingenuous fashion, bursts upon us with the startling information that any exercise taken in the open air is advantageous, and tends to mental, as well as to physical health. Really, so important a fact should be put on record. The modest little wife who discovered radium sinks into insignificance, and, with the clever woman who was elected as one of the public astronomers in Paris, may be forgotten, but the silvery cadences of Mrs. Sutro's well-modulated voice will ring clear and strenuous down the centuries' telling us what Adam and Eve knew when they rambled through the Garden of Eden. I am always glad to hear from Mrs. Sutro.

DURING the past season in London, I note that umbrage was taken by the English smartees at the "chilth" with which they were treated by the American women of title who have rigorously excluded them from their entertainments. It began with the fancy dress ball given by the Marlboroughs to the Duchess of Roxburghe (née Goelet). Again, in the Mediterranean cruise taken by the Roxburghes on their palatial yacht *Nahina*, a large number of Americans were entertained to the exclusion of titled Englishwomen. The Countess of Donoughmore, who was Miss Grace of New York, shows marked partiality to her countrywomen. The Duchess of Portland, another American, always manages to squeeze in a number of her compatriots either at her house-party at Welbeck, where royalty is entertained, or at Invergarry in Scotland, where they go for salmon fishing.

Pauline Astor, poor little expatriated girl, never has had her own way about anything. Her haughty father domineers over her, but, it is well known that she inclines very much to the forbidden fruit, "American Girl." She has never had the luxury of a girl-friend without a title. Miss Astor lives like a royal princess, hedged in by all sorts of conventionalities and by her solemn father, who is on the lookout for an impoverished prince—in the royal English line, mind you. It will then become William Waldorf Astor's proud duty to extricate His Royal Highness from his financial difficulties and present him with his fair, young daughter's hand, plus his American millions. In return, the prince will give her his title, and to his father-in-law the privilege of paying his debts, and restoring his crumbling, dilapidated castles to their pristine glory.

JUDGING from appearances, the Duchess of Marlborough does not entirely approve of her husband's friends. At the recent house-party at Blenheim, she was ostentatiously absent from her post. The rather transparent excuse of ill health, necessitating a trip to the south of France, only accentuated the fact that she had meted out her disapproval to her refractory spouse. As soon as Consuelo scents trouble at home, she and Papa Vanderbilt become great pals, so whatever may be doubtful in the sympathy on her mother's part, it is apparent that her father sides with her, and intends to keep his eye on the millions that he so generously

gave his Duchess daughter on her wedding day. The political ambition of the Duke of Marlborough is all very well and commendable, but when it draws a circle of undesirable acquaintances around so "touch me not" a character as Her Royal Highness, we cannot blame Papa Vanderbilt for thinking it high time to give his daughter the advantage of his presence and personality.

SOCIETY is doing itself proud in helping Mrs. Henry C. Corbin to help herself, for she is making great strides up the social ladder. Her name is appearing on very select lists. One could almost be base enough to imagine she is buying her way with the Patten millions, so quickly do the results succeed her efforts. Mrs. Corbin is a frank and charming little woman. She also makes a great point of being very proud of her father, whose powers of accumulating his millions she knows was due wholly to his brilliancy. Thanks to her doting mother, Mrs. Corbin is brilliantly educated, and can be an ornament in any society. There are still three unmarried sisters, each with a million dollar bank account.

MRS. STUYVESANT FISH and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, have decided to make up and be friends once more. They have these little spats periodically and just when we are awaiting some interesting development, they kiss and are chummier than ever. Newport would be a waste, indeed, without the possibilities of what these two erratic women will spring on the appreciative public. Drinking champagne at all sorts of unconventional hours, giving unconventional balls and dinners, and introducing vaudeville in the drawing-room, are some of the pleasant results of the scheming-out of this happy combination. Mrs. Oelrichs has lost caste, somewhat, in her own set since the late Fair will controversy, which was only one of many, and she cannot afford to quarrel with a person whose social position is as assured as that of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. There is no doubt that Mrs. Fish's affection for the vivacious Californian is pronounced and genuine.

BY the way, why should young Englishmen of title take the trouble to come to America for millionaire heiresses to replenish their coffers when the very best material in that line is to be found in the London drawing-rooms? THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS.

NEWS NOTES OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.



Photograph by White, New York.

MISS AMBER LAWLORD.

The handsome young American who is forming her own company and who will be seen as a star in the first-class houses. Miss Lawlord is that rare exception—a society woman of ability who goes on the stage with serious motives and a liking for hard work.

POPULAR-PRICED theatres are to have many detective plays owing to the success of Kyrle Bellew as *Raffles*. Mrs. Mina S. Gilmore is to star in "A Gentleman Burglar."

Having left the Shubert management, Amelia Stone is going to Europe. She received her musical education in France.

Owing to a contract for ten weeks' appearance in the English music halls, Agnes Mohr was obliged to decline Henry W. Savage's offer to go to London with "The Prince of Pilsen."

Not until he joins the comic opera company to be headed by Mme. Schumann-Heink, will Joseph C. Miron appear on any stage. He is with his family on what he calls his Long Island cabbage patch.

Billy Van has adopted the strangest stage sobriquet yet known. He is billed as "The Assassin of Sorrow."

Marie Dressler announces that she is under contract to produce next season a comic opera by her brother-in-law, Richard Ganthony, who wrote "A Message from Mars."

The gallantry of the Barrymore boys, Lionel and Jack, on the departure of their sister Ethel for Europe was much admired by those who witnessed it.

Trixie Friganza announced gravely to her friends that she would never—never return to this country until she had married an English title.

Having accumulated a large fortune with "A Hot Old Time," John and Emma Ray became tired of a quiet life and are now playing the Keith circuit in "Casey the Fireman."

Rudolph Aronson announces that he will produce "Erminie" in Paris next fall. He will send over an American chorus.

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is being put into dramatic form with some musical interludes by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards.

Sidney Ayres is to head his old company next season in a romantic drama of the plains by J. M. Feigl.

Katie Barry, of "A Chinese Honey-moon," now visiting London, will return to America, join the company in August, and will be starred by the Shuberts the season after.

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LATEST NEWS OF THE BUSY HOTEL WORLD.

By CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM.

HAMMOND OFF FOR EUROPE.

FRED HAMMOND, of the Plaza Hotel, sailed for Europe a week ago with the intention of remaining abroad three or four months. While he is absent the hotel will be in charge of John B. Quinn, who has been brought over from Boston, where he was in charge of the Hotel Essex. Quinn started in the Plaza as a clerk, later he was made manager, but some time ago Hammond, who also owns the Essex, in Boston, sent him over to manage that house. Now that Fred Hammond is away, Quinn will be in sole charge of the Plaza, with Arthur D. Hayner in charge of the steward's department.

A few weeks ago Hammond stated to the writer that there was a strong probability that the Plaza would be closed during the summer months, so that the hotel could be overhauled from top to bottom. When Mr. Hammond saw the statement in type his mind must have undergone a complete transformation, as he hastened to deny any such intention about the hotel. It is never wise to waste time and brain tissue arguing over little things. Mr. Hammond must have forgotten having made the statement, and as he sailed away without leaving Quinn any instructions about closing the hotel, it may safely be said that the Plaza will be open during the summer months.

CORRIDOR CHAT.

THE Brighton Beach opens Saturday, June 11th. . . . Humphries will manage the Hotel Kaaterskill, in the Catskills, in place of John G. Ritchie, who was in charge last summer. . . . The Aspinwall, at Lenox, Mass., will have among its office staff this summer Samuel P. Skinner and J. Frank Bruen. . . . The manager of the Westminster is F. W. Hatfield, who has been with A. W. Eager for a long time. . . . A hasty view of the St. Regis, on Fifth avenue, justifies the statement that when completed the hotel will be one of the handsomest hotels in the world.

IT IS NOW THE HOTEL FULMER.

THE Burnett House, at Stroudsburg, Pa., is now known as the Hotel Fulmer, the change having been made by I. D. Crawford, the proprietor, a short time ago. The Fulmer family owns the property, and so pleased was the head of the family at the possibility of the family name being handed down to endless ages through the agency of a hotel title, that he has ordered improvements on the hotel amounting to \$3,000. Crawford, who has had the lease of the hotel for three years, or so, is well-known in New York, being lessee at one time of the Westminster Hotel, a hotel

in which several people, one in particular, have been eager to make money. Previous to coming to New York City, Crawford was manager of the Walton, in Philadelphia. Henry Roeser and Crawford, away back in the dim past, were clerks together in the Pierce Medical Hotel, Buffalo.

THEY GAVE DURANT A "SONG AND DANCE."

NOW that George T. Durant has gotten over his surprise at not being made manager of the Hotel New Amsterdam, his joy is supreme, as it means that he will again be with Clark King at Brighton Beach this summer, in a position to which he is better suited and where he will make more friends than he would at the hotel on Fourth avenue.

It was George Conley, the fish man, who proposed to Edward Coyne, the proprietor of the New Amsterdam, that he engage Durant to take the place of "Lon" Foster, as manager of the hotel. Coyne thought well of the idea and he asked Conley to bring Durant to see him. Durant has been for some time with Sweeney at the Victoria, and hearing that Coyne wanted to sell his hotel, he was chary about engaging to go as manager of the New Amsterdam until he was assured that in event of his going as manager he would be protected in case the hotel was sold. At the interview Coyne promised that if he sold his hotel he would pay Durant his salary up to Sept. 15, for by Durant's going to the New Amsterdam he would turn his back upon his usual employment at the Brighton. Upon these conditions Durant engaged to go to the New Amsterdam, to begin the last day of March. The reason he did not begin on April 1st was because it fell upon a Friday. Durant went to Albany and tendered his resignation of his position at the Brighton to King, the lessee of the hotel. King did not like the idea of losing Durant, but as the new position was a promotion, he gave in.

When Durant got back to New York he was told that Coyne had telephoned to the Victoria asking if Durant was in town. Durant at once went over to the New Amsterdam and was told by Coyne that the hotel had been sold and that the position of manager would not be filled. Coyne even went so far as to state who had bought the hotel and

also the fact that possession would be taken on May 1st.

There was nothing for Durant to do but take up his hat and return to the Victoria.

The New Amsterdam has not been sold—Coyne says he thinks of selling—Durant is going back to the Brighton, and the flowers and letters of congratulation sent to Durant by his friends when they heard of his going to the New Amsterdam have been for naught. When next the proprietor of the Hotel New Amsterdam thinks of engaging a manager, and desires to withdraw from the arrangement, he will have to coin a new reason for wanting to do so.

A NEW HOTEL AT THE FALLS.

AT last the unsightly structure that stares at one from the Canadian side of the ravine at Niagara Falls is to be destroyed and a fine hotel is to take its place. The unsightly affair is the ruins of the Clifton Hotel, conducted for an untold number of years by George M. Colburn. Colburn made a fortune at the Clifton—they used to say that the only people that made money at the Falls were the hackmen and Colburn. With him in charge of the office was W. L. Omrod. One day during the season, some four or five years ago, Colburn "took a day off" and paid a visit to L. U. Maltby, of the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, at Mr. Maltby's country place outside of the

City of Brotherly Love. Just as they had finished dinner, Colburn was handed a telegram from Omrod saying that the Clifton had been destroyed by fire. Away back to the Falls rushed Colburn only to see the smouldering ruins of the Hotel Clifton.

Since then the place has remained as the fire left it, an ugly sight and a blot upon the face of Nature, for if Nature ever showed her power and majesty it is at Niagara Falls. But at last a lot of Canadian capitalists, with headquarters at Toronto, with William B. Rankine at their head, have started to rebuild the place and plans for the building are to be competed for in a short while. Though the Falls are still there they have had their day as a commercial attraction. People come from all over the world to view them. When they have looked upon the Falls they return to Buffalo, and for that reason in recent years the hotels at the Falls have done only a fair business.

BRESLIN AND HIS FRIENDS.

ALL talk about Breslin having lost his hold on the public is absolute rot. One hears from time to time gossip about the passing of Breslin, and others, whom the gossips call the "old school," and that when James H. Breslin gave up the Gilsey House, he bade farewell as a Boniface to the public.

One has only to sit in the main hall (Continued on page 18)

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LATEST NEWS OF THE BUSY HOTEL WORLD.

(Continued from page 17.)

of the Hotel Wolcott any afternoon or evening and watch the people that pass in and out in order to see what a hold "Uncle Jim" has upon the public. It looks like the old Gilsey days, before the time of the Waldorf-Astoria or the Holland House, and when the Gilsey and Breslin were two words that visitors to New York always heard when in search of hotel accommodations.

It is bosh to talk about the passing of Breslin. His position in the hotel life of the metropolis is as strong as ever and his methods a standard for younger men to copy.

THE EXPANSIVE BOB.

ROBERT P. MURPHY—his friends call him "Bob"—is spending a lot of money in the Hotel Regent, in Washington. The Regent is across from the Treasury and the White House and though it may not increase the Regent's income, it shows in what a dignified section of the National Capital the hotel is located.

Murphy is about to spend \$50,000 in improving the house and also in building an annex. In doing so he realizes, as many other people do, that Washington in the last ten years has become a first-class hotel town, and from being a place in which the money is only made during the legislative time, it has grown to be a city in which hotel investments are profitable at all times—there is, of course, a brief dull spell in midsummer

—on account of the vast and increasing tourist trade. The Regent is well-located for sightseers and Murphy is an able man, his smile, in particular, being one that won't come off. With him as assistants in Washington are Robert Fatts as manager and Daniel O'Brien, chief clerk.

THE NEW JEFFERSON, IN ST. LOUIS.

LYMAN T. HAY is hard at work getting ready for the Fair, and the opening of his new hotel in St. Louis—the Jefferson. Hay has long been identified with the hotel business at Hot Springs, Ark., where he has made a fortune. Why he should want to tempt the old Dame by embarking in an exposition hotel is mystifying. Of all risky business ventures that of an exposition hotel is the riskiest. The history of fairs and exhibitions proves that. The new Jefferson is to be a marvel in architecture and in decoration. There is not a hotel in the city that will compare with it.

CONTINUED CHANGES AT THE GILSEY.

KEEN and Lancaster are still busy altering the interior of the Gilsey. The latest plan is to change the second floor—the floor over the office—into a palatial dining room, something after the style of the Café Martin. E. O. Roessle, the former proprietor of the Gilsey, with his family, is living in Tarrytown and not assisting his father in the conduct of the Arlington, Washington, as has been stated in some of the hotel papers.

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HERALD SQUARE THEATRE, B'way & 35th St. 8:10 sharp. Mat. Sat. 2:10.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

Chas. Frohman and Geo. Edwardes present the farcical comedy, with music,

THE GIRL FROM KAY'S

with enormous cast, including SAM BERNARD.

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Ev'gs punctually at 8. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

David Belasco presents, by arrangement with Maurice Campbell,

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

in the new play,

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Lyrics by William Jerome.

Music by Jean Schwartz.

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Charles Frohman presents Augustus Thomas's Best Comedy,

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Monday, May 2d, JULIA MARLOWE.

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OF POLICHINELLE

With W. H. THOMPSON.

BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st St. & B'way.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.

Jacob Litt, Proprietor.

Henry W. Savage offers

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

in the new Comic Opera

THE YANKEE CONSUL

CRITERION THEATRE, B'way & 44th St.
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Charles Frohman, Mgr.

Charles Frohman presents

WILLIAM COLLIER

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THE DICTATOR

GARRICK THEATRE, 35th St. & B'way.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.

Charles Frohman, Mgr.

ELEANOR ROBSON

in Israel Zangwill's Four-Act Play,

MERELY MARY ANN.

HUDSON THEATRE, 44th St. near B'way.
Ev'gs 8:30. Matinee Saturday 2:15.

Henry B. Harris, Mgr.

Charles Frohman presents

HENRY MILLER,

MARGARET ANGLIN

IN **CAMILLE**

WALLACK'S, B'way & 30th St. Ev'gs 8:15
Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.

George Ade's Quaint Comedy

The County Chairman.

NEW AMSTERDAM, 42d St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.

Klaw & Erlanger, Mgrs.

THE TWO ORPHANS

With the following ALL STAR CAST:
Kyrle Bellew, James O'Neill, Charles Warner,
E. M. Holland, Jamison Lee Finney, Frederick Perry, Grace George, Margaret Illington, Clara Morris, Annie Irish, Elita Proctor Otis, Clara Blandick.

SAVOY THEATRE, 34th St. and Broadway.
Evenings 8:15. Matinees Wed. and Sat.

Charles Frohman, Mgr.

ELIZABETH TYREE

in a New Comedy from the French,

TIT FOR TAT

By Leo Ditrichstein.

KINDNESS!

A dentist was saved from drowning by a laborer, and from the depths of his grateful heart exclaimed:—

"Noble, brave, gallant man, how shall I reward you? Only come to my house, and I will cheerfully pull out every tooth you have in your head, and not charge you a penny."

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From a Pen-and-Ink Drawing by Farnum.

"I WONDER WHOSE FINGER IT WILL FIT BEST."

MISS DEMOCRACY'S LEAP YEAR DILEMMA.

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FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MASON & HAMLIN CO.



EDWARD P. MASON, PRESIDENT OF THE MASON & HAMLIN CO.



HENRY L. MASON, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE MASON & HAMLIN CO.

IN April, 1854, was formed the now celebrated firm of Mason & Hamlin, pioneers in the manufacture of organs in this country. In April, 1904, therefore, occurs the Mason & Hamlin Half Centenary. The founders of the house were Henry Mason, whose father, Dr. Lowell Mason, was one of the earliest educators in music in America, and Emmons Hamlin, whose remarkable mechanical ability has

done so much for the music trades in this country.

The celebrated Liszt organ is the output of the Mason & Hamlin Company, which of late years has also put a high-class piano on the market. Such musicians as Franz Liszt, Emil Paur, Arthur Sullivan, Arthur Nikisch and Charles Gounod have praised the Liszt, while the Mason & Hamlin piano is associated with

such great names as Moritz Moszkowski, Mme. Szumowska-Adamowska, Heinrich Gebhard and Arthur Whiting, all of whom have performed publicly on this instrument.

The present heads of the firm are President Edward P. Mason and Vice-President Henry L. Mason, who are closely associated with its progress and whose names are familiar in musical circles throughout the North American continent.

JEROME SIEGEL, TYPICAL YOUNG NEW YORKER.

THERE is no young man among the prominent merchants of the State at the present time who is regarded as likely to attain leadership more than Jerome Siegel, who was identified with the last most successful campaign in this city. Not in years has there been a man who became popular personally so quickly as he has done. And Mr. Siegel began at the bottom, and did not aspire to press himself unduly. It must be borne in mind that the young capitalist is not yet twenty-six years old; yet as one of the old-time leaders expressed it, "He took to politics as a duck takes to water."

If Mr. Siegel were like most young men of wealth, he would hardly subject himself to the inconveniences and sacrifices which any man in politics must experience; yet he did not hesitate to do his share of the hard work. His effort attracted the attention of such men as Leader Charles Murphy, and when the honors were given out by Mayor McClellan, the young merchant was asked to accept the position of Civil Service Commissioner. Of course, the new Commissioner



JEROME SIEGEL, NEW YORKER.

did not seek profit in politics; and the position offered him was of the highest character and required a man of education and brains. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt and men of his stamp had served in the office, and it is prized upon social grounds alone.

Shortly after he had taken office, about a hundred of the best-known public men tendered him a dinner, and it was at once seen that he had secured a hold upon the friendship of men of standing in the party.

Those who have met Mr. Siegel, readily understand why he is so well liked. He is a fine type of the college man who has brains, and who is determined to take his proper place in civic usefulness. If more of such men followed the same course, there would be little ground for complaint by taxpayers.

The man who succeeds in political leadership must be more or less of a hail-fellow-well-met; he must be easy of approach; must have natural good humor, and be a good judge of character. These qualities Mr. Siegel possesses in a rare degree. There are men of wealth, ambitious enough, but they are lacking in these essences. Mr. Siegel's ownership of them will advance him to the front rank as a party leader.

WHAT NEW YORK'S SMART SET IS DISCUSSING.

THERE is one little American girl who married an English title and is having things pretty much her own way in England. Her little ladyship was a Miss Hamilton from Napa, California, but is now the wife of Sir Sidney Waterlow. From the moment Lady Waterlow set foot on English soil, she was a great favorite. She is not beautiful, but she has a most dazzling smile and is possessed of the quaintest humor. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyle, a conservative, haughty aristocrat, is actually chummy with her, and is constantly paying flying visits to Cannes, where the Waterlows have a beautiful villa, instead of remaining at home and doing her share in laying cornerstones and all the other disagreeable things English royalty must do. When the Duchess is at Cannes, she drops royalty lies in a hammock, smoking innumerable cigarettes, while she chuckles over Lady Waterlow's imitations of celebrities. This is certainly an improvement on attending church festivals, charity lawn parties and even to having curtsies bobbed you from morning until night by an admiring tenantry.

IT is not rumored—it is a fact—that William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has decided to kill in cold blood the automobile bee that has been buzzing for so long in his bonnet. A wise decision, too, for find a man's fad and you discover his weakest point. Willie K., Jr., has proved himself an admirable chauffeur and, perhaps, less admirable in his other relations of life. He has been wedded, so to speak, to his sport. His devoted little wife, in order to be with her husband, has been obliged to flit here, there and everywhere in the wake of the buzzing bee. John Jacob Astor may follow Willie K.'s example and devote a little less attention to his yacht. Mrs. Astor, in her gentle way, has a spirit of her own, and has finally determined to spend the summer on dry land. Harry Payne Whitney refuses to harbor any sort of a buzzing bee. He has already freed himself from one at least of his late father's publication fads. And there is no doubt that it is only a question of time before he is completely emancipated. His wife is a true Vanderbilt. She likes success, but she thoroughly dislikes undue enthusiasm. Alfred Vanderbilt, by the way, is a brother after her own heart. He leads the coaching parties of the "Smart Set," handles the reins most deftly, but it is said that he never loses his marvellous *sang froid* and has often been heard to declare that coaching is his pastime, not his master. Young Mrs. Willie K. has tried to induce her husband to forego his passion for the racing auto, but it was only when his own nervous condition sounded a note of warning that he consented to kill the bee.

UNEASY lies the head that wears a ducal coronet! Robert Goellet has just cleared himself in a fine manly way of flirting with young women out of his set, in consequence of which he is free to marry the eminently charming and aristocratic maiden of his own, his haughty mother's choice and sister May's choice. Of course, this cheerful news was cabled at once to Floors Castle, and now we hear that poor little Duchess May has to flee the castle and her pretty boudoir because of a commonplace, vulgar smallpox scare! She might just as well have remained in New York, where such things don't happen on Madison avenue. But there is some consolation in the episode. One can almost understand why our girls insist upon a title at any cost. No sooner does Duchess May

become aware that smallpox has invaded the precincts of her lordly acres, than she packs up the family jewels, including the ducal coronet, and shelters herself in the neighborhood of her dear titled mamma-in-law. Broxmouth Park, Dunbar, has a delicious aroma of aristocracy pervading its combination. It might possibly be merely an ordinary wayside station, like Tottenville, S. I., but it suggests an estate and a manorial hall, with a Dowager Duchess doing the honors. Lucky May Goellet-Roxburgh, even if Floors Castle is being fumigated with sulphur candles, and the priceless tapestries reek of disinfectants for the next royal house-party.



MISS CYNTHIA ROCHE, ONE OF THE PRETTIEST AND MOST POPULAR GIRLS IN NEW YORK'S SMART SET, AND AN EXPERT EQUESTRIENNE.

MISS PAULINE ASTOR is arriving at the age of indiscretion; that is to say, unlike the usual English girl who is shy and timid until she is a matron, she is beginning to express her opinions on all subjects pertinent and impertinent. Like her father, the Englishman by choice, she is inclined to hauteur and superciliousness, especially as regards things and individuals American. For instance, this young lady has vouchsafed the valuable information that there are only four girls in the New York set who are in any way worth consideration as alliances for the men of title in her set by adoption. As a matter of fact Englishmen of title and encumbered acres are swayed by other considerations than Miss Astor's opinion. As long as these young men inherit debts, as well as coronets, there will be no lack of possible girls on the millionaire side of the pond. Pauline Astor, by the way, is looked upon in her adopted country as an English girl of no special family. Dukes and baronets cross the ocean to woo and win the Yankee heiress, but poor Pauline

is left alone and unnoticed. She is an heiress, but alas, she is not an American. However, she has opinions that are amusing if not valuable.

THE belles of the Smart Set have received quite a shock in the announcement of the engagement of young Winston Churchill to Lady Marjorie Gordon, the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. There is no doubt that while he was here in America, he paid assiduous attention to our eligible heiresses, and several times his name was connected matrimonially with the very best of our *nouveau riches*, who were not averse to exchanging their fortunes for high family connections, and a husband with literary aspirations. These attentions might have meant a great deal, but as the sequel shows, they meant nothing at all. However, with the fashionable fad of announcing an engagement one day, to deny it the next, we have learned not to take these matters *au sérieux*.

Young Churchill depends for his livelihood upon his lecturing tours, his writings, and a small allowance given him by his cousin, the Duke of Marlborough. It appears that there is some talk of this allowance being withdrawn if the young man should join the Liberal party to which the Aberdeens belong. As Lady Marjorie has no fortune of her own, young Churchill, it seems, must renounce his liberal tendencies or his allowance. Heavy English appetites cannot really live upon cheese and kisses, so the dear things are between the horns of a dilemma. Of course, there is no question of starvation, but it is not pleasant to be obliged to toady to one's cousin, even if that cousin be a Duke.

THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS.

CHARLES GRAEF & CO. PURCHASE "SAMPSON."

ONE of the notable purchases during the Horse Fair at the Madison Square Garden was that of "Sampson" by Charles Graef & Company, agents for Pommery champagne. "Sampson" stands nineteen hands high and weighs 2,500 pounds and was the largest horse on exhibition at the Garden. Indeed, this horse is probably the largest in existence.

"Sampson" was the feature of the Horse Fair. He was admired by thousands of visitors to Madison Square Garden, and was a remarkable contrast to some of the ponies on exhibition, particularly "Spider," exhibited by Fiss, Doerr & Carroll, the firm which made the sale of "Sampson" to Charles Graef & Company.

"Sampson" had his picture taken at least one hundred times during the Fair, because every one with a camera wanted to get a snapshot of this remarkable animal.

WISDOM FOR WIVES.

A country vicar was noted for his excellent fatherly advice to young couples he wedded. He had printed cards of advice, which he used to distribute, besides giving guidance verbally. One of the cards was for the man and the other for the woman.

That to the woman ran as follows: "When you marry him, love him. After you marry him, study him. If he is honest, honor him. If he is generous, appreciate him. When he is sad, cheer him. When he is cross, amuse him. When he is talkative, listen to him. When he is quarrelsome, ignore him. If he is slothful, spur him. If he is noble, praise him. If he is confidential, encourage him. If he is secretive, trust him. If he is jealous, cure him. If he cares naught for pleasure, coax him. If he favors society, accompany him. If he does you a favor, thank him. When he deserves it, kiss him. Let him know how well you understand him: but never let him know that you 'manage' him."

PATRICK FARRELLY'S LIFE AND HIGH CHARACTER.

THE passing from life of Patrick Farrelly, vice-president of the American News Co., after a childhood, youth, and manhood of unceasing activity and unswerving integrity, is more potent in widespread influence for good example to this nation of workers than the story of the career of any man who has died within a decade. Bereft of those advantages which most boys possess, Patrick Farrelly cut his way to success, wealth, and honor, with peaceful simplicity, and attained results in the great commercial fabric with only natural ability, a ready wit and rugged sense of common honesty which never wavered.

Mr. Farrelly was not a young man during the later years of his life and the wonderful constitution which enabled him to retain the magnificent control of his great interests until almost the very hour of his taking off, was maintained only by his love of the homely virtues and clean living which he always advocated.

He was surely a very rich man, but the heritage of high moral standard, and the practice of the golden rule, which he observed, is worth more to the sons who survive him, than the material estate which has fallen to them.

There was not a city in the country in which the name of Patrick Farrelly was not known to some person. It was carried with every consignment of daily papers, books and batch of literature, sent by the winged express to every

corner of the earth. He was the head of a great army, which worked on schedule time for the twenty-four hours that the hands went around the clock, and the immense machine, called the American News Company, will be a monument to his enterprise, brains and wise business tact.

There is inspiration for every boy in the pathway which Mr. Farrelly followed through life, from the moment when, as a lad, he sold papers on the trains of the New York Central Railroad; and there are many men to-day who recall his early experience, for they themselves were at the same time carving a way to success in other channels.

While he was supplying the commuters and travelers of those days with literary and other necessities usual with train patrons, young Farrelly gained many friends, because of his natural brightness and courtesy. He was a good listener, it is related, and if he did not have what any customer wanted, it was there for him the next time. Attention to detail was one of his characteristics, his creative ability was quickly recognized by those who have the management of the circulation of newspapers, and at an early date he began dealing on his own account.

He had come here from Ireland at the age of eight with his parents, and received a common school education. Soon he was in keen competition with others in the same line, and he

conceived that by combining they could save much in the handling of goods and avoid cutting rates.

Forty years ago, with Henry Dexter, still living at the age of ninety, S. W. Johnson, and John E. Tousey, also living, and Sinclair Tousey and George Dexter, both dead, he formed the American News Company. They began in a small way in a building on Ann street, and met with prosperity ever after, absorbing other concerns, and extending their great trade.

From the first he was general manager even until his death, when he was also vice-president of the company. He was restless in his energy, and while he spent some time during the past few years at his magnificent estate at Morristown, N. J., he preferred his town home at No. 47 West Sixty-eighth street. It was at the latter place that pneumonia attacked him, only four days before his death.

Generosity was strong in Mr. Farrelly. He aided many editors and owners of newspapers at critical times, and his charity to every kind of institution and philanthropy was proverbial. For many years he was a director in leading financial institutions, and was active in membership of the Lotos, Catholic, and Aldine Clubs. To the Catholic Church, of which he was a devout member, he gave generously.

He was happy when in harness, and died as he had lived, a useful and upright man, typical of all that is best in Americanism.

THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER AS SHE IS.

By "A SOCIETY SNOB."

THE Duke and Duchess of Manchester are soon to have the honor of entertaining their Majesties, King Edward and Queen Alexandra at Kylemore Castle, the Duke's new home in Ireland. This young American Duchess seems, at present, less well-known than many of her compatriots; but she bids fair to become one of the most important hostesses of the twentieth century.

HER MARRIAGE.

She was Miss Helena Zimmerman, daughter of Mr. Eugene Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, in the United States, and became Duchess of Manchester in 1900. Her romantic marriage was one of the first of the series of runaway weddings that startled Society a few years ago. One fine morning she and the young Duke went out for a walk, found their way to Marylebone Church, and were made man and wife. The bride wore a hat, a blouse, and a short-skirted frock. By the way, these practical walking dresses were used by Americans long before the *trotter* gown was invented in Paris, and passed over to reluctant Londoners. A set of sensible society women in New York adopted this workmanlike get-up for weather, and were known by the appropriate name of "rainy daisies." After their marriage, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester traveled, and made several voyages; and the bride's boxes, bicycles, and golf clubs seemed to attract much admiring wonder from the newspaper reporters.

CHILDREN.

The Duchess' first child was a girl—Lady Mary Montagu—and a rather amusing incident occurred in connection with her birth. When the important event was impending, the tenant of Kimbolton Castle (the Duke's English country place) proposed to lend the residence for the occasion, that a possible heir might be born under its ancestral roof. The obliging offer was accepted—and a baby girl promptly appeared on the scene. She was named Mary, in remembrance of her father's beautiful sister, who died

of decline in earliest womanhood. But, in 1902, the arrival of a little Lord Maudeville secured a direct succession to the Manchester dukedom. The baptism of this small personage took place in London; Queen Alexandra was his godmother.

IN SOCIETY.

The Duchess of Manchester is not radiantly beautiful, but has a cheery, charming face, with gray eyes, a good complexion, and fair hair waved back from her forehead. She is fond of outdoor life and country amusements, plays golf, cycles, and is a keen motorist. It seems an open secret that she prefers Ireland to England, and has already endeared herself to her new neighbors, tenants, and dependants. Like most Americans, she is a woman of culture and character, takes an interest in the topics of the hour, and makes a clever, agreeable conversationalist. Before her marriage she traveled a great deal, and is said to know Europe better than America. The Duke and Duchess of Manchester have many homes. Besides Kylemore Castle, they own Tanderagee Castle, also in Ireland; Kimbolton Castle and Brampton Park, in Huntingdonshire; and, when in London, they usually put up in Portman square, at the house of the duke's mother, Consuelo Duchess of Manchester—also an American—and a still beautiful and brilliant woman. The young Duchess has, perhaps, not so many jewels as some of her sister peeresses, but she possesses a noticeably handsome diamond tiara.

COUNTRY CASTLES.

Kylemore Castle is one of the stateliest homes in County Galway. It was built in 1864; is a handsome pile of granite with limestone facings, and has pillars and mantelpieces of green Connemara marble. It was erected by native skill and labor, and constructed almost entirely of Irish materials. The beautiful gardens show a luxuriant vegetation, and the entire place is said to have cost half a million sterling. Kimbolton Castle is a fine mansion, and contains valuable pictures.

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

By CAROLYN LOWREY.

I SAW Mrs. Herman Oelrichs' two noted French poodles recently on Fifth avenue for the first time this year enjoying that plebeian pastime, a walk. As a rule these aristocratic animals refuse to take an airing save in the automobile. Mrs. Oelrichs has engaged a maid to give these dainty brutes their four meals a day, their baths, and to take them to the dentist once a month.

CLEVER Willie Collier has made a decided hit in "The Dictator," and is packing the house. His dry humor seems to fit him like his coat, and is never sacrificed even when enjoyed at his own expense. During his last engagement, suffering from a severe cold, Mr. Collier did not wish to play one evening; his manager becoming desperate, begged him to brace up and use Christian Science.

"How can I use that," said Mr. Collier, "when I have married a Jewess?"

TREASURE your lace sleeves, for their time is short. These sleeves have been a blessing to women with ugly hands, but the smart gowns will soon be made without them, and by next season they will be ancient history. In some ways the passing of this style is not to be regretted, as long sleeves are twin sister to the long skirt in the matter of untidiness for street wear.

MRS. STUYVESANT FISH has always aimed at being original in the entertainment of her guests. Her latest effort is the "Forbidden Fruit," although she claims that there is no "snake" in the mixture. It has a delicious sound, but Mrs. Fish says it is really only a simple beverage a trifle more intoxicating than whisky. Equal parts of old brandy and Florida grape juice, iced, and served by Eve is the receipt.

ISABELLE MAY AND THE METEORIC O'BRIENS.

THE young gallants of Southampton are already mourning over the sad news that Miss Isabelle May has sailed for Paris. Ostensibly, she has gone to spend the summer with her cousin, the Countess Bongon. But, according to the quidnuncs, she intends to investigate the purchasable titles in the different foreign courts. The Mays have become so completely identified with Washington that one almost forgets that they are aught but natives of that city. As a matter of fact they really belong to Baltimore—that is, on the father's side. Miss Isabelle herself was born in San Francisco, and while not exactly a gold-digger's daughter, she is a gold-digger's niece. Her grand-uncle, a forty-niner, was none less than the famous William O'Brien, a bonanza king. When O'Brien, as he was familiarly called by every one, "struck pay dirt," he doffed the miner's red shirt and blue overalls, and gave the most fashionable tailor in San Francisco *carte blanche* to make a gentleman of him. Then he started to spend his money and have a good time generally. But after the novelty had worn off, in the words of the old song, "he pined for home and mother." As he couldn't bring the old home from Ireland, or his mother from the other world, he did the next best thing. He hunted up his kith and kin from North, South, East and West and invited them all to come to California at his expense. Needless to say, they all accepted.

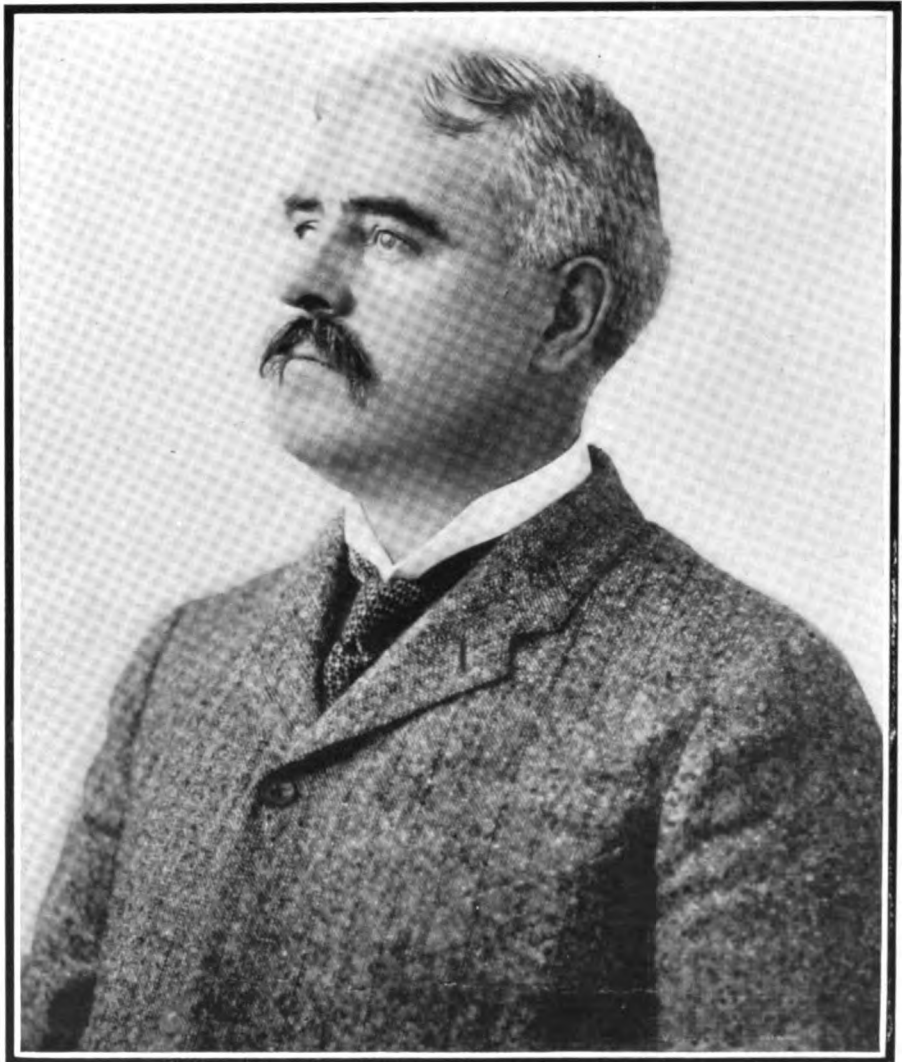
Such a reunion! The city rang with the affectionate greetings. There was Brother O'Brien, his wife and a pretty sprig of a daughter, called Pauline. There was Sister Maria, who had married a Mr. Coleman, of Brooklyn. He was a dealer in coal in a very small way. Report said that business was so light that his two daughters, Cecilia and Isabelle, helped to eke out the family income by taking in a little fine sewing and embroidery. They had a big brother Jim, whom they idolized. Just what he did to help swell the exchequer we have never heard. Then came Sister Agatha with her trio, two boys, Joe and Will, and a beautiful baby girl, Agnes, now Mrs. John Agar. She was married to Joseph Macdonough, who, on his arrival in California, became a wholesale coal dealer. Although the Sharon house, which Mr. O'Brien had bought to shelter his kinsfolk, was one of the largest, as well as the most magnificent in the city, after a few weeks it was found too small for comfort, peace and family harmony. So calling his relatives together, one evening after dinner, he presented his brother and each of his two sisters a cheque for a million dollars apiece. To his nieces and nephews, seven in all, he gave the trifling sum of three hundred thousand dollars apiece. Then giving them all his blessing, he bade them depart for homes of their own.

Sister Maria (Mrs. Coleman) and her family, however, remained in the mansion to keep house for him. To show their appreciation of his kindness his nieces, Cecilia and Isabelle, then in their early thirties, united in embroidering with rare skill a silken strip of dainty rosebuds, which they had elaborately upholstered in a white satin lounging chair. Uncle Bill received

the gift with proper gratitude, gave it the place of honor in the drawing-room, and night after night would sit in a leather chair smoking his clay pipe, and chuckling over his dainty though rather inappropriate gift. A few years later he died, and the Colemans received another large portion of his millions.

About this time, James V., as the son was now called, married Carmelita, the eldest daughter of Dr. Nuttall. They made a most incongruous couple. James V. was short, thickset, with a mop of bristly red hair. In spite of all that wealth and tailors could do for him, he never looked "to the manner born." Miss Nuttall, on the contrary, was tall, graceful and queenly, with the dark hair and eyes of the Spanish senorita. A most touching incident occurred just after the wedding service. As the bride turned, she gave a sweeping look over the churchful of people, then, almost unconsciously, she clasped her two hands over her breast, and bowing her head, remained for a few moments in prayer. A year later, while still a happy bride, she met a most tragical death. In closing a satchel, some lace on the young wife's sleeve caught in the trigger of a loaded pistol. It went off and shot her through the heart. The grief-stricken husband has never recovered from the shock.

Two years later, Harry May, a young Baltimorean, possessing more family than fortune, determined to go West to seek his fortune. He landed in San Francisco and soon had the distinction of being the handsomest man in the city. He was introduced to Miss Isabelle, Mrs. Coleman's second daughter, who immediately fell captive to his charms. She was not particularly handsome, but like her sister Cecilia possessed the magnetism and wit of her Irish ancestry. The young couple after their marriage remained in San Francisco and resided with mamma. Then Isabelle was born and while she was still a baby in arms, her father and mother with the remaining members of the Coleman family, went to Baltimore to visit the Mays. The result was that Dr. Fred, Harry's older brother, married Cecilia, little Isabelle's aunt. The May sisters, née Coleman, have seemed to prefer Washington to either Baltimore or San Francisco. It was in Washington that they arranged for the début of Miss Isabelle. But she now intends to desert it for a long sojourn abroad. She is, however, a very sensible as well as a clever young woman, and there is not the slightest doubt that if she purchases foreign goods at a high price, she will see that they are genuine, and of the best quality.



JAMES E. SULLIVAN, PRESIDENT OF THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, AND THE OFFICIAL HEAD OF THE ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT OF THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

Mr. Sullivan, is one of the best known figures of the American amateur sporting world to-day. He has for years stood for all that is best and highest in athletics, and all friends of clean sport owe him gratitude. Mr. Sullivan is also a notable figure in the metropolitan business world.

BROADWAY WEEKLY

is publishing the most artistic society portraits to be found in America to-day.

BROADWAY WEEKLY

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY Editor

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear later something to your advantage by addressing Broadway Weekly, 27 East 21st Street, New York.

A TRIBUTE.

NEW YORK CITY and the American publishing fraternity have lost a strong figure in the death of Patrick Farrelly, one of the founders of the American News Company. When the reaper closed the eyes of this remarkable man, there passed away one of the sturdiest and finest spirits that ever helped to mould the great destiny of the publishing business on the North American continent.

I had known Mr. Farrelly for many years. I had known him in pleasant weather and in stress of troublous times. His ever was the strong, guiding hand, the clear eye, the commanding intellect and the fatherly spirit that helped to brush away obstacles for the struggling and to give renewed courage and hope.

No publisher in this country ever had a stronger friend than Patrick Farrelly. No one was more often called upon to give advice, and no one gave more freely of what was his to worthy objects. The gentle Sister of Charity, the widow, the strong man in trouble—all knew the bounty and the great, tender heart that beat beneath an exterior sometimes austere; but, when once the outer portal was passed, there was found a man at once gentle and winning.

A self-made man of splendid executive ability, an upright business associate, a loving husband, a kind father and a Christian gentleman—all these were Patrick Farrelly.

Requiescat in pace.

THE EDITOR.

A RENUNCIATION OF BRYAN, THE SUPREMELY SELFISH.

THERE is no man living under a Republican form of government who is above his party. The progress in civilization, and the happiness of this great nation, has been accomplished by successful existence of the two great opposing parties, which contend for the control and administration of our government—Republican and Democratic. All others, save these and such parties from which they have evolved, have been ephemeral, and have died because they were not built upon principles which were vital, and because they were the creations of men, who fought against majority rule, which is the underlying keystone of the Constitution.

The immense majority of the people living under the Stars and Stripes are honest men and women, and while they may not be learned in science or gifted with the art of language, they can call to their aid clear common sense and decide the right from the wrong; distinguish the practical from the theoretical, and select the sane from the fanatic, in those who seek to lead them. During the by-presidential years, William Jennings Bryan had been innocuously harmless, had devoted himself to peaceful occupation, and it must be said in all truth, not without the respect of even his opponents. He bade fair to go down into history with men who had made their mark, and who, finding that a popular wave had condemned their doctrinal asseverations, had retired to some Sabine farm, content with their



FIND THE KNOTS IN THE DEMOCRATIC STRING.

honest efforts to change the course of government. Those who had persisted in their admiration for the man, are now compelled in much sadness to repudiate all sympathy with him for his recent acts.

It would be a bad thing if the rule of any country, or indeed any party, depended upon one man, and it is with great regret that BROADWAY WEEKLY feels it a duty to no longer deny what less conservative mediums have long since urged—that Mr. Bryan is no longer worthy of the consideration due to even a great man who has fallen into error.

Insistence in certain contingencies becomes an insult; and when two great parties denounce the political principles of a leader, his perseverance in a policy of opposition to the popular will approaches anarchy. Surely in this country there are men of learning, who are above yielding to influences of any kind, and there are none who attempt to justify Mr. Bryan in his present programme. None but the unthinking and the unwise are any longer swayed by his words, and he reached the apotheosis of folly when he recently hired a hall in Chicago to rage against those who quite as honestly as Mr. Bryan seek those reforms which confront the political elements within his own party.

No French Revolution is possible in this land. The American people, even in the period of their wrath against the adherents of King George of England, hesitated to resort to the practice of confiscation. The only interpretation of Bryan's rampant denunciation of those who do not agree with him, is that he has become sated with selfishness, and would rather wreck and ruin than see another trusted with the direction of public affairs, either in party or State.

Even were he able to command enough votes to place him in the Presidential chair, he would be utterly unfitted to fill the high office, if his late utterances and conduct may be taken as a guide to his character. Yet a young man, several years of retirement would not have relegated him out of all hope of preferment, and he could have remained a factor for good in the nation. Others have done so, and their names are remembered with gratitude, although they never held office. In any land under the sun, the voluntary attack upon a majority would be regarded as the wail of a disappointed man, and false prophets have been ever summarily dealt with. The American people are very patient, and free speech is the privilege of any citizen who may find an audience. There are already signs that any little influence which Mr. Bryan may have retained, is passing away, and that the people are listening to those tried and trusted men who advocate a policy of sanity and safety for the great Democratic party.

Before the National Natal day, that union which is strength will be a fact, and the party of progress will be found in serried ranks, marshaled shoulder to shoulder, for the great victory which is in sight; and the voice of William Jennings Bryan will be as that of one crying in the wilderness.

GEO. B. CORTELYOU'S EMINENT RECORD IN PUBLIC LIFE.

THERE are many points of resemblance in the public career of Secretary of State John Hay, who is the Premier of President Roosevelt's Cabinet, and that of George Bruce Cortelyou, Secretary of Commerce and Labor in the same administration. And it is to be doubted if American history furnishes the coupling of two more successful individual achievements in the long record of men who have written their names indelibly upon its pages.

Mr. Hay's services to the Republic are familiar to every citizen, and they began sufficiently far back to have a bearing upon discussions of the important events for nearly a quarter of a century. On the other hand, Mr. Cortelyou, while he has not yet reached the zenith of his powers, nor ended the part he is playing in National affairs, has been a participant in even as vital scenes and deeds as those of the distinguished Premier.

And it is not the least of the causes for a natural pride in Mr. Cortelyou that neither party can claim the sole recognition of his ability as a public man, and the remarkably developed gift of tact which has had no inconsiderable influence in his advancement to the high position he now holds, and the favor with which he is looked upon by the people at large. It is a significant and a logical fact that there are few men who are very prominent, who realize the attention which their minutest act incites, and to have stood the test of such criticism is a compliment of which Mr. Cortelyou should be proud. That his own party will in the no distant future find it wise to avail themselves of his advice and the high public esteem in which he is regarded, is as certain as the total of two and two.

There is no better way of judging a public man's power and indispensability than by studying his life record and in Mr. Cortelyou's it will be seen that he builded his life structure with a sagacity and faith at the expense of self-denial, personal pleasure, and immediate wealth. The dry facts show that Mr. Cortelyou by family belongs to the aristocratic settlement of Hempstead, Long Island, but that he was born in New York City at the very moment when Mr. Hay, in 1862, was fulfilling the duties which later fell to the lot of the present and first Secretary of Commerce and Labor. Having studied at private and public schools, he graduated at the Hempstead Institute, and the State Normal School at Westfield, Mass. He received the degree of LL.B. from Georgetown, and that of LL.M. from Columbia University; and on June 10, 1903, the degree of LL.D. from the former University.

About 1883 he was a general law and verbatim reporter in New York, having filled in his spare time studying the art after he had pursued several courses of study and tutored in English literature classes of teachers from the Cambridge High School. It is a tribute to his mentality that he is an ardent lover of classic music, not only theoretically, but practically. He also spent some time as principal of preparatory schools in New York between 1885 and 1889. His rule of life seems to have been: "work, work, work; study, study, study."

Thus equipped, he entered the public service, and since that period has been private secretary to various public officials, among them the Post Office Inspector at the Port of New York, the Surveyor of the Port of New York, and the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General. In November, 1895, he was appointed stenographer to President Cleveland; in February, 1896, promoted to Executive Clerk; July 1, 1898, Assistant Secretary to President McKinley; and on April 13, 1900, Secretary to the President.

President Roosevelt reappointed Mr. Cortelyou Secretary to the President.



GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU, SECRETARY OF COMMERCE AND LABOR.

After the office of the Department of Commerce and Labor was founded on Feb. 16, 1903, Mr. Cortelyou was named as Secretary, and he was confirmed immediately. In his present duties, exactly as during his era of reporting, Mr. Cortelyou has become noted for his absolute devotion to his work, and there is no act of his office with which he is not thoroughly conversant in all its little ramifications.

Those who were responsible for any department of usefulness in which Mr. Cortelyou has served, urged him to continue, but the line of his progress demanded that he mount higher in public service. The sheer force of his character impressed him into further fields of labor.

A year in the Clinic of the New York Hospital, reporting lectures, widened the vision of his range of general knowledge, and like Mr. Hay, he has been peculiarly fortunate in his experience in having daily contact with men of science, polemics, politics, and administrative genius.

The accumulated knowledge of government, and the traditions and theory of diplomacy, as applied to native and foreign policies of the Republic, fit Mr. Cortelyou admirably for almost any office in the gift of the people, and like Mr. Hay, he is one of the few men who can be depended upon in the stress of events to take up the reins which guide the affairs of the country.

Mr. Cortelyou comes by his patriotic and public spirit by inheritance, for his forbears were notable in the band of wonderful men who conceived and founded the Republic. They were Revolutionary heroes in New York, and offered their all upon the altar of the people's liberty.

A line on Mr. Cortelyou's personal democracy may be gained in the easy accessibility which is accorded even the humblest person who has ever had dealings with him. None there are who grudge him the plethora of good fortune and the fame which is now his, and his friends are not alone in predicting his further advancement.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS OF THE WEEK.

By ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY.

ELIZABETH TYREE IN "TIT FOR TAT."

MISS TYREE is a pretty, clear-eyed, soft voiced and gracefully slight woman, whose physical charms far outweigh her dramatic ability. She was a delightfully naive girl in knickerbockers in the days of the sprightly Pinero piece, "The Amazons," at the Lyceum Theatre. Previous to "The Amazons," Miss Tyree had been noted chiefly for the ordinary manner in which she had appeared principally in housemaid and othes unimportant rôles.

Now, Miss Tyree, being a star, must of necessity be placed on a higher plane and be judged accordingly. As a star in the latest Dietrichstein piece, Miss Tyree is pretty, well-gowned and charming in this light comedy rôle. In the stronger scenes, however, where are required power and depth of emotion, Miss Tyree falls far short. She is never for a moment anything except a comedienne, whereas at times she should display strength.

The programme really should read "Leo Dietrichstein in 'Tit for Tat,'" because the adapter is also easily the star of the play. Nothing that Mr. Dietrichstein has done in recent years compares in quality, sentiment or downright brilliancy with his *Andre De Granville*. Without any obvious effort at copying Richard Mansfield, Mr. Dietrichstein reminds one every moment of *Prince Karl* and other Mansfield characters. His voice, in quality and cadence, is remarkably like Mr. Mansfield's, and, in fact, it would be easy to close one's eyes and imagine the lines as coming from the Mansfield lips. Mr. Dietrichstein has been fortunate enough to have gone through the serious, conscientious and tremendously careful training of the German school and this gives him the opportunity of making *De Granville* an unquestioned European.

Joseph Kilgour as *Emile De Favrolle*, the skulking family friend who dines at the husband's board while he makes love to his wife, is Gallic in voice, style and method.

John Blood as *Victor De Frontenac* is another French gentleman who doesn't seem to think that there is anything reprehensible in declaring the wild rush and torrid fervor of his love for his host's wife. Mr. Blood is rarely anything but convincing. His *De Frontenac* may be added to his already long list of fine impersonations.

I have said nothing as yet about the play. This is because the least said, the better. It is one of those French comedies which can only be discussed from an academic standpoint. It is undeniably funny in spots and thus serves its purpose very well, but the average resident of these United States has little patience with the indecent complacence with which the French accept dramatic discussion of the marriage relation. Even with the large, well-sharpened pruning knife wielded by Mr. Dietrichstein, the atmosphere is still turgid and blue with the vaporings of an abnormal imagination. That's the fault of the French original.

There is one remarkable thing about "Tit for Tat." The last act is, in some respects, the best of the three. It is not merely a setting devised for the purpose of pulling together the dramatic odds and ends of the preceding acts. It is interesting, full of life and vigor, most entertaining and has a real significance. The usual anemic closing act pales into insignificance beside the last act of "Tit for Tat."

MISS ROBSON AND MR. ARDEN.

A SECOND view of "Merely Mary Ann" at the Garrick Theatre, gives a more intimate conception of what a really fine literary effort this play is. Miss Robson's performance has materially improved. It is finer and softer in its quieter moments than before; in fact, if Miss Robson had never done anything but *Mary Ann*, she might still be considered an actress of ability and the finest temperament. On the other hand, Mr. Arden's performance of *Lancelot* grows more metallic. Here is an actor who, in certain rôles, is most excellent. As *Lancelot* he is absolutely and entirely out of his depth.

I should like to see Martin Harvey in the part, for that player would give it the proper shading and make *Lancelot* the impractical but charming musician that he is. I once met an Irish janitor with more poetry in his being, more music on his tongue and more of the artistic manner than I found in the *Lancelot* at the Garrick Theatre.



MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER.

Who, as Minnie Ashley, was one of the prettiest women on the American stage. It is rumored that Mrs. Chanler may appear on the stage again in a new production, as a prominent manager has made her a flattering offer.

WHY?

IS it not a strange fact that the more generously the public supports a grand opera prima donna, and the more amazingly large is her income, the more liberties she takes with the public's patience? Who but Calvé would have dared to insult an audience as she did that in the Metro-

politan Opera House, merely because the accompanist offended her in some way? Mme. Calvé is to-day on the topmost rung of grand opera fame. She is rich and every season makes enough money to support herself handsomely for a full decade, and yet there is no woman before the public to-day who is so captious, so unappreciative of her public's loyalty, or who would so quickly disappoint a crowded house. There are a dozen great players on and off the lyric stage who have been before the American public for years, who are on their native soil, who have won fame, recognition and riches through their ability, and who yet never have willingly in their lives disappointed an audience. No wonder, therefore, that they gaze with wondering eyes at the spectacle of a very good *Carmen* refusing to sing because, like a spoiled child, she has been cross with some one for whom the audience cares not a whit. It is exasperating, to say the least.

JULIA MARLOWE AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.

THE return of Miss Marlowe as a participant in New York theatricals is nothing short of a positive treat for metropolitan theatre-goers. Miss Marlowe, easily one of the three foremost American actresses, comes to us with her art ripened and her personality as fresh and charming as ever. There is no player before the footlights to-day who is more deserving of the warm thanks and hearty support of lovers of the legitimate drama. Miss Marlowe has given her public the best that is in her and has stood for the highest ideals and the finest achievements of the American drama. She is so essentially at home in an important house like Charles Frohman's Empire that her reappearance on Broadway took on the nature of an important opening.

It is to be hoped that Miss Marlowe, and all that she stands for in high endeavor and splendid ambition, will in the future be seen oftener and stay longer in New York.

"THE WIZARD OF OZ."

IT is a remarkable fact that the "Wizard of Oz," at the New York Theatre, is doing a business one would expect only from a newly successful production. This piece was one of the banner hits of last season, and yet it came back to New York at a period which pessimists declared was the small end of a bad season. They were refuted, however, by the box-office statement of the "Wizard of Oz" and other pieces that the public really wants to see. *The Scarecrow* and the *Tin Woodman* still remain the two most unique and spectacular character creations of recent seasons.

"PIFF, PAFF, POUF" IMPROVED.

THERE is no doubt that the addition of Thomas C. Seabrooke to the cast of "Piff, Paff, Pouf" strengthens the production in every way. Mr. Seabrooke has an unction and a streak of humor all his own. His art is supple, and he rarely commits the dramatic sin of treating any rôle he plays as if it were quite beneath his notice. Consequently, *August Melon*, "a flirtatious widow of four marriagable daughters," in his hands takes on a new coloring and a new comedy distinction.

LIKE TENNYSON'S BROOK.

MONDAY'S papers:

Weber & Fields have had another quarrel and will separate at the close of the present season.

WEDNESDAY'S papers:

Mr. Lew Fields, when seen yesterday by our reporter, denied that there was any trouble between Mr. Weber and himself. He said they were still the most loving of brothers.

FRIDAY'S papers:

A man who is close to Weber & Fields stated most positively that these two managers had decided to dissolve partnership and never speak to each other again.

SATURDAY'S papers:

Weber & Fields were seen together yesterday quietly drinking a milk punch out of the same glass with their arms around each other's neck. They both stated with great fervor that only death would separate them.

SUNDAY'S papers:

Weber & Fields have separated. Divorce papers will be signed at Lawyer Hummel's office to-morrow. Mr. Weber is to pay Mr. Fields \$40,000 a year alimony and to keep the family flat at Twenty-ninth street and Broadway.

FINIS (Perhaps.)

THE STARRING OF PETER F. DAILEY.

It looks now as if Mr. Dailey, through the management of Klaw & Erlanger, would once again take his place among the stars of real prominence. There is no comedian on the stage to-day who is more popular with the New York theatre-goer than this same Peter F. Dailey. His long stay at the Weber & Fields' Music Hall has served to make him a Broadway fixture. On the other hand, he is well-known on the road and there seems no good reason why he should not make good in "The Billionaire." While in many respects his personality is utterly different from that of the late lamented Jerome Sykes, Mr. Dailey is, nevertheless, the big, slashing, insolently good-natured type required for the title rôle of "The Billionaire."

A BELASCO TRIUMPH.

MAY 12th sees the celebration at the Belasco Theatre of the 175th performance of Henrietta Crosmán in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" at the Belasco Theatre. This certainly would look more or less like a triumph to both Mr. Belasco and Miss Crosmán, because 175th anniversaries have not been any too plentiful this season. Notwithstanding its long run at the Belasco Theatre, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" has been doing a good business straight through the spring.

THE LUCK OF HAMMERSTEIN.

THE activity around the entrance to the Victoria Theatre these evenings reminds New Yorkers of the old Koster & Bial days. Mr. Hammerstein has made an unquestioned hit with his vaudeville bills. Victoria Theatre has been practically jammed ever since the inauguration of the new policy and Mr. Hammerstein has never looked happier and more contented in his life than he does these days when he watches the crowds troop up to the box-office and pay their money. He has not been afflicted with writer's cramp of late in the endeavor to turn out enough passes to fill his house, as was the case during several periods of the past year. Mr. Hammerstein's success with vaudeville at the Victoria is simple and easily explained. New York wants good vaudeville, and Mr. Hammerstein is giving some of the best bills ever seen in the metropolis.



LILY LANGTRY, WHO GOES BACK TO ENGLAND WITH THE AVOWED PURPOSE OF COMING BACK TO US NEXT SEASON WITH A NEW PLAY AND THE DESIRE TO CORRAL SOME MORE OF OUR DOLLARS.

STRANGE!

THE New York *Herald* recently made this ingenious statement about "The Volunteer Organist" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre: "The cast included such well-known actors as S. Miller Kent and M. A. Kennedy, a boy soprano."

The husky, broad-shouldered and well-seasoned Mr. Kennedy was, no doubt, surprised to learn that he was a youthful vocalist. Personally, I don't believe it.

F. F. PROCTOR'S LATEST.

F. F. PROCTOR intends to spend a busy spring and early summer.

The announcement that he is to give light opera at the Fifty-eighth Street Theatre, beginning on May 30th, is merely another evidence of the way in which this manager takes time by the forelock and makes innovations that a few years ago would have been considered startling in the vaudeville business. "The Fortune Teller," and "The Serenade," two of the most successful light operas heard in New York, will be his earliest offerings. Mr. Proctor, by

the way, promises high-class productions entirely irrespective of the fact that the pieces will be played at popular prices.

THE GROWING POPULARITY OF POMMERY.

ONE of the notable things about Pommery is the fact that it is becoming more and more a staple line on the menus at the big dinners in New York and throughout the country. The saying, "Where there's Pommery, there's a good dinner," has come to be considered an epicure's maxim, as it means that this champagne is rapidly going to the front and is becoming more and more popular among those who know the difference between a good wine and a mere label.

AWAY UP IN G.

There was a young girl in the choir,
Whose voice rose hoir and hoir,
Till it reached such a height
It was clear out of seight,
And they found it next-day in the spoir.

CLEMENT SCOTT SEES "SUNDAY."

WHY? Please tell me why? Because for once in more years than I can count a beautiful, pure, wholesome, dramatic and absorbingly-interesting English play, written by three undoubtedly clever English authors is produced in London—a play that teems with heart, and pulsates with tender sentiment—why it should be jumped upon as being un-original and likened generally to Bret Harte in idea and to this fascinating poet-author's "Luck of Roaring Camp" in particular.

Is it for the reason that the simple human story is tangled about, and woven around a lovely young Californian girl? Is it because some of the delicately-tinted pictures are represented in the "low-lying alluvial lands"—or the mining localities that Francis Bret Harte always talks of as "Flats" and "Bars" and "Gorges" and "Gulches"?

Surely "Thomas Raceward's" enchanting play, "Sunday," bears no resemblance whatever to Bret Harte's pitiful little tale. Why, the "Luck" of Roaring Camp, as the illegitimate babe of "Cherokee Sal" was called, was not even a girl as "Sunday" is, but a boy, and the poor ill-fated mite "drifted away into the shadowy river that flows for ever to the unknown sea" before it had learned to babble a coherent word. You might just as well say that the origin of "Sunday" was based on "Nan" in "Good for Nothing." Some faint resemblance there may be in both cases, but each separate story when all is told is as different from the other as chalk from cheese.

No, no, it is a case of "Goodbye, sweet 'Harte,' goodbye," as far as "Sunday" and he are concerned, for beyond the "Way out West" miners and the manners of ranch life on "Poker Flat" and "Sandy Bar" that Bret Harte loved to talk about I see no likeness whatever in any of his stories to the new play, and after all is said and done Mr. Horace Hodges, who plays the part of one of the four miners, called *Lively*, so remarkably well—must have seen almost as much of the life out West when he was traveling over California with Mr. Wilson Barrett's company as Bret Harte himself did.

How many authors are there to-day I wonder who would not give their ears to have created such an exquisitely beautiful character as Miss "Sunday," called by this quaint name from the fact that her dead mother gave her to the world on this, the holy day of the week?

What can I compare her to—this personification of all that is most womanly and enchanting in woman? The authors have seemed to center every happy inspiration they ever dreamed of, as to what "fair woman" might and ought to be. Laughter and tears, sunshine and shadow, was there ever a more exquisite blend? Never for a moment artificial, never stagey, it is probably the very simplicity of this intensely lovable creature that charms you most, that plays on all the tenderest chords in one's being, that sets the deepest emotions throbbing, and melts every heart in the audience to tears.

If Miss Julia Neilson does not quite convey to

those who have traveled through California the impression of the wild, untamed Western girl—the sort one meets on the prairie, dressed in a short skirt to the knees, a loose coat, long gaiters of cowhide, or buffalo hide, a cowboy's hat covering her head, riding a brave little "mustang" straddle-legged, and her hair flowing in becoming confusion about her shoulders—her performance is at any rate instinct with charm, delicacy, and sweet womanliness. Perhaps too, Miss Neilson, always picturesque and good to gaze upon, has never before appeared more strikingly beautiful.

Neither Mr. Fred Terry nor Mr. J. D. Beveridge has as much scope for his talents as one could desire, but what they have to do is, of course, effective in its artistic finish; but the interest mainly centers on *Sunday* and her big-hearted champions and protectors, *Towzer*, *Lively*, *Dary*, and *Jacky*, and it would be difficult to find four more admirably diversified representatives of the parts than Mr. Louis Calvert, Mr. Alfred Brydone, Mr. Horace Hodges, and Mr. Alfred Kendrick. The cast, which also includes Miss Bella Pateman, is an exceptionally strong one, and with so charming a play, Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry are doubly welcome back to us.

—Free Lance.

MR. ALEXANDER, OF THE ROSSMORE.

THE well-groomed figure of Edward Alexander is seen often at Broadway first nights, and other places where typical New Yorkers congregate. Mr. Alexander has been familiar to Broadwayites as man and boy these twenty years past. A decade or more ago he presided over the newsstand at the old Coleman House, Twenty-eighth street and Broadway. Then he branched off from time to time and secured the newsstand and cigar privileges at the big hotels in Long Branch and Saratoga. Of late years he has been "at home" at the Rossmore, where he has the newsstand and theatre ticket privilege. It is said that he disposes of more theatre tickets at the Rossmore than are sold at any other one hotel stand in New York.

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27 East Twenty-First Street, New York

THE ATTENTIVE EAR-TRUMPET.

ACTORS and actresses of all denominations will do well—perhaps very well indeed—to lay this little story to heart. A certain actor of musical comedy parts, playing not long ago at a certain theatre, noticed in an orchestra chair what he first took to be a small phonograph, and afterward discovered was nothing more dangerous to the peace of the country than an ear-trumpet. Seated at the narrow end was a sweet-faced woman of middle age, who turned the trumpet as far in the direction of the performer who happened to be singing as was consistent with the regulations which restricted her to the occupation of one chair. Noting her anxiety not to miss more of the entertainment than he could help, the certain actor in question, when it came to his turn to "do his little bit," stepped as near to the footlights as was reasonable, and threw his voice straight at the mouth of the trumpet. Charmed by this pretty show of consideration, the lady did not rest until she had obtained an introduction to the chivalrous young baritone; and it is told around, to the envy of those in the play who were not so obliging, that the woman is rich, and that the actor is not the poorer. It's hard to tell just whether this is a romantic tale or merely a sordid recital.

JONES'S RECITATION.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I'm going to give you a recitation. It's—it's called 'The Schooner Horatius.' No, I mean 'The Village Rock.' No, that isn't it. It's 'How the—the Blacksmith Kept the Bridge.' I mean it's—it's a thing by Longfellow, you know; that is, I think it was Tennyson!"

"The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," whispered Blake, loud enough for him to hear.

"Yes, that's it," went on Jones. Then he fixed his eyes on a point in the roof and blurted out in jerks and starts, as the odd lines came before him, the following effusion:—

The boy stood on the burning deck,

He—he stood upon his head,

Because his arms and legs were off.

So he waved his arms and said—

My name is Norval. On the Grampian Hills—

The village smithy stands;

The smith, a mighty man, was—was wrecked

On the pitiless Goodwin Sands.

And by him sported on the green

His little grandchild Wilhelmine;

The doctors had given him up, sir,

The darling of our crew!

And—and the cheek of Arkyl grew deadly pale,

And all for that bit of blue.

And we rushed for the signal rockets, "Let's fire them

quick," we cried.

And the good Abbot of Aberbrothock plunged head-

long into the tide.

Then who will stand on either hand and keep the

bridge with me?

On board the schooner *Heperus* that sails the wintry

sea,

I, with two more to help me, will hold the foe in play.

For I am to be Queen of the May, mother; I'm to

be Queen of the May.

When it was all over, and the roars of laughter had

subsided, Jones rushed off the stage and hid himself

for the rest of the evening. And the memory of his

famous recitation is still an evergreen one in the annals

of the school.

THE SPRING OF 1904

will be the busiest in the history of American Theatricals. All the big productions will be covered by pen and camera in BROADWAY WEEKLY

Red Top Rye WHISKEY

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"CASTLE WALL," THE BEAUTIFUL HOME OF MYRON H. OPPENHEIM.

By HELEN KENNEY



DEEP in the heart of every man is born the desire to some day own his own home and for the realization of this hope he is willing to work early and late, in summer and winter, but seldom is this desire so fully realized as has been the case with the owner of beautiful "Castle Wall."

This magnificent estate is located on the highest point of land on the entire Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida and is the property of Mr. Myron H. Oppenheim, the noted New York lawyer.

Commodore William R. Garrison was the

he had the main house removed, together with the greenhouse and other buildings.

The assistance of Chas. Frederick Rose, architect, was procured, the grounds laid out in artistic fashion, the planning of the rooms was original and beautiful, while the arts of all the world were here brought together and displayed in gorgeous profusion. No pains or patience was spared to make "Castle Wall" the most beautiful show-place along the Atlantic Coast.

The estate contains a quarry and ample woodlands, from which the timber for all the fences was procured. The red stone used in the construction of the Electric Fountain in the garden and the pedestals and jardinières throughout the grounds comes from the estate itself.

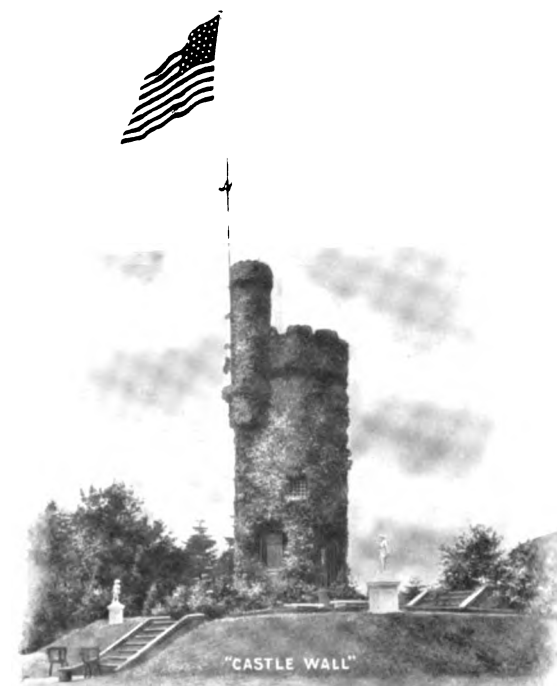
The greenhouses and conservatories are a delight to all who love exquisite flowers and costly plants. There are in great profusion gorgeous and sweet-smelling flowers—carnations, callas, and the exquisite Easter lilies—with all varieties of roses, orchids and palms.

Here hang great luscious grapes as large and delicious as those from over the sea, one variety being jet black and the other almost white.

Last spring one thousand chickens were raised here, all claiming an incubator for their parent; this year fully twice as many will be raised in the same manner, while a large pigeon house furnishes squabs the entire year. The vegetable garden is extensive asparagus being obtainable the entire spring and summer, as is also celery, artichokes, and all kinds of garden truck. The gardens have been laid out after the style of the Italian sunken garden, and the imported shrubbery and trees are a delight to all who behold them.

From the pinnacle of the Tower on a clear day, with a good glass, one can see the Statue of Liberty and the Brooklyn Bridge, while from the veranda of the house is afforded an uninterrupted view of the ocean for thirty miles in either direction.

"Castle Wall" is an ideal country home, which already has cost a half million dollars, and Mr. Oppenheim, a typical New Yorker, dispenses there the hospitality of a trained man of the world to whom business and profession are much, but home a great deal more.



original purchaser of this beautiful tract of land, comprising ten acres, upon which he erected the Mansion House and the stables with the large entrance gates built of stone, iron and bronze in most artistic design.

It was not long after the Mansion House had been finished to his tastes that the Commodore sold the property to Dean Hoffman, who bought fifteen acres more and who erected the Tower, in the cellar of which he raised mushrooms; the first floor he used as an outside office and the pinnacle of the structure for observatory purposes.

When Mr. Oppenheim obtained the property

CORELLI A FLAT FAILURE ON THE STAGE.

POOR Mr. Neville Doone is to be consoled with. He has singed his wings in the flame of Miss Marie Corelli's genius. Having received the august novelist's gracious permission to dramatize her immortal novel, "Vendetta," he dutifully set himself to suppress his own humble self and to give as much undiluted Corelli as he could to the patrons of the Kennington Theatre. The result, truth to tell, is a blood-and-thunder melodrama—in which the blood is watery, and the thunder tinny—which is overloaded by Corellian dialogue, and soliloquies of portentous length and appalling incomprehensibility. So, at all events, it seems when listened to from the stage.

No doubt the proper way to take Corellian lengths is in book-form. Seated in a cosy chair by a cosy fire in a cosy country cottage, on a very long, cold, cheerless, winter night, no doubt the soliloquies would prove enthralling. Besides, too, in a book you can skip them; but in a theatre you can't skip out at will to escape them. In the country cottage, too, under the aforesaid conditions, no doubt the vendetta of *Count Fabio Romani* is very thrilling, and the wickedness of the *Countess* very enthralling. On the stage, however, they are atrophied to the dimensions of mere marionettes, and seem none the bigger or more life-like because they have a prodigious capacity for talk. It is curious how the novels with enormous circulations appear to be always the books one never reads. I confess I have not read "Vendetta," but I fancy after seeing the play, that, administered properly, it might prove not unamusing.

This is the plot of the play, and therefore, I presume, the novel: *Count Fabio Romani* marries and worships a lovely young lady, and later he finds that his dearest friend, *Guido Ferrarini*, is her lover. This is after he has been struck down by the plague and buried. Such an incident is a closing one with most authors, but not with Miss Corelli. The *Count* comes to life again, breaks out of his tomb, and it is then he discovers his pretty *Countess's* faithlessness and swears his vendetta. He might have had his revenge there and then, but that publishers have a preference for "long" novels. As it is, he, for eight months—why this exact period is not explained—conceals the fact that he is alive, and turns up disguised as the wealthy *Marquis d'Oliva*. With the fascination exercised by his riches (obtained from a Robber's Cave—romantic touch this!) and possibly his disguise, he wins the *Countess* from her lover *Ferrari*, and even at her request, kills him. Then he marries his own faithless wife. This is all in the way of the vendetta, as after the ceremony it is his evident intention—having revealed his identity by removing his eye-glasses—to kill her with lengths of dialogue. She anticipates this by going mad and killing herself, and so ends this strange, eventful tale in five acts.

Mr. Neville Doone is a writer who, left to his own devices, has a neat gift of characterization, and a happy command of brilliant dialogue. His attainments were, however, clogged by the Corellian treacle. In a word, "Vendetta" is a very poor play. It may, for aught I know, do ample justice to Miss Marie Corelli; but it is very unfair to Mr. Neville Doone. It is, bluntly, unworthy of him.—*Free Lance*.

HORRORS!

MR. PUGNOSE: "What? You will not marry me?"
SWEET GIRL: "Impossible."
MR. PUGNOSE: "But you seemed to love me once. Your eyes brightened at my approach; and often when I sat silently gazing at you I am sure you were greatly agitated."
SWEET GIRL: "Yes, I know; but since you have cut off your side-whiskers you don't look so much like poor, dear, dead and gone Fido."

PATRICK F. MURPHY, NEW YORK'S LAUREATE OF WIT.

IT is only once in a generation that a man comes forward to acquire a reputation as a National wit, and for more years than one is anxious to recall, United States Senator Chauncey M. Depew has been regarded as the Laureate of American humor as exemplified in her famous after-dinner oratory. When Patrick F. Murphy made what he calls his Metropolitan debut as a speaker, it was as though a theatrical star had burst upon the horizon suddenly, and made Broadway gasp.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Murphy had climbed the heights of the Bostonese Olympus—the Clover Club; had divided the honors on a passage across the Atlantic with Mark Twain, and had for years been the star attraction at functions both here and abroad, without the imprimatur of the Manhattanese. The quality of his everyday wit was not strained especially for any particular occasion, yet it caused no little surprise when his hearers found that the man who had aroused their risibilities, was a practical business man, who did not devote his energies to entertaining, but was, instead, the president of the great firm of Mark Cross, probably the most successful saddlery manufacturing concern in this country.

The fact that Mr. Murphy had described himself as "a stranger, born in the city of Edinburgh, County of Cork, England" enveloped his nationality with some mystery; but like all other men of note, Mr. Murphy has his Boswell, and this faithful friend divulged the truth. So be it known that he was not born where the shamrock, rose or thistle flourishes, but in classic Boston, where his patriotic young soul drank in the divine afflatus of ardent Americanism.

In spite of a natural buoyancy, he proved to be a keen student of business, and was in a few years advanced to a most responsible position in a firm on Federal street, where he learned everything that was to be learned about the saddlery and harness manufacture. Later he began business for himself with a friend as partner. Ten years ago he opened his New York establishment.

The time which has since elapsed has not dimmed his popularity in the Hub City, and he keeps in touch with those who so much admired him in the old days at the Clover Club, where he was an especial favorite on ladies' night. At one time he took a flyer into politics, and beat out the regular machine by having himself elected to the House of Representatives as a



PATRICK F. MURPHY, ORATOR-LAUREATE.

Democrat. Success attended him in public life, but he declined a nomination for the State Senate, and gave up all ambitions in that line.

Boston's loss has been New York's gain, and Mr. Murphy has taken a front place in the citizenship of this city.

Wit is only lasting when it contains some element of philosophy; and all of Mr. Murphy's postprandial efforts are characterized by very subtle wisdom. For instance, at a notable dinner in New York he said:

"Let me but make the rapid-fire lunches of a country, and I care not who makes their guns."

Speaking of Mr. Rockefeller as a Young Lochinvar who came out of the West, Mr. Murphy said that money is not all in life.

"But, gentlemen," he added, "many things can be bought with money. If money is not all, it takes a man with money to find it out." He described Mr. Andrew Carnegie as "a Star-Spangled Scotchman," and called him a "humorist with money."

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A WOMAN'S VIEW OF ISABELLA.

POOOR Isabella! It is impossible not to shed a tear or two over her grave. Fortune was against her from the first. It is rather hard to realize now the kind of diplomacy which sacrificed a woman's life as Louis Philippe and his sanctimonious minister, Guizot, did hers in the far-off forties. The plan, Machiavellian in conception, was defeated by events. Louis Philippe hoped to secure the thrones of Spain and France for his own children; there is not, I believe, even one child of his living in either country to-day; and he himself ended as an exile. But the infamous scheme cost Isabella her happiness, and ultimately her throne; and for years she was one of the exiled Royalties who have to find a home in the Republic of France. She had many weaknesses, and committed many mistakes in her life; but she was a kind-hearted creature, and she was more sinned against than sinning. There is a story that when the Shah of Persia was visiting Paris, on driving past the Palais de Castile he asked who lived there. "Queen Isabella," was the reply. "Who is she?" was his further question, and on being told something of her history and that she was "a Sovereign in exile," he exclaimed, "What a happy woman to have a big fortune and a magnificent house of her own in Paris where she can always live." On learning also that there never had been an attempt to assassinate the ex-queen, and that she had been for thirty years in Paris without having trouble with anarchist or fanatic, his admiration and even envy for the queen's lot knew no bounds. It is doubtful if the merry, generous, and thriftless Isabella were approached on the matter of her life, she would not have agreed with the Shah in his estimate of the advantages of being a private person rather than a royalty. Queen at three years old, declared of age at thirteen, married at sixteen, and every step of her existence from birth to marriage ordered by intrigue and ambition, it was hard to expect sense and solidity from the young girl in the difficult state of Queenship.

It was an open secret that she had no love for the husband whom the craft of Louis Philippe had imposed upon her. Pleasure-loving and

emotional, with no thoughts but the satisfaction or triumph of the moment, she was just the stuff of which tools are made. Unscrupulous statesmen and flattering admirers surrounded her and utilized her, and while Spain was seething with discontent and civil war, she, a puppet—like many a royal puppet before—danced to a music which meant destruction and annihilation. When one thinks, indeed, of the utter recklessness of her public life, of the despotism of her minister, Narvaez, and of the reactionary policy which sent a Serrano, a Topete, a Castelar, and a Sagasta into exile, one can only wonder that she could have kept her crown until the age of forty. Perhaps, really, the reason may be found in the fact that she did not, in her soul, very much care whether she kept it or not. There was something, also, in the live-eat-and-be-merry philosophy of her life, which, in spite of all her faults, must have endeared her to the Spanish nation. For it had ever to be accorded unto righteousness for Queen Isabella that a good heart and a generous nature remained hers throughout all vicissitudes.

In spite of many attempts, it was not until 1868 that a successful effort was made to drive Doña Isabel from the throne, and then she saved her dynasty by a prompt and graceful abdication. She first went to France and later retired to Geneva, where she remained during the Franco-German War, having in the meantime effected a separation from her worthless consort Don Francis—"Paquito," as he used to be called in Court circles. On her return to Paris, the ex-queen showed that her ambitions were exclusively social. She lived in luxurious style, surrounded by a host of friends and dependants. Indeed, in latter days the best description of her would be to call her a disciple of Old King Cole. Her affability as a hostess was never at fault; indeed, it even extended to her cousin-rival and fellow-exile, Don Carlos. Her eccentricities and lavishness endeared the ex-queen to the Parisians. "Elle était bonne" is the epitaph given to her by the universal consent of the people with whom she found a home for over thirty years.

DOROTHY L. SUTHERLAND.

A STUDIO SUNDAY.

STUDIO Sunday is a most enjoyable day, provided it is undertaken under the right conditions. One friendly companion—no more—a nice brougham or unlimited hansoms, a nice number of invitations to studios, a new spring frock, and nothing in the way of impedimenta. Leave your umbrella in the brougham, if you must carry one, and also your extra wrap. It is too tiresome to carry things in and out, and put them down in strange places, and hunt for them as one goes out. No luggage on Studio Sunday! We want to fly in and out of places like swallows in the eaves. Then our companion must be a person of elastic mind, ready to accept any sudden change of plan, and to go wherever there is anything good to be seen. Not a heavy-weight, nor a grumbler—not a potterer nor a frump! Smart and agreeable, and able to make a pleasant impression instantaneously, and warranted not to say the wrong thing. Have I such friends? I had—I have! One who was precious as a brilliant jewel, one who was the soul of enterprise, and the most delightful company; and yet another who is smart and pleasant and kindly, and full of tact,—all three are people in connection with whom "the pleasure of your company" is more than an idle phrase. It requires a rare combination of gifts to be able to go round the studios, and when we find such a friend we should grapple him or her to our hearts with hooks of steel.

FROU FROU.

SEVERE.

The person who equivocates in order to pay a compliment is likely to have his discretion betrayed if the complimented person questions him at all sharply. The author of a certain book which had made extremely little impression, meeting one of his literary friends, insisted upon talking with him a long time about the volume.

"Come now," said the author, "tell me what you hear about the book."

"I assure you," answered the other, "that I have heard nothing but the most favorable and enthusiastic opinions of it."

"Oh, that's good! Well, tell me who has talked to you about it."

"Um—well, I can't tell you exactly."

"Yes, you can; I insist."

"Well, then, since you insist, you're the only one that I've heard say a word about it."

Portraits in Broadway Weekly

Among the many portraits that have been published in BROADWAY WEEKLY during the past few weeks are the following:

- E. H. Sothern as his latest photographer sees him. No. 40.
- Miss Cecelia Loftus. No. 40.
- Blanche Bates as *Yo San* in "The Darling of the Gods." No. 40.
- Fritz Scheff as *Babette*. No. 41.
- The beautiful center page of Maude Adams in scenes from "The Pretty Sister of Jose," recently at the New Empire Theatre. No. 42.
- Virginia Earl as she appears in the role of "Sergeant Kitty," recently at the Casino. No. 43.
- Margaret Livingston as *Yuki* in "The Japanese Nightingale." No. 43.
- Colonel George B. McClellan, Mayor of New York. No. 44.
- Beautiful center page of Anna Held in scenes from "Monsieur Napoleon." No. 44.
- Marie Tempest in scenes from "The Marriage of Kitty." No. 45.
- J. Pierpont Morgan. No. 46.
- Comptroller Edward M. Grout. No. 46.
- Mrs. John P. Lafian. No. 47.
- Paula Edwards. No. 47.
- Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. No. 47.
- William Gillette in "The Admirable Crichton." No. 47.
- Maxine Elliott in "Her Own Way." No. 47.
- John J. Delaney. No. 48.
- Henrietta Crosman in scenes from "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." No. 48.
- William McAdoo. No. 48.
- Charles M. Schwab. No. 52.
- Annie Russell in "The Younger Mrs. Parling." No. 52.
- Senator Patrick McCarren. No. 52.
- Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew. No. 49.
- John F. Ahearn. No. 49.
- Judge Alton B. Parker. No. 51.
- Arthur Brisbane. No. 51.
- Grover Cleveland. No. 50.
- Charles F. Murphy. No. 50.
- Ada Rehan as she appears in "The Taming of the Shrew." No. 51.
- Mrs. Thomas Collier Platt. No. 53.
- Emma Calve. No. 53.
- Senator Thomas C. Platt. No. 53.
- Scenes from "The Pit." No. 55.
- District Attorney Jerome. No. 56.
- Thomas F. Smith. No. 56.
- Miss Lella Paget. No. 56.

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NEW YORKERS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

SILENT SMITH AS COACHMAN.

EFFORTS were made to induce James Henry Smith, the silent multi-millionaire, to drive the public coach to and from Ardsley, but he quickly perceived that it was a joke on the part of some of the younger clubmen.

Mr. Smith, Goadby Loew and a few other men have been making the trip with their own tally-hos, while Center Hitchcock handled the reins on the public vehicle.

Mr. Hitchcock has become very popular with the patrons, but the greatest favorite with the public is Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, who will occupy the box during the Morris Park race meeting. It is amusing to see the attempts of would-be society persons to scrape up an acquaintance with Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Golet. But they take it all very good-naturedly.

SENATOR THURSTON AND THE CROPS.

AFTER a long day's business in his Wall Street office, former Senator Thurston, of Nebraska, likes to pass an hour with the inner circle of the Waldorf crowd. The rewards of wealth and power do not compensate him for his ranch life, and he tells many stories of his happy days practising law in the pioneer days of Nebraska.

"When do you make your trip West, Senator?" he was asked a few nights ago.

"Well, I hope to get away soon to look over the crops," was his reply, as he left the party.

"Yes, I know the kind of crop he means," said a Democrat present. "He's going home to look after President Roosevelt's interests. He refers to the political crop, and Thurston can raise dandies in that line."

Senator Thurston is very close to the occupant of the White House, and there has been much talk about his selection as the other half of the Republican ticket.

GEORGE C. BOLDT SELLS HIS HOUSE.

PEOPLE are wondering why George C. Boldt sold his house at Fifth avenue and Forty-first street recently. It was very conveniently located for a man with many business interests, and in the vicinity of his hotel, the Waldorf-Astoria.

At the Manhattan Club the other night a young blood gave a startling explanation to his group of cronies.

"Hang it all, I don't blame Boldt for selling," said he. "You see, he knows personally all of the best crowd and some of them have deuced little money. Well, you may not believe it, but some fellows in an awful hurry used to go to George's home when he was not at the Waldorf to get him to cash checks or loan money."

"He had to be civil to them, as he is chief owner in a bank, and the thing became a nuisance."

Mr. Boldt frequently dines at an unpretentious little restaurant many blocks from his own hotel.

THEY ALL ADMIRE CANFIELD, UNTIL —

AN officer of the *Campania* tells a humorous story about Richard Canfield. On his last trip to Europe the Knight of the Chips booked as "Mr. Campbell," and was the most reserved as well as the most polite man on board.

A wealthy man with his wife and two daughters became very friendly with "Mr. Campbell," who talked art, literature and music to them. The voyage proved all too short for the ladies, who insisted, upon saying farewell, that "Mr. Campbell" should call upon them in Paris.

Paterfamilias was very indignant when he learned later the true identity of the gambler. He broke the news to his family and added that "Mr. Campbell" was a married man as well.

"Oh, I don't care," replied one of the daughters. "He could talk Calvé and Rembrandt better than any bachelor I know."

E. R. THOMAS POPULAR WITH THEATRE FOLK.

HOW Edward R. Thomas manages to find time to attend so many performances of "The Wizard of Oz" cannot be figured out by his fellow-clubmen. He owns a racing stable, has a large brokerage business in Wall Street, owns a newspaper and goodness knows what else. Yet his admiration for the performance at the New York Theatre is unbounded.

Only a few weeks ago the young multi-millionaire was the star guest at the banquet given by Anna Fitzhugh in her apartments in the Ansonia. She is reported engaged to be married to David Montgomery, one of the stars of the company.

Mr. Thomas owns Hermis, and the members of the cast and chorus are waiting anxiously for the big events so that they may back the entry of their friend.

THE EVOLUTION OF DOOLEY DUNNE.

THERE is sadness in the Ancient Order, and crepe on the Hibernian green sash. The glory of the ould sod as reflected in the historic but mythical Mr. Dooley has departed.

"When he cultivated the society of the Archey Road," said Robert Wooby the other day, "it was Pete F. Dunne. He was a good fellow and racy of the soil of Paddyland. In an evil hour he came to New York, and lo and behold ye! he became Finlay P. Dunne. I liked Pete, but Finlay P. doesn't know me. I see he's taken to playing bridge and golf. Glory be, but it's an awful comedown from 'forty-fives.'"

And the public misses its Mr. Dooley philosophy.

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But the scent of the shamrocks will cling 'round it still.

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EXCLUSIVE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE HOTEL WORLD.

By CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM

UNSETTLED AFFAIRS AT THE SHERMAN SQUARE.

FAR from being settled are the affairs at the Sherman Square Hotel. Last winter the owner of the land and building, the father of Walter Lawrence, the present manager, died at the age of ninety-five. The estate was left to his children, consisting—and the statement is made off-hand—of two sons and a daughter. There is a delay as to how the property will be divided, but the desire on the part of the three legatees is that the hotel should be leased. Since that impression has gone abroad, the family has received many applications to lease the property. There is a probability that Walter Lawrence may become the sole lessee.

LACK OF ENTERPRISE IN NEW ORLEANS.

WHILE other cities in the Union are developing their hotel industries, New Orleans seems to stand still. One hears from all over of hotels being projected and erected, but from the Crescent City comes no sound of like activity. In a city the size of New Orleans, it may surprise the readers of BROADWAY WEEKLY to be told that there are but four really first-class hotels. At times it is impossible to secure accommodations, even at times apart from the Mardi Gras, and during such periods the cry goes up for more hotels. A year ago Henry Lehman, of the wholesale drygoods firm of A. Lehman & Co., in New Orleans, went into a project to build a five-story hotel on Canal street. Young Lehman, spending six months of each year in New York, had become familiar with the hotel methods of this city and his plan was to fashion the New Orleans house on the lines of the successful hotels of this city, with a richly-furnished and well-kept restaurant as the leading feature. A year ago Lehman was very enthusiastic; he had some bankers in with him and it looked for a time as if New Orleans was to have a fine hotel. Lehman is still selling dry goods, the bankers are still taking in and paying out money, Canal street is where it has always been, but the number of New Orleans hotels remains the same.

THE MANAGEMENT CHANGED.

THE Hotel Webster, in Forty-fifth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, has changed its managers. J. V. Jordan, who opened the house, has retired. Jordan gave out the statement that he was lessee, but some one who knows says he was simply the manager. The man who succeeds him is Joseph Reynolds, who has taken a long lease of the Webster. There is no question about this Reynolds lease. It was Reynolds that managed for two or three seasons the Garden Hotel, at Atlantic

City. Latterly he has had the Hotel St. James in Philadelphia. Jordan is to manage again this summer the Elberon, at Long Branch. Due entirely to lack of advertising, and to its commonplace name, the artistic beauty of the first floor of the Webster is hardly known. It is undoubtedly the handsomest, the most stately office floor of any hotel in this country. Pretty broad statement, but the hotel is open to visitors and you may judge for yourself. The Gregorian Hotel is rich in its Tudor effects, and has many admirers, but for cathedral effects, fine wall cartoons and beautifully-stained windows the Webster takes the plum. Reynolds, the new lessee, should advertise the beauty of the hotel, run the house well and he will surely make a success of his first plunge into conducting a New York hotel.

WILL NOT BE AT THE CONVENTION.

THE sailing for Europe on last Saturday of Simeon Ford, of the Grand Union Hotel, will take away one of the principal features of the approaching annual convention of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association, which will take place in this city the first week of June. Ford will not return home until late in June. By his clever speeches Ford has become well known to thousands of Bonifaces—big and little—throughout the country, and surely one of the pleasures the delegates to the Convention had in anticipation was to meet Simeon Ford and hear him make a speech. Ford, who is an expert golfer, though not making the trip for that purpose, will attend several of the golf tournaments that are booked to take place in England and Scotland during the next two months.

Another hotel man, who has gone abroad, is W. E. Woolley, of the Hotel Marie Antoinette. Mr. Woolley is accompanied by his son, Edgar M. Woolley. A long stay in Florida during the past winter did not give him the renewed health he was in search of and upon the advice of his physician, Mr. Woolley is making the European trip. While on the other side, he will buy a lot of furnishings for the Broadway hotel.

CORRIDOR CHAT.

THE Childwold, in the Adirondacks will again be managed by C. E. Eldredge . . . Andrew Robertson, owner of the Hotel St. Andrews is

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in hotels or hotel life, don't fail to read
BROADWAY WEEKLY
regularly. It will contain the most interesting exclusive hotel news published in America.

on his way to Alaska where he has some valuable mining property. . . . The Pleiades Club talks of engaging one of the banquet rooms of the new Astor for their Sunday night dinners next winter. . . . J. Frank Bruen will be in the office of the Aspinwall, Lenox, next summer. . . . Charles Randolph, now at the Sherman Square Hotel, has been engaged by Briggs, the new lessee, of the Southern Hotel, to go as headwaiter at the Buena Vista Spring Hotel. . . . E. C. Hoagland, at one time in the office of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, is endeavoring to connect himself with a city hotel. . . . It is P. C. Humphrey, for some time at the Wellington and the Cadillac, who is to manage the Hotel Kaaterskill, Catskill Mountains, this summer.

THERE IS MONEY IN CANDY.

UP on the Maine Coast near Portland, a Boston maker of candy has built an immense hotel—he built it about five years ago. He named the house the Hotel Velvet, after the name of the candy from the manufacture of which he had made considerable money. For two or three seasons Hildreth, for that is the man's name—no relation to West End Hildreth—tried to run the hotel himself, but he made a sorry mess of it. This year he has leased the hotel to J. Alonzo Nutter, and Nutter proposes to institute many changes. The Hotel Velvet, on account of its proximity

to Portland, gets a great deal of excursion trade and this trade Nutter intends—and wisely so—to build upon. To go with him as steward he has engaged Charles J. Hunt, at present engaged in one of the hotels at Lakewood. Until the opening of the Velvet—may Nutter find at the end of the season that he has been on that style of fabric—J. Alonzo will make his headquarters at the Hotel Grenoble.

ANDY BLAKELEY FOR MAYOR.

THEY talk of putting up Andrew E. Blakeley, of the St. Charles, New Orleans, as Mayor of that town. The town might do worse—perhaps so. Time alone would tell. When Blakeley was steward of the Windsor in this city he had an interest in the firm of Hawk and Wetherbee, the proprietors. It is impossible to say if he is a partner in the New Orleans hotel or simply a manager. The impression is, however, that he is a member of the firm that controls the hotel. Recently an extensive addition to the St. Charles was built, which justifies the belief that the hotel must be making money.

A NEW COCKTAIL ON THE MARKET.

AC. BAGE, with the firm of Henry F. Gourd, in this city, is responsible for the following concoction, which he has entitled "The Tip-top"

(Continued on page 18)

LEADING NEW YORK HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

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Also every evening. The hit of the town.

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(Madison Square)

WILL MAKE YOU A REGULAR PATRON

Music that's sure to please you.

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WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK.

Adjoining Morris Park Race Course.
AUTO, COACHING, DRIVERS AND
RIDERS.

Cuisine Française. Service à la Russe.
JAMES B. REGAN, Prop.

THE GARDEN HOTEL,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

High-class patronage. Famous cuisine.
White service throughout. American
and European plans. Now open.
W. I. FINCH

NEW YORK'S LEADING THEATRES

WALLACK'S, B'way & 30th St. Ev'gs 8:15
Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.

George Ade's Quaint Comedy

The County Chairman.

NEW AMSTERDAM, 42d St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15.
Klaw & Erlanger, Mgrs.

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With an ALL STAR CAST:
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No Advance in Prices.

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in a New Comedy from the French,

TIT FOR TAT

By Leo Ditrichstein.

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Charles Frohman presents Augustus Thomas's
Best Comedy,

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The all-season Comedy Triumph.

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OF POLICHINELLE**

With W. H. THOMPSON.

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Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
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RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

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THE YANKEE CONSUL

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Charles Frohman presents

WILLIAM COLLIER

in RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S Farce
THE DICTATOR

GARRICK THEATRE, 35th St. & B'way.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

ELEANOR ROBSON

in Israel Zangwill's Four-Act Play,

MERELY MARY ANN.

NEW YORK, B'way, 44th to 45th Street.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Klaw & Erlanger, Mgrs.

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TWENTY-THIRD STREET,

FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET,

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH STREET

Splendid Shows

Small Prices

MAJESTIC, Grand Circle, B'way & 59th St.
Evenings 8. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2.

CHAS. A. BIGELOW

IN

THE MAN
FROM CHINA

KNICKERBOCKER, Broadway & 38th St.
Nights at 8. Mat. Saturday only.

FRANK L. PERLEY
OPERA CO.

in Comedy Opera of Dazzling Splendor,

AVENETIAN ROMANCE

CASINO, Broadway and 39th Street.
Telephone, 6020 & 6726—38.
Ev'gs at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.

Fred C. Whitney presents

PIFF, PAFF, POUF.

Book by Stanislaus Stange.

Lyrics by William Jerome.

Music by Jean Schwartz.

NEW EMPIRE THEATRE, 40th St. & B'way
Ev'gs 8:20. Matinee Saturday 2:15.

Charles Frohman, Mgr.

Charles Frohman presents

JULIA MARLOWE

—IN—

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD
WAS IN FLOWER

DALY'S THEATRE, B'way and 30th St.
Ev'gs 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.

Daniel Frohman, Mgr.

JAMES K. HACKETT

in the New Satirical Romance,

THE CROWN PRINCE

LYRIC, Broadway, 7th Ave. and 42d Street.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mat. Sat. 2:15

Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Prop.

DE WOLF HOPPER

IN

"WANG."

HERALD SQUARE THEATRE, B'way &
35th St. 8:10 sharp. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

Charles Frohman, Mgr.

Chas. Frohman and Geo. Edwardes present
the farcical comedy, with music,

THE GIRL FROM KAY'S
with enormous cast, including
SAM BERNARD.

BELASCO THEATRE, 42d St. near B'way.
Ev'gs punctually at 8. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

David Belasco presents, by arrangement
with Maurice Campbell,

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

in the new play,

SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS

THAT LONG-FORGOTTEN PICTURE.

"John Billus, I found this photograph in
the inside pocket of an old vest of yours
hanging up in the closet. I'd like an explanation.
Whose is it?"

"Can't you see it's an old picture, Maria?
What's the use of stirring up memories
that—"

"I want to know whose picture that is."
"Rather a pleasant-faced girl, isn't she?"

"I want to know her name."
"No jealous fury in that countenance, is
there?"

"Whose is it?"
"It's a portrait of a girl I used to think
a great deal of, and—"

"Her name, sir?"
"Well, you sat for it yourself, Maria, about
nineteen years ago; but to tell the truth I
always did think the pleasing expression was
a little overdone. Put on your spectacles
and look at it again, and then compare it
with the reflection in that mirror over there,
and see—what are you getting mad about?"

EXCLUSIVE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE HOTEL WORLD.

(Continued from page 17.)

Cocktail." Use a large bar glass, three-quarter filled with fine ice, four or five dashes of genuine Bénédictine, one or two dashes of Angostura Bitters, one wine glass of Noilly Prat's dry French Vermouth. Stir well, strain into a cocktail glass and serve without lemon peel.

BRIGGS LEASES THE BUENAVISTA
PERHAPS it was because the owners of the property saw it stated in BROADWAY WEEKLY that Walter M. Briggs, of the Sherman Square Hotel, had decided not to lease the Buena Vista Spring Hotel, near Baltimore, that caused them to make Briggs a better offer, which resulted in his leasing the property. Briggs for some months has had the matter of leasing the property under consideration. The hotel is finely located in Franklin County, Penn., about seventy-five miles west of Baltimore, and is known as the Buena Vista Spring Hotel. It contains 250 rooms, the house is in splendid condition, being built in 1896, and commanding, as it does, a magnificent position on a high mound; the views about are attractive. Briggs thought the matter over, long and well, and decided not to take the hotel. His decision BROADWAY WEEKLY published. A few days later, long enough for this paper to reach Baltimore, for in that city the owners live, a telephone came from there, asking if Briggs would consider a new offer. He did, went a second time to look at the prop-

erty and a few days ago he signed the lease. His position at the Sherman Square Hotel he resigned May 1st, in order to give all his time to the new venture. No one has been selected to take his place at the Sherman Square, which ought to be a good one for Hongland, late of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, whose banking scheme has not turned out very profitably.

MALTBY RENEWS HIS LEASE.

COL. L. U. MALTBY has renewed his lease of the Continental, Philadelphia, for another five years, with the privilege of renewing it for an additional five. Maltby has had the Continental for many years, and some time ago, when it looked as though he would not succeed in renewing his lease, it was felt in Philadelphia that the owners of the property were making a mistake. The delay on the part of the owners was not due to any lack of confidence in Maltby, but was caused by the plan to alter the building into an office block. The Continental is good for many years to come—in fact while Ninth and Chestnut streets continue to be the center of the business part of the town, and no rivals appear upon the scene.

It is not generally known that the syndicate that built the Belvedere, in Baltimore, tried to induce Maltby and his nephew, Harry, to lease the house. The Maltbys thought well on the matter and declined. E. B. McCahan, of the Stratford, was finally selected as manager.

Exquisite Art For our Readers

READ every word of this article—it will interest you—it will pay you. BROADWAY WEEKLY has made arrangements with the White City Art Company for a limited number of sketches from the brushes of the greatest artists in the world, including The great Bryson. We will give these FREE to our readers as long as they last, which will not be very long, so you would better write us **to-day**. There are eight in the set—they are as follows:

No. 213. "THE BALLET GIRL."
A stunning picture suitable for your den.

No. 214. "THE DANCER."
Full of life and the spirit of Terpsichore.

No. 215. "LOOKING BACKWARDS."
A pretty girl in low-necked dress, looking over her shoulder. Pretty and alluring.

No. 209. "THE BALLET DANCER."
A life-like and fascinating girl of the front row.

No. 184. "THE QUEEN OF HEARTS."
The prettiest in the pack. Full of life.

No. 112. "THE DREAMER."
A splendid, breathing subject.

No. 179. "THE TIP OF HER TOE."

A lively dancer perched on tiptoe and kicking in no uncertain manner.

No. 178. "THE CIGARETTE."

As lively as its name implies.

They are all on artist's indentation sketching paper, and show a wonderful effect in coloring.

They are especially mounted for framing, and with a light, black or gold frame make dainty wall decorations—decorations such as are seen only in the homes of the wealthy.

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Send us \$1.00 for three months' subscription to BROADWAY WEEKLY, and we will send you FREE one of these sketches. Send \$2.00 for six months' subscription and we will send you any three of these sketches; and for \$4.00 for a yearly subscription we will send you FREE the entire set of eight sketches.

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Broadway Weekly Co.

27 East 21st Street, New York.

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Portraits by The Otto Sarony Company, New York.

MISS HAYWARD AS HERSELF.



MISS HAYWARD AS THE WITCH OF ENDOR, IN "THE SHEPHERD KING."

MARGARET HAYWARD, A YOUNG CHARACTER ACTRESS.

THOSE who saw "The Shepherd King," which closed recently at the Knickerbocker Theatre, will not easily forget the clever bit of work done by Miss Margaret Hayward as the *Witch of Endor*.

This rôle, created by her, and played with the sterling ability which stamped the artist, has placed Miss Hayward in the front ranks of the dramatic world as a character woman.

Her *Witch of Endor* was a finished piece of work which attracted not only the attention of the public, but the interest of the managers, for this talented woman held her audience breathless by the touch of realism.

One of the most artistic points in the interpretation of this character was her laugh. It was instinct with the soft, satisfied gurgle of the uncanny being. It was a realistic piece of stage portraiture in the hands of a most clever woman, who in the point of make-up, which in this instance consumed an hour and ten minutes, has no superior.

Miss Hayward proved that she was that most desirable acquisition—a versatile woman. Very few in the audience realized that this *Witch* who filled them with terror, was the same woman who in the first act portrayed the gentle, peace-loving mother to the shepherd boy.

Public attention was drawn to Miss Hayward last season when she played *Anne Devlin* in "Robert Emmet." Her *Anne* was played in a breezy, rollicking style which convulsed her audience and captivated them with her brogue.

The greatest tribute to her talent, the one she values beyond all others, was when David Belasco gave her Marie Bates' part in "The Auctioneer," while Miss Bates went to Mrs. Carter during the run of "Zaza" this season.

Miss Hayward did full justice to Mr. Belasco's judgment; her work in this was artistic, womanly and tender. Very few women who have played in quick succession three characters so widely different have met with the artistic success that has crowned this woman's work. One has only to meet Miss Hayward to realize that she is the student. Hers is a charming personality. Her face is alive with soul, and there is about her a gentle earnestness of manner which comes to you like the breath of a rare flower.

As a character woman, Miss Hayward's future is an assured one and it is only a question of time when she shall become recognized as a woman of fine ambition and splendid achievement.

Her standard is a high one, but she will be well balanced when it is fully reached, because she is paving each step with the stones of earnest endeavor and hard work. Her ambition is to be not one of the greatest, but *the* greatest in her line, and if the past work is to be considered, she is sure of a brilliant future.

The public is following with considerable interest the career of this talented woman.

CAROLYN LOWREY.

THE EDITOR'S CHAT OF BROADWAY AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE J. J. MacNally burlesque, "A Little Bit of Everything," which will have an early production at Klaw & Erlanger's Aerial Garden, looks promising. As a matter of fact, these astute managers appear to be gobbling up the Weber & Fields niche in New York theatricals without any obvious effort. For principal woman they have Fay Templeton, and the lissome Peter F. Dailey will be the chief comedian, with such fellow workers as Harry Kelly, Joseph Sparks, George Schiller, Leila MacIntyre and Isobel Johnson. With Mr. Erlanger himself to keep his eye on everything, New Yorkers can be pretty sure of finding something good in "A Little Bit of Everything." Burlesque in this case means something, because Fay Templeton is, beyond doubt, our cleverest burlesque actress to-day—and with a somewhat intimate knowledge of the stage, I want to say right here that there isn't a woman in London who can touch her. It looks, therefore, as if Klaw & Erlanger would start the ball rolling early in the summer, and by the time the season comes around, they will have formed and shaped and solidified this aggregation into a consistent, smoothly running stock company. If it were not for some other plans for both Miss Templeton and Mr. Dailey, I am convinced that, if Mr. MacNally has been as clever in turning out a "Little Bit of Everything" as Klaw & Erlanger have been ambitious in making up the cast, the piece, with occasional revisions and additions, would become a year's fixture.

Harry Kelly, by the way, has become a definite quantity in the comedian market. Most of us know that he is the son of John T. Kelly, of the checked suit and flannel mouth (I refer to Mr. John T. on the stage, of course). Young Harry has done bully work since those days at the Casino, when in one of the Morton-Kerker pieces he sang that charming refrain, "For She's as Oriental as a Rug."

Mr. Kelly, by the way, although altogether different from Mr. Patrick Rooney, another eminent classicist, shares with that gentleman the honor of having the busiest feet on the American stage.

HAVE you seen the new portrait of Emma Eames at the Knoedler Gallery? It is something fine and altogether flesh and blood in its likeness. The painter, Julian Story, who also happens to be the husband, has brought out with rare grace and nice precision, the beautiful, queenlike carriage of Mrs. Eames-Story and has given life and meaning to the fine head. His wife, who has striven hard and earnestly to earn the title of "The Icicle of Grand Opera," should feel grateful to her painter-husband, for he has given her that quality of warmth which I have never been able to discover with a field-glass at the Metropolitan Opera House. She may be a cold, but certainly is a beautiful proposition.

THE very devil of contrariety and the spirit of unfraternal nastiness seem sometimes to lay hold of the writers on daily newspapers. Why in heaven's name Edward R. Thomas should have been held up for ridicule because he was decent enough to lend money to a friend who was in a hole, and why his fellow publishers should have taken delight in making him a butt, when, as a matter of fact, he acted the part of a generous friend, is far and away beyond me. Mr. Thomas is as clean cut a young man as I know in New York to-day. There is no nonsense or sloppiness about this sportsman. He foolishly told a friend that he would lend him money to enable him to become a manager and he kept his word—but surely foolishness is not criminal. He owns a stable which is miles removed from the for-revenue-only style. He bought the *Morning Telegraph* because he was interested in racing and he pays good salaries and keeps his word. He has, into the bargain, married a beautiful and clever woman—and that's a good enough record for me.

IAM not surprised that Fred. Hallen is to star next season. He has wanted to star ever since those days when he was a part of the firm of Hallen & Hart—but not by any means half of it. It was Hart who staged the plays, wrote the songs and very often wrote in whole scenes. It was Hallen who put on a dress suit, parted his hair in the middle, and divided the profits. Hallen and his wife,

Mollie Fuller, have been making money in vaudeville for a number of seasons, while Mr. and Mrs. Hart, the latter known as Carrie De Mar, have been in vaudeville also, but have been starring since. Hart, by the way, has written a number of vaudeville sketches which have proved great successes.

IF Frank Perley will only get hold of the right plays, he has a sure winner in Margaret Anglin as a star. This young woman has hidden her light under a bushel for too many seasons. Not once since the days when she came over the Canadian border-line to attack the American drama, have I seen her do anything bad—and I am not even excepting the unfortunate *Camille*—and many of her impersonations have been strong and compelling. Her dramatic fire and splendid physical energy were shown in "Mrs. Dayne's Defence," while the finer and more subtle side of her art was displayed in *Mimi*, in "The Only Way." But the play's the thing now, and Miss Anglin's long list of friends and admirers in New York and throughout the country hope that Mr. Perley knows a good manuscript as well as he knows a good week stand.

"T. KELLY COLE says that he will not succeed F. W. Elliott as tenor of the Madison Avenue Reformed Church Choir."—Daily Paper.

Ted Marks and Will MacConnell, please notice. Out of town papers, copy.

WILLIAM GOULD who is down for the leading straight-comedy part in "The Southerners," which George W. Lederer is rehearsing every day, is a pretty good-looking young man with prematurely gray hair and more or less the manner of the legitimate. Mr. Gould has done some good work on Broadway and has that careless swing and easy insolence of manner which go so well in certain parts. He comes within a peg of being a matinee hero and is ambitious. I'll see "The Southerners" before committing myself further in this particular case.

"THEATRES to right of them, theatres to left of them," is a paraphrase that seems now to fit the Shuberts. Their latest acquisition, the Hyperion Theatre, of New Haven, Conn., is really an important one, entirely aside from the fact that the theatre is an excellent one and that New Haven is a fair-sized city. The Hyperion is a favorite temporary roost for those companies which want to try themselves out before tempting fate in New York. The Shuberts will find no difficulty in getting booking for the Hyperion, and if they keep up their gait of the past few seasons, they will soon have enough attractions of their own to fill the house. You can hardly appreciate the importance of the Shuberts as theatrical factors until you understand that they now control fifteen important theatres and that they are under thirty years of age.

THE odds were about even about Edna May's appearance in this country next season until Charles Frohman cabled that the matter had been arranged and that she would appear in "The School Girl." It must have taken some argument and a few positive instructions from Mr. Frohman to have this matter fixed so neatly. It is difficult for Americans to thoroughly understand the exact position occupied in London by a woman like Edna May. A few years ago Miss May was utterly unknown to Britishers. Then she broke out violently on the theatrical horizon and became a favorite, and in the case of a pretty woman this means the following results:

A popularity which, once attained, does not grow frayed at the edges.

Practically all-year-round engagements in London.

The smartest brougham, with the smartest coachman and footman in livery.

A supper table reserved at the Savoy or the Cecil.

An unassailable place in the esteem of London theatre-goers.

An affectionate nickname by an enthusiastic pit following.

All these things are important and pleasant to a newly-made theatrical celebrity in London, but when the subject has reached the nickname period, and is beloved of the pit, then indeed has she an asset that no manager fails to respect or is permitted to overlook when the question of salary is under consideration. Miss May could stay in London the rest of her natural life and be pretty certain of not

tiring herself in the effort to drive away the wolf from the door. It would be foolish to say that it is a condescension on her part to appear in New York, but she certainly does not have to do it because she needs the money.

I MENTIONED some weeks ago in BROADWAY WEEKLY the fact that Arnold Daly would probably have a theatre of his own next season. According to an interview in the *Herald*, Mr. Daly is very much in earnest and there seems considerable likelihood of his being able to satisfy a very laudable ambition. Mr. Daly is now appearing in "Candida" before Boston audiences, and, as might be supposed, Boston has taken him to its arms and acclaimed him something more than merely clever. With Bostonians, you are usually a fool or a genius, and in this instance, Mr. Daly does not appear to be the fool. I am not quite ready as yet to accept this young actor as anything but an ambitious and conscientious player who has done some fine work, whose ideals are high, but who has at least fifteen years' time in which to become a real genius. In the meantime, if he makes such meritorious productions as "The Man of Destiny" and "Candida," he will be earning the gratitude of theatre-goers who are sick unto death of the futile, the silly and the puling.

SOMEONE has just sent me from London two photographs—one of May Yohe and the other of Mabelle Gilman. The latter looks very cute and pretty and the former doesn't. May Yohe at one time was attractive entirely aside from the fascinating, if somewhat bewildering, deep note that puzzled Dr. Curtis and every other throat specialist in America. In her latest picture, she looks old—although it is an age of untidy flabbiness rather than of years. If the stooping, narrow-chested Lord Francis Hope were to meet May Yohe to-day for the first time he would certainly not fall in love with her. And this is the girl who at one time was accepted in London as a perfect type of American womanhood—God save the mark!

Miss Gilman looks decidedly pretty. She had been appearing in London and a photograph of her was taken in the drawing-room of one of those pretty houses which most American girls visiting London seem to acquire even more easily than the English accent. Miss Gilman has met with some success in London, although she is still many miles removed from the Edna May class. Just after her little altercation with thirteen of the seventeen Sire brothers, Miss Gilman pouted saucily, tiptilted her dainty nose and skipped over to London. A letter informs me that if she acts hereafter, it will probably be for art's sake, as a certain young Londoner whose father annually takes pecks of diamonds out of an African mine would like to marry her.

Important: Miss Yohe's mother is not with her. This fine loving and commendable type of American mother, who has always boasted of being the chum of her daughter, and who used to smile good-naturedly at "that dear child's spirits," and who, it is said, is an authority on the incomes of English nobility, is staying peacefully at the Yohe place in America. I understand that the old lady will probably in the near future open a College for the Improvement of American Morals.

A NEW YORK publisher tells me that Gertrude Atherton is hard at work on a play. My informant did not mention the peculiar form of literary abnormality the play would run to. We need hardly expect anything conventional from Gertrude Atherton, who, in one of her books—I think it was "The Aristocrats"—makes her twenty-six-year-old heroine remark that she has found that most American women have lovers; and the word is used in its grossest form. Miss Atherton can write interesting things about the sky and the woods and the sun and the snow, but when it comes to a discussion of virtue, she is altogether too swift for any game I have ever sat in.

TED MARKS is making his sixty-third round trip across the Atlantic. In fact, he is one of the best little globe-trotters that ever opened Ruinart in the Metropole.

There was a time when I devoted all my admiration to the ever-blooming Marks boutonnière. Of late years, however, I have switched to an admiration of the easy grace with which the impresario throws off the burden of the years as they come around. Without desiring

to be unpleasant, I don't mind banking on the statement that Mr. Marks must be fully fifty. In style, manner and appearance, he is not a good forty.

I remember when I first went to London, the Strand seemed simply a dark alley full of cabs and fog. Then I happened to mention to one of the barmaids in the Gaiety Café that I was a friend of Mr. Marks. I was immediately grasped by the hand, smiled at, coddled, and told that I was the real thing. When I reached the sidewalk again, the Strand took on the appearance of a Parisian boulevard with nothing but lights, laughter and corks in the air; since which time I have had a great respect for Ted Marks, of London and New York.

SOME dramatic writers are expressing surprise that Clyde Fitch should become a musical-comedy writer and go in for versifying. The gentle art of rhyming is no new thing to Mr. Fitch. In fact, if I am not mistaken, he has been guilty of several books of poems. At any rate, it is not so many Christmases ago that, on asking in a book store for something that would please a girl with blond hair and large eyes, I was handed a dainty little volume bearing the name of Clyde Fitch. On looking inside, I found there were poems to eyes and nose, and dimpled cheeks, to the morning sun and to the sorrow moon. Mr. Fitch, therefore, need not diffidently retreat behind his modesty as if his musical-comedy jingling were as new and fresh as the morning dew. I have trailed him to his lair.

THE Strollers fairly sizzled with delight last week at their Club Theatre. The Strollers are a very decent, typically metropolitan and rollicking lot of New Yorkers, who put on funny pieces and who do not disgrace themselves by primping up and fluffing themselves in a feminine make-up. The Strollers, heaven be praised, do not run to Richard Harlotism. Their two latest offerings "Round Herald Square," by J. L. Goldin and Rupert Hughes, and "The Wiz That Waz," by J. L. Goldin and Gustave Kerker, had been done before. They were, however, polished up to a calcium light degree last week. One of the best characters in "Round Herald Square" was *Dick Outdrawn*, played by Frederick Noyes Blake. This character, of course, was only a thin disguise for Herald Square's own Dick Outcault (if I think of it later, I'll tell you about the time when Mr. Outcault went home and took a bath in his dress suit). The Buster Brown artist had as company in the cast *Bizzbrane*, the \$40,000-a-year editor of the *Evening Journal* and a number of other local celebrities. On the opening night of the Strollers, Archie Gunn sang some of the songs which he has made familiar to New Yorkers during the past few years, but May Irwin was probably the hit of the whole bill. Still a refulgent blonde, and looking not a day older than she did in "Widow Jones," seasons ago, Miss Irwin sang some of the old coon songs which she sings better than any other woman in America to-day. She must have been delighted with her reception, because there wasn't a man or woman in the room who was not willing to convince her that she was still their little May, and that all others were Shipbuilding common beside her. One old boy, with gray mustache and fine hands that never had spun, actually cried when she sang her Bully song. It was a sight for the Herald owls.

A Calve grand opera night could not have turned out a finer collection of the Slick and Correct than I saw at The Strollers. Surely the following looks like an extract from the roster at Conried's Temple of Tenors:

Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanford White.

Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills.

General and Mrs. Lloyd F. Bryce.

Mr. and Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll.

and Mrs. Norman Whitehouse with "Normie," a devoted and enthusiastic cavalier.

NO sooner had I announced that Blanche Ring was making a hit on the other side, than she upsets all theory of time and space by popping in on us and registering at the Hotel Belleclaire. She looked exceedingly well, wore some stunning clothes, which I positively refuse to try to describe, and showed her white strong teeth as she smiled and said that she was tickled to death to be back on Broadway again. Just why Miss Ring insists on going back to

London to the Tivoli, I cannot imagine. She is a young woman who is wanted right here in New York. Her vivid sense of humor, her breezy freshness, and her ability to sing a song as it should be sung, are not so tremendously plentiful that we can afford to let her go back to the Tivoli.

By the way, have you ever been to the Tivoli? There's a music hall for you. First, last, and all the time! Without a whit of the pretentiousness of the Empire or the Alhambra, it is comfortable, popular and it seldom has a bill of less than twenty numbers—and mighty few of them are fillers, either. If Mr. Hammerstein continues on his present way, we will have a Tivoli right in our midst and a theatre that would make the "Tiv" look like a squatter's shanty up in Harlem.

A MISS MARY H. EWER produced "Such is the Law" at the Carnegie Lyceum last week. I make this statement more in sorrow than in anger. Miss Ewer, whose late father was a clergyman and who should have taught her the sin of overvaulting ambition, must have spent many weary days and uninspired nights over "Such is the Law." There should be a statute making it grand larceny to accept salary for appearing in such a piece. I understand that "Such is the Law" cost Miss Ewer a good \$2,000 for about three hours of agony.

THE cable announces that Alice Nielsen has made the dive into the Covent Garden Grand Opera pool and come up smiling though a little breathless. Miss Nielsen has had grand opera aspirations for a number of years. She probably was inoculated with the virus when she was starring in this country under the management of Frank Perley. A whole regiment of Calves, Melbas, and Sembrichs, well filled with Tobasco sauce and spurred on by adverse criticism, could not be more cantankerous and absolutely unmanageable than this meek, pretty little woman, to whom success came in twenty minutes. In other words, her temper, her captiousness and her utter unreasonableness far overtopped her comic opera importance, and it was not surprising therefore that she should have longed for grand opera altitude and opportunities. Now that she has them, I'll wager that she won't neglect her chance. Miss Nielsen was never your shy, blushing morning-glory that shuts up with the glare of the sun. She is there all the time.

E. R. REYNOLDS is one of the busiest men in New York to-day. His "Dreamland" down at Coney Island is one of the most stupendous amusement enterprises ever undertaken in this country. It will represent a total cost of nearly three-quarters of a million dollars and it is the endeavor to make other attractions look like a gaslight up a side street. John and George Considine and many other well-known Broadwayites are interested in "Dreamland," and at least a half dozen theatrical folk have concessions in the new Reynolds Wonderland.

I DROPPED in at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre the other day to see an act of "Love on Crutches," the good old Daly adaptation from the German. What struck me particularly about the performance was the youthful daintiness, amounting almost to girlishness, in the work of Rose Stuart. Miss Stuart is a delightful comedienne and should stick closely to this style of character. Miss Stuart has been more or less lost to Broadway for some seasons and it is to be hoped that she will not take her pretty art and good method back to the woods again for some time to come.

THIS paragraph is for married folks only—unless you happen to be interested in children. Little Jack Rodriguez, the youngest, and in fact, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Rodriguez, the former Julia Marlowe's manager, and the latter known on the stage as Lola Hawthorne, has scarlet fever. He has been staying with his Grandpa and Grandma Hawthorne, and is convalescing. Another interesting member of this family, who has just sailed for the other side, is Lily Hawthorne. Miss Hawthorne is one of the biggest favorites among the leaders in the London music halls. She is in great demand for the holiday pantomimes and is booked up solid for the next three years. Miss Hawthorne sailed with her husband, John

Nash, the well-known stage manager. He is to make a number of productions in London during the coming season.

THE daily papers try to raise a great hullabaloo over the supposedly terrific altercation between Robert Goelet and an usher at the Savoy Theatre. As a matter of fact, the whole affair was very simple. A Savoy usher was uncivil to Mr. Goelet, who complained to Alf. Hayman. That ended the career of this particular usher at this particular house—and that's all there was to it. The incident, however, drew more than ordinary attention to Alf. Hayman as a factor in New York theatricals. I have known Mr. Hayman for a good many years, and I have always found him too busy to mix up with things that were not important, and at the same time, always at hand when a question of policy was raised. I don't suppose there is a busier man to-day along the length and breadth of Broadway than this same Alf. Hayman. He has his finger on the pulse of the entire Frohman system of theatricals and carries on his broad shoulders a tremendous amount of responsibility. He is always cool, calm and at ease, and yet ready for quick action, as he was in the case of the Savoy usher who broke one of the theatrical ten commandments—"Be Civil."

WITH the appointment of Joseph F. Moss to the honorable position of Magistrate, Mayor McClellan has removed from before the bar one of the best-known criminal practitioners in New York. For more years than I care to count, I have, as reporter and roamer around town, known "Joe" Moss—known his ability, his loyalty to his friends, to his associates in the office of Howe & Hummel, and to the interests of the army of clients he has served. Mr. Moss has been almost as well-known a fixture of the Howe & Hummel office as A. H. Hummel, Benjamin Steinhardt, or the late William F. Howe, with whom he was closely associated in many celebrated criminal cases. His battalion of friends in New York wish Magistrate Moss every honor that comes to men of probity and character on the bench—and their fondest wish is that they may still affectionately call him "Joe."

J. J. ROSENTHAL has returned to town after a season on the road. I saw him talking in front of the St. James Building to Mr. Van Studdiford, husband of Grace Van Studdiford. They seemed to be engaged in a warm argument as to whether Erie, Penn., or Sistersville, West Va., was the worse one-night stand during the past season.

I ADVISE all my readers to go to the Broadway Theatre box-office and buy seats for the benefit of the New York Home for Destitute Crippled Children, which is announced for Monday afternoon, May 16th. In the first place, they will be assisting a very beautiful charity, and secondly, they will see a rattling good show. How well assured is this statement is proven by a glance at the programme, which includes Clara Morris and Margaret Illington in the prison scene from "The Two Orphans;" Grace George in an act of "Frou Frou;" Eleanor Robson and Kyrle Bellew in the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" (don't forget that Mr. Bellew is one of the world's finest *Romeos*); Macklyn Arbuckle, Willis P. Sweatnam and company in Act III of "The County Chairman;" well-known members of the Twelfth Night Club in a skit; to say nothing of Eddie Foy, DeWolf Hopper, J. E. Dodson, Ezra Kendall, Hattie Williams, Raymond Hitchcock and others. Mrs. A. L. Erlanger, wife of the well-known manager, is interested in the benefit, and other gracious New York women of position and standing, who still have time to devote to little children, are trying to make this benefit the most successful of the year.

MARIE DRESSLER, in all the fulsomeness of a new spring outfit, has been one of the gladsome sights of Broadway. Miss Dressler is an ever-growing source of delight, and an object lesson of definite moral. I remember her when she took the ferry boat from Long Island City a few years ago, came to town, and insisted she was going to be an actress. Almost the entire world seemed to disagree with her at the time, but she stuck pluckily to the game, waited for her chance, got it, made good, and ever since has been proving that she is funny with a humor that defies analysis and a personality that has done much to make her a favorite. I don't know of a more generous girl in the profession to-day, and many women, yes, and a few men, too, who have been in hard luck will agree with me.

FRRIENDS are congratulating Louis Mann on his acquisition of \$9,000 in real money from the Weber & Fields' bank account.

This \$9,000 carried with it a release on Mr. Mann's contract with the managers, together with any claim Clara Lipman might have. Nine thousand dollars in real cash and in one lump is much money, particularly at the end of a rather poor season, and Mr. and Mrs. Mann have, probably, by this time placed the \$9,000 where it will do the most good. I hear, by the way, that Mann is well-to-do and knows the difference between a corner lot in Harlem and a Hackensack meadow.

EVANGUAY is to be one of the features when the Victoria Roof opens; also I understand that she has an entirely new turn, but that the Tanguay personality will not be too closely hedged about by unconventional restrictions. If Miss Tanguay ever gets to the point where she can appear on the stage for five consecutive minutes without giving an imitation of a person in the worst stages of fever and ague, her friends will probably send for a doctor at once.

ONE of my contemporaries makes the ingenuous statement that Nixon & Zimmerman will star "Josephine" De Angeles in "Morning Glory" next season. This announcement, no doubt, threw the thriving village of Yonkers, N. Y., into a wild paroxysm of excitement.

WHISPER it softly. Let not John Considine or Senator Roche hear it. I have really been trying to take the leap paragraphs before this, but courage failed me. Now I must get over it quickly. Here it is:

LOUIS WESLEY IS GOING TO WORK.

Strange as it may seem, and uncanny as may be the suggestion, it is perfectly true that Mr. Wesley is rehearsing with "The Mummy and the Maid," the new Richard Carle piece soon to see the light of day. Mr. Wesley, who unquestionably holds the belt in the Welter-weight-Never-get-away Stakes, has been a decorative feature of Broadway so long, that the street is as lonely without him as it would be if the cable cars should suddenly get distemper and stop running. But Mr. Wesley has left us for a time at least, and every Broadwayite, including Policeman No. 1342, who has been a close and confidential friend of Mr. Wesley (the latter knows every door on 1342's beat) is disconsolate and may have to be sent to the country for his health.

MRS. CORNELIA OSGOOD TYLER—it sounds like a whimper from the Colonial Dames—who wrote the book for "A Venetian Romance," at the Knickerbocker Theatre, is as well-known in New London as the Pequod House. She lives a few doors from James O'Neil, the actor, and has had the theatrical bee in her bonnet for some time. Mrs. Tyler is a charming woman of distinguished presence and is one of the brainy hostesses in Washington during the season in that cosmopolitan city. This is about all I know about her that is worth telling.

I SAW Hattie Williams gazing into a window of a jewelry shop the other day, with all the keen interest and enthusiasm of a little girl who likes pretty baubles. That is one of the pleasant things about Miss Williams. Although about as prominent as any woman in musical comedy in America to-day, she still can see the humor of things and is not ashamed to show some interest in life. There is still in her eyes that humorous glitter with which God has blessed every girl of Irish extraction. The glitter was there when she was one of the most inconsequential members of May Irwin's company and it has followed her through the many vicissitudes right straight up to the point where she could be foolish and haughty, if she would, as the featured member of a big Broadway success. I am glad that she is still Hattie Williams and not Hattye Wyllymes.

SADIE MARTINOT, freed from marital woes, is in vaudeville under the direction of Robert Grau. Miss Martinot, who cannot be convinced that Olga Nethersole is the greatest actress on earth, has rather missed fire in New York of late seasons. She is, however, a pretty woman with much magnetism and a will of her own, and no doubt will be heard from in no uncertain way before long. Miss Martinot is one of the best self-advertisers in the country. She is a clever

talker, and even now I have a very distinct recollection of a reportorial visit I paid her during my salad days. I remember, also, having carefully laid out a series of questions, which, when once in the Presence, I entirely forgot and was myself put through a categorical list that made me the interviewed rather than the interviewer. I recollect, too, she said some very clever things, but carefully refrained from talking on the matters I went to ask her about, but which she did not care to discuss. I can quite imagine that in her talkfest with her husband, Louis Nethersole, Sadie Martinot-Nethersole must have come out near the top of the skyscraper.

LIONEL LAWRENCE, the much-married, is around town with big plans for the future. He does not, however, contemplate another marriage right away. Whether this is because Mr. Lawrence hasn't thought of it or has exhausted the market, I do not know. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Lawrence has three Amys, four Ednas, three Claras and a couple of Penelopes on his alimony list already, but notwithstanding the surfeit of American beauties, he looks hale and hearty and ready for more trouble.

I HEARD a bet made the other day in which Montgomery and Stone figured. A manager wagered with an actor that Montgomery and Stone, on the basis of their cumulative contract, received the largest salary paid to any comedians in America to-day. It takes very large and important money to live up to such a proposition. At the same time, consider the facts for a moment. Without pretending to know the exact terms of their contract, I have reason to believe that Montgomery and Stone are to receive from Hamlin & Mitchell what will average \$1,700 a week for the next three years. This sounds away out of reason, I'll admit, but those are the figures as given to me. Do you know where they can be duplicated for a continuous season's work?

THE ticket sellers in the hotels inform me that "The Dictator" is the hit of the spring season. After a senseless and unprofitable wandering around for a season or two, and with no head or tail to his dramatic kite, William Collier at last settled down under the Charles Frohman wing, and has been comfortable and successful ever since. As the shallow but amusing *Brooke Travers* in the Richard Harding Davis piece, Collier is doing his best work of the season and only hot weather and the seaside epidemic will kill the run of "The Dictator." No doubt it can play yet for at least half a season, beginning in the fall, to good business.

I KNOW that there is such a thing as the matinee girl. I saw Her the other day—in fact, I saw four of Her. She was standing near the stage entrance of the New Amsterdam Theatre on Forty-first street. I thought first that She, as represented by three blondes and a brunette, was waiting for a sister or a cousin in "The Two Orphans." It was a bad guess. Out walked the well-groomed figure of Kyrle Bellew, who started toward the Seventh avenue corner. "That's him," She said in chorus, not meaning to be ungrammatical, but forgetful of all else but the classic features and the blue serge suit walking ahead. I'll give you my word that this hydra-headed She trekked Bellew straight through to Broadway, where I lost track of the whole crowd. It wasn't a pleasant sight, and I hope not too characteristic a one. But you can't blame Bellew very well.

THOSE who have known Tom Hamilton for the past few years were not particularly surprised when it was announced that he had been made editor of the New York *Herald*. Mr. Hamilton is one of the best-equipped journalists in New York. The death of the late Editor Drone caused scarcely a ripple on the surface of metropolitan newspaper life. He was little more than a figurehead, and was not well known even to the workers on the *Herald*. I am told that Mr. Hamilton receives \$12,000 a year.

Have you noticed, by the way, that William C. Reick's name has not been appearing on the editorial page for some time? Of course, this does not mean that there is any change in Mr. Reick's official position. He still constitutes the Court of Appeal on the *Herald*, and his services are considered more important than ever by James Gordon Bennett.

R. B. H.

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY Editor

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear later something to your advantage by addressing Broadway Weekly, 27 East 21st Street, New York.

THE EDITORIAL VIEWPOINT.

“**A**S I sit here to-night I can truthfully say that I am without one dollar to my name in the world. Mrs. Woodend's small estate is, unfortunately, affected also, but, thank God, I am still young and have my health.”

These were the words uttered by Dr. W. E. Woodend on his return to town, and they show more clearly than anything else the peculiar grip and almost boyish trustfulness that characterize so many of our typical young Americans.

Last week the brokerage firm of W. E. Woodend & Company failed under rather distressing circumstances. Owing to the importance of the firm and the prominence of Mr. and Mrs. Woodend, the daily newspapers were furnished with a sensation. With their usual indecent haste the vultures of the town—those financial buzzards that live off the misfortunes of others—started stories based on the wildest rumors, the most unpleasant of these being to the effect that Mrs. Woodend contemplated a separation from the Doctor. When asked for a confirmation of this story, Mrs. Woodend replied, "Separate from him! Oh, no, indeed! Why, he is the grandest man on the face of the earth to-day. I loved him when we were married in this very room, six years ago this coming July. If possible, I love him more to-day."

There may be those who do not fully agree with Mrs. Woodend as to the grandeur of her husband, although BROADWAY WEEKLY is firmly convinced that he is more sinned against than sinning. No one, however, can fail to applaud the sentiments of this fine woman and excellent wife, at a moment when the thoroughly frivolous and selfish would be inclined to censure. Then, too, it must occur to the average reader of normal mind that the man who can inspire such devotion in a woman must be something altogether different from the creature painted by the daily press.

JUSTICE GAYNOR, of the Supreme Court, sitting in Brooklyn, is a tall, grave man with the true bearing of the jurist. He, however, does not believe that because he likes to stay in the house and be comfortable it is a crime for others to go out and get their feet wet. Then, too, he has an abiding faith in the manliness of the average American and his healthy love of sport. Justice Gaynor said from the bench the other day, "If our boys cannot be permitted to go out on Sunday and indulge in a game as innocent as this (baseball), then the Democracy of the United States is endangered." Thus it is that the young men of our city are enabled to play baseball on Sunday without fear of arrest, and thousands of others, who, while liking the game, prefer to see others play it, can do so with impunity.

Justice Gaynor's views may not meet with the approval of the strict Sabbatarian, but most certainly they are consistent with the religion of common-sense.

O, that Bret Hart were alive!—for he would find plenty of opportunity for his wild tales right here in New York. Last week three young men, all under thirty, disturbed the peace of city dwellers to such an extent that the police reserves were called out. First, they broke into a dwelling, but here they merely talked loudly and swore roundly. They were not quite mellow enough for real mischief. Then they called on a druggist who was just opening his shop and asked him if he did not want to dance for them for an hour or two. He naturally had harbored no such thoughts, but as they were three pretty husky ones to a single slim individual, he was ready to comply with their wishes. They went off on a tangent, however, after breaking only a little glassware. Their next visit showed them to be the real things in the way of desperadoes. They called at another place, where the woman of the house naturally showed her displeasure at their forced entrance and had the bad taste to give them a tongue-lashing. This was more than their gushing souls could stand, and they made up their minds to fire the house. They did fire it, beginning at the lace curtains, which, as everybody knows, are more easily ignited than an ice-box. This seemed to satisfy their craving for excitement and they started to leave their base of operations, but got only as far as the backyard fence, where they were effectively, if not tenderly, held up by policemen with lusty fists and a lustier desire to use them. All this, mind you, took place in the very heart of New York City. It is no reflection on the police that such a thing could occur, but rather it is an object lesson in the futility of permitting the existence of gangs (these three worthies happened to belong to the “Monk Eastman” bandits) in the belief that a watchful eye is better than a good strong club.

A CERTAIN Bernarr MacFadden has been sued by a rather uncertain Kyra d'Anton. Mr. MacFadden is the editor and founder of *Physical Culture*—a magazine which has for its basis the principle that it is better to have been strong and gone hungry than never to have been strong at all. Incidentally Mr. MacFadden is said to have made a fairly healthy fortune out of this belief in himself and his ideas. Mlle. d'Anton is from Paris. She claims to be the world's Queen of Beauty, and also that Mr. MacFadden prevented her winning first prize at the Physical Show at Madison Square Garden. She knows that she would have won first prize, because is she not Kyra d'Anton, of Paris? She claims, however, that Mr. MacFadden would not permit her to enter the contest unless she declared herself to be a vegetarian. This she refused to do, because she dotes on veal and lamb and other dainties from the vulgar but necessary butcher shops. Hence the suit. Now the point seems to be, can Mr. MacFadden consistently claim that, in increasing the muscles, he can also decrease the strength of mind, the mental or physical view point, or whatever else it is that makes us prefer curry of lamb to bisque of sawdust? This is an academic question that requires long and careful thought and we hope Mr. MacFadden will reply at great length.

JOSEPH PULITZER has just purchased all the property which includes the rest of the block in which the *World* Building is now situated. This purchase means an expenditure of some millions of dollars. The New York *Tribune* still occupies the same building it has been in for some decades. We have not heard that Mr. Whitlaw Reid is trying to acquire the rest of Manhattan island. All of which seems to show that loud and explosive journalism is more profitable than mere journalistic politeness.

MR. RUSSELL SAGE at the thirteenth hour wants to have his personal assessment in New York reduced from \$2,000,000 to \$1,500,000. Frank A. O'Donnell, president of the Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments, says that he might have considered the reduction if Mr. Sage had taken the trouble to call personally, but that he thinks the \$2,000,000 will stand—and what Mr. O'Donnell says goes at the present time. At this writing, it has not been discovered that there is any movement afoot for the purpose of raising a popular subscription for Mr. Sage in order to get him out of this terrible dilemma. As a matter of fact, New York doesn't really seem to care, and when New York doesn't care, nothing happens.

A HALF HOUR WITH MISS JULIA WARD, SOCIETY MODISTE.

By CAROLYN LOWREY.

WHEN the recent suit of Julia Ward against the Mrs. Osborn Company was announced in the daily papers, a good portion of the public was very much surprised to learn that the woman who was responsible for the success of this company was Julia Ward, a name which hitherto had not figured in any discussion about the concern. It was also interesting to know that the Mrs. Osborn Company had done a business amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Therefore, when Miss Ward severed her connection with this company and started in business for herself, attention in more than an ordinary degree was drawn to the personality of this remarkable woman.

When I called at her new establishment, No. 4 East Thirty-fourth street, the other day, I was very much surprised to find that already this astute, clever and artistic woman had begun to do business at a flourishing rate, which proved that although the public at large had given credit to Mrs. Osborn for the creations that left her establishment, her patrons knew to whom they were indebted for the elegance and novelty of the design. To a large majority of the people Mrs. Osborn's establishment without Miss Ward will be like seeing "Hamlet" with *Hamlet* left out.

As I sat there and watched the steady stream of carriages with their well-groomed coachmen and footmen which drove up to the door, and delivered their precious freight of dainty femininity, I could understand that this modiste had not only been located by her old customers, but discovered by many other women of the exclusive set, who, before the rupture, did not quite realize that it was not Mrs. Osborn, who received them, but her partner, the woman behind the scenes, who gave to the gowns their smart and artistic atmosphere.

I found Miss Ward to be a graceful woman with a charming personality, an undercurrent of determination and evidence of ability which stamped her at once as the artist. Miss Ward said that her case was still on with the Osborn Company, and would be fought to the bitter end. It is a sore point with this clever woman, for when I put some questions her eyes snapped and the voice lost its gentle intonation, and was instinct with conviction.

Recognizing her ability to stand alone, with a firmness which one would not think she possessed,

she quickly and decidedly rung down the curtain on the Osborn drama, stepped into a cab and in twelve hours was established in one of Mr. Astor's sumptuous houses, a neighbor to the Waldorf-Astoria, where she will serve her same exclusive clientele, and where she is already, even to her astonishment, reaping the benefit of her own labor.

Miss Ward carries a large staff of workers, and, she believes herself most fortunate in having Mrs. Osborn's expert fitter cling to her.

When I asked her the reason for her success she said she thought it lay in the fact that the artistic element was born in and grew with her, that she studied and gave individual attention to each customer, and worked upon the biblical idea that "no two leaves are made alike," so no two gowns alike ever went out of her establishment.

Miss Ward's exclusive designs have an atmosphere about them that cannot be copied without a touch of her own deft fingers, she being a creator and an authority on this subject. I asked her if she would still take her annual trips across the pond, and bring back the usual amount of imported gowns. "Most certainly I will," was the answer. "My trips are like excursions to me. I was sent abroad on a trial trip when but eighteen, and must have given satisfaction, for that has been my part of the business ever since."

Miss Ward is sure of a swift and sure business because her field is an extensive one, and is without a picket-fence. She is not only an important factor to the social woman, but for years has set the styles for the American stage, having with her the best people of the dramatic profession. As a historical designer, she has very few equals and no superior. This particular branch has been studied by her here and abroad. Her representation of a character of olden times is absolutely correct in the minutest detail. She has established a solid reputation in this direction.

As I closed my delightfully spent half hour in this new sartorial boudoir and noted the faces of some of the best-known women in New York society, I could not help feeling that here was a woman who was bound to take a foremost place among the great dress designers of the age—a place so much coveted and so seldom ably filled.

(what modesty!) writes BROADWAY WEEKLY to say that in an old play called "The War God" he witnessed a scene which contained all the particulars of the one that is reported to have been enacted in Russian real life. "A Little-known Actor" does not say when or where the play was produced, or by whom it was written.

"The play in question," writes the actor, "dealt with Russian political life, and the hero of it was suspected of having sold some important state papers to an unfriendly Power. Needless to say that the villain of the piece was alone responsible for the transaction, so far as the selling was concerned, and that justice was satisfied in the end by his removal in ship's-cable fetters to Siberia. But in the meantime there was the scene between the hero and his wife to which I have referred. The woman, armed with false information and a revolver, goes to her husband in his study and tells him that she knows all, and that the only honorable way out of the disgrace is by using the weapon against themselves, he to do the shooting. The husband declares his innocence, but says that since life



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A man pays a woman's virtue no higher compliment than when he curses it.

It's a wise musical comedy that knows its own father.

When Desire begins to contract bills there's the Devil to pay.

Drink and the world drinks with you; settle the bill and you settle it alone.

All love affairs begin with a question and end with an exclamation, or begin with an exclamation and end with a question.

Some women agree with their husbands—in name only.

Put a beggar on horse-back and he'll ride to the first place where he can sell the horse.

WALTER PULITZER.

"THE WAR GOD."

"WHAT a fine scene for a play!" So said almost everybody in Stageland on reading the early reports of the alleged traitorous conduct of Captain Ivkoff, of the Russian Army Service Corps. This, according to the newspapers, was the scene. Ivkoff's wife, informed of her husband's guilt by a secret agency, invited him to her boudoir, and taxed him with his violation of allegiance. Then she told him that he must first shoot her and then himself, or she would denounce him to the authorities. Captain Ivkoff declined to adopt this mode of retreat, and the desperately honorable woman went out and ordered her husband's arrest.

The Ivkoff sensation would indeed make good material for a melodrama of the fur-coat-and-cigarette order, but it would appear that it has been "used before." With the view of circulating a warning to the new and unsuspecting dramatist, who might already be "working round" the situation, "A Little-known Actor"

has no more attraction for him now that he is suspected of treason by his own wedded wife, etc., he'll willingly take his own life, and leave her to do as she thinks fit. Suddenly, however, it occurs to him that the villain of the piece is at the bottom of all the mischief (where else should he be?), and he determines to live on, if only for the pleasure of killing his enemy. So the wife, still unconvinced, goes out in the night and brings back with her a regiment or two of Russian infantry. Having thus proved her devotion to the cause of the government, softer feelings ensue, and she appeals to the Tsar for a pardon for her husband. The Tsar refuses this particular reward for her loyalty, and the husband is to be shot; but in the nick of time the villain of the piece is discovered to be the traitor, and is marched off in the manner I have described."

PLAYS AND PLAYERS OF THE WEEK.

By ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY.

STELLA MAYHEW IN "THE MAN FROM CHINA."

THE programme has it "Mr. Charles A. Bigelow in 'The Man from China,'" but the truth is that Stella Mayhew, whose name was utterly unfamiliar to New York theatre-goers until last week, is the one great big saving grace of the new Paul West-John W. Bratton musical comedy at the Majestic Theatre. I am not referring to Miss Mayhew's physical proportions, although they are generous and space filling.

"The Man from China" is handsomely costumed, cleverly staged, and has some dainty songs. The book, however, is not worthy of a clever newspaper writer and fanciful jingler like Paul West. Neither does it afford Mr. Bigelow all the opportunities which must be his if he is to shine as a star. As a matter of fact, his entrance in Act I. is lugubrious and tear-compelling. Not until the second act does Mr. Bigelow get the chance to become Bigelow as we knew him in his Anna Held days.

But something happens in Act I. That something is the appearance of Stella Mayhew as *Anastasia*, sister of *Gustavus Giltedge*, a multi-millionaire. When Miss Mayhew first comes on the stage she has little or nothing to do, and yet there is something about her that suggests possibilities and importance later on. Perhaps that something is the indefinable quality of magnetism. At any rate, whatever it is oozes from every pore, escapes from the tips of her fingers, perches in her red, red hair, and flashes from her eyes. Then towards the end of the act, and just as the audience is praying to the muse of song for something to happen, she walks down to the footlights, the orchestra starts the accompaniment to "Fifty-seven Ways to Catch a Man," and it is all over then and there. A more delightful rendition of a good song has not been heard in New York for years. Miss Mayhew is not a great vocalist so far as trills are concerned. But when it comes to intelligence, snap, go, and the ability to get out of a song fully three times as much as the author and composer have put into it, Miss Mayhew is to be recommended for any and all occasions. Originally only four verses were written to "Fifty-seven Ways to Catch a Man," but it is possible that Mr. West will be obliged to hire a typewriter several hours a day in order to supply the popular demand for more verses.

Miss Mayhew has been on the road for some seasons and scarcely had a glimpse of New York. She need not worry about her future, however. There is not a manager in New York who would not gladly put her under contract for the next five years, and at a salary which, in the light of past experience, would probably make her eyes bulge. A couple of years ago, everybody was deploring the fact that both Mabel Fenton and Fay Templeton were out of the Weber & Fields cast and that there was no woman to take their place. Miss Mayhew was the woman, only at that time she had not been discovered. She combines some of the qualities of both Fay Templeton and Mabel Fenton with a little burlesque insolence on the side, reminding one of Marie Dressler. She sings a coon song like May Irwin and yet her personauity is unique—and what more could any one ask?

Aimee Angeles as *Cerise*, a maid, sings prettily and dances like the youngest daughter of Terpsichore.

There are some exceedingly handsome show girls in "The Man from China" and one of these



CECILIA LOFTUS, WHO IS TO STAR NEXT SEASON IN A NEW PLAY, ENTITLED, "THE SERIO-COMIC GOVERNESS," WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR HER BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

is Dorothy Zimmerman, a tall, statuesque woman with beautiful shoulders and a somewhat supercilious manner. Miss Zimmerman for some time has been known as one of the handsomest models of the New York studios.

Edgar Atchison-Ely, who, for two or three years, has been making a big hit in the London music halls, plays *Reggie Van Pelt*. Mr. Atchison-Ely knows he is good. He shows that he knows it by displaying the most remarkable collection of self-satisfied grins ever put on exhibition in New York. Every man, woman and child in the theatre begins instinctively to dislike Mr. Atchison-Ely within thirty seconds after he comes on the stage, and each wishes that he will do nothing to confirm his own good opinion of himself. He breaks loose, however, toward the end of Act I, with a song called "Clorinda" and gets away with it very nicely. He dances well, and it is no doubt in this class of work that he made a hit on the other side. Such smug complacency, however, would be sufficient to supply a dozen De Wolf Hoppers, four or five Francis Wilsons, and eight new soubrettes, and there still would be enough left for the public matinee of a dramatic school.

Go to see "The Man from China." You may be disappointed in Mr. Bigelow and scoff at Mr. Atchison-Ely, but Stella Mayhew will make up for all else.

JAMES K. HACKETT IN "THE CROWN PRINCE."

IT is rather a curious thing that James K. Hackett, Independent, should be back in the Syndicate cote of Daniel Frohman. But there he is, and no bones are broken.

Mr. Hackett in Broadhurst's "The Crown Prince," at Daly's Theatre, is handicapped by the fact that Mr. Broadhurst no doubt intended to make his play a satire through and through, whereas, it is such only in spots. Mr. Broadhurst has neither the command of the romantic possessed by Anthony Hope, nor the cutting, incisive manner of H. V. Esmond, either one of whom could have taken the theme of "The Crown Prince" and worked it out consistently. Instead, Mr. Broadhurst has written a play, which, at best, is merely a setting for the handsome Hackett, affording, however, wide scope for the display of his expert swordsmanship. He coos love, of course, in a style that makes the matinee girls wince, but this cannot be credited up to Mr. Hackett.

Charlotte Walker, as the leading lady, beloved of the *Prince*, shows a decided improvement every time she appears in New York. There is no leading woman now before the public who gives finer promise of becoming a great actress. Miss Walker has the God-given sense of propor-

FROM SUNDAY TO SATURDAY IN TOWN.

SUNDAY.—Fifth Avenue Church Parade this morning was really excessively dull. Although I wore my new shepherd's plaid costume with its skirt sun-ray pleated, and a large lawn collar on the pouched coat surmounted by a tie of cherry color, a tone which was repeated in my hat of black and white straw, I felt that I did not have the success I deserved with Robert. However, I ultimately had my revenge by saying unkind things about his dearest girl-friend; and this had the effect of bringing him back to a realization of what his behavior should be when in my company, and kindly compliments soothed our homeward way.

In the afternoon I motored up Riverside Drive—I always motor when I get the chance—and Jimmy's new car is painted and upholstered in dark green and goes very well with my other new costume, which is of dull blue, with a hat of plaited crinoline straws in blue and green, a dull green chiffon veil completing this, which Jimmy informed me he considered eminently satisfactory, and so delightfully secretive!

MONDAY.—Marjorie insisted on taking an early walk with me, and we kept an eleven o'clock appointment with her gownmaker, Julia Ward, where she asked me to accompany her to give her the benefit of my advice. When we arrived I found, of course, that she had already ordered the frock, and I frankly avowed that I could not have thought of anything more fascinating. Of pale pink crepe de chine, it was made with a large berthe of Malines lace, through which black velvet ribbons were run and fastened in tiny little stiff bows down the front. The skirt was gauged on the hips, quite plainly made and decked at the hem with three large flat tucks, most nice and easy to hold up when dancing, and simply admirable for revealing the dainty flounced *dessous*.

TUESDAY.—A Turkish bath; that's all!

WEDNESDAY.—I devoted myself to assisting Mabel to select for herself some underclothes for her trousseau. We found the prettiest things at Altman's, those of fanciful batiste embroidered by the French peasants being our principal choice. Wandering farther afield we came upon an exquisite nightgown of Empire shape, the yoke inlet with rounds of lace and joined to the gown by three rows of Valenciennes beading threaded with palest pink ribbons. She is very extravagant in her underclothes, this lady, and it

is to be hoped that her laundress will respect the trouble she has taken. Then we discovered some elegant teagowns. One of liberty satin of the palest mauve, belted high and buckled with gold, and ornamented with appliqué sprays of lilac bloom, was especially charming.

THURSDAY.—Again did I shop, and discovered how many were the adornments that are in preparation for our summer frocks. Linen and muslin collars of all shapes and sizes are to be worn, an ideal one being of pale *écru* batiste, embroidered a *l'Anglaise*, and with thick satin stitch. This would look well on a white dress or even a pink one, and would form an excellent present for any girl whose birthday comes in the month of May or June.

Amongst other accessories before our summer wear, sashes and belts made of chiné silk with pretty blurred effects are the favorites, while running them close in popularity are the belts of leather with tooled gold designs, the prettiest colors being mauve and blue, and I saw a pre-eminently pleasing belt made of leather in the form of blurred red leaves joined together by little gold rings.

FRIDAY.—Freddie honored me by a formal call, at least he called it formal, but when it extended from five to seven I really could not recognize it as such; but having heard that he had had a bad day in Wall Street, I thought it might cheer him up to see me; and in his favorite frock of dull blue crepe de chine with a yoke, neckband, and cuffs of Irish crochet, I glorified my hair by a bow of sapphire blue velvet. After all, the Stock Exchange had begun to boom, and Freddie did not need consolation. However, he consented to admire my "get up," as he graphically put it, and herein shall he find forgiveness for his long stay.

SATURDAY.—I "matinée." I like to *matinée* on a Saturday, it seems the right thing. I took Mabel with me. We both enjoyed "The Girl from Kay's" immensely, and explained to each other at intervals how nice Mattie Williams looked in her stunning costumes.

In the evening with Jimmie at Martin's there were, as usual, good dresses; some few really quite a joy. One of turquoise blue quite fascinated me, though I could not discover the wearer's name; however, I will describe the frock, and if she is met by any of our boys, I hope they will send me her full title and address, when I

will forward my congratulations on her sartorial triumph. It was of turquoise blue taffetas mouseline, only relieved by a tucker of light green chiffon about three inches deep, and threaded in three places with blue velvet ribbons and beige colored lace. The skirt was gauged slightly round the hips, and trimmed round the edge with circles of green chiffon, ruched or kilted (I could not see which).

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"The Crown Prince" is not a bad play—neither is it a satire, Mr. Broadhurst notwithstanding.

JULIA MARLOWE IN THE KNIGHTHOOD PLAY.

THE delightful personal performance of Miss Julia Marlowe in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," reopened her spring season at the Empire. Her reading of the part of the princess of the Tudors was characteristic, original, and thoroughly artistic in conception and execution. The occasion served to bring new laurels to the versatile Tyrone Power, who, alone of all the cast, had a proper conception or even a faint glimmer of sixteenth century realism. Badly handicapped as Miss Marlowe and Tyrone Power were in the way of support, they main-

tained the dignity of their counterfeit personalities.

The part of *King Hal* failed to support tradition, while the *Wolsey* as played by Thomas L. Coleman, was a revelation, so far as pretty make-up went; but there are dozens of men clanging bells on Mr. Vreeland's railroad, who would have proved more convincing.

The crew of the Royal Hind, with their Captain, were modelled upon the Captain Kidd order, and apparently thought they were playing in one of George Lederer's musical plays. If the women in the cast had no royal manner, they could hardly be blamed.

It is hard to believe that *Anne Boleyn*, who has come down to us in history as a claimant upon our sympathy, could have been the kittenish soubrette depicted by Nella Webb, who, a season ago, was one of the Pitti-Sing maidens of "A Chinese Honeymoon." Charles Major took liberties with history, and Paul Kester took liberties with Major's novel; but the company supporting

Miss Marlowe—with the exception of George S. Christie, the *Caskoden* of the play—shattered history, dramatics, and art with one fell swoop.

B.

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WINSTON CHURCHILL AND A LITTLE CUP OF TEA.

By T. P. O'CONNOR.

LONDON.

THE discussion which has been raised with regard to the treatment of Mr. Winston Churchill by some of his colleagues goes a little wide of the mark. You must begin every discussion of the House of Commons, or of any other assembly of men, by grasping the fact that such a body is always spontaneous, natural, instinctive. The House of Commons knows neither reverence, nor mercy, nor self-restraint. Whatever it feels, it has immediately to express. It is always exposing to itself, and the world, the nudity of its soul. I am sure that the House itself would often wish that it were otherwise. Often it would wish that there were some power in it by which it could restrain its impatience, or weariness, or want of interest. A great figure, stricken in years, rises in the House. You know at once what will be the result if you know anything of the House of Commons. At first, and for several minutes, there is a respectful, silent, and even a sympathetic hearing. The feeble voice, whose accents once thundered, now utters inaudible whispers, but the House pretends to listen and to hear; and anybody coming in would be immediately struck with the proof this might seem to afford of good feeling and good manners. But, as a matter of fact, the self-restraint does not continue for any length of time. The individual man may be able to control or to conceal his feelings, but not so the corporate man; the man who is one of a large body of men. And so, when the once great debater has gone on for a short time, and when it is plain that his words are not reaching the majority of the House, the House betrays that fact. There comes the buzz of conversation; men have ceased to listen, and the poor orator has to continue in something like dumb-show. When this buzz of conversation comes to the ear of a speaker, he knows, if he has any intelligence and any nerves, that his hour has passed; it is the epitaph on his career; and it is the more cruel because it is given so instinctively, so spontaneously; because it comes so promptly, and so naturally, from the heart of the assembly.

BEFORE the Rules were changed, for instance, and when the House sat continuously from three or four o'clock till midnight, one could tell exactly how a speaker would be received who got up to make a speech at a quarter to eight o'clock. That marked the beginning of the dinner hour, and not Demosthenes himself could hold the House together then. From a quarter to eight till ten or half past ten o'clock the House was empty. I have often seen it consist during that interval of three, or even two, members: the Speaker, who was in the chair, and the member who was addressing him, and another member who hoped to follow. So much was this recognized to be the case that great Parliamentary strategists were sometimes suspected of a deep-laid plan by which they managed to make opposition either impossible or difficult by continuing their speech down to the fateful hour. Sir Robert Peel, when he introduced his Bill to repeal the Corn Laws, had, as every historical student knows, to face immense hostility, for his proposal had broken up his own party, and the Protectionists were thirsting for his blood. Disraeli, in giving an account of that memorable night, points out that Peel had spoken to such a late hour that it was doubtful if anybody could have caught the ear of the House; and if it had not been for Dizzy's own courage, his promptitude, and his readiness, the opposition to the Prime Minister and to his proposal might have got such a check on the very first night of the campaign, as to have paralyzed them for some

time to come. It is this power of seizing a situation, and rising to it, which makes the great Parliamentarian.

THE hours of the House have changed, as everybody knows, and now from half-past seven till nine members are free to take their dinner, and the House is empty. But there still remains an hour when the task of the speaker is very difficult. That hour is between five and half-past five. No charwoman in St. Giles, no sempstress in Whitechapel, is more the slave of her cup of tea in the afternoon than is the House of Commons. At that hour the Tea-room is so crammed that it is difficult to get a seat. Attendance, indeed, became so difficult that now members are allowed to help themselves. A big urn of tea stands on a table in the Tea-room; it is surrounded by plates with buns and bread-and-butter, and a large row of cups and saucers; and many members simply draw their own cup of tea from the urn, and do not ask the assistance of the maids, who are indeed often so rushed that it is almost painful to watch them. Everybody in London wants something to break the day, but the House of Commons, what with the bad air and the strain upon the attention and other causes, seems to make that want more ardent than elsewhere; and so it is almost impossible to keep members in the House of Commons when tea-time arrives.

INDEED, even if they did remain, members at that hour would form a very bad audience.

I have often made the remark that the hour of five o'clock is very fatal and sinister in the House of Commons. It is then that you begin to see the weak spots in the armor of its prominent members. I suppose it is because the place gets so hot when all the light is on; but it is the rule of the House of Commons to put off lighting the gas to a rather late hour. The Chamber is always more or less dark, and more or less gloomy; and when there comes the half hour between night and the fading light of day the House is darker and gloomier than ever. Often I have found this little interval of time so intolerable that I have had to get up and leave the chamber and go to the tea-room or the library, or some other part of the Parliament building. It is in that light, then, that you are able to see clearly the ravages of time in the faces of the elderly men who form usually the chief figures of the House of Commons. The complexion, which in certain other lights looks a healthy pale, suddenly looks a hideous and ghastly yellow; the jaws are seen to sink in, and often—especially if there has been a late night the night before—you see a good third of the members of the House lying asleep, with all that look of almost half-death which sleep in the aged always suggests. It is no wonder under the circumstances that members of the House of Commons should rush to the tea-room; it is there that they find that potent drug which for more than a century has been to the British man and woman the most popular of stimulants.

MY readers will now understand the psychological condition of the House which young Mr. Churchill stood up to address the other day. It was half-past five o'clock; the House was at its worst; it had listened till its attention could no longer stand the strain; it was mad for its cup of tea. Coming upon the House in so inauspicious a mood; standing up to attack his own leader, and the majority of his own side, it was no wonder that Mr. Winston Churchill met with an unfavorable reception. Whoever had stood up at that moment, would,

probably, have found a small audience to listen to him, and a wearied and irritable one; but when it was the young, ardent, and aggressive member for Oldham, it is no wonder that human nature asserted itself, and that members fled to the tea-room. As the writer to the *Times*, whom I have quoted, says very truly, there was no necessity for a boycott; the thing arranged itself.

BUT behind this particular incident there has loomed up another, and a much more serious one; that is whether, if there had been a prearranged boycott, it is a legitimate weapon of Parliamentary warfare. I am sorry to see that even an experienced and respected Parliamentarian like Sir Charles Dalrymple appears to lend countenance to such an idea. To me it seems the breakdown of all the best traditions and spirit of Parliament. The House of Commons is, or ought to be, the Temple of Freedom. And I am bound to say that, as a rule, it does try to live up to that ideal. I have given the instance already of the patience and self-control with which, even in the height of the war and of the war spirit, members like Mr. Lloyd George, who were most opposed to the war, were listened to. It is the theory of the House that, whatever a man's opinion may be, he shall be listened to; what other theory can be reconciled with the spirit and idea of a deliberative and representative assembly? To refuse a hearing to any man because you do not agree with him strikes at the very root of Parliamentary government.

IF one were to carry this doctrine out to its possible lengths, we should have a very strange state of affairs in the House. The moment one member had made an attack upon another, he would calmly walk out of the House because it pained his sense of proprieties to listen to what the other man had to say. This would be to erect cowardice into a virtue. The whole practice of Parliament is entirely opposed to such a craven and intolerable spirit. It is quite true that it is very exasperating to hear one of your own side attack your own leaders and your own policy, and I can quite understand some expressions of impatience when it is done. But, after all, every man has a right to differ from his leaders when a great new policy, which divides parties, is brought to the front. Parties will break up when the same ideas cease to be common to all the members of a party; and this is a phenomenon which ought to be borne with the same self-control and good temper as other inevitable differences of opinion in the House of Commons. This, I am sure, will in the end be the verdict of the House; and Mr. Winston Churchill, when he gets up next, if he will only seize an auspicious hour, will not be met by a boycott. If he should be, the final issue will be more harmful to the boycotters than to him.

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AN INTIMATE INTERVIEW WITH GRACE CAMERON.

DARK, petite, vivacious, with heavy-lidded eyes and a vibrating sonorous voice that seems to sing a scale as she talks, Miss Grace Cameron, of "Piff, Paff, Pouf," is an interesting and somewhat puzzling composite of femininity. She admits an heredity with a streak of French, a dash of Spanish, more than a little from over the "Dixie Line," and then she adds proudly, "and all the rest of me is Omaha, Nebraska."

"My dear, good mother, who is French a hundred years back," says Miss Cameron, as she daubs her olive cheeks with carmine make-up, "won't hear of my going to Paris. She is so afraid that if once I enter within its sacred precincts blood will tell and I'll never come home again. I must admit that if I have a secret ambition for the impossible, it is to sing in comic opera before a Parisian audience—a foolish dream, of course, for I do not speak nor understand a word of my mother's language."

There is a pause, and then Miss Cameron says suddenly, "You know I'm a singer, don't you, and that what I am here is my first essay at this sort of work? It is a great experience, and one that is opening all sorts of new vistas as to my future."

This demanded an explanation with the excuse that a performance of "Piff, Paff, Pouf" had not yet been enjoyed.

"It is rather difficult to put into words, although I am quite a chatterbox," laughed Miss Cameron. "You see, it combines light comedy with breezy burlesque; perhaps I had better describe it as burlesque, on straight dramatic lines. Do you know," continued this very vivacious little maid, "that one must be a very serious, if not solemn, personage to thoroughly grasp the subtleties of comedy and burlesque?"

Mention was made of Fay Templeton and Marie Dressler, those two admirable representatives of burlesque.

"Ah, I must work on quite different lines,"

was the quick reply. "One's own personality has so much to do with the effect one wishes to produce in both burlesque and comedy. I mean a large person must go about an interpretation in a different way from a wiry, small individual, such as myself. I am looking forward," she continued, "to becoming, through hard, hard study, that something we have not had since Lotta upon the American stage—the true light comedienne. In fact, Lotta Crabtree and I have had some preliminary talks about the transferring of her rôles to me. There is the *Marchioness* and *Mme. Lalouche*, both of which I long to play but—"

"But what?"

"I have so much still to learn. I prefer to remain in abeyance for a little while. And then I cannot help thinking that there are as good new plays in the dramatic fishing pools as those that have already been taken out. Again, I am absorbing so much wonderful knowledge right here in 'Piff, Paff, Pouf' that I have to have time to assimilate it before thinking of anything else. It is a real privilege to play opposite Mr. Foy, his power over an audience is marvelous. His great rule is, 'Don't force yourself to go out to your audience; force your audience to come to you.' This hint is invaluable and only one of the many rare bits of advice one gets from Mr. Foy, when he is in the mood for advising."

"Does singing enter into your plans for the future?"

"Hardly at all," was the astonishing reply, "although I have spent a fortune on my voice. Strange to say, I sing one little stanza in this rôle, and when it was suggested that a song should be introduced, I refused, as I realized it would interfere with the harmony of the rôle. I was born with a voice, and I'm afraid, I was born stage-struck. I had the good fortune to find at my boarding school in Omaha one of those exceptional treasures, a master teacher of vocalism, with whom I studied assiduously. My school-

days ended, I had no difficulty in obtaining a position with the Bostonians. I was understudy for Miss Helen Bertram, who had taken Alice Neilson's place. One evening, Miss Bertram was taken ill. I replaced her. It gave me the opportunity of my life. During the rest of the season I sang all the Alice Neilson rôles at the Knickerbocker—it was a beautiful little success at the time, but then we left and I was forgotten—that was four years ago."

"And your starring tour?"

"Oh dear! oh dear!" groaned Miss Cameron, with a humorous look of despair. "That was a sad, yet useful experience. I was a star and joint manager with Mr. Whitney of 'The Normandy Wedding.' We shared profits and losses. I tried to shine my best, and count the house at the same time. I'll never do it again. This idea that a star must continually be upon the stage in the very center of it, before an audience is satisfied that it is getting its money's worth, is a great mistake. My rôle in 'The Normandy Wedding' was splendid, but there was too much of it. I never had a chance to subside into a shadow. I was one continual, unblinking glare the whole time. I was glad enough to seek shelter with the Savage Opera Company, where I sang grand opera rôles and did as I was told—a great relief."

Miss Cameron's Western candor was refreshing.

"And of the Savage Opera Company?"

"I missed the opportunity of joining Mr. Savage's forces in English grand opera by electing to become the little boy in the 'Foxy Quiller' company. That brings me up to where I am in 'Piff, Paff, Pouf,' where I haven't a song to sing, and where, nevertheless, I am perfectly happy, for somehow or other, I feel as though I am going to 'arrive' in this line of work."

And I verily believe the little woman is; she acts, looks and talks like it—and such a voice! S.

MY LADY OF THE JEWELS.

MRS. NEWHOUSE is staying in Paris. She is the young and pretty wife of Mr. Newhouse, one of our best-known "Copper Kings," who is said to have a large interest in the famous Utah mine. Mrs. Newhouse is an American, with the love of constant travel that distinguishes most of her countrywomen. She crosses the Atlantic several times a year, takes trips to Paris, and pays flying visits to London, where she has no house, but rents a smart flat, or stays at one of the big hotels. In appearance, Mrs. Newhouse is small and slight, with refined features, and rather dark hair, always perfectly dressed. She possesses some wonderful jewels, good enough for the traditional English duchess, but which, all the same, she seldom wears. It is her husband's fad to load her with these lovely toys; he has given her some precious pearls, said to be worth \$250,000; and the rope is clasped with a large, single emerald, priced at no less a sum than \$50,000. Another time, when she was in London, he sent her, from America, a case containing seven splendid rings. One was a perfect white pearl; another, an enormous black pearl; a third, a marquise-shaped single diamond; and yet another, a beautiful turquoise.

FRANKLYN HARRIS, NOTED YOUNG MUSICIAN.

SOCIETY, or that part of it that runs to concerts and recitals, has found a novelty in the season just ending which bids fair to become even more popular next year. This is the musical reading.



FRANKLYN HARRIS.

Dr. Richard Strauss gave it great vogue by his setting of "Enoch Arden" and David Bispham drew large audiences to Carnegie Hall to hear him recite Tennyson's lines to the Doctor's music.

But even before the Strauss musical readings had attracted their devotees, one of those to achieve success—indeed almost the only American composer who has yet taken it up—is Franklyn Harris, whose settings of Walt Whitman's poems as read by Mrs. Amy Grant, have been heard at the Waldorf-Astoria and elsewhere.

Harris is a young musician whose home is in the West, but who received his musical education abroad. He has already achieved success as a composer and as a teacher of composition and harmony. Several of his songs are widely sung and he is now engaged on an operetta. His settings of the Whitman poems have been well received here and Bispham is to give some of them at recitals in London this summer.

Harris, in his work as well as in his personal appearance, reminds one of the late Ethelbert Nevins, whose "Narcissus" and "Love Song" will be cherished by our children's children, and it is no small tribute to young Harris' ability that he has for a pupil Nevins' daughter, who has inherited much of her father's genius.

DON'T FAIL TO READ THE COMING ISSUES OF "BROADWAY WEEKLY."
The Most Cleverly Written Gossip of the Club, the Boulevard and the Theatre Published in this Country.

FRANCES GIBSON HAS MADE A HIT IN "PIFF, PAFF, POUF."

FRANCES GIBSON, who has replaced Amelia Stone in "Piff, Paff, Pouf," has a glorious voice and is quite able to hold her own even on Broadway.

She is so thoroughly girlish that it is hard to realize that the white young throat holds a bird with such a musical message, but one has only to listen to be convinced.

Miss Gibson sings because she can't help singing. Her voice is a rich full soprano, with the lyric and dramatic side strongly developed.

Ida Valerga has had full charge of her voice, and said not long ago that this girl was as great a pleasure to her as her favorite pupil, Alice Neilsen.

Miss Gibson has only been on the stage four years, two of which have been spent at the Tivoli, in San Francisco, where she was coached by the musical director, Paul Steindorff.

In that two years she had a remarkable career, playing eight months in comic opera, and four in grand.

She has out-rivaled most singers by memorizing sixty comic operas, including prima donna and soubrette rôles, as well as twelve grand operas in Italian.

With a natural God-given voice, developed in such a school, it is little wonder that Mr. F. C. Whitney felt he had made a discovery worth while when he brought the young songstress from the Coast and put her in "Piff, Paff, Pouf."

Miss Gibson is a petite girl, with large earnest eyes and a fascinating smile. What one notices most about her is the earnestness with which she works, and when her flexible, dramatic voice rings out, one feels that it is only a question of a short time when she will wear a wreath of laurels gemmed with the leaves of success.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

PIERROT.

"OH, look not with such a cold mien,
Columbine,
But say that you will be my queen,
For I ween,
I'm a good judge of girls



FRANCES GIBSON, FROM A PORTRAIT BY BUSHNELL, SAN FRANCISCO.

From their toes to their curls,
And you are the prettiest I've seen.
Columbine,
So say that you will be my queen."

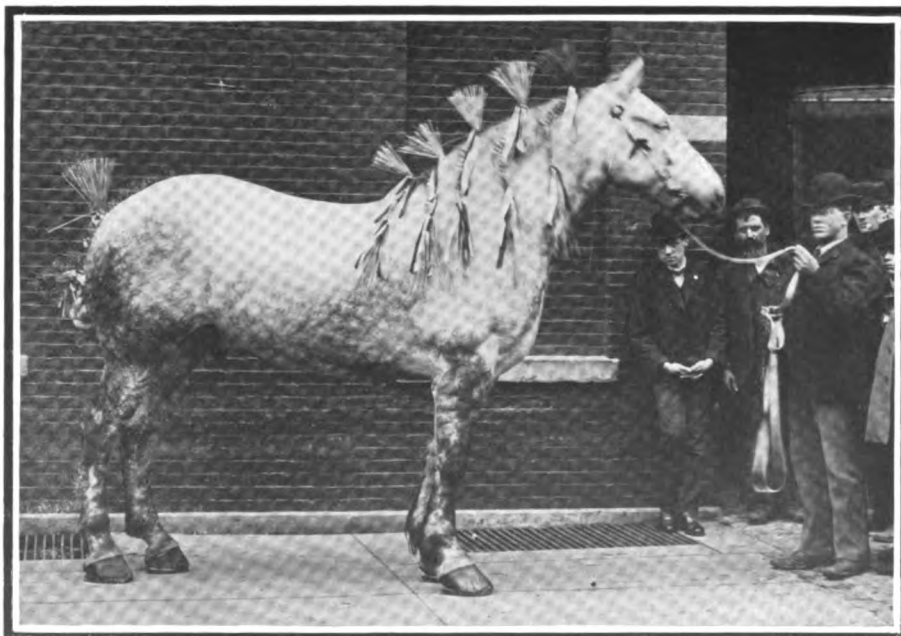
COLUMBINE.

"You're a very sad fellow, you know,
Pierrot,
To leave Pierrette weeping for woe;
And so
You are not to my taste;
Take your hand from my waist!
I think that you'd much better go,
Pierrot,
Yes, really, you'd much better go!"

HARLEQUIN.

"At last I've a moment to spare,
My fair;
Pierrot, you had better take care;
Beware!
If you'd keep safe from harm
You'll shun Harlequin's arm.
Columbine's my affianced, you know.
And I warn you to take to your heels,
Pierrot,
So really, you'd much better go."

LILIAN ELEANOR BARLOW.



"POMMERY SEC," LATELY KNOWN AS "SAMPSON," THE FAMOUS HORSE PURCHASED BY CHARLES GRAEF & COMPANY AT THE RECENT HORSE FAIR AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

SPRING THEATRICALS IN LONDON.

LONDON.

"LA POUPEE."

WHO is *Proteus*? What is he? He is the son of *Antonio, of Verona*, but he is not a gentleman. He is a traitor of the deepest dye, and a bit of a braggart, too, and he shares with the common herd of stage persons that astounding dullness which makes it possible for the young lady he has been wooing to appear before him in a page's suit unrecognized. Who is *Valentine*? What is he? He is of honorable ancestry, and also of Verona; but it is not quite gentlemanly of him to treat his bride so lightly as to offer her offhand to a man he knows to be a scamp. Mr. Sidney Lee, the eminent Shakespeareologist, lets *Valentine* down very gently. He says: "It is only a passing aberration of emotional youth which can account for his fruitless offer of his bride to his unworthy comrade at the moment that he finally won her." The only true gentleman of Verona, of the young sort, is *Sir Eglamour*, the widower who lives content with the memory of a past love. No doubt it is because the alleged Two Gentlemen of Verona are such unsatisfactory lovers that we see the play so seldom. And no doubt it is because *Silvia* and *Julia* are such high-minded heroines, and the language of the story is so charged with "lyric charm and high poetic spirit," that we see the play at all.

It must have been purely from philanthropic motives that Mr. J. H. Leigh, who has always been so liberal with his opportunities for the students of Shakespeare to see their Master played, recently revived "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," at the Court. It could not have been with the idea of making money, because there is no money in it, and therefore no money to make out of it. The times are against Shakespeare as a provider of entertainment, and the production of his least interesting play by Mr. Leigh shows that we have in this actor a very substantial substitute for a State-aided theatre. Mr. Leigh, who played with much grip and finish the part of the *Duke of Milan*, has been ten years on the platform with Shakespeare, and during that time has given public readings of twelve of the immortal one's works.

SEVEN years ago an instantaneous success was scored at the Prince of Wales's Theatre with "La Poupée," the principal players in the piece, a comic opera by MM. Ordonneau and Audran, being Mr. Willie Edouin, Miss Alice Favier, and Mr. Courtice Pounds. Seven days ago the same opera (the book of which was done into English by Mr. Arthur Sturges) was revived at the same theatre, amid the same manifestations of delight as those which cheered the heart of the management on the occasion of its first introduction to the London public. But Alice Favier, the pretty little French girl with the highly cultured and thoroughly Parisian soprano, and Mr. Courtice Pounds, have given place to Miss Edna May and Mr. Roland Cunningham, and only Mr. Edouin remains in the cast to remind one of the famous trio which worked so hard, and so successfully, to make "La Poupée" the favorite plaything of Theatreland's capacious toy-cupboard. But the original *Hilarious*, doll-manufacturer and laughter-maker, is a host in himself, and if he were not, the presence in the house of Miss May and Mr. Cunningham, to say nothing of Mr. Normand Salmond (the *Father Maxime* of the first production) and Mr. Charles Wibrow (the *Baron Chanterelle* as before), would certainly be welcome as ample compensation for the short weight of the comedian's hospitality. Miss May has not the voice of her predecessor in the part of the living doll, but she has improved astonishingly in her acting, and it is hardly necessary to record that she looks very beautiful, with the beauty of "La Poupée."

"WHEN WE ARE MARRIED."

MENTION of one so prominently connected with the extraordinary success of "The Belle of New York" as Miss Edna May reminds me to circulate the pleasant news that all the various couples, in the provinces as well as in London, who sang "When we are married," did get married, and within the respective seasons of their engagements in the popular American musical farce. The song is regarded now in "the profession" as the mascot of Hymen, and there are secret regrets that the piece is being



carried on in England by only one company, which is at present in Liverpool. The amorous atmosphere surrounding the title of "The Love Birds," at the Savoy, has also a tendency to stimulate the marriage market. A few days ago Miss Addie Marze, one of the rarest specimens of the Savoy Ornithological Collection, hopped into the matrimonial cage with Mr. Raymond Cox, son of the well-known Mr. Harding Cox; and now it is whispered to me (by the proverbial little bird, of course) that no less than three other young ladies from the great aviary on the Embankment are about to become mated to prominent London men. It is reassuring to know that all the brides will remain in the Savoy nest.

JUST ALICE BEET.

THERE are few character actresses in England, and Miss Alice Beet (Mrs. Frederick Volpé) has the distinction of being a prominent one in the conspicuously small number. Her talent for veiling her personality with the material of the author is not, in "Saturday to Monday" at the St. James's, made the best use of by Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce; but the comparatively slight part she is now playing serves at least to recall to one's mind the very excellent work—the work of a genuine dramatic student—she has done in other directions. In "All on Account of Eliza," at the Shaftesbury, Miss Alice Beet's performance as the ringleader of a body of village scandal-mongers was certainly the most consistent and life-like sketch in the whole production. Miss Beet is not, as a London critic has written of her, afraid to make herself "most realistically unpleasant." Like the late Miss Sophie Larkin, she does not mince matters when cast for the unlovable women of plays, and it is this whole-hearted way she has of throwing herself into "ugly parts" which put her on record, both in the American and the English press, as the best *Charity Pecksniff* ever remembered to have been seen. Another of Mrs. Volpé's successes of character (pleasant character this time, but character very strong) was her *Effie Proctor*, the "guid Scotch body" in Mr. E. S. Willard's beautiful productions of "The Professor's Love Story."

C. M. S.

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EDITOR BOK SUED FOR \$200,000.

EDITOR BOK has been running amuck on the question of babies. Heretofore, readers of the highly respectable *Ladies' Home Journal* have known what a great authority was Mr. Bok on old point lace, plum pudding and soup stock. Of late, however, Mr. Bok has been dabbling in the higher branches of home culture, and in the May number of his father-in-law's paper he discusses the question of maternity and other delicate matters which, in all sense of decency and appreciation of the eternal fitness of things, the average woman writer taboos.

Mr. Bok's latest philippic has for its basis the patent medicine question. The Philadelphia

holder of the Gold Medal Knitting prize, contends that patent medicines are more harmful than accepted alcoholic beverages, and the taking of such proprietary medicines creates in the unborn the desire for strong "licker." He says:

"Fancy, for a moment, the state of ignorance of one young wife who was expecting her first baby."

We refuse to fancy—nor would any man, except a degenerate. He ends his article with the following:

"Far better, ladies, that the contents of a bottle of champagne should go into the water, where it will do no one any harm, than that the

contents of a bottle of 'patent medicine,' with forty per cent. of alcohol in it, by volume, should be allowed to go into the system of a child and strike at his very soul, planting the seed of a future drunkard!"

The main point is, however, that Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, whose medicine Mr. Bok objects to, has sued the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* for \$200,000, and announces that he will fight the matter to the bitter end.

An article announced for early publication over the signature of Edward Bok is entitled, "Is Rice Pudding Bad for the Face; or Why Are Pickles Green?"

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HOW LONDON SEES "THE PIT."

LONDON.

IT is not the least interesting indication of the slow but none the less sure broadening of the theatrical outlook, that it is no longer considered absolutely necessary by our playwrights that their work should be confined to one class of subject—the love story, the relations of men and women. We are beginning to have plays which deal with the emotions associated with a man's work and ambitions; plays in which the sentimental interest takes only a secondary part, or none at all. Such a play is "The Wheat King," the stage version of Frank Norris's novel "The Pit," which Mr. Murray Carson produced at the Apollo on Saturday. It is melodrama, certainly. And its subject is one which, in conformity with the judgment of that skilful melodramatist Henry Pettitt, that love or money were the only two permissible motives for melo-

drama, is not in one sense a new one. But the notion that the details of the gamble for wealth can be made interesting on the stage on their own account, as Norris makes them interesting in the book; that a man's financial fortunes can hold an audience as the center of attention rather than as a side issue or a motive for a story of mere incident is something more novel; and that it has been attempted is, apart from its success or failure in this instance, a matter of some importance. But I think it may fairly be said that the adaptors of "The Wheat King," have succeeded. The audience on the first performance followed the piece with attention, and greeted its close with enthusiasm—an enthusiasm which the skill of the adaptation and, particularly, the power of Mr. Murray Carson's acting, entirely deserved. Mr. Carson, though he scarcely made the character of the speculator an attractive personality, certainly gave it force and nervous reality. He has never played so well.

P. C.



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THE FOOLISH DICTIONARY.

ONE of the humorous books of the year is "The Foolish Dictionary," published by Robinson, Luce & Company, of Boston. This book is not intended for those who insist on seriousness for twelve months in the year. It was written for the one distinct purpose of creating smiles. The man who could not laugh at some of the 700 definitions in "The Foolish Dictionary," doesn't know that the sun shines, or that strawberries are good to eat. As a matter of fact, a good many people seem to be very wise, because "The Foolish Dictionary" is meeting with a large sale everywhere.

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EXCLUSIVE HOTEL NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM EVERYWHERE.

By CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM.

HOW THE BELMONT WILL LOOK.

WITHIN the past week or so the outside stonework of the Hotel Belmont has been started and an opportunity given to form an idea of how the exterior of the hotel will look when finished. It certainly is going to be an architectural addition to the neighborhood and also, on account of its great height, one of the sights of the city. It will be the tallest hotel in the world, being twenty-two stories in height, seventeen above ground and five beneath the surface, one of which will be utilized for the underground railway. "Ben" Bates, son of the well-known "Billy" Bates, is the lessee of the new Belmont. Benjamin is also lessee of the Everett House. To one who looks about in this city and sees the hotels that are going up on all sides the query arises: where are the people to come from that are to fill them? Gotham is growing, but its growth is not in proportion to the growth of its hotels. A New York correspondent of a Western hotel paper speaks of the visitors to New York "trooping about the town looking for hotel accommodation," so crowded are the hotels. Such talk is "tommy rot." If there is any "trooping" it is in an opposite direction from the hotels. Hotel business in this city at the present time is simply fair; at some of the hotels it is not even that and it is needless and silly to talk of the big business New York hotels are doing. It is not so, and the erection of new hotels is not going to improve the situation.

ANOTHER NEW HOTEL IN 'FRISCO.

AS a hotel town San Francisco is "looking up." Within the past year two fine hotels have been started, the Fairmont and the St. Francis, the latter having been opened but a short time ago. The newest one to be brought into existence is a house that Henry Newman, proprietor of the Russ House, is building. Newman is quite a

SUMMER HOTELS.

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W. I. FINCH

figure in the hotel life of 'Frisco, having made considerable money in catering to the public, most of which was secured while conducting the Russ House, and the Continental Hotel. The last he secured only a short time ago.

A CASE OF TOO MUCH LADY.

THE resignation of James M. Case, as manager of the Hotel Martha Washington, is said to be due to a difference of opinion between a woman member of the Board of Directors and himself, the lady wanting to have her ideas of management carried out and Case wanting his. It was the same influence, it is said, that caused William H. Daugherty, the steward of the hotel, to resign a short while ago, and now that Case has gotten out the lady in question will be supreme and her word the law of the Hotel Martha Washington and of the fair ones that dwell within.

THE MONTEREY HOTEL CHANGES MANAGERS.

ANOTHER change has been made in the management of the Hotel Del Monte, at Monterey, California, and it is hoped, for the good of the hotel, that the last change is for a long period. The Del Monte is owned by the Pacific Improvement Company, an offshoot of the Southern Pacific Railway, many of the directors of the railway company being connected with the Improvement Company. The Del Monte is situated about forty miles from 'Frisco, on the Pacific Ocean and, like most of the hotels on the Pacific Coast, is very elaborate and intended to be patronized by people of means. It is surrounded by a magnificent park and the floral display—when flowers are in season—is very beautiful. The new manager is George P. Snell, for years manager of the Windsor, at San Jose. Snell is an Eastern man, being a native of Massachusetts, but he has lived long enough on the Pacific slope to be regarded almost as a "native son," and one could not enjoy a higher honor in that section of the country.

NOT A KNICKERBOCKER ANNEX.

ALONGSIDE the Hotel Knickerbocker, on the Forty-second street side, has been erected a building which in every particular looks like the Knickerbocker, and has given rise to

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JAMES B. REGAN, Prop.

**Birds and Rarebits and Broiled
Lobsters, Grilled Bones—and
things piping at The Criterion.**

the opinion on account of that similarity, that it is a part of the hotel proper. Such is not the case. The building in question has been put up by Cornelius Ryan, the owner, who intends renting it out in offices and his making the exterior look like the hotel proves his cuteness, as an imposing front is the result.

TO OPEN THE SEA SIDE HOTEL.

THE leading hotel at Rockaway Beach is the Sea Side Hotel, a house owned by Wainwright, a man who owns most of the property at the Beach. The house is of recent construction—that is, ten years ago—and it is situated midway between the bay and the ocean. Thomas E. Cable was the first to open the house. He had it for a few seasons, then it was leased by others, the success of any of the lessees not being very brilliant.

This season J. Carl Schurz, lessee at one time of the Harlem Casino, is to conduct the Sea Side. Schurz has a big following, somewhat after the order of the following of Rosenfeld, the man who has leased the Arverne Hotel—a preponderance of Germans, and no doubt that following may patronize him at the Beach.

THE BEACONSFIELD IN BOSTON.

NEW YORKERS are justly proud of their hotels. In beauty of design and method of management they are the equal of any in the world; but in Boston there has recently been built and opened a hotel that

when its existence becomes more fully known, will be regarded as one of the most beautiful hotels of the world. As to the management, the writer has no opinion to offer and the only knowledge he has of the house has been gained by observation.

The hotel in question is the Hotel Beaconsfield, and is on Beacon street. The hotel is not many stories in height, but what is lacking in height is made up in the area of ground it covers. The style of brick used is gray, and the architecture is on the French order. The interior furnishing is very rich, devoid of anything garish, and the general tone is one of elegance and refinement. The manager is E. R. Knapp. A visit to the Beaconsfield should be on the list of every one going to the Modern Athens.

POTTER LEASES THE FAIRMONT.

ALL doubt as to the future of the Hotel Fairmont, the hotel that Mrs. Herman Oelrichs is building in San Francisco, has been settled by the leasing of the house by Milo M. Potter. The Fairmont is to be on the summit of Nob Hill. The Hill is away above the level of the city, and unless one uses a cab or a trolley car it is a very stiff climb up to where the Fairmont will be located. The new hotel is to be a very grand affair and its projectors expect to get most of the tourist patronage. When the house was planned and the ground broken a year ago, Copeland Townsend, now managing

(Continued on page 18.)

NEW YORK'S LEADING THEATRES

NEW AMSTERDAM, 42d St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15.
Klaw & Erlanger, Mgrs.

THE TWO ORPHANS

With the following ALL STAR CAST:
Kyrle Bellew, James O'Neill, Charles Warner,
F. M. Holland, Jamison Lee Finney, Fred-
erick Perry, Grace George, Margaret Illing-
ton, Clara Morris, Annie Irish, Elita Proctor
Otis, Clara Blandick.

SAVOY THEATRE, 34th St. and Broadway.
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

ELIZABETH TYREE

in a New Comedy from the French,

TIT FOR TAT

By Leo Ditrichstein.

CASINO, Broadway and 39th Street.
Telephone, 6020 & 6726—38.
Eve'gs at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Fred C. Whitney presents

PIFF, PAFF, POUF.

Book by Stanislaus Stange.
Lyrics by William Jerome.
Music by Jean Schwartz.

BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st St. & B'way.
Eve'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Jacob Litt, Proprietor.

Henry W. Savage offers

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

in the new Comic Opera

THE YANKEE CONSUL

CRITERION THEATRE, B'way & 44th St.
Eve'gs 8:20. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
[Charles Frohman, Mgr.
Charles Frohman presents

WILLIAM COLLIER

in RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S Farce
THE DICTATOR

GARRICK THEATRE, 35th St. & B'way.
Eve'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

VIRGINIA HARNED

IN

CAMILLE.

MAJESTIC, Grand Circle, B'way & 59th St.
Evenings 8. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2.
MELVILLE B. RAYMOND PRESENTS

CHAS. A. BIGELOW

IN

THE MAN FROM CHINA

NEW EMPIRE THEATRE, 40th St. & B'way
Eve'gs 8:20. Matinee Saturday 2:15.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

Charles Frohman presents for a limited season

JULIA MARLOWE

Opening Play

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

Followed by "INGOMAR."

DALY'S THEATRE, B'way and 30th St.
Eve'gs 8. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2.
Daniel Frohman, Mgr.

JAMES K. HACKETT

in his Semi-Satirical Romantic Fantasy,

THE CROWN PRINCE

By George W. Broadhurst.

NEW LYCEUM, West 45th St. E. of B'way.
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Charles Frohman presents Augustus Thomas's
Best Comedy,

THE OTHER GIRL

KNICKERBOCKER, Broadway & 38th St.
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AVENETIAN ROMANCE

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With MONTGOMERY and STONE.

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Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Prop.

DEWOLF HOPPER

IN

"WANG."

HERALD SQUARE THEATRE, B'way &
35th St. 8:10 sharp. Mat. Sat. 2:10.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

Chas. Frohman and Geo. Edwardes present
the farcical comedy, with music,

THE GIRL FROM KAY'S
with enormous cast, including
SAM BERNARD.

THE PROCTOR THEATRES.

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TWENTY-THIRD STREET,
FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET,

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Eve'gs punctually at 8. Mat. Sat. 2:10.

David Belasco presents, by arrangement
with Maurice Campbell,

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

in the new play,

SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS

WALLACK'S, B'way & 30th St. Eve'gs 8 15
Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.

George Ade's Quaint Comedy

The County Chairman.

EXCLUSIVE HOTEL NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM EVERYWHERE.

(Continued from page 17)

the Majestic, in this city, was engaged to manage the hotel. He superintended the building for about three months, when he resigned and returned to New York. Potter, who has leased the hotel, conducted the Hotel Van Nuys, the leading hotel of Los Angeles, and also opened the Hotel Potter at Santa Barbara, one of the show places on the California coast. The impression is that he has given up the Los Angeles house but has kept the Hotel Potter. It looked at one time as though the project of building the Fairmont would be abandoned. Potter's taking the property means that a new factor is to be introduced into the hotel life of 'Frisco.

NEW YORK'S LATEST, THE SEVILLE.

JUDGE DUGRO'S latest investment in hotel property, the Seville, Madison avenue and Twenty-ninth street, is now opened about a month and within that time matters have so shaped themselves that one may judge what sort of a house the Seville is. It was intended at first to call it the Aberdeen, perhaps because the building that formerly stood upon the site was the Scottish Rites Hall, but at the last moment Dugro, who is said to have Spanish blood in his veins, decided to call it the Seville. E. A. Purchase, who at one time was a clerk in the office of the Savoy, has been appointed manager. Purchase, about five years ago, left the Savoy and became

manager of the Commercial Hotel in Wilkesbarre, Pa., and at the time the offer came from Dugro to take the management of the Seville he was doing well, having been given an interest in the business.

A better future is assured him by coming to New York, as he becomes the manager of a hotel that is certainly the equal of any in town, chances for promotion are greater, and in every way he is better off in this city than he would be in Wilkesbarre.

Purchase has with him as assistants, John Peckham and J. N. Anderson, day clerks; R. N. Dormer, night clerk; August Neef, formerly of the St. Denis, chief; W. H. Stannard, steward, and Mrs. Rose, housekeeper.

A WEALTHY BONIFACE.

IT is said that H. P. Whitaker, proprietor of the Hotel Netherlands, is one of the wealthiest as well as most successful hotel men in this city. Of course, every dollar of his wealth was not made in the Netherlands, but is the result of Mr. Whitaker's interest in the many hotels that he has been connected with during his long career. So highly is Whitaker thought of by the Astors—the Hotel Netherlands being one of their properties—that a desire on the part of Whitaker for them to build another hotel for him would meet with a ready response. Mr. Whitaker owns a fine country place in Greenwich, Conn. Last year Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker spent some time in Europe and there is a probability he may journey to Europe again this summer or fall.

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World's Fair Editor, BROADWAY WEEKLY,
27 E. 21st Street, New York

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THE EDITOR'S CHAT OF BROADWAY AND ITS PEOPLE.

POOOR old Sherrie Mathews! The divorce procured by Mrs. Mathews (otherwise known as Miss Norma Whalley) must be the parting blow that smarts worst of all—if the pitiful wreck still has the power to feel. Five years ago there wasn't a better known or a more popular Broadwayite than this same Sherrie Mathews. He and his partner, Harry Bulger, were known all over the country, were as close as brothers, and it looked as if they were on the high road to lasting fame and large fortune. About this time Norma Whalley came on the scene, and if I am not mistaken, she was the first discordant note. Miss Whalley came from Australia, leaving behind her a not too sorrowing husband. She was a tall, slashing type of creature, with a wonderful head of hair, deep voice, and a manner that fascinated many men. During her first appearance in New York she was seen around much with Walter Jones. Later she joined the Mathews & Bulger Company, and her fascinations seemed to enthrall the susceptible Sherrie Mathews. At any rate, they became man and wife, and from that moment began the downfall of the comedian. There were bickerings between the partners, although not because of jealousy, as Mr. Bulger was a family man. The partners disagreed on policy and practically everything else that had to do with business. About this time Mathews began to show signs of paresis, and this presaged the pathetic end of his professional career. It must be said of Bulger that he stood by his partner and was really heartbroken about the whole affair. Mathews was sent to an asylum and one of the first to desert him was the handsome Mrs. Mathews. If report be true, she had never contributed a cent toward his expenses at the sanatorium although she has received a big salary for some seasons. And now comes her divorce, which is the end to a marriage where the romance was all on one side. It would be interesting to read Miss Whalley's answer to the *Evening Journal's* question, "Should wives stick to their husbands through thick and through thin?"

IF Aubrey Boucicault could only occasionally forget that he is Aubrey Boucicault, he might, in the next ten or fifteen years, amount to something on the American stage. As it is now, he is simply a pretty good actor, who occasionally acts. Mr. Boucicault is now appearing in "Tit for Tat" at the Savoy Theatre, having assumed the rôle of *Andre de Granville*, originally played in this country by Leo Ditreichtstein. Mr. Ditreichtstein undoubtedly did his best work of recent years in this part. Mr. Boucicault spends his evenings in a wild endeavor to get atmosphere and that soulfulness on which Mr. Boucicault has the copyright. Consequently, he overplays when he doesn't underplay. Mr. Boucicault has the happy faculty of being able to play *Armand*, *Romeo*, *Andre de Granville*, and *A. Boucicault* without changing his method. In this happy respect he is so much different from E. H. Sothern, Richard Mansfield and N. C. Goodwin that it naturally occurs to one that these players should feel heartily ashamed of themselves.

THE Berton play, "Yvette," given at the Actor's Fund benefit last week, was so risque in the original that at first it was believed that no amount of change would make it possible for English ears. The adaptor, however, Cosmo Gordon Lennox, has taken a post-graduate course in the gentle art of dramatic fumigation, and "Yvette" was Englished successfully. Berton, you will remember, was the shrinking young man who is responsible for that stage firebrand, *Zaza*, who, even as played by Mrs. Carter, was not exactly a sweet little anemone. Cosmo Gordon Lennox is the man who was fortunate enough to win the constant and undying regard of that captious and delightful comedienne, Marie Tempest. Compared with these two, the veriest turtle doves are but the unloveliest screech owls.

SAIID one Lamb to another in the club house: "It's all foolishness to say that Weber and Fields have split because of a difference of opinion regarding the policy of their Music Hall. As a matter of fact, their bone of contention first, last and all the time, has been Willie Collier. The partners disagreed from the moment the subject of starring Collier was suggested. Then when he finally appeared at the Bijou Theatre in three of the dizziest failures known to man, there was an open rupture. I believe it was Fields who wanted to continue, and Weber who wanted to close up the engagement and pocket the losses, but the thing hung fire and through it all Weber and Fields hardly spoke to each other. When Collier went over to Charles Frohman, who knew how to make a success of him, it was believed that Weber and Fields would get together again, but the breach had been made so wide it could not be healed. So on the well-brushed head of William Collier must forever rest the responsibility for having divided Weber and Fields, and for the loss of their \$35,000."

Thirty-five thousand dollars—great Scott! I should think Fields ought to buy Weber a wreath of laurel instead of soaking him.

WHAT will the polished Dan McAvoy do if Percy Williams engages him for any of his theatres next fall? Mr. Williams has inaugurated a rule forbidding any of the men and women on his stages from guying or "getting back" at the audience. This is a very good rule, but I do not think that Mr. McAvoy will go into the wildest ecstasies over its provisions. If you don't believe it, make careful inquiries at the New Amsterdam Theatre Building.

FLYING about town in a hansom these days can be seen George W. Morgan and his Japanese bride. The papers have been telling us that Mr. Morgan is a nephew of J. Pierpont, and his wife is very pretty. Some one tells us that George W. isn't J. P.'s nephew, and I don't think his wife is very pretty, but perhaps my education in Japanese art is not what it should be. They appear to be very happy, however, and certainly look serenely contented.

HIS was a good healthy stride, and a face which, while clean shaven, was not all pink and white. He looked like a real man, even if he was Robert Edeson, the matinee hero. There is something about Edeson that the average man can't help liking—even the average man that feigns to believe that the admiration of women is something to be avoided. Mr. Edeson looks as if he might occasionally dally with a dumb-bell or frisk with a horizontal bar.

WILLIAM L. WARD, of Westchester, occasionally comes to town and is seen at the Broadway theatres. Perhaps you don't know that Mr. Ward is the Republican boss of Westchester, that he is a friend of Governor Odell's and is as autocratic in his rule as ever Richard Croker was. To be boss of Westchester County means something. It is the fifth richest county in the State and comes after Albany, but will probably beat out that county next year. Now you may understand why it is that whenever William L. Ward comes to town to see Senator Platt or Governor Odell, the papers mention the fact with more or less interesting details.

WANTED.

News notes and paragraphs that would interest the thousands of readers who peruse this department every week. Address letters and all messages to Editor BROADWAY WEEKLY, 27 E. 21st Street, New York.

AMONG those professionals who displayed a keen personal interest in the opening of "Dreamland" at Coney Island on May 14th, were Marie Dressler, Peter F. Dailey, Louis Mann and Andrew Mack. Each one of these had obtained concessions in "Dreamland," Senator Reynolds's tremendous amusement enterprise. Your professional nowadays can no longer be held up as a terrible example of the improvident, or as a continuous understudy for "The Prodigal Son." Seasons may be long or seasons short, but nowadays there is a lot of haymaking even when the sun is hottest. Heretofore, the summer was looked upon as a time for short shrift and long repentance. Now there are summer hotels, park stock companies, and amusement concessions to tide over the arid season.

REMARKABLE stories reach me from the road regarding the business done by E. H. Sothorn in "The Proud Prince." Notwithstanding the immensity of the settings, the expensive cast and the great cost of moving the production around the country, "The Proud Prince" is making a lot of money for star and manager. Sothorn, by the way, will have much hot-weather playing, as he does not close his season until July 15th.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON recently acted the part of dramatic oracle for the Yale students. One ingenuous, fair-haired youth pelted Mr. Jefferson with this question: "Is there any opening for college men on the stage?" Mr. Jefferson meekly remarked that we should have to look to the colleges for our great authors and actors too, and ended by saying: "A college education is not absolutely necessary though it may be a great help." In making this reply, Mr. Jefferson probably remembered what a great help Harvard had been to Eddie Foy, Yale to Corse Payton, and Princeton to John Ray.

I WAS very much amused a few days ago by a heading in the *Herald* which ran "Sues H. B. Sire to recover \$20,000." I didn't take the trouble to see who was suing or what it was about. What's the difference, when you look into it, whether you sue H. B. Sire for \$25,000 or \$2,000,000? You'll get one just about as quickly as the other. Mr. Sire, while not old in years, belongs to the old guard of theatrical managers who were sued and sued and sued again, just because there were lawyers who didn't have anything else to do. The new order of things theatrical, represented by Charles Frohman, Al. Hayman, Klaw & Erlanger, Colonel Savage and the other prominent managers in their class, does not make it necessary for a creditor to sue a manager any oftener than is required in any other line of endeavor. The curious part of the whole thing is that these thirteen Sire Brothers (no suing creditor has ever been able to discover exactly how many Sires there are) go right on doing business in a calm, unimpassioned way, dress well, drive good horses and act generally like men who discount their bills on the first of the month. Have they discovered a patent process, or are they immune?

THE Weber & Fields company, as the closing attraction of the season at the New Amsterdam Theatre, will serve to mark the close of the first season of what is unquestionably the most gorgeous playhouse in America. The New Amsterdam Theatre played very few attractions, and of these "Mother Goose," "The Two Orphans" and "Whoop-dee-Doo" can be credited with a smashing business. It takes a big show and big money to keep a theatre like this going profitably and that Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger have been able to do so speaks well both for their judgment and their resources. I understand that Mark Luescher, one of the ablest of our house managers, will continue as business manager of the New Amsterdam next season.

I WONDER if it is true that Clyde Fitch, Bronson Howard and Henry Arthur Jones are to collaborate on a play for the Pony Ballet. The young women comprising this small but finely developed troupe, are young English girls, who came over to this country a few seasons ago. They were mere youngsters then, but they could dance well and they made a hit. Their knowledge of the world has grown with their legs, until to-day it is pretty difficult to fool them on any proposition, theatrical, financial or otherwise. They go well in "Piff, Paff, Pouf" at the Casino—so well in fact, that they have grown a bit troublesome, and threaten to break out in some new place at every performance. I often wonder at the ability of whatever member of the Pony Ballet is responsible for keeping them together for so long a time. She deserves a medal from the S. P. C. A.

LOYALTY counts for a lot in this life. If you don't believe it, ask "Jim" Breslin. His old friends are his friends still. I was in the Wolcott the other day, and among those who came in and greeted the proprietor were Charles Hess, the lawyer and Republican leader, and Anson Pond, playwright and good fellow. There were also other frequenters of the Gilsey House when Breslin was its proprietor. I believe that the Wolcott is doing a big business, notwithstanding the plaint of some other hotel keepers.

Just consider for a moment what a remarkable man this same Breslin is. He is seventy-one. At this age he starts out all over again with the Hotel Wolcott, and has just made arrangements for a fifteen years' lease of the new hotel that is going up at Twenty-ninth street and Broadway. Thus when the lease expires Breslin will be eighty-six, if he lives that long—and let us hope he will.

IRAN across George W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, at a Broadway hotel the other day. Mr. Boyd, who must be considered an important figure in American railroading, is one of the very few men in this country who have received the decoration of the Order of the Crown, which was conferred on Mr. Boyd by Emperor Wilhelm on account of courtesies bestowed upon Prince Henry of Prussia, who was here two years ago. The honor seemed to rest rather lightly on Mr. Boyd's head. He is a pretty good type of American, who has never contracted Continentalphobia, and while I have no doubt that he was duly grateful to Wilhelm II for the honor implied, he would rather be an American, a Philadelphian, and a G. P. A. of the P. R. R. than anything that a crown could make him.

COLONEL W. D. MANN has come out over his signature in *Town Topics* with Grover Cleveland and David R. Francis as his presidential ticket. The Colonel does not mince matters when it comes to a question of expressing a conviction. After reading his editorials there could not be any question as to just where he stands. There may be a division of opinion among Democrats as to the merits of Colonel Mann's slate. But of one thing I am thoroughly convinced—Cleveland and Francis could not have a more able champion than this brilliant journalist, brave soldier and man of affairs. Colonel Mann's ability is on a par with his physical proportions—and he stands about six feet of solid manhood.

THE programme as being made out for Manhattan Beach by Sam S. Shubert is remarkable for its scope and variety. Mr. Shubert is well aware of the fact that he has no easy task in catering to wants of captious summer theatre-goers. He is, therefore, laying out an amusement menu card that in generosity is almost akin to prodigality. Resident sojourners at Manhattan Beach, and those who go down from the city to pass the warm evenings, have no cause for complaint when they can see such productions as "Winsome Winnie" "A Chinese Honeymoon," "The Runaways," "The Toreador" and pieces of like character. Some of the best-known musical comedy players of Broadway will be in the various casts, including John Henshaw, Jefferson De Angelis, Arthur Dunn, Alexander Clark, Adele Ritchie, Mabel Carrier, and a whole battalion of pretty girls. The Shuberts seem to have made up their mind that it is foolish to stop working just because the thermometer runs above the eighties. So far as Manhattan Beach is concerned, there seems to be no good reason to doubt that this resort is bound to partake of some of the tremendously increased prosperity which unquestionably will be accorded the whole of Coney Island during the coming summer. Those who seem to know what they are talking about predict that the average weekly floating population of Coney Island this summer will be not far from 900,000 a week.

A CLEAN-CUT young man about town these days is Henry T. Leggett, who has a handsome studio at the Ansonia. Mr. Leggett is one of the wealthy young New Yorkers who is not content merely to spend a fortune and do nothing during the quiet hours of the day or the busy minutes of the night. Although left a comfortable pile by his late father, he is an assiduous student of art and has already done some excellent work, examples of which have appeared in prominent publications, including BROADWAY WEEKLY. Mr. Leggett is smooth-faced and good-looking and might be readily taken for a leading juvenile.

IT took a pretty brave man to do what Sir Charles Wyndham did on the opening night of "The Bride and the Bridegroom," in London, recently. The gallery god in London is the most brutal critic in the world. He stops at absolutely nothing. He is a dog, without a dog's cleanliness. I have just received word from the other side that Wyndham was simply forced by circumstances to keep the women behind the curtain while he answered the cat-calls. The cable despatches gave merely an outline of this incident. My correspondent, who is a well-known American journalist and whose word can be absolutely relied upon, writes:

"As I sat in the stalls and listened to the abuse rained upon Wyndham and his company, I was glad to be a New Yorker. Miss Moore was standing by Mr. Wyndham's side, when suddenly, a loud, hoarse voice from a man in the gallery, rose above the tumult as its owner hurled a vile epithet at Miss Moore. It was something one might possibly expect to hear in a kennel, and then only from the foulest-mouthed beast alive. At least a half dozen men, myself among them, jumped up and with rage expressed in every action, shook their clenched fists at those devils in the gallery. I honestly think that if we could have laid our hands on that one particular man, we would have made him a fit subject for the hospital. It was only then that Wyndham, whom I admire for a brave fellow, motioned Miss Moore and the other women of the company to retire. I give you my word that the riot lasted for fifteen minutes more, and through it all, the star stood there impotent, but cool-headed. Finally, when everybody was tired out, he had his say, and there wasn't a man or woman at the theatre that night who didn't in spirit at least, grasp the hand of Charles Wyndham."

I occasionally have heard an American audience hiss, rarely have I heard them jeer, and then only in flagrant instances, like the appearance of poor, demented James Owen O'Connor or the unspeakable Cherry sisters. I have, however, heard in a London theatre many, many times, performers hooted and ridiculed and even at Irving's old Lyceum Theatre I have heard boos and cat-calls on the first night of an important production. And my blood boils when I think of one occurrence at the London Pavilion. A little American girl, whose name I shall not mention, was making her London debut. She was almost scared into hysterics and had as bad a case of stage fright as I have ever seen. This fact was perfectly obvious from the front, but instead of arousing the sympathies of the gallery, she was met with a discordant and disgusting exhibition of expressions of disapproval, some of them so vile as to be impossible of repetition by the lips of decent people. For downright cowardliness and disregard for the ordinary decencies of life, commend me to the London gallery god.

CHARLES FROHMAN can assuredly not be accused of considering the dramatic field entirely from the standpoint of revenue only.

He has proven this several times, but probably never more clearly than in the case of "Everyman," which he continued to keep on the stage, even when it looked like a consistent money loser. Both his taste and judgment were justified, however, by later developments. A more ambitious advance is made by Mr. Frohman in his proposed staging of the dramatization of "The Pilgrim's Progress," which certainly does not smack of the flippant. And now, oh, ye anti-Syndicate scribblers, ye Simon Purists, ye men who write little nothings about big things, sharpen your pencils, and try to figure out that no good ever came out of the wilderness.

DO we need a new crop of juveniles? This thought occurred to me as I watched the antics of young Morgan Coman in "The Crown Prince" at Daly's Theatre. Mr. Coman played *Lieut. Bromstead*, who is supposed to be very young, but not by ten years as young a child as Mr. Morgan made him. There was nothing but juvenility in this *Lieut. Bromstead*, whereas there should have been bracing virility and dynamic energy. This is the sort of rôle that Joseph Wheelock, Jr., would have played a few seasons ago, and in fact, could play well to-day. Cyril Scott in the same company would probably have been cast for *Bromstead*. We have few juveniles like Wheelock and Scott to day. Is this the fault of dramatic schools, the managers, or the young men themselves? What's the answer?

IN a few minutes' chat on Broadway, E. E. Rice told me of some of his hopes and ambitions and particularly those which centered around "The Two Offings," obviously a burlesque of "The Two Orphans," which he intends to produce in the near future. Mr. Rice is looking for a summer opening for "The Two Offings" and has great faith in the piece, which is by a member of the New York *Sun* staff. The manager's idea, which seems to be a feasible one, is to follow the route

of the all-star cast of "The Two Orphans" next fall, and thus take advantage of a ready-made public interest. Rice, by the way, seems to be just as optimistic as ever he was, although much of his enthusiasm is permeated with the leaven of good, hard experience which has come his way in large installments during the past few years.

SOME of the New York daily papers are making themselves ridiculous in their hysterical attempts to show a close and definite connection between the Western Union Telegraph Company and the pool-room people. Take the *Herald*, for instance. Its afternoon edition, the *Telegram*, prints "dope sheets" of the most approved fashion. Will the editors or managers contend that this information is published only for the frequenters of the race track? Are they not perfectly aware that the *Telegram* "dope sheets" are the basis upon which thousands of players in New York pool-rooms form their basis for judgment in betting?

The Western Union Telegraph Company is a public servant. It must serve those who apply to it, just exactly as the daily papers publish many advertisements which are fraudulent but which certainly are not accepted by the business department with any tacit understanding as to a partnership with the advertisers.

The publication of the names of George J. Gould, Chauncey M. Depew and other well-known citizens, in connection with this new phase of the commercial end of the telegraph business, is simply a brazen attempt to create a sensation at the expense of men who at least have the courage of their convictions. The Western Union Telegraph Company does not require the championage of BROADWAY WEEKLY, or any other paper, but it is difficult to note calmly this prostitution of the functions of daily journalism without saying a few plain words.

WHEN Henry Irving returns to his native England each year, he is greeted with a series of anecdotes by newspaper friends, some of which are new and some as hoary as *Lear*. A London correspondent sends me the following:

"During one of Sir Henry Irving's American tours, Mr. F. Rawson Buckley, who is now so well-known to the public in the parts of *Marcus Superbus* in the 'The Sign of the Cross,' and *Horace Parker* in 'A Message from Mars,' was serving under the banner of 'The Guv'nor.' One morning Mr. Buckley walked down to the theatre to see if the mail had brought him any letters. As is always the case, the letters for members of the companies are arranged on a rack, with little tin holders alphabetically arranged and marked. These are usually fixed in the small office of the stage-door keeper, and are under his charge. After a cheery 'Good morning' to the man, Mr. Buckley asked the natural question, 'Have you anything for Buckley in "B"?' And then, to his surprise, he heard the familiar voice of Sir Henry remark, from behind him, 'Good gracious, here's a man talking as if he were a sonata!'"

LAST week I had something to say about Arnold Daly and his ambitions. At that time it had not been made apparent that Mr. Daly desired to be known as a playwright. A production, however, of the playlet, "A Trifle," at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre, proved that this young man has versatility as well as ambition. "A Trifle" was a clever little bit of satire, unpleasant in sentiment, but clever in the playwright's method of working out the small social problem involved. "A Trifle" is a pleasant addition to vaudeville's not too heavy crop of good short plays.

THE production of a De Mille-Belasco play by a New York stock company, reminds me that the late Henry De Mille was never communicative regarding the part that he and Belasco took in the writing of their various dramatic collaborations, and for that matter, Belasco himself was not talkative. It is recorded that on the first night of "The Wife," De Mille was met in the lobby of the

theatre by a friend, who spoke to him about a certain line and asked: "Was that line yours or Belasco's?" De Mille replied: "I don't intend to tell you, because I suppose you will tell me that anything I am responsible for is good and that the rest is rot." "Oh, pshaw, that's foolish," said the friend. "Anyway, I didn't think very much of Belasco's lines at the opening of Act II." "I agree with you perfectly," said De Mille, "but they were not bad as fillers. You see that actor got rattled and forgot the lines written by—Belasco or me."

JOHN W. BRATTON has written some new music for "The Man from China," at the Majestic Theatre, which makes the score of this production a lilting and entertaining one. Bratton is no new-comer to the field of popular song-writing. He has for years been one of the strongest men on the staff of M. Witmark & Sons, and is looked upon as a member of this musical family.

Talking of the Witmarks reminds me that here is a family of boys who deserve mountains of credit for what they have accomplished. I can remember them a few years ago as smooth-faced, earnest young fellows, quiet of demeanor, but with tremendous energy and enthusiasm. Their moves from Fourteenth street to Twenty-eighth street, to Twenty-ninth, and finally up to their handsome new building on West Thirty-seventh street, simply show, step by step, their progress in the music publishing business. They are still "the Witmark boys" to their friends and they are still full of energy and enthusiasm—two good qualities to have even when the wolf is not camping at the door.

BIG smiling Paul Dresser is one of the notable figures of Broadway, whenever he makes his appearance. Dresser, while not by any means slight and boyish, is not nearly as large as he was a few years ago. In fact, at one time he almost looked as if he were going into a decline—the which reminds me of a certain summer not long ago when Paul was my guest in Flushing, since made famous as the home of Buster Brown Outcault. I had been explaining to Paul the delights of country existence, but he had always fought shy of the proposition. I explained with all the eloquence at my command the sylvan beauties of life in Flushing, the splendid old trees, the shaded drives and the total absence of mosquitoes and other busy summer pests. At last I cornered him one day, and almost by main force carted him out to my shack. The drive was pleasant, the dinner enjoyable, and everything lovely until just as the lamps began to twinkle, I suggested a good loaf on the piazza. We went out. As Paul was explaining to me his delight at being my guest, and his gratitude for my pulling him away from the Broadway cable slot, something went—slap! That something was a large angry hand aimed at a mosquito which had been feeding off the Dresser cheek. The conversation was suspended for a moment and then a voice full of the meekest curiosity remarked: "Do you feel anything?"

I swore I didn't, although at that moment mosquitoes which, I swear, had not made their appearance before during that summer, were roosting all over me. Then began a game of biff! slap! bang! Neither one was willing to give in and, no doubt, Paul was having much the harder time of it, because he made much the larger feast. Just as I was expatiating, to fill out, on the joys of existence in the country for at least the tenth time, I screwed my courage up to the asking point.

"Paul," I cooed, "what do you think of Flushing?"

The reply, sharp, quick and conclusive came back, "I think it's rotten."

Then we both repaired to the sitting-room and the battle of Flushing was over. Dresser hardly spoke to me for a year afterward, but since then we have rather made it up, and I really think now that he could meet me in a dark street without contemplating homicide.

I UNDERSTAND that Mr. Edgar Atchison-Ely is very angry and all on account of my few modest remarks about him in the last issue of BROADWAY WEEKLY. I am grieved that the even tenor of Mr. Atchison-Ely's way should be disturbed by even the lightest ripple of discontent. However, I am equally sorry that I shall not be able to leave town because of any threatened chastisement or other trouble in this direction.

Office hours 9 to 12, and 2 to 5; Saturdays, Sundays and holidays excepted.

Telephone, 5032 Gramercy.

R. W. CHAMBERS, the novelist, is a well-known figure on upper Broadway, although I imagine he does not care very much for the appellation of Bohemian. Chambers has been extremely successful with his pen and I suppose he stands to-day among the first half dozen of our novelists. It is not generally known that Chambers first started his career in New York as an artist and he still dabbles somewhat with a brush. I can remember him back in the early '90s as he came around from week to week to see the art editor of the old *Truth*—the *Truth* of the days of Archie Gunn, Granville Smith, and Charlie Johnson, the best illustrator of the lighter fancy that America produced during the closing decade of the century. Even in those days, Chambers was serious and suave. He began writing short stories and soon developed a style so graceful that publishers ran over themselves in their eagerness to get his copy. Now he is a successful novelist and is not obliged to walk around town with drawings under his arm.

HE is knowing, has lived in New York since his boyhood, nearly sixty years ago, and is not easily fooled. Therefore I listened respectfully. "There goes a man," said my New Yorker, "whom I have known since I was a youngster. When I started in, he had already made a reputation for himself. I tell you, when I get to be his age—and I am not so many years off it now—I'd like everybody to say of me what I say of that man there: His 'yes' or 'no' are as good as most men's bonds. He may not always say 'yes' or 'no' when you want him to, but when he does you can bank on him as you can on a treasury note. And when you come to think of it, my boy, that's perfectly true with every man who has become a great power in politics." And as the fine old figure of Senator Thomas Collier Platt passed us, I could readily understand why it was that my friend, although a Democratic political writer for nearly thirty years, could not help respecting a man whose simple nod of the head was a contract.

A BROADWAYITE of the most approved type is Frank Tilford, vice-president of the Lincoln Trust Company and director and officer in many important New York concerns. He is also treasurer of the National Art Theatre, and is interested in all that has to do with the financial and artistic life of Broadway. Mr. Tilford is president of the Park & Tilford Company, New York's most famous grocery house, and the wonder is that he has any time to give to the various enterprises with which his name is connected. Mr. Tilford is a striking looking man whose force of character is shown in a fine forehead and a pair of eyes which, while kindly in their gleam, look you through at the first glance and convey to their owner an impression that is seldom wrong. Mr. Tilford is rated a millionaire and is not too proud to work—as a matter of fact, he is about as busy a man as I know in New York.

IF you really want to know how Marshall P. Wilder stands in the good graces of residents of Hartford, where he went to school, you should have been at the big benefit last week given for the Hartford Hospital at Poli's Theatre. One of those present at this extraordinary benefit, which netted something like \$20,000, tells me that when the little man appeared, the house fairly rose at him and that Jean de Reszke could scarcely have been more rapturously applauded. This might be a press agent's yarn—only it isn't.

THAT racing is holding its own with the best people, is obvious by a glance at the attendance at Morris Park. In this case, the term "best people" is used to designate those persons who seem to be accepted by the press and the public as representative New Yorkers. The presence of such society folk as Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Arthur Paget, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Oakley Rhineland, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gould, and others whose names certainly mean something so far as influence is concerned, proves conclusively that racing is still a pastime of the aforesaid "best people" and that all the wild vaporings of loose-jawed pessimists count for nothing. Racing, as conducted at Morris Park and other first-class tracks of the East is to-day receiving the support of men who years ago either were lukewarm in their recognition of racing or were absolutely dead against it. There is, therefore, good reason for believing that in the quality of the membership of the Jockey Club lies the safety of racing as a high-class sport and a pastime.

IT reads now, "Mr. Loudon C. Charlton announces Duss and his orchestra." This may be more or less of a surprise to those unenlightened members of society who still are under the impression that R. E. Johnston is the Duss manager. Mr. Charlton is comparatively a newcomer, who, from his headquarters in Carnegie Hall, has been branching out of late. He seems to be away ahead of his field and well worth watching.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN seems eager to go down to history as the Judas of the Democratic party. No man has ever stood in the public arena and shown more clearly a despicable disregard of the ethics of politics or has displayed so plainly in all his words and actions the dog-in-the-manger spirit, which, if he were really now an important figure in politics, might easily mean the destruction of his party. Bryan is at the present time merely the mouthpiece of William Jennings. Even those zealots who have stood shoulder to shoulder with him, through thick and through thin, and who through two stirring campaigns gave the best that was in them for the principles of Bryanism, stand aghast at the spectacle made by their old leader.

Bryan seems to have said to himself: "I shall rule Democracy or ruin it." He certainly will never rule it again, and whether he will be able to ruin it depends entirely on the good sense of Democratic leaders. Bryan's platform is "anything to beat the man who isn't for Bryan." That this policy is losing him the support of decent Democrats everywhere, is amply proven by the spirit displayed in editorial utterances in New York and throughout the country. The editor of *BROADWAY WEEKLY* is personally acquainted with at least a half dozen prominent editors, who, in 1896 and 1900, came out openly for Bryan because they thought Bryan was for the party as well as self, and these men are now uncompromisingly arrayed against him. Would to God that the millions who voted for Bryan in 1900 had seen him in his true colors and under his true emblem—the black flag of the political buccaneer. They would have saved their votes for any one of the half dozen men who might have carried the party to victory. Well might the discredited Bryan paraphrase Hill's slogan,

I AM A BRYANITE.

In the meantime, however, the rest of the country will probably cure itself of the disease.

WILLIAM A. WOODBURY, one of America's acknowledged advertising authorities and one of the owners of the Woodbury Ltd. Advertising Agency, has been writing some of his views of the advertising situation for the *National Advertiser*. The entire article is fraught with much good common-sense. One of the most striking sentiments is the following:

I think the present advertising agent's commissions inadequate. Compared with the commissions paid in other businesses, that of the advertising agent is very, very small. Compared with the amount of work required by agents in other businesses, that of the advertising agent is very, very great.

Mr. Woodbury is undoubtedly correct in his deductions. The average advertising agent does business for his client to-day on about a 10 per cent. basis, which unquestionably is not enough to compensate him for the brains, energy, experience and capital which he is obliged to have as his stock in trade.

Advertising is no longer merely a jab in the dark. It is something, which, in the minds of the astute agent, assumes a concrete form and enables him to give his customer facts and service usually out of all proportion and value to his return. Of course, in the cases of certain advertising agents whose boast it is that, counting only two or three customers, their business runs up to a million dollars a year, 10 per cent. seems to leave a very handsome margin of profit. But to the agent who, with a big clerical force, an expensive business organization, with the backing of reputation among publishers, 10 per cent. is far too small a basis on which to work.

BROADWAY WEEKLY puts its O. K. on Mr. Woodbury's argument and stands ready to lend its help to a change in conditions that will render it possible for advertising agents to make the same commission that business men in other walks of life demand and expect.

THE little legal squabble between R. S. Sievier and Sir James Duke, two well-known English turf men, the latter of whom called the former a liar, a thief, and a blackleg, and was upheld by judge and jury, drew into the mesh of contention one Guy Chetwynd. This son of an English nobleman is interesting to New Yorkers as he happens to be the man who married the one-time Rosalind Secor. It will be remembered that about two years ago the cable was kept busy affirming and denying the engagement of Sir Something Dewar and Miss Secor, but she finally became Mrs. Chetwynd. Rosalind Secor, as I remember her, was a tall, dashing girl of magnificent coloring and the form of a Juno. She lived out on Long Island in a handsome country house with her mother, the widow of a man who had been prominent as a corporation lawyer. At this time the Secors were in somewhat straitened circumstances. They leased their house and came to New York, the mother bent on marrying her daughter to money and position. The mother herself was remarkably good-looking, and dressing as she did in the furbelows of a young girl, she seemed to be scheduled for the matrimonial market. Later we heard of Miss Secor in London, where she was entertained by families of wealth and position. Then came her rumored engagement to Dewar and finally her marriage to the son of Sir George Chetwynd. It was said at one time that Miss Secor was to go on the stage. If she had done so, she would have created a sensation, as she was one of the handsomest girls I have ever seen.

ONE of the frequenters of the uptown and downtown Moquin establishments in New York, and an inveterate first-nighter, especially during the Grand Opera season, is Henri Rogowski, the head of the biggest type-setting establishment in New York and probably in this country. He came to this country first, I believe, to superintend the composition of an important edition of the Bible, and although he does not have to do so at the present time, he can set type in several languages. He was formerly foreman of the composition room of the *Recorder* and also of the *World*. He is a suave, well-groomed type of cosmopolitan, who has travelled widely and who is an acknowledged expert in the printing business.

R. B. H.

WAR AMONG THE CIRCUS PEOPLE.

WAR, strenuous, acrimonious and awe-inspiring, is on between the big circus interests of the country. Already the alarm has been sounded and the merry, gentle circus folk, with circus pegs in their hands and blood in their eyes, are out to do damage to whomsoever may be regarded as a foe. For instance, Youngstown was the basis for operations for some days. Here is a town not one-fifth the size of any of New York's boroughs, which could boast of the appearance almost simultaneously of three big circus organizations—the Main, Ringling and Barnum & Bailey shows.

A correspondent of *The Billboard* makes the following remarks:

R. M. Harvey, of the Barnum & Bailey Shows, first met the Ringling men at Newark, Ohio. At Wheeling, W. Va., Charles Hays and his bunch of banner busters lit in town to reinforce Captain Harvey and his men, while W. H. Horton, of the Ringling Show, followed close on the heels of their contracting agent, and thus the merry war began. Banners, boards and brushes have filled the air ever since. Louis E. Cooke, the cool and calculating veteran, loomed up on the scene at Wheeling, Newark and Cleveland and quietly planted some full-page ads in the local dailies which looked like the broad side of a Sunday supplement, the head line of which quoted the noted divine, Bishop Potter, who declared the Barnum & Bailey Show to be "the best circus I ever saw."

The next tilt at arms came about at Cleveland, Ohio, when Ed Knupp and his yeomen of the Main Show took the initiative and led off with a fine showing of lithographs and banners; but when husky Fred Beckman, of the Barnum & Bailey forces, rolled into town with his advertising car, things began to look different, to put it mildly, and then to cap the climax, Gus Ringling entered the field by a flank movement from Youngstown, Ohio, with his No. 1 car and about thirty trusty braves, who often eat up a town before breakfast. And thus they did smite each other hip and thigh. If there is a window, wall or housetop anywhere within thirty miles of the center of Cleveland that has not got a show bill therein, or on, it is because mild persuasion, artful inducements and crafty wiles are abject failures. The Bryan billboards, which cover the greater portion of Northern Ohio, were soon exhausted. Vacant lots were fenced in, but finally Charley Bryan ran out of sheet steel with which to cover the fence posts and then the gang took to the ladders and high walls.

It will probably all end presently by the formation of another trust, or else reduced receipts and many bandaged heads will be the order of the day.

INTIMATE INTERVIEW WITH VIRGINIA HARNED.

TIMES are changed with Virginia Harned-Sothorn. Six years ago—perhaps less—she was keeping bachelor's hall with a girl friend in a pretty gilded cage of a house in East Twenty-fourth street. As I recall it, there was a bird singing in one of the sunny windows, a Japanese poodle with a coquettish pink bow over his left ear was much in evidence, there was a cozy corner done to an artistic turn, sofa cushions galore, and a wealth of flowers—long-stemmed, costly American beauties. Virginia Harned was only Virginia Harned in those days, somewhat promising as to her art, and very attractive as to her looks. She was a handsome girl and understood dressing her rôles.

E. H. Sothorn was evolving from the matinee hero into a man of serious dramatic ideals. He had his den just around the corner in Twenty-fifth street and made a habit of escorting Miss Harned and her girl chum back and forth from the theatre—they were in the same company. Of course no one suspected he was courting the fair Virginia, as such frivolities were rigorously frowned upon by Daniel Frohman.

I recall the exquisite sense of mystery and importance that overwhelmed me when Miss Harned, in a burst of confidence, first extracted a solemn promise "never, never to tell," and then revealed that she was engaged to Mr. Sothorn, and that nobody, not a single living soul, except her girl chum, was aware of the secret. Within a month, however, she became Mrs. Sothorn, and in the course of an incredibly short space of time evolved from a merely pretty girl who had very little to say on the subject of art, into a woman of high and successful histrionic ideals. The pretty little apartment, the cozy corner, the canary bird, and the Japanese poodle are no more. As befits her station and her art, Mrs. Sothorn is domiciled in a handsome home of her own in West Sixty-ninth street, overlooking the Park.

An English maid—housekeeper would best describe her stately deference—ushers me into the dim drawing-room. All is quiet, subdued, serious. No attempt at display. A few fine bronzes—furniture more solid than decorative—and a bookshelf that runs around the four sides of the wall. It suggests a library—a room devoted to serious intent.

Virginia Harned has acquired buoyancy and temperament. Her color is a fresh pink and white. Her light hair flies about her face, her olive eyes sparkle, dilate, grow earnest. She has grown intense. She thinks thoughts. It is to her a conviction that art is worth while. She is like a swimmer enjoying her battle with the waves.

"Yes; let us talk of *Camille*. Why not? I am thinking *Camille*, living her at every performance. She is uppermost in my heart. It has been one of the dreams of my life to interpret the rôle. As a matter of fact, I did not play it for the first time in New York. I appeared in it a number of times in Pittsburg, Philadelphia and other places. But New York gave me the criticism that touched me most deeply. Some dear critic called my *Camille* 'a flesh and blood *Camille*.'"

"It took courage——"

"I courted comparison," interrupted Miss Harned, "and I was prepared to suffer the consequences. I did not pretend to comply with the traditions of the rôle. The woman—the human *Camille*—appealed to me and I determined to work out the interpretation in my own way. That is the right of every artist, be she great or little.

"It is curious," continued the fine, earnest voice, "how greatly the demands of the drama have multiplied. Before one can succeed in a rôle to-day, one must not only interpret the part, but must look it, dress it, and furnish it. An old actress told me not long ago that she had three dresses in her stage wardrobe. A white for her girl

rôles, a black velvet for her queens, and a party dress. The gowns in one scene alone of a modern *Camille* would, without doubt, cover the expenses of an entire production of the play twenty years ago. My husband, by the way, spent \$45,000 on the accessories of 'The Proud Prince' before the curtain went up. Of course, we have to work all the harder nowadays to reap any sort of a harvest from this costly sowing.

"But let us return to *Camille*. I thought out a certain number of innovations—not for the sake of forcing 'novelties' in my interpretation, but because they seemed so perfectly consistent with the woman's character. You see, I had been playing in 'Iris' so long, that the study of the two types was a wonderful experience—*Iris*, with every opportunity in her favor—wealth, environment—degenerated into what *Camille* renounced through an act of supreme self-sacrifice. *Camille* was the *cocotte*, not a coquette, but she was a woman of fine and beautiful future. She was awakened and regenerated through love. I look upon her as the type of the repentant Magdalen."

"And her death at the foot of the cross?"

"An innovation, if you choose to call it by that name, but from my point of view it is thoroughly consistent. After *Camille* had renounced *Armand*, and in that way renounced her life, there was nothing left for her but the hope of forgiveness and redemption. She dies with her eyes fixed upon the cross—saved!"

Miss Harned paused. "I try to accentuate also in *Camille's* evolution toward the regenerated woman, the dormant mother-love that awakens in her heart with the awakening of that other love. Her first words of affection to *Armand* are almost those of a mother to a young son. Women instinctively love that way. It is also my idea that the young lover should offer *Camille* a rose, rather than a camellia. The rose is symbolical of the joy and promise of life. The camellia speaks of death in life."

"You shed real tears, Miss Harned?"

"Too many, I fear," was the answer. "I found that I was hampering my work by the stress of my own emotions, and I had to put a control upon them. My father, by the way, was one of the most emotional men I ever met. It was a positive source of mortification to go to the theatre with him. I recall now his shaking shoulders and quite audible sobs over some affecting episode in a play. But upon the stage one must have not only dramatic intelligence which teaches us when to weep, but that second best quality, dramatic discretion, which tells us when emotion ceases to reach the audience as emotion."

"I wonder how many of us realize that the voice of deep feeling, joy or sorrow, is always harsh and broken. One hardly says 'I love you' in silvery accents except in novels. Dramatic intelligence warns us of this truth, and dramatic discretion fixes the happy medium."

"And your plans for next season?"

"Mr. Frohman has several plans in view. I have but one. I want to keep *Camille* in my repertoire. I want to become identified with the rôle. *Camille* is a classic. Audiences wept over the tragedy of her romance fifty years ago, and they tell me my audiences wept with me a few nights ago. Yes; it is a rôle toward which we all aspire, and why shouldn't we? for it is a human drama, and until we get another as good to take its place, we must perforce live and die our love as *Camille*."

Six years ago Virginia Harned had little to say on the subject of her art. To-day Virginia Harned-Sothorn has evolved from the girl into the artist who has arrived.

those Sundays when Mr. Roosevelt was enforcing the excise law as Police Commissioner.

At a hotel farther up Broadway the night watchman who is hired to patrol the house full of sleeping guests himself sleeps peacefully throughout the night in the engine room.

In a big hotel not far from Herald Square the electric fire-alarm apparatus has been out of working order since January 17th last. Should a fire break out there in the night every guest would have to be individually aroused in order to know the condition of affairs.

I am told that there is a law calling for red lights to be burned in hotel corridors leading to exits. If it is not a law, it is a custom and should be made a law.

One hotel in particular, and a large one, not only has no red lights, nor other guides of any description, but contains so many stairways

of uneven lengths, some of only a few steps, and so many irregular and sudden turns and passageways that if a fire occurred there many people would probably lose their lives simply because of inability to find their way out.

There are many other hotels equally badly equipped so far as protection from fire is concerned. Many of them boast of being fireproof and many are as nearly fireproof as is possible. But fire alone does not always cause the sacrifice of human lives; it is the smoke and the crush incidental to a panic.

Will you not take immediate action, Mr. McClellan?

If you wish, I will send you a list of the hotels that are in particular need of official attention, or, better still—I'll publish the list in BROADWAY WEEKLY.

Very truly yours,

O. B. SERVER.

GEORGE ALEXANDER IN "SATURDAY TO MONDAY."

LONDON.

SURELY something went wrong on the first night of the new play at the St. James's? What was it? The "something" must have been much in evidence, whatever it was, or "Saturday to Monday" would not have received such a mauling as it did the next morning—a mauling, by the way, I hope it may survive for a long time, and to judge by the attitude of the second-night audience, when I was there, I should say it undoubtedly will.

All is as merry as marriage bells when the play starts off, and the first act, where pretty Lilian Braithwaite, as the irresponsible widow, having invited every friend she meets *con amore* to come and spend Saturday to Monday with her in her cottage on the river's bank, sparkles and glows with wit and merriment. The idea is delightful. There is *Mrs. Wendover*, forced to welcome willy-nilly a baker's dozen or so of guests, who all turn up when she least wants them to, and at the most inconvenient moment, and as she naively observes, "Oh, yes, of course, I'm more than glad to see you; but when I invited you to come I never dreamed for a moment that you would be able to get away"; then, turning despairingly to *Lord Culvert of Alcester*, she whispers under her breath, "What shall I do? I know I asked them all, but I said a Saturday—any Saturday, some Saturday, but not, not this Saturday."

But this is not the worst moment of the situation by any means. The "unwanted" guests arrive by a train that has been delayed for two hours; dinner is over, and there is little or nothing to eat in the house. Then another horror dawns on poor *Mrs. Wendover*. She has asked the *Reverend Lemuel Toop* to deliver a lecture that very evening in her rooms, and the fun reaches its climax when the innocent clergyman arrives on the scene, accompanied by his maiden sister, *Miss Ursula Toop*, and her simpering friend, *Miss Skeat*.

Both of these ladies are to all outward appear-

ance as demure, coy, and saintlike as persons of this particular pattern can be; but *au fond*, and as it proves later on in the play, they are about two of the larkiest old things you ever set eyes on. Why, they are up to every move in the world of intrigue and deception, and ready to carry on to the bitter end with the first luckless individual who dumps himself into a chair beside them.

Now it seems to me as if the authors had taken a salad bowl, cut a bit of heart out of the "Serious Family," picked a few leaves from Sardou's "Famille Benoiton," and taken a sprig or two from "The Duke of Killiecrankie"—for is not *Lord Alcester Killiecrankie's* twin brother? He, too, has made up his mind to marry a certain woman whether she likes it or not, and resorts to the most ludicrous extremes in order to bamboozle the fair lady into accepting him, even as *Killiecrankie* does; then, Messrs. Fenn and Pryce, having selected their ingredients, have thrown them into a bowl and mixed them all together with a dressing of their own manufacture.

But whether it is that the salad isn't quite crisp enough, or the dressing requires more flavor, or that there was too much water left at the bottom of the bowl, I cannot say. I only know the concoction is highly appetizing in the first act—it is distinctly palatable in the second—but in the third act it is flabby, it sticks in one's throat, and you cannot swallow it comfortably.

However, if the authors' material is palpably thin and in places threadbare, the acting at the St. James's Theatre makes up for much, as it is far above the average of the present day. I must mention the *Miss Skeat* of Miss Alice Beet as taking first prize. Hers is one of the cleverest bits of characterization that has been seen on the stage for many a long day. In its way, it is quite a little *chef-d'œuvre*. Then comes Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson's *Angela*, which adds another triumph to her list of delightfully natural and charming impersonations. This

admirable young actress is coming to the front by leaps and bounds, and this latest performance of *Angela* is brimming over with promise for a brilliant and artistic future.

Mr. George Alexander, ever one of our most popular favorites of the day, plays a character that somehow jars on one—he wagers that, given ten minutes with every woman in the house, he'll propose and be accepted by them. He succeeds in his unsavory task, and even then he is not satisfied, for he fools the one woman he pretends to be seriously in love with, in precisely the same way as the others, and then tells her that it has only required four minutes and a half to win her.

But it is even worse when *Lord Alcester* shifts the whole of his unnatural conduct on to the shoulders of his cousin and secretary, *Probyn Dyke*—telling him that he, poor chap, proposed to all these numberless ladies when he was under the influence of too much champagne. The character of *Probyn Dyke* is played by A. Vane-Tempest as only he can play such people.

Notwithstanding this, there is plenty of genuine laughter to be found in the "Irresponsible Three Act Comedy" (*vide programme*) by Messrs. Fenn and Pryce, called "Saturday to Monday," and as I said before, the acting is so remarkably good.

Nothing could be better than the *Rev. Lemuel Toop* of Mr. H. R. Hignett, nor his sister, *Miss Ursula Toop*, by Miss Frances Wetherall—and Miss Elinor Aickin as *Lady Diana Porchester*, is also an extremely funny and well thought out performance.

Miss Lilian Braithwaite looks as pretty as a peach, and this is about all she can do, for the part of *Mrs. Wendover*, the widow, gives this charming actress no chance whatever for displaying her sympathetic talents.

Taken as a whole, though, the new play at the St. James's is well worth seeing, but it is a pity the authors have chosen to write it in three acts—two would have been ample! M. C. S.

THE OUTCAST.

By CHARLES THONGER.

IT was a dull, cheerless day in early spring, and the leaden clouds which hung over Paris gave no sign of breaking. The few pedestrians whose business compelled them to be abroad hurried along the sopping streets and disappeared in the gloom and fog, which shrouded all but the nearest objects from view. Though as yet it was early afternoon, the sound of traffic was hushed, and there was little to break the silence but the doleful drip-drip of the rain, as it fell from the branches of the trees along the deserted boulevards. Along a side street leading towards the Rue Hausmann a girl was making her way against the driving wind and rain, her figure reflected in the wet pavement. It needed but a glance to see that she was in the grip of poverty—that poverty which makes men and women desperate, and demands for its own the very soul of its victims. She could not have been more than twenty, though her face told its tale of slow starvation, and her feeble footsteps that she was well-nigh spent. Somewhere in her thin, emaciated features there was left a trace of former beauty, or perhaps it was in the depths of her big, mournful eyes, with their circles of shadow. As she passed along the deserted street, clutching her threadbare shawl round her shoulders, it seemed as though she would never have sufficient strength to reach the end. And indeed she was almost fainting, when turning sharply to the right she slowly

mounted the steps of one of the big houses in the Rue Hausmann. In answer to her ring, the door was opened by a manservant, who gazed half-pityingly, half-scornfully at the sorry figure before him.

"Am I late, m'sieu? I feared I should never get here." She spoke timidly, and staggered against the wall as the warmth of the hall struck her.

"It is nearly half-past two; he has been waiting for close on an hour. You will need to be careful in future." His voice was hard, and it was evident that the girl's wretched appearance aroused in him no feelings of sympathy.

"I am sorry; it shall not happen again," she said, and prepared to follow him.

The man led the way through the handsomely-decorated hall, with its rare old furniture and deep, silent carpets; up the staircase, and paused a moment before a recessed doorway, over which hung a heavy portière of crimson velvet. The girl was breathless, and a spot of color glowed feebly on each of her sunken cheeks. The servant held aside the curtain and, opening the door, motioned her to enter. A big, somewhat coarse-looking man was pacing the room, which was furnished as a studio. Tapestries, old armor and curios were scattered about in all directions, and on a carved easel hung a half-finished canvas, in a heavy, gilded frame. At the far end, there was a small, raised platform, on which there was

a wooden stool, evidently placed there for a model.

"You are late, and the best light has gone," he said, turning angrily on the girl, who was standing by the door. "What have you to say?"

"Please, m'sieu, the rain and storm—and I was weak,—and hungry." She looked appealingly at him, and the moisture from her sodden skirt made a ring on the floor.

"Always some excuse. I am weary of them. I see what it is; you are too well paid,—late hours, the wine-shops, half the day in bed,—and I must suffer. It is true. I don't want to hear any more." He pushed his stool over to the easel and sat down, selecting his brushes with care out of a sheaf on the tray beside him.

The girl wearily seated herself, and began taking the pins out of her hair. Now that she had removed her hat there was something in her face which betokened that she had known better days. But it was only a faint glimmer, and as she sat with her dark, straight hair falling over her neck and shoulders, one saw that Emile Blisson was right, she was the ideal model for the great picture, which was to make all Europe ring with his praises. It had been the dream of his life to paint "The Outcast," it was to be his magnum opus, the crowning effort of his life work. Into the one solitary figure he would put his best work; it should reveal the sorrows and sufferings of humanity in a way that had never yet been

attempted; it should compel attention, and rivet the beholder with its terrible realism. For years he had waited and searched for a model who would give him the needed inspiration. There could not have been a professional in Paris whom he had not seen; he had wandered through the lowest parts of the city, had scrutinized every face in the Faubourg St. Antoine, in the hope of finding what he wanted, but all to no purpose. Then one evening as he was returning homewards, he saw, crouching on one of the seats in the boulevards, a figure which attracted his attention. There was something in the despairing attitude that made him pause: even in Paris, the home of waifs and fallen humanity, there could not be many like this. And as he hesitated, the girl had raised her head and the sickly light from one of the lamps had fallen on her face. In an instant Emile Blisson knew that his search was ended, that here was his outcast, the model of all others for whose coming he had patiently waited. He had engaged her to sit for him, and for the last two months she had regularly attended at his handsome studio in the Rue Hausmann. He worked rapidly, and already, though not more than half finished, the figure on the canvas gave promise of extraordinary power and intensity. The face was little more than a bare sketch at present, but every line of the dim, shadowy form which loomed out from a background of mist and darkness suggested the extremes of want and despair. He was not a man to be carried away by enthusiasm, or to over-rate the value of his own work, but he knew that when "The Outcast" was finished it would entitle him to a place among the greatest artists in history. As the foremost portrait painter in Paris, he had amassed a fortune, and all he craved for now was that this picture, into which he put his whole heart and soul, should proclaim him to the world a genius.

On this gray afternoon he worked steadily for some time, glancing from the pitiful figure before him to its counterpart on the canvas, and back again. He had turned away for a minute, when a stifled moan from the girl made him look up. She had fainted, and was huddled, a miserable heap, on the platform on which she had spent hours of agonized torture. The man frowned—the light was failing, and it meant further loss of time. Taking some brandy, he poured a little down her throat, noticing for the first time that she was wet through. Under the influence of the spirit she quickly revived, and with a murmured apology for her weakness feebly took her place on the stool. He did not speak, not even to ask if she felt better, but took up his brushes and continued working where he had left off. At last he stood back with a sigh, and laying down his brushes looked long and earnestly at the picture.

"That will do," he said shortly, "the light has gone, you may go."

"You may go," he repeated; "to-morrow at this time, and take care you are not late."

This time she understood, and rising, walked stiffly across to the door. The man did not even bid her good-day, but was stooping over his colors, replacing them in the box. She waited until he had closed the lid, and then attracted his attention by a murmured "M'sieu."

He faced her impatiently. "I thought you had gone—what is it?"

She hesitated a minute, "Will m'sieu advance me a few francs? My rent is owing; they will not let me back unless I pay." There was no eagerness in her voice, she seemed too weak and ill to care much whether "they" refused to receive her or not.

"This is the second time," he said brusquely. "I told you before I would not. It is not good to borrow."

She did not ask him again, but gave one appealing glance round the studio, with its many

signs of luxury, opened the door and closed it softly after her. The servant was waiting outside, and conducted her down the stairs, through the hall, and out into the wind and rain.

After the girl left, Blisson drew his chair to the fire and stirred the logs into a blaze. He did not feel particularly happy at the way in which he had treated his model, but then he reflected that his harshness was fully justified in the cause of Art. He was not a hard man by nature, but he was selfish both for himself and for the profession which he almost worshipped. Supposing that he had treated this girl well, paid her high wages, and provided her with the comforts she so sorely needed, what would have been the result? She would have lost her starved and hunted look, the color would have come into her pale cheeks, the shadows would have disappeared from her big, sorrowful eyes; in short, she would be useless for his great purpose—she would be "The Outcast" no longer. It could not be otherwise. And so he starved her, told her he was paying liberal wages, when it was a pittance which would hardly keep body and soul together. Never for a moment did he let her guess that she was worth thousands to him, or that without her as his model, the ambition of his life could never be fulfilled. When the picture was finished, he would give her more than enough to compensate her for all she had undergone, but until then—no. He realized well enough that then it might be too late, her constitution would be ruined past repair, and that she must drag out her short remaining span of life, a broken husk of what was once a woman. On the one hand, there was Art, to him the greatest and noblest of human aspirations; on the other, one solitary human life, of which there were thousands which could well be spared. It did not occur to him that the first was perishable, and would count as nothing in the end of all things, whilst the other would live on through all eternity—an immortal human Soul. He rose and looked again at the picture, and with a sigh of content drew the curtain before it and left the studio for the night.

* * * * *

The next day Paris was herself again. The storm had passed, and the sun shone brilliantly in a cloudless sky. Spring had come, and the birds were singing gaily in the trees, on which the gummy buds were almost bursting. As twelve o'clock struck from the city towers, Emile Blisson was breakfasting alone. The morning papers were beside him, neatly folded in a heap, and as he sipped his coffee he glanced at their contents. As a rule he looked at nothing beyond the great events which make or mar the history of nations, but to-day he scanned with idle curiosity those columns which he said existed but for the delectation of the bourgeois. The sordid details of life among the dissolute and criminal did not appeal to him, but one paragraph seemed to fascinate him, and he read it carefully. It ran, "The body of a woman, whose name is unknown, was found floating between the arches of the Pont Neuf, late last night. The clothing bore no mark to assist identification, but upon the left forearm was a dark purple scar, which had evidently been there for some years." Then followed particulars as to height, probable age, and other details. He read the notice over several times, and a look of growing anxiety spread over his features. Hastily ringing the bell, he ordered his carriage, and pushing aside his half-finished breakfast, went up to the studio, and gazed long and lovingly at the great picture. Ten minutes later, he was driving along the sunlit boulevards, now filled with carriages and throngs of fashionable folk. The air was warm and balmy, and all nature seemed to be rejoicing in the first day of welcome spring. The crowd recognized him as he passed, and turned their heads to gaze at the man whose fame though

great had yet to reach its zenith. In a few minutes his carriage drew up before the low, gray building, through whose portals have been carried the saddest of human freights. He paused before entering, blaming himself for fears which he felt to be groundless, but still urged by a strange curiosity to satisfy himself.

Inside, there was the usual scene. A file of men and women, some merely idle sightseers, others distracted by a horrible fear, passing before those silent forms which lie stiff and stark on the raised slabs. In such a place, a sound of anguish attracts but little notice, but seldom has the gloomy Morgue resounded to such a cry as fell from the lips of Emile Blisson as he realized that the ambition of his life was thwarted, and that his masterpiece would never be finished. For on one of the cold, gray slabs lay the still form of "The Outcast," her wet, clinging garments telling their tale of the pitying embrace of the silent river. But an outcast no longer, for on her face there was a look of peace and perfect happiness; a look which told of some far-distant country where she had reached a home and friends at last.

FROM PARIS.

PARIS.

THE Theatre Cluny has a clever two-act comedy of M. Jean Draut, "Les Blackboulés." The "pilled" unfortunates in question are those deputies who have failed to please their constituents when they were given the chance of bringing into prominence the remote communes whose interests they were meant to uphold, and have not been re-elected when they again presented their candidature. Of the three types chosen to represent the class, *Bourdeille* solaces himself by planting his cabbages, and playing the Don Juan with his cook, *Jacquotte*. *Fremissin* has fallen back on the usual consolation of the rejected, and has been appointed Governor of Timbuctoo, which distant post he has accepted in order to keep his wife out of mischief. Tired of his exile, he returns and tries to foist one of his friends into his place. *Pantoche*, the third blackboulé, sulking over the loss of his twenty-five francs a day, his seat in the Palais-Bourbon, and his title of "Monsieur le Député," would be glad enough to occupy any official position to restore his dignity. *Madame Bourdeille* thinks her husband would be safe in these far-away regions with no *Jacquotte* to disturb his mind; while he, for reasons of his own, toys with the offer, then shuffles out of the honor. Once more it goes a-begging, and again unsuccessfully. Finally *Fremissin* decides to resume his functions in darkest Africa for the same reason which first induced him to take them up. As he is accompanied by the fascinating *Lafaillette* as his subordinate, it is to be feared that this time he has over-reached himself in trying to get the better of *Madame Fremissin*.

COMEDIANS are, like all vain people, proverbially touchy. Two members of her company have lately been giving Madame Sarah Bernhardt some little trouble. M. Guy and M. de Max were both engaged by the manageress for parts in "Varennnes." When de Max learned that Guy's name had been placed before his own on the play-bill, his feelings were injured beyond bearing, and he promptly resigned the part for which he was cast. Madame Sarah, having tried in vain to throw oil upon the troubled waters by explaining that M. Guy, as the greatest stranger, was entitled to the place of honor, has accepted the proffered resignation, and the rejected part will be taken by M. Magnier. It will be remembered that the important rôle of the Grand Inquisitor in "La Sorcière" was brilliantly held by the offended actor.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS OF THE WEEK.

By ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY.

A CAMILLE OF PASSION.

VIRGINIA HARNED very evidently convinced herself that *Marguerite Gautier* is an exceedingly bad woman before she becomes an exceedingly good one. The courtesan of Dumas is in the first two acts of the Harned "Camille" brought out in all the vivid coloring of her class, and in this respect furnishes that excellent and necessary contrast between the old and the regenerated *Camille* which was lacking in the performance given by Margaret Anglin.

Miss Harned's *Camille* is passionate, throbbing, dramatic. Her voice is attuned to the note of anguish and despair and her tears are always perilously near to flowing. The process of regeneration does not begin so soon or so swiftly as in the case of other *Camilles*, but once having begun, not tide, nor man, nor fate can stop it. In Act I, Miss Harned is as surely and completely the careless creature of fortune as Dumas intended she should be. In Act II, she is still the courtesan, but the carelessness has left her manner and there is a new light in her eyes. In Act III, she is happy, with a joy darkened by a sinister shadow she fears but cannot see; and when finally, toward the end, she renounces *Armand* for love of him and grovels at the feet of the elder *Dural*, there is a passionate outburst of a heart that can suffer

as well as love. Her parting from *Armand* is a beautifully modulated piece of work, if somewhat too obviously planned.

In Act IV we have *Camille* pleading for *Armand* to leave Paris—pleading not with the mournful cadence of a Duse but rather with the passion and dramatic strength of a Bernhardt. In Act V, Miss Harned presents some innovations. *Camille* rises from her bed, goes to the window opposite the Church of the Madeleine, where *Nichette* and *Gustave* are to be married. When *Armand* enters she falls exhausted in his arms and after greeting *Nichette*, who appears in her wedding gown, *Camille* prostrates herself before a crucifix and falls back dead in the arms of *Armand*. The rest of the figures are still standing. How much more effective it would be if they too should drop to their knees, as devout Catholics would do at such a time?

I should call this entire performance of Miss Harned's clever. That word seems to express it better than any other. It is clever in conception, clever in grasp, and clever in those moments where we expect cleverness and its vital spark. Miss Harned has, however, taken the measure of a popular *Camille* and undoubtedly this character will be a useful and profitable one in her repertoire for years to come.

AS TO "A VENETIAN ROMANCE."

NOW that Frank L. Perley has had his way big improvements are noticeable in "A Venetian Romance." If these changes had been made before the New York opening the papers would unquestionably have been more favorable in their criticisms. For instance, Joseph Miron had practically no song at all in the original production. Now he has a rollicking ditty that brings down the house.

A number of other songs have been introduced, and all to the end of making "A Venetian Romance" more entertaining.

Josie Intropidi as *Julia* still continues to create much mirth with her feet. In fact, they are about the funniest feet that have been seen in New York for years. Just where Miss Intropidi got her idea for her pedal comedy is a mystery. Anything more unique or side-splitting than those feet has not come under my notice for some time.

Mr. Perley expects to do with "A Venetian Romance" what he did with "The Fortune Teller" a few years ago. This piece, notwithstanding its tremendous vogue later, did not start in smartly. As a matter of fact, it was weak-kneed and one time it gave prospect of an early demise. Mr. Perley began at the first act and by the time he got through with the act



VIOLA VILLIERS.



FLORENCE WORDEN.

TWO ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMEN OF MUSICAL COMEDY WHO WILL BE PROMINENT IN IMPORTANT SUMMER PRODUCTIONS IN NEW YORK.



CARROLL MCCOMAS.

ANNABELLE WHITFORD.

MARY CONWELL.

THE THREE PRETTY WIDOWS IN "A VENETIAN ROMANCE," AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE.

THESE THREE WIDOWS, WHO ARE NEITHER VERY FORLORN NOR TOO STAID, ARE THREE OF THE MOST INTERESTING FIGURES IN THE BIG SUMMER PRODUCTION BY THE FRANK L. PERLEY OPERA COMPANY.

"The Fortune Teller" had become a splendid piece of theatrical property, and most of us are familiar with its long and successful run. There is excellent material in "A Venetian Romance," it has been improved remarkably since the opening performance.

The new songs that have made a hit are "Zaza on the Piazza," sung by Ignatio Martinetti; "My Venetian Rose," sung by Mabel Hite, and "The Weeping Willow," by Harry McDonough. They are good.

TWO YOUNG MEN

TWO of the younger men of the stage I have seen around Broadway theatres of late are George Howard and Frederick Courtenay. The former has already been prominently before the public, while Mr. Courtenay, who is a young brother of William Courtenay, Virginia Harned's leading man, is still in the freshman class. Howard has been with John Drew and will be with Charles Frohman again next season. It is not unlikely that he will make a dive into musical comedy, which will be a startling innovation for him.

Mr. Courtenay, who merely "came on" in "Camille," bears a remarkable resemblance to his brother. He is, by the way, a nephew of Frank Kingdon, who has been prominent in the support of Richard Mansfield and Julia Marlowe. This summer, Mr. Kingdon will have two stock companies—one at Albany and the other at Rochester.

HACKETT FOR LONDON.

JAMES K. HACKETT is considering an offer to go to London in "The Crown Prince" and a number of the other pieces he has appeared in during the past few seasons. Whether or not he will accept the offer and beard the London theatrical lion depends, I doubt not very much, on his booking for the coming season. I under-

stand that Mr. Hackett would not be very much averse to going back again under the managerial wing of Daniel Frohman—but that's another story.

THE AERIAL.

THE AERIAL. GREAT preparations are being made for the opening of the Aerial Theatre, which is really the roof garden of the New Amsterdam. The opening is scheduled for Monday, June 6th, and as I have already announced in BROADWAY WEEKLY, the opening attraction will be "A Little of Everything," by John J. McNally.

The Aerial is perhaps the most elaborate roof garden ever planned for this city, and, in fact, will be as complete as any of the indoor theatres. Its capacity is 1,200 and two large express elevators, each holding fifty persons comfortably, will add to the comfort of visitors. A Dutch garden will be one of the unique and beautiful features of the Aerial.

THE SUCCESS OF HAMMERSTEIN.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, in making his spectacular change from the legitimate to vaudeville, has been crowding the Victoria Theatre. Not even the approach of warm weather has lessened the desire of New Yorkers to see a good vaudeville show. Much of this success, of course, is because the Victoria is the only music hall show in New York to-day, but aside from this must be reckoned the fact that Mr. Hammerstein is putting up a stunning bill. For instance, this week the programme contains the names of such well-known entertainers as Fred. Hallen and Mollie Fuller, James J. Morton, Cole and Johnson, and other high-salaried performers. No wonder Mr. Hammerstein looks particularly happy these days and positively resplendent during the electric-lighted night.

OF INTEREST TO YOU.

THE theatrical conditions in New York have changed greatly during the past few years. There was a time, in the not far-distant past, when the warm weather brought stagnation and financial desolation. Now all this is changed. New York has taken on a new importance as a theatrical factor. A large number of new productions with big casts and expensive scenery are announced. The roof garden has taken on a new and added interest, and Coney Island, with its splendid new attractions will bring thousands of additional visitors to the metropolis; and finally, there will be a larger home-staying contingent this summer than there has been for a number of seasons.

Therefore, for this reason, and for the reason that previous special numbers have been successful, BROADWAY WEEKLY will issue at an early date a SPECIAL SUMMER AMUSEMENT NUMBER.

This issue will be increased in number of pages, will be printed in color, and be the handsomest publication of the summer season. It will be widely advertised and circulated, and besides being handsome and unusual from an editorial and artistic standpoint, it will be a splendid advertising medium.

MAKHAROFF AS SEEN BY AN ADMIRER.

By T. P. O'CONNOR.

A WARRIOR'S DEATH.

IN spite of divided sympathies, and even interests, the whole world for once is kin. So far as we in the United States are concerned, I haven't met a human being who did not speak of the death of that gallant fellow with a feeling as of the loss of someone personally known. I am glad that even the fury of war has not made the Japanese forget the tribute which is always due to a brave foe. As to the sorrow with which the death of Makharoff has filled his own people, the indications are that it has been felt as one of those terrific blows which not only strike at the fortunes of a nation, but which bring home to each man's door and heart all the affliction of a dreadful and irreparable family bereavement. I read in the papers that when the news of the death of Makharoff was first conveyed to the Tsar, he grew deadly pale, and that then he burst into tears. What must have been the news more distressing to him was that a spirit of optimism as to the fleet, and as to Port Arthur, had succeeded to the wave of depression which followed the first big attack by torpedoes at the opening of the war.

It is characteristic of the ruler and of his people that their first thoughts should be of religion in this moment of trial. The Tsar, I see, sent at once for his confessor, and, before anything else, arranged for the funeral service. Another characteristic trait in the story is that there is the growth in Russia of superstitious anticipations and omens and portents which times of war always bring forth. When our own Civil War, in its first dark hours, was bringing home every hour news of the passing away of some well-beloved and well-known name, there grew up quite a crop of legends of such omens and anticipations. You heard how in one case a gallant fellow, having found that he still had a few hours to spare, utilized them to go back and have a last look at his wife; and people associated this act of affection with the fact that almost immediately after he had arrived in the field he was killed.

There is a similar story with regard to the wife of Admiral Makharoff. On the day before the disaster, there was a universal rumor—whence arising nobody could tell—that the Admiral had either been taken prisoner by the Japanese or killed. His wife was paying visits at the time to several houses in St. Petersburg. At one house which Mme. Makharoff was visiting, the porter was so anxious that he actually asked the poor lady if the story of her husband's death were true. All this upset her very much, as one can well understand, and all the next morning she was at the telephone asking of the Admiralty if they had had any confirmation of the news. In spite of all the comforting assurances she received from the authorities, her presentiment remained; and one of the first things she said when she was told of the news of her husband's fate was: "I had a presentiment that my husband was dead," and burst into tears. And here is the obverse of the shield of what used to be called "glorious war." It is these suffering women and children of whom I always think when I read the bulletins of death. In this case an additional touch of sadness is added to the story by the fact that the daughter of the dead hero—a beautiful girl of seventeen—lost her fiancé in the same awful hour as her father.

There is something of awful fascination in the story of how the disaster came. Never did anything appear to be more unexpected. It was evidently an hour when there was a certain

atmosphere of tranquillity mixed with the work that gives joy and hope. The Admiral and his officers, after, probably, a watchful night and a busy morning, were sitting down to their breakfast in the Admiral's comfortable cabin. You can, by a small stretch of the imagination, reconstitute the whole scene. On the table a bounteous breakfast, for in times of war and ever-present death men go about the ordinary affairs of life in the ordinary way; these hardy, brave men with their steady nerves, their fine physiques, their muscles taut with work, their appetites, made keen by the air of the night and the fresh morning, are ready for the meal. But work is not forgotten even in this hour of comparative rest. Maps are on the table as well as good food, and the officers are discussing, with hopefulness, their future plan of campaign, and the continuance of the work, which Makharoff had done so far, of bringing back life, hope, and activity to the fleet demoralized by astounding and crashing blows from the opening of the campaign. And so, chattering, eating, laughing, fuller of life and the joy and glory of life than almost any body of living men amid the millions of the world, these men sat; and in a second, without a word of warning, the explosion, the mad and anarchic confusion, and then, swifter than the wing of bird, wholesale death. It is no wonder that the whole world has shuddered as it heard from afar this dreadful moan of destruction and disaster, and that for once the beating of the wing of the angel of death has seemed to touch every cheek as it passed thousands of miles away. It is the horror of war rather than the love of peace that in the end, probably, will put an end to this savage method by which nations still settle their differences.

Makharoff would not be entirely interesting and attractive if he had not his share of human weaknesses. One was a strange hallucination as to his powers. He would not have cared apparently, to have been recognized as one of the greatest sailors of his time, but he was very proud of his skill as an artist. I quote from a correspondent:

He invariably copied the designs for his own inventions, and his success in this encouraged him in the belief that he could draw from Nature. During a holiday, two years ago, on the north coast of the Gulf of Finland, he spent nearly all his mornings turning out water-color drawings of the surrounding scenery. One day two young cadets from the *Sissoi Veliki*, who were spending their holiday on a "datcha" or summer-house close by, saw an elderly and somewhat untidy old man working laboriously at a sketch. Looking over his shoulder, they began to criticise the drawing unfavorably. The Admiral turned round, and said, quizzically, "I think I know you, young gentlemen." "We don't know you," retorted one scapegrace; "but you're as like Old Bluebeard as two eggs." The incident ended by the Admiral inviting the offenders to lunch, dismissing them with the caustic words, "Even elderly artists deserve respect from naval aristocrats."

There is another picture of Makharoff which I find even more fascinating: perhaps it is because it especially appeals to an Irishman. I have sometimes surprised Russians by insisting that there is a great underlying resemblance between the Russian and the Irish character. So much do I feel this that I can read a Russian novel—though I have never been in Russia—with almost the feeling that I have lived among its people, and known them all my life. And one of the peculiarities in which they resemble

each other is in their charity. Economically, it is all wrong; it is perhaps very injurious; but there it is: the Russian and the Irishman give alms to the street beggar. I have known poor Irish households where, every Sunday morning, there was a retinue of beggars who came as regularly to get their alms as servants would to get their wages. My friend Denis O'Sullivan, the great singer, is the son of an Irishman, who having become rich in San Francisco, regularly had a table laid at the back of his big house, on the heights of the great Western capital, for the passing beggar-man. And that is why every Irishman the world over will be particularly struck by this little thumb-nail sketch of Makharoff in one of his aspects:

"Makharoff's Mendicant" was one of the characters of Cronstadt. This was a decrepit old sailor, named Yakushkin, who used to display on his chest a board with the inscription: "I am under the patronage of our Governor." Yakushkin was once arrested for being drunk and disorderly, and entered the police-court with the label on his chest, much to the amusement of the magistrates.

Isn't that like a scene from one of Tolstoi's pages? It is one of the paradoxes with which the student of Russian literature is constantly being perplexed. Here is this country which, alone of the countries of Europe, still maintains an autocracy, and all the other traits of an ancient and impossible past; and yet in what country do you find such extraordinary evidences of that egalitarian spirit which makes the highest and the lowest still regard themselves as brethren? In many respects everything in Russia appears to us of America to be wrong; and yet if their literature be any guide to their life and thought, in what country are there—amid all the anarchy of autocracy and a powerful aristocracy and an oppressed proletariat—in what country are there such extraordinary signs and manifestations of the spirit of the Gospel of Galilee?

In Tolstoi, in Turguenieff—in all their writers—in any play which professes faithfully to represent Russian life, you have habits which look less like those of a modern European State and a world of millions of Gallios than they do life at a time when the Christians were a little Socialistic and persecuted section, driven into equality and communism and fraternity as they skulked in catacombs while Nero burnt their brethren in the public highways. In the manifestations that take place in front of the Tsar's palace during the war, there is—amid all the profound respect given to the Autocrat—often this personal touch on the part of his people and on his, which breathes a spirit of human and personal brotherhood, and shows how all are kin in Russia, from the monarch to the street-sweeper.

Finally, here is a little description of Makharoff's outer man which I find in an excellent article by a writer who apparently is well acquainted with the great sailor:

"In outward appearance Makharoff showed signs of the spiritual force which moved within him. Tall, handsome, imposing, there was an indescribable charm about his bearing. His eye was piercing, and seemed to read the inmost thoughts of those with whom he spoke. In some degree he resembled that giant among Russian soldiers, Skobeleff, the hero of Plevna, and he was proud and pleased when the resemblance was recalled."

And so, farewell to this gallant fellow.

M. A. P.

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

By CAROLYN LOWREY.

AT a fashionable wedding the other day the bride's presents numbered over six hundred. Her friends raved over the popularity of this fortunate girl, until one of the servants let slip the fact that it took two days to clean the bric-a-brac belonging to the family so that one of the long tables might be fully covered. It is unnecessary to say that the maid has been dismissed without a reference, and is now looking for a place where there are no marriageable daughters.

A FUNNY incident occurred a short time ago when Rose Melville was playing "Sis Hopkins" at Proctor's Theatre. A woman accompanied by a child had seats in the front row in the balcony, and laughed so heartily over the pranks of Miss Melville that she lost her false teeth. Fortunately they were discovered, and the poor woman cheerfully gave up a dollar to the finder. Muzzles should hereafter be given with tickets.

SO Sarah Truax is out of the cast of "The Eternal City," and the wounded feelings of E. J. Morgan, the star, are slowly healing. It is said that professional ethics are responsible for this. Miss Truax, throughout the West, is a general favorite, and when she appeared the other evening the audience insisted upon having a speech from its idol. Miss Truax declined until her worshippers threatened to break up the show, when she gracefully and quickly made a short acknowledgement. Mr. Morgan was intensely annoyed that the audience had failed to recognize him as the star, and felt that he did not care to play with the fair Sarah any more.

So there!

Speaking of this petty resentment of a situation which was forced upon Miss Truax, Mr. Morgan might take a lesson from Mary Mannering.

When Amy Rickard made her hit in "The Girl From Butte," and won an ovation from the audience, Miss Mannering went to her, and said, "Next to your mother, Amy, I do not think any one is more glad of your success than I."

It was a graceful tribute from a charming woman, and prized beyond words by the recipient.

RUMOR states that the reception given to Mrs. John Jacob Astor on the eve of her departure for Europe was not all that it should have been.

The ice of exclusiveness was broken and many freaks were introduced at the vaudeville show and supper which made the evening programme. Many men and women of the Smart Set were present. Ruinart flowed.

Favors—no husbands admitted.

HAVE YOU READ

A GIRL —AND THE— DEVIL

IF NOT, YOU'VE
MISSED A TREAT

THE FORGETFUL MR. GOODWIN.

NEW YORK was once again startled, though not exactly surprised, when the New York *Herald* announced that a Knight of the Deck of the name of Robert Gray, hailing from Louisville, had been camping last week on the trail of N. C. Goodwin, with the Hotel Metropole as Gray's base of operations. It finally developed that the eminent American comedian had been playing, as is his wont, the innocent, but expensive game of faro in the said Gray's richly furnished and homelike place in Louisville, and that the same eminent comedian had turned in a few "markers" which he had forgotten to make good. Mr. Gray, however, has a certain convincing way about him, and when he finally found Mr. Goodwin, he seemed to be able to convince the gentleman that his memory really was bad and that unless certain financial matters were arranged, the outgoing transatlantic steamers would probably be minus the honor of carrying the precious Goodwin as a passenger.

Readers of BROADWAY WEEKLY are no doubt aware that one of Mr. Goodwin's little failings is his love of the green cloth and also a sad reluctance to admit that his memory is bad. Many lurid stories are told of Mr. Goodwin's recklessness with I. O. U.'s, and his shrinking diffidence when it came to a question of settlement. One story told of Mr. Goodwin dates away back to the '80s, when he was considerably younger than he is now, but when he still had a deep regard for the fascination of gambling. It is related that one night in a resort on West Twenty-fourth street—which resort, by the way, has been run through every administration—Mr. Goodwin dallied with the roulette wheel, which worsted him to the extent of about \$1,000. Then he went over to the faro dealer, smiled sweetly, ran his nervous fingers through his auburn locks and started in to break the bank. At the end

of an hour he had won about \$500. At the end of the second hour he was about \$2,500 to the good. Then luck changed, as is the way with the coy creature. At the end of four hours, the \$2,500 he had won, together with the \$1,500 left over from his loss at roulette, had dwindled to nothing. Then with a smile that was still sweet, fingers that were still nervous, and hair that was still sandy, he held a brisk conversation with the proprietor—who since has caught the watchful eye of District Attorney Jerome (and whose name is not Canfield)—and then began to play on credit. To make the story shorter than the game, he came out of the house just as the sun was showing itself over the East River and with a loss of exactly \$12,000.

Then Mr. Goodwin went on the road, and his friend, the gambling-house keeper, heard nothing from him for some time afterward. Then early one evening, just as Mr. Goodwin was about to go to the theatre where he was playing in Cincinnati, the gambler hove in sight. Mr. Goodwin saw him and his smile was never sweeter or greeting pleasanter, but the gentleman neither required nor wanted smiles or conversation. In a few pointed words he told Mr. Goodwin why he had left New York for Cincinnati. He also explained under just what conditions he would let the comedian appear that evening. His tone was business-like, his terms easily understood, and his reputation, which had something to do with a bulging hip pocket, was well known in New York and throughout the country. Then Mr. Goodwin's memory improved. He telegraphed to New York, held a consultation with the treasurer of the theatre, and showing little of the annoyance through which he had passed he appeared before a delighted Cincinnati audience only ten minutes after schedule time.

It is said that when Mr. Goodwin is abroad this summer he will consult a celebrated memory expert.

An Old English Candy
Let me tell you if you want to get all the sweets of life you cannot afford to ignore or overlook

MACKINTOSH'S Extra Cream Toffee

an old English candy that I am introducing into this country. Its exquisite flavor has made it popular in Great Britain and the same quality is creating a demand for it in this country. I have put it on the American market because I know American people like good things. Ask your dealer to supply you with Mackintosh's Toffee. Try him first. You can, however, buy a handsome family tin weighing four lbs. for \$1.00 by mail. Large sample package sent for 10 cents in stamps.

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Importers
78 Hudson Street
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Dealers supplied everywhere through them.



FASHION is sometimes a one-idea'd personage: she has now decreed that a walking gown must consist of a taffeta coat and a skirt of cloth or voile, according to the weather and season. A lace blouse—cream lace for choice—is to be worn with these; and the coat and skirt look best in black, violet, or gray taffetas. A charming costume appeared in black taffetas, with touches of gold, and a blouse of fine Irish lace; this was to be crowned by a black and white tulle hat, wreathed with pink pelargoniums.

WHY HAVE PILES?

Or Constipation? Dr. SIMPSON'S NEW DISCOVERY will surely rid you of this disagreeable disease, and in less time than you would expect. No medicine. No surgery. It cures where all else fails. Has been thoroughly tested in the leading hospitals of the U. S. A never failing cure for Rectal Ulcers, Hemorrhoids, Fissure, Constipation, etc. Full particulars mailed free. Write today!

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INTERVIEWETTES WITH NEW YORKERS YOU KNOW.

HARRISON FISHER HAS THE DICKENS HABIT.

NOTWITHSTANDING his wonderful success, Harrison Fisher the artist has a horror of being lionized. I came across him the other evening in a quaint old ale house, where they have served chops and toasted cheese to the Washington Square young men for two generations.

"I often come around after dark," said the famous illustrator, "and am a victim of the Dickens habit. When in London I contracted it, and visited nearly all the places he wrote about in his books. Well, when I returned home, I began the same thing in New York, and have made many discoveries which would delight an antiquarian. It is a jolly change from studio work, and one meets all kinds of queer and interesting people."

DE WOLF HOPPER ON THE SPEEDWAY.

"THIS is real Heaven," said De Wolf Hopper, as we drove under the shed at Durando's. "Here I am in Little Old, etc., playing to S. R. O., for exercise—and shekels, and mixing with the exclusive Bridge set along the Appian Way. No Roman pro-consul ever had the good times that Wanggy is having. It is almost too good to last."

"But then, I am the discoverer of the fact that New York is the best summer resort in the world. Then to think of it. Here is Charlie Bigelow playing at the Majestic, and Willie Collier at the Criterion. We are all members of the Collier stock company at St. James, Long Island, where Collier runs the Opr'y House. I have put in a bid for the bar privilege this summer. We will open there when this town gets too hot to hold us, or we are too hot for the town. Let's go inside. I want to get some pointers from the bartender."

And we got the points—in pints.

CHARLES DANA GIBSON'S HUNT FOR A MODEL.

THERE is nothing about the studio of Charles Dana Gibson to indicate that he has any of the fads of the traditional Bohemian artist. It does seem strange that one should have to go around to his place about nine o'clock to catch him. When I dropped in, the other

morning, he was interviewing several assorted dudes for the purpose of selecting a model. They had none of the ordinary traits of models, and Mr. Dana said amusingly:

"There is nothing to laugh at. This is a very serious matter. Here I have been searching for days to find a man who can wear a mackintosh, and carry an umbrella as they should be worn and carried. I've got one, a young actor, who learned the correct thing in London. There are many here who can do so, but I could induce none of my friends to pose."

JOHN W. GATES AT CONEY ISLAND.

I MET the Gates party autoing along Surf avenue last Sunday. In the great crush of vehicles Mr. Gates and his family were not noticed, but the steel magnate seemed as interested in the great changes as any of the crowd.

"Just taking a look around to see what they've been doing all winter," said Mr. Gates as he pulled up in front of "Dreamland."

"I always take in the Island when I come down to the track. It is the best tonic a man can find, and reminds me that there are millions who find happiness outside of Wall Street, and on very little money, too."

And the big man and the big auto whizzed away.

KING OF THE GLADHAND COUNTRY.

"LOOKS like the Eden Musee," said my friend as we passed by the little cubby-hole office of Tommy Shea, in the lobby of the New Empire Theatre.

I turned and gazed at the highly polished hat and pink-skinned features of the well-groomed manager of the house.

Mr. Shea in repose is waxlike and doll-like. It was fully a minute before he relaxed, and when I twitted him on the perfection of his exquisiteness, and asked him where he hired his valet, he replied:

"I am my own valet, and no Japanese has ever creased my pants. I do not know why I should be called Tom of the Gladhand, either. It was one of Will Guard's Limerick witticisms."

And a moment later Tom was extending the glad hand with all the earnestness of his soul.

ONE DAY ON BROADWAY.

"I'M paying my usual one-day annual visit to Broadway," said Fred. Warde, the tragedian, as we ordered mugs at Browne's.

"You know, although I don't know why, that I always spend one day a year on the Rialto. I am at my Brooklyn home during the entire vacation, and I get so much traveling during the road season, that I don't care even to cross the Bridge."

Warde does not look any different, save for a few gray hairs, than when he was a member of the same stock company in Liverpool with Arthur Pinero, and John Constantine. The latter has appeared in Frohman plays for years.

MELTZER DENIES THE IMPEACHMENT.

THE picturesque Charles Henry Meltzer, who acted as literary mentor to Herr Direktor Conried during his operatic season, and saved the latter from *faux pas* whenever he could, denies softly that he is responsible for the freak publicity of the management.

"Such endeavor is entirely foreign to me," he explained, as he brushed the dust of many operatic crops from his famous hat of the vintage of 18—, Vienna, "and the newspaper men know that well. As a journalist, I could never by any inducement depart from the etiquette of my Continentalism."

In distinguishing himself as a journalist apart from common newspaper men. Mr. Meltzer preserved the beautiful preciseness for which he is noted.

FRANK FARRELL IS REALLY BASHFUL.

IT may seem paradoxical that Frank Farrell, the racing and baseball magnate, who is noted for his bashful and retiring way, should have his office in the Flatiron Building, but it is true.

"I never thought of that," said Mr. Farrell, as I mentioned the matter to him.

"I would walk around several blocks to avoid giving any offence. It seems as though I was fated to fall up against newspaper men, yet I hate to see my name in print. I try to attend to my own business always. In future I will use one of the rear entrances to this place."

And as he winked, Mr. Farrell turned to give a newspaper man a good thing at Morris Park.

J. D. B.

CARLYLE NOT AN ANGEL.

THE "New Letters of Thomas Carlyle," edited and annotated by Alexander Carlyle, published recently, serve to prove, if further proof were needed, that Carlyle, during the latter years of his life, was not the pining penitent presented to us by that misguided rhetorician, James Anthony Froude. On the contrary, Carlyle seems to have retained his powers of endurance and vituperative insight to the last. Intermixed with much evidence bearing on his kindly intercourse with his own family, there are many little criticisms of his contemporaries in the best Carlylese. Bulwer Lytton was not beloved by his literary contemporaries, but the following little pen portrait is surely rather cruel:—"He is decidedly human," writes Carlyle, graciously, "nay, has a kind of intellect faintly indicated about the eyebrows, perhaps, too, in the afflicted-looking long protrusive eyes: his appearance, adding the long nose and open mouth, the dandiacal apparel, weak, padded figure, and adventitious renown, is *tragic-gawky*. Poor fellow, he has his own battle to fight, like all of us." Talk about praising with "faint damns"!

The story of Carlyle's meeting with D'Orsay, though too long to quote, is delightfully told by the Sage, and the invitation "to call soon, and see Lady Blessington" has all the piquancy of the improper without its naughtiness. D'Orsay seems to have made rather a good impression on the philosopher, and he did call, but did not see either D'Orsay or Lady Blessington, and, wonderful to relate, seems to have regretted that

his visit was unfruitful. "I, in fact," he writes, "do not see well what of good I can get by 'meeting him' much; or Lady B. and Demi-repdom—tho' I shall not object to see it once, and then oftener if agreeable. But the Lectures, the East winds!" There seems to have been a good deal of human nature in Thomas Carlyle—while his honesty is so perfect that he is honest even with himself. That "oftener if agreeable" is worthy of Pepys, though poor Pepys would only have told the truth to himself.

RED TOP RYE

GOOD WHISKEY

It's up to YOU

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
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EXCLUSIVE NEWS AND GOSSIP ABOUT THE HOTELS.

By CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM.

GEORGE BOLDT AS A VOCALIST.

EVEN his dearest foes will acknowledge that George C. Boldt can run a hotel—the Waldorf-Astoria in town and the Bellevue-Stratford, in Philadelphia, proving that—but there is one accomplishment that a few people in this city will insist that Boldt does not possess, and that is the art of singing.

Some time ago Boldt entertained in his family apartments at the Waldorf-Astoria a party of friends. In the party were Hobart Smock, the well-known tenor, and his wife—Smock, by the way was a cousin of the late Vice-President Hobart. Smock and others sang and Mr. Boldt also warbled. Boldt is under the impression he can sing—the impression is not universal. He sang that evening an arrangement of a religious composition. Those who were present on that evening say the attempt was a dismal failure, and proved that George C. Boldt was never intended to be a vocalist. During the evening there was a pet dog of the Boldt family in the room and when Mr. Boldt was doing his prettiest the dog began to howl and it was only with a strong effort that the guests could keep straight faces. When the party broke up, Hobart Smock remarked to his cousin, a very pretty girl: "Wasn't it amusing, that dog howling while Mr. Boldt was singing?" With an archness in tone and manner, Miss Smock remarked: "Hobart, could you blame the dog?"

A KEEN EYE FOR BUSINESS.

THE changes going on and in contemplation, that will mark the administration of Albert R. Keen, of the Gilsey House, are bound to make

SUMMER HOTELS.

THE EDMERE CLUB

EDMERE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

The Edmère Club, heretofore conducted as the Edmère Hotel, will be prepared to accommodate members, their families and guests on and after June 15. Rooms shown by appointment.

ALBERT R. KEEN, Manager.
Booking Office: Gilsey House, cor. Broadway and 29th Street.

THE PARK INN

ROCKAWAY PARK, L. I.

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Select Family Hotel. American Plan.
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An Original Idea in Shore Dinners. Booking Office, Hotel Wolcott, 31st St. and Fifth Ave.
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THE GARDEN HOTEL,

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High-class patronage. Famous cuisine. White service throughout. American and European plans. Now open.
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HOTEL VELVET

Old Orchard Beach, MAINE

Excellent Automobile Beach. First-class Management. Bathing, boating, drives, golf, billiards, pool and bowling. Specially low rates for season. For particulars address JOSEPH ALONZO NUTTER
Grenoble Hotel
56th St. and 7th Ave., New York City.

that hotel one of the best paying properties on middle Broadway. Keen has already made notable changes since he and Fred Lancaster took the house, and the surprising thing about it is that Roessele, the former proprietor, did not do what the two new men have already done. The office floor of the Gilsey has been changed from its uninviting aspect to one of brightness and color. The entrance has been altered, the decorations have been changed and a snap and a ginger given to the place that have been agreeably remarked and commented upon.

Keen's progress in the "hotelic profession," to use the expression of a New York correspondent of a Chicago newspaper, has been rapid. For a while he was in the steward's department of the Waldorf-Astoria. Then he was heard of as the proprietor of a small-sized hotel at San Mateo, a resort on the California coast. Back to dear New York came Keen, and when we next heard of him he had a prominent voice in the management of the Hotel Marie Antoinette. He remained with that hotel until a few months ago, when, with Lancaster, he leased the Gilsey. What further changes he has in contemplation looking to the alteration of the Gilsey House, BROADWAY WEEKLY has been requested not to state, but when they are announced and put into effect their wisdom and utility will at once be conceded by the public.

Keen is also to manage the Edgemere, on Long Island, which, this season, is to be managed on club lines—a term rather vaguely understood by many people.

WHY THEY DON'T ADVANCE.

ONE hears so much about the successful man who gives as a reason for his success, "that he never watched the clock."

There is a desire on the part of some to make little of the statement, but there is a world of truth and wisdom in it. But it is not altogether the "clock" that plays the important part in the young career, but a general plan of loyalty.

Some hotel clerks are forever bewailing the fact that they don't advance from their position of clerkship, and envy the men who do. Such people, in most cases, have only themselves to blame for it. If they had shown a more lively interest in the commercial welfare of their employers they might not have always remained clerks.

A few days ago a man was standing at the office counter of a well-known Broadway hotel, talking to the chief clerk. Suddenly he remarked:

"I know what I would do if I were connected with this hotel."

"What would you do?" asked the clerk.

"I would have the housekeeper send her house man down and dust those window hangings," pointing in the direction of the writing room, where the window draperies were gray with dust in the folds.

With a tone of indifference in his voice

LEADING NEW YORK HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

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RESTAURANT A LA CARTE. (Music.)

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Cabs from CAFE MARTIN to all theatres up to 45th Street, 50c.

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THE LEADING HOTEL.
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NEW FLEMISH GRILL ROOM.
WM. TUMBRIDGE, Prop.

HOTEL MEN!

Send \$1.00 for Three Months' Subscription to BROADWAY WEEKLY. ❀ ❀ ❀

After-Theatre Thoughts:

Birds and Rarebits and Broiled Lobsters, Grilled Bones—and things piping—at The Criterion.

the clerk remarked: "I'm the room clerk. That's not my work."

And perhaps that clerk may wonder why he has not succeeded and has always remained a clerk. He will not have far to go for the reason. If he didn't "watch the clock" he preferred to confine himself to the duties of clerk and from that rut he hadn't the desire or the gumption to stray.

This is not intended as a homily on the loyalty of servant to master, nor is it intended as a Sunday-school lesson. The object of it is to show to hotel clerks that the reason there are so many "has-beens" on Broadway to-day is because the men did not put themselves out to help along the hotel. True they discharged the duties for which they were paid, but they preferred to remain machines. When the time came to go off watch they lost no time. Their interest had ceased. The successful Boniface has always his wits about him and he is not slow to recognize the clerk whose interest in the hotel extends beyond the register or the cash book.

"FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOT- STEPS."

IT is not generally known that the vast interests at Manhattan Beach are directed by a young man—Austin Corbin. Not only are the Manhattan Beach and its many side attractions, amphitheatre, fireworks and bicycle attractions directed by him, but also the fashionable Oriental Hotel, at the

Have you heard of the TABLE D'HOTE DINNER at

REISENWEBER'S ?

Every evening. \$1.00.

Another attraction—

JIRGAHN'S STRING QUARTETTE.

Also every evening. The hit of the town.

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31st St. and Fifth Ave.,
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AVERILL & GREGORY, Proprietors.

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HOFFMAN HOUSE

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WILL MAKE YOU A REGULAR PATRON

Music that's sure to please you.

WOODMANSTEN INN

WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK.

Adjoining Morris Park Race Course.
AUTO, COACHING, DRIVERS AND RIDERS.

Cuisine Française. Service à la Russe.
JAMES B. REGAN, Prop.

eastern end of the beach, is under his control. When it is said that he "directs" them, by that it is not meant that he goes about every day at the Beach giving orders here and there, but from his office at John street and Broadway, in this city, he has his hand, figuratively speaking, on every feature at the Beach, and is kept posted daily of everything that goes on.

The property is owned by the Manhattan Beach Land and Improvement Company, which was created by Austin Corbin, father of the present Austin Corbin. When the elder Corbin died, seven or eight years ago, young Corbin, who had just left Harvard, was suddenly placed in control, not only of the Improvement Company, but also of the Corbin Banking Company. With him was his uncle, Mr. Edgell, as an associate. The elder Corbin was a hustler, if ever there was one, and the way he made things hum at the Beach was a caution. The son is, unlike him, quiet but not reserved. But he has held the vast property in good shape and there has been no falling off in the conduct or the popularity of the place.

J. P. Greaves will again manage the
(Continued on page 18)

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EXCLUSIVE NEWS AND GOSSIP
ABOUT THE HOTELS.

(Continued from page 17)

Oriental Hotel and "Tom" Silleck, with his snowy locks and suave voice, will look after affairs at the Manhattan Beach Hotel. With him as assistants will be: John Norris, steward; W. J. Hughes, room clerk; C. H. Salter, cashier, and R. Schoonover, front clerk.

PLEIADES CLUB ELECTION.

THE annual election of the Pleiades Club was held a few days ago at Reisenweber's, at which the following members were chosen for the ensuing year:

President, Paul N. Turner, of the Lamb's Club.

First Vice-President, John James Rooney.

Second Vice-President, Alfred C. Dupont.

Third Vice-President, Melvin H. Dalberg.

Secretary, William Poillon.

Treasurer, James K. Atkinson.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Elting P. Roe.

Executive Committee, Dan Smith, T. Francis Tucker, Howard Neiman, John N. Ryan, G. Warren Landon.

The annual banquet of the Club which marks the end of every season of the series of weekly Sunday dinners takes place this year at the Park Avenue Hotel, on the evening of the 22d inst. It is expected that over 250 members and invited guests will sit down and an appropriate ending be made to a successful season—the most successful in the history of the Club.

RECTOR'S IN CHICAGO CLOSED.

AFTER being in existence twenty years Rector's oyster and chop house, in Chicago, has closed. Charles E. Rector, owner of Rector's, in this city, was also part owner of the establishment in the City of Wind. The chop house was at the corner of Monroe and Clark streets, in the basement and is said to have netted Rector a profit of forty thousand dollars a year.

With such a profit a natural query may arise why the place has been closed. Rector had a partner of the name of Stites and the two could not agree. Try as they would, the friction would not down and finding harmony was out of the question the two men decided to separate. Rector is about to build an immense affair in Chicago, a combination oyster and chop house and hotel.



MILTON ROBLEE.

Proprietor of the Bartholdi Hotel and the new Hotel Belleclaire, at Seventy-seventh St. and Broadway. The Hotel Belleclaire is one of the handsomest hotel structures in New York. It will have a roof garden and other features which will make it interesting to Summer visitors to New York.

THE COLONNADE TO GO.

ONE of the first hotels a New Yorker sees when he lands in Philadelphia is the Colonnade, that stands at "Fifteenth and Chestnut"—a Philadelphia rarely uses the word "street." It is owned by George A. Crump, who with other members of his family, has run the hotel for years. Now George Crump intends tearing down the Colonnade and replacing it with a mammoth structure, eighteen stories in height and to be one of the finest hotels in the country.

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THE EDITOR'S CHAT OF BROADWAY AND ITS PEOPLE.

BBROADWAY is still wondering if Sam Bernard and Joseph Weber are to become partners after the former's contract with Charles Frohman runs out. The fact that Bernard offered Mr. Frohman \$10,000 for his release, shows that the contract has some time to run and that the comedian must have been contemplating an important move. The combination of Weber and Bernard would be quite as remarkable in its way as the partnership of Weber & Fields. Both came from the humblest theatrical beginning. Weber was a song and dance man in the cheap theatres, while Bernard sixteen or seventeen years ago was comedian-in-chief at a dime museum on Westminster street, in Providence, R. I. As I remember him, he was nearly as funny as he is now, although his humor to-day is broader and becoming more artistic each season. As Barkis, however, in the person of Charles Frohman, is not willing, the firm of Weber & Bernard is merely something to think about at the present time.

THE thin, austere Florenz Ziegfeld seems likely to become a real theatrical magnate when his million-dollar syndicate in San Francisco becomes something more tangible than a pen-and-ink proposition. A million dollars in real money is unquestionably something that even a steel magnate would gaze upon with interest. Mr. Ziegfeld's career has been a somewhat spectacular one. Raised in an atmosphere of art and music, his father being one of the strongest figures in musical circles of Chicago, he rather horrified his family when he first made his dive into theatricals. Horror, however, was replaced by admiration, for the youthful Florenz began to be a family asset instead of a liability. His clever work as the exploiter of Anna Held, now Mrs. Ziegfeld, attracted the attention of both profession and the public to his unquestioned ability as a promoter. The wise-ones sagely shook their heads when he announced that the little French cantatrice would appear in English. It looked hopeless. The splurge was made and Mr. and Mrs. Ziegfeld soon found themselves in the possession of a comfortable and ever-growing bank account. The past season is supposed to have put a crimp in the Ziegfeld balance, but I doubt this very much. Although "Red Feather" did not do a big business in New York, it made money on the road. It has become a good piece of property under the guidance of J. J. Rosenthal, one of the most successful men in the country in the gentle art of actually getting money into the box office. And now along comes Ziegfeld with a modest million-dollar plan which apparently will be consummated in the course of a very few weeks.

CHARLES WYNDHAM, who figured recently in a sensational occurrence at the opening performance of "The Bride and the Bridegroom" in London, is a professional in more than one sense, as he was a surgeon in the Union ranks during our Civil War. Thus you can readily see that Dr. Wyndham, who has since become Sir Charles, is not exactly in the two-year-old class. When he appears at the New Lyceum Theatre next Autumn, it will be the first time he will have been in America for fourteen years. With him will come Mary Moore, one of the women who has attained great prominence on the other side in recent years. It has been rumored from time to time that the King of England has owned stock in some of the Wyndham enterprises. It would be pretty hard to prove or disprove this statement and probably the only man who knows, outside of Sir Charles and the King himself, is Edward's secretary, and he is not particularly communicative in matters of this kind.

EVERY journalistic youngster in the town would like to become a Sunday editor; and, in fact, considers himself fitted for the position. Just how easy it is to become the editorial head of a great New York newspaper can be understood when we consider the

case of Morell Goddard, Sunday editor of the New York *American and Journal*. Mr. Goddard is about forty-five years of age. Twenty-five of these years have been spent as reporter, correspondent, desk man and editor of New York daily papers. He is a nervous, earnest man, with an energy that is amazing and an enthusiasm that never abates. When he was managing editor of the *World* under the old Carvalho régime, he never spent more than six hours a day in bed. Early every morning he could be found walking down Broadway to the *World* Building, already having digested every other paper in New York, and he knew to the paragraph just how many "beats" there were in the *World* and how many in other papers. Mr. Goddard, while eminently just and fair, was not a pleasant man for a reporter to meet if that particular newspaper worker had failed to get a story which he had been sent out for and which had been corralled by the other papers. Sprained ankles, lack of carfare, forgetfulness, or even the sinking of a ferryboat are no excuses with an editor. When a reporter is sent out for something he must get it, and death can be his only excuse. Mr. Goddard still, to a degree at least, keeps up the same methods he adopted when he first became a power on Park Row. This is probably why he receives a big salary and never has to worry about the rent on the first of the month.

HARRY E. FREUND, editor of *The Musical Age*, is the man who is directly responsible for the idea which culminated in the burning of one thousand old square pianos at Atlantic City this week during the Annual Convention of the National Piano Makers' Association. Mr. Freund, who has travelled all over this country and Europe during the past eighteen months in the interest of the trade he so ably represents, has seen what a nuisance the old square has been to dealers everywhere. He, therefore, conceived the idea of having dealers contribute from stock a number of square pianos for a series of bonfires at Atlantic City. The idea took like wildfire, and manufacturers, dealers, and newspapers throughout the country took up the matter with keen zest. In consequence a thousand old boxes, through which many renditions of "The Maiden's Prayer" had sounded during the past many years, were consigned to the flames and at least that number of annoyances were removed from the path of the piano merchant. The trade throughout the world should feel grateful to Mr. Freund for the conception and execution of a plan which will be far-reaching in its effects.

JESSE LEWISOHN is a tall, somewhat athletic young man with a big head and the sort of chin that means business. District Attorney Jerome has brought him to the legal conversational trough, but he refuses to drink. There is not the slightest doubt that Mr. Lewisohn considers this a matter of principle. Mr. Jerome calls him contumacious, which, if you will look in the dictionary, you will see is not such a terrible thing. In other words, it is quite evident that Mr. Lewisohn would rather be true to his counsel and friends than be in the same class with the late Patrick Rooney, who, when the lawyer on the opposing side called him "a contumacious Mick," turned to the judge and remarked, "Sure, your honor, we can't be blamed for our physical deformities." Mr. Lewisohn, by the way, will have spent a full \$10,000 in counsel's fees alone before it is fully decided whether it is his move or not.

IT is hard to believe that the stories about the Roberts-Sullivan mix-up in London are quite correct. In the first place, Arthur Roberts is neither a bully nor a blackguard. It appears almost foolish to say that he is so jealous of American comedians that he was guilty of a flow of billingsgate which would have done credit to a singer at an East End music hall. Roberts is, without question, the greatest comedy favorite in London to-day. Not even Dan Leno or Albert Chevalier is in the same class with Roberts, who, unlike the two named, is not essentially a music-hall comedian. He is always sure of fifty-two weeks' engagement a year, if he cares to work, and many of the

pieces in which he has appeared have far outrun the season, so that he cannot complain of being overworked. On the other hand, James E. Sullivan has always been rated as a decent fellow. It is said that he threw a glass of whiskey in the Englishman's face because of an insult to American actors in general. All this is said to have taken place one night before the bar of the Shaftesbury Theatre after the first act of "The Prince of Pilsen." It is more than likely that if anything like this did occur, both were exceedingly sorry for it the morning after.

I CAUTIONED the public last week to keep an eye on Loudon C. Charlton, and I now advise the keeping of both eyes on him. Besides doing for the Duss attraction some of the best billing I have ever seen in New York, he is also making big preparations for next season's tour of "The Bostonians." Mr. Charlton is convinced that the fame, tradition and actual artistic worth of the members of this organization under his control are sufficient to insure a respectful hearing at the hands of the public and plentiful support for a meritorious production. While the new manager is conservative to a reasonable extent, he has in mind, nevertheless, a number of advertising and general campaign plans which will make some of the old-timers sit up and take notice.

HENRY CLAY BARNABEE, who has played the *Sheriff of Nottingham* in "Robin Hood" for more years than some of us care to count, announces that he does not like traveling as well as he did thirty or forty or even fifty years ago. Mr. Barnabee blushing acknowledges that he is old enough to vote; more, he admits that seventy-one years will about cover his career on and off the stage. In resuming his old part in "Robin Hood" next year Mr. Barnabee intends to cut out wild and spectacular traveling and will play as close to the theatrical cushion as possible. No more Nobs Corners, Tenn., or Cloven Hoof, Mont., for him. The closer his new manager, Loudon C. Charlton keeps his route to the metropolis the better Mr. Barnabee will be satisfied. While he is not particularly averse to Chicago, Baltimore or Washington, he very much prefers to any of these his comfortable home at Ninety-fifth street and Riverside Drive, from the windows of which he can occasionally see J. Pierpont Morgan's *Corsair* at anchor in the North River.

BANDMASTER DUSS is a very rich man. He is worth his millions and I believe is the owner of a majority of the stock of the organization that controls Economy, Pa. I don't quite know what they make at Economy, but the village has a gold mine stored somewhere in its quarters. However, even rich men don't like to throw away money. Last year when Mr. Duss was under the management of R. E. Johnston he lost about \$70,000 in New York and nearly \$100,000 on the road. This \$170,000 is the interest on a very impressive wad of money and it is no wonder that the tall, thin musician balked at an encore. History saith little about the sum that Mr. Johnston made for himself, but no doubt he considered it only a fair recompense for his brilliant managerial ability. Mr. Charlton, who at present heads the Duss management, seems to have started out in the right way. It is likely that Duss and his band will play their engagement this season without making a very large rent in the finances of Economy.

I LEARN from my London correspondent that a "Miss O'Callahan, well-known on the New York stage, is repeating her former triumphs in London." I was a little puzzled at first, until it occurred to me that our own effervescent Trixie Friganza is Miss O'Callahan in private life. Miss Friganza was in Europe a few seasons ago and wherever she appeared she was hailed as a typical American actress. While this is a little rough on Maude Adams and Julia Marlowe, it is very flattering to Miss Friganza and doesn't do Europe any harm. Miss Friganza was a guest at the Savoy Hill House, directly back of the Savoy Hotel on the Thames Embankment, a few seasons ago, and even to this day residents of that neighborhood have a keen and lingering memory of the little Bohemian parties which took place in the Friganza apartments.

THE announcement that Katherine Gray has become a playwright, and that her dramatic offering is to be heard in London, throws a new light on the character of this slight woman. Miss Gray has for a long time harbored the ambition to write a play and now

she is to have the pleasure of having her hope realized. The rumor of a permanent estrangement in the Mason-Gray menage is once again revived. It is to be hoped for the sake of the wife, whose path has not been strewn with roses for some years, and the husband, who gave every evidence of having turned over a new leaf, that this rumor has no foundation in fact.

EDDIE FOY is to become a journalist! Or, at any rate, the Arkell Publishing Company have brought out a book entitled "Just Fun" with Eddie Foy all over the front page. It would be news to Mr. Foy's friends on Broadway to learn that behind his modest exterior he has felt the germ of literary ambition. Mr. Foy, however, has for so many years sung effusions of dramatic poets, that no doubt he has become a victim to the habit. It would not be surprising to learn that that other litterateur of the stage, Mr. Daniel McAvoy, had collaborated with Miss Margaret Kline on a book with white covers and gold lettering, entitled "How to Be Refined Though from Chicago."

ONE of the men in the audience near the end of the run of "The Girl From Kay's," at Herald Square, was Charles Cherry, husband of Grace Dudley, who played the maid in this production. Miss Dudley, who is Mrs. Cherry in private life, left the cast two nights before the end of the run, so that she might accompany her husband to England. They sailed on the Saturday of the morning that brought the run of "The Girl From Kay's" to a close. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cherry are to return after their vacation.

THE suit for \$100,000 damages which W. S. Cleveland has filed against Nance O'Neil and McKee Rankin is almost as funny as the suit which has been brought against H. B. Sire by some deluded fool who is eager to pay money to a lawyer. If Mr. McKee Rankin had \$100,000 he would probably know just where to place it. It is certain that not more than \$99,900 would go to the Cleveland manager for failure to fulfil a contract. I am, however, sorry for Nance O'Neil. Whatever inherent talent is hers and whatever ability she has displayed have been smothered by Rankin. It must be admitted that early in her career he did something towards bringing out her latent dramatic brilliancy, but of late years he and his methods have been the worst possible handicap for this young woman. Now that she is under the Frohman wing, we may expect to see her occasionally at a good theatre and she will probably not be obliged to tramp it through the wilds of the Sierra Mountains or to go to Australia for the recognition which should be accorded by her own people.

A CORRESPONDENT of a dramatic paper is responsible for the statement that J. Aldrich Libbey, who appears this week at Chester Park, Cincinnati, O., was the idol of the summer opera season at Chester Park three seasons back with the Baker Opera Company. The brawny Mr. Libbey as a matinee hero is something so new and rich that Albert Parr, Richie Ling and Jean de Rezske should immediately take notice and ask for an injunction restraining the "idol" of Chester Park, Cincinnati, from stealing their niches in the heart of America's matinee brigade.

THE rehearsal recently of the new Furst symphony recalls the fact that William Furst, who at one time gave splendid promise of becoming one of the very foremost of our American comic opera writers, has not turned out a comic opera score for a long time. Furst wrote the music for "The Isle of Champagne" in which Thomas Q. Seabrooke starred. This is one of the prettiest and most tuneful operas we can write down in the list of recent years. It is interesting to note that the two men who were responsible for "The Isle of Champagne" book, Charles Alfred Byrne and Louis Harrison, have produced nothing ambitious since. But Ruinart is still popular.

WHAT a sad commentary on metropolitan existence is furnished by the career of Charles Alfred Byrne! Twelve years ago he was an important figure in the theatrical and newspaper life of New York. As dramatic editor of the New York *Morning Journal* when Albert Pulitzer was the proprietor, Byrne was known wherever there was any interest in theatricals throughout the length and breadth of the country. In conjunction with Louis Harrison, he made a lot

of money out of "The Isle of Champagne." Then came his trouble with George Lederer, which it were kindness not to mention in detail. From this point his fortunes seemed to wane. Byrne had many strong friends in and out of the profession, but for a number of years he has seemed to be a derelict on the surface of New York affairs and an example to those who imagine there is no such thing as rainy weather.

BAILEY AVERY, one of the best-known theatrical writers in this country, is the press agent for "Luna Park" this season, and Harry Schwab, equally well known in theatrical and newspaper life, occupies the same position with Bostock. Both these men are capable and efficient publicity promoters and know the advertising game about as well as any one in the town. It will, therefore, be interesting to watch their efforts in behalf of the attractions they represent.

Mr. Avery was connected with the *Morning Telegraph* for some years and was one of the star writers on matters pertaining to the lighter side of New York life. His style is graceful and convincing. If you belong to Our Street and are not known by him, you must indeed be a small, insignificant creature.

Harry Schwab has been connected with managerial and newspaper work for some years. He was well and favorably known in Pittsburg, where he was intimately connected with local theatricals, and has held important and lucrative positions in New York. He writes lucidly and to the point.

THE New York newspapers seem to have been surprised that Richard Canfield should have sold some of his New York City property and have purchased a magnificent new home for Mrs. Canfield in Providence. There is nothing strange about this. The present trend of affairs in the metropolis makes real estate holdings in the West Thirties and Forties of little value to men of Canfield's predilections. Providence is Canfield's home and it is there that he began his remarkable career as a capitalist in green cloth and other dry goods. One of my boyish recollections still hovers around a certain suite of rooms near the corner of Eddy and Westminster streets, in Providence, where, when the daily papers were delivered, the pane of a door was pushed aside and a keen pair of eyes peered forth. I was particularly impressed one day when I was permitted to enter the mysterious inner precincts. The money for a newspaper bill was taken out of a drawer in the desk, said drawer when open also disclosing a handsome and highly polished seven-shooter. Mr. Canfield was the smooth-faced, sharp-eyed young man who had charge of the establishment. He has become famous and wealthy since that time, but both Mrs. Canfield and himself still honor Providence by making it their permanent abode.

LIST to the woes of Edna May as told in a paragraph of a letter from my London correspondent:

Edna May has been subjected to much annoyance by a "double," who has been having a high time of it by borrowing money from strangers, and contracting promiscuous acquaintance with the rather silly people who were willing to buy her presents under the impression that they were in the company of the well-known actress. How any man of sense could imagine that a woman of Miss May's position could be met with under such circumstances is inexplicable, and if the harm done was only the sums they were fleeced of, it would only serve them right. As, however, it has naturally caused Miss May considerable annoyance, it is to be hoped that the adventures of the unknown young lady will, in future, prove too risky to be pursued.

WHEN Jeannette Gilder walks on Broadway that part of the town that is without doors always turns its eyes—and perhaps with some cause. Miss Gilder, who, besides the honor of being herself, is also the sister of Richard Watson Gilder, who writes about apple blossoms for the *Century Magazine*, is an inveterate first-nighter, and is often accompanied by a pretty and slight young girl who calls her Aunt Jennie. This is the daughter of Editor Gilder, and she is as feminine and girlish in action and attire as her clever aunt is quite the opposite. Miss Gilder may not know about the latest styles in bonnets or spring dress goods, but what she does not know about books and authors is not worth writing about. Miss Gilder is, in fact, one of the best read women in this country to-day, even if she does not know the difference between a blanc mange pudding and a door mat.

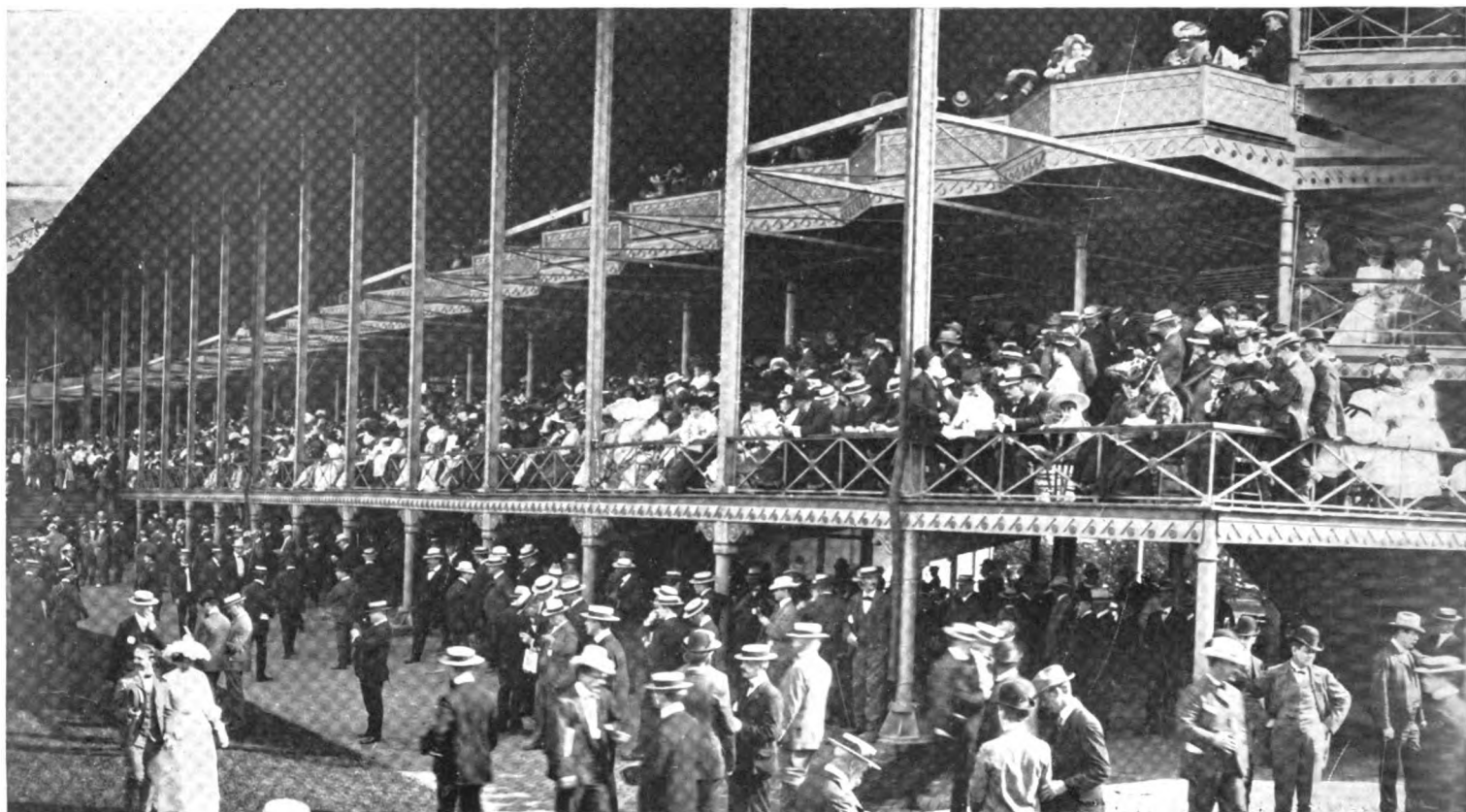
A MIGHTY important factor in American theatricals left the shores when Theodore Kremer sailed for Europe last week. Kremer is to the United States what George R. Sims is to London—only considerably more so. It is not so many years ago that he was a member of Julia Marlowe's company. At that time he was chiefly noted for his earnestness, enthusiasm and the difficulty with which he spoke the English language. Even then he was working on scenarios, and always had three or four plays on the stocks at once. Finally, with considerable glee, he announced one day that he had placed two or three of his plays with a manager. Everybody felt sorry for the manager. The pieces were produced and the public seemed to like them. At any rate, they made money and then everybody stopped feeling sorry for the manager and transferred their sympathy to the public. Mr. Kremer, however, kept on writing plays, and suddenly found himself in possession of an income far and away beyond anything he had ever dreamed of in his most confident moments. I think it is not over-shooting the mark to say that for the past four years his average yearly income has been \$40,000. He formerly was obliged to beg managers to read his manuscript. To-day he might generously agree to begin work on a new play on receipt of a certified check for \$2,500. Last season he had eight pieces on the road, some of which were played by as many as three companies. Mr. Kremer goes abroad for the purpose of bringing back a bride from his native country. Meanwhile, he will probably turn out a couple of melodramas just to keep his hand in.

THERE is one man on Broadway who never for a moment can be fooled about the relative popularity of players. That man is Charles L. Ritzmann, the photograph dealer and one of the best posted men in the world on the subject of pictures of celebrities. If a new actor strikes town and if he aspires to the kingship of matineehood, just ask Mr. Ritzmann and he will tell you in a moment if the actor is really an important factor in metropolitan affairs. If E. H. Sothorn, James K. Hackett and Jean de Reszke are appearing on Broadway at the same time, Mr. Ritzmann can tell you without referring to your palm or examining the bumps on your head which one of the three is the real thing.

"It is curious," he said to me the other day, "how the styles in actors change as they do in shoes and hats. While actors, of course, remain standard attractions for photograph-buyers for a number of years, there are always each season certain players in whom the public shows a spasmodic interest, particularly when they are appearing in something new at a New York theatre. Within twenty-four hours after a matinee hero makes his appearance, I can easily tell whether or not he has made a success. It isn't always the youngest of our prominent actors whose pictures are in greatest demand. I regularly have calls for photographs of E. H. Sothorn, Kyrle Bellew, and John Drew, and there is never a let-up in the demand for portraits of Joseph Jefferson. Oh, yes; a big percentage of these buyers are young women. On the other hand, you might be surprised to see women who are not so young come in and buy photographs of the latest theatrical celebrity. Photograph collecting will probably never die out."

AT one of the later performances of "The Wizard of Oz" at the New York Theatre an upper box was occupied by a good-looking gray-bearded man accompanied by a number of men who looked as if they might have owned anything from a savings bank up to the New York Central Railroad. When little Anna Laughlin sang "Sammy," she trained her batteries directly at this box, much to the delight of the rest of the house, and the gray-bearded man's companions seemed to think that Miss Laughlin was giving her entire attention to him. The audience demanded more repetitions than usual, probably because they enjoyed the little comedy. The gray-bearded man was Colonel Albert A. Pope, and his companions were men whose names are known wherever automobiles, bicycles and finance count for anything.

WHEN the alterations that are to be made at the Knickerbocker Theatre are completed this summer, the new stage of this house will be one of the best on the North American continent. A few years ago when a manager announced an expensive alteration we all galloped madly to the reopening in the autumn and discovered that the changes consisted of some new gilding on the chandelier and a little paint where it showed the most. These things are different



From a Photograph, Copyright, by George P. Hall & Son, New York.

SNAPSHOT OF A SUMMER CROWD ON THE GRAND STAND AT THE SHEEPSHEAD BAY RACES.

nowadays. Take the alterations at the Empire Theatre last year. The inside of the house was practically rebuilt and so far as change or cost was concerned, Mr. Frohman and his associates might as readily have opened a new house. While the changes in the Knickerbocker are not to be quite as elaborate, they will at the same time be extensive.

FRED HALLEN, who was at the Victoria last week, has been an important figure on Broadway of late. Mr. Hallen always looks dressed up, and, in fact, is one of the greatest sartorial delights of the theatrical profession. His boutonnières are always large and impressive, the sheen of his silk hat puts the sun to shame and the crease in his trousers is a menace to his fellow pedestrians. Mr. Hallen and his wife only recently came from Australia—hence this paragraph.

THE outgoing European steamers report small sailing lists. Let's all be exceedingly glad—not because steamship companies are not making their usual dividends, but for the reason that Americans, and particularly New Yorkers, have at last decided that we have the greatest country in the world, and, to use a phrase of a contemporary, "a country which is more wonderful, more beautiful and more interesting than Europe, and has more newer novelties and more ancient antiquities."

Why should New Yorkers be lonely with Dreamland and Luna Park at their very gates? It is an absolutely safe statement to make that nowhere in Europe, Asia or Africa can a more interesting exposition be found and nothing now extant in the amusement world, outside of the St. Louis Fair, can compare with the interest and beauty of Coney Island. An afternoon and evening—don't miss the evening when the electric lights are on and the whole world seems suddenly to be transformed into fairyland—spent at this resort by the sea, cannot help convincing anyone that New York is not only the greatest financial and commercial center of the continent, but that its amusement features also keep pace with the more serious aspects of life.

A GREAT many people wonder why it is that Elizabeth Tyree makes new productions year after year and continues expensive plays even after they have proven failures. This, by the way, does not refer to "Tit for Tat," which is amusing. Know then, ye

who are not of Us, that Miss Tyree has a sister. This sister has money—barrels, crates, carloads of it. She has also an abiding affection for Elizabeth. This sister also is generous, does not inquire too much into details and seems to be ready to make a production every twenty minutes if necessary. Miss Tyree will probably be seen in another and more pretentious play in November or December of this year. Sister has said that she might.

CECELIA LOFTUS has sailed for the other side, but there are those who still find some interest in her marital affairs. It is said (by whom or where originally, I do not know) that there is a chance of reconciliation between Miss Loftus and her ex-husband, Justin Huntley McCarthy. If true, 'tis well; if not, what's the difference?

A BROADWAYITE who knows the street from stem to stern is Sheriff Mitchell Erlanger, to whom the attachés of his office presented recently a \$2,000 diamond badge. Mr. Erlanger, as counsel for Klaw & Erlanger and other theatrical folk, has been prominent on Broadway for some years. He is, however, anything but a gadabout. He is an expert on theatrical law and all that pertains to the amusement business, and a student; there is not perhaps a better read man before the bar to-day.

SAMUEL UNTERMYER, of the firm Guggenheimer, Untermyer & Marshall, and who has figured prominently in some famous litigation during the past few months, is another New York lawyer, who, notwithstanding the tremendous strain of Metropolitan existence, finds time to read and study. Mr. Untermyer's specialty is corporation law, and he never retires at night without reading law at least a half hour. Mr. Untermyer has made millions out of his profession and it is said that his income from his practice alone amounts to \$300,000 a year—and this figure is given carefully and advisedly.

GEORGE FULLER GOLDEN, the vaudeville comedian who talks about himself in his sleep and still imagines he is the Moses that will lead his people out of the vaudeville woods, has been sending hysterical messages across the water. The entire profession is expected to stop short in its tracks and listen long and earnestly

every time the Golden oracle makes a noise. Mr. Fuller's associates will probably wake up some morning and decide not to be fooled any more by the aforesaid gentleman who talks in his sleep.

Later Bulletin:—A few more yards of conversation has been just received from Mr. Golden. Another batch is promised by an early steamer. Perhaps we can wait. In the classic words of Sis Hopkins, "Narthin' from narthin' leaves narthin'."

MR. H. B. SIRE is said to have in contemplation the erection of two new theatres—one in the middle of Longacre Square and the other on the site of the New York *Herald* building. The ground was, it is reported, purchased with ninety-nine year notes made by H. B. Sire and endorsed by Leander Sire. Mr. Morgan is getting jealous and Russell Sage is biting his nails.

THE recent production of "Cynthia," in which Ethel Barrymore is starring in London, reminds me that there hangs in the Herald Square Theatre one of the finest portraits of Miss Barrymore I have ever seen. It is on tapestry and was painted by Lida Wise

Hickok, a sister of Thomas A. Wise. Mrs. Hickok has also made a portrait of Miss Maude Adams, which is said, by those who have seen it, to be one of the most artistic stage portraits ever put on exhibition.

STELLA MAYHEW AS A STAR.

STELLA MAYHEW, who has made such a strong impression in "The Man from China," at the Majestic Theatre, has received her first offer to star. Miss Mayhew came to New York utterly unknown so far as Broadway was concerned, and was the talk of the town after the first night performance of the Bratton-West piece. Now comes an offer from a well-known manager who wants to star her in a musical comedy next season. Miss Mayhew, however, is tied up to "The Man from China" with a contract, and therefore offers can hardly be considered definitely. There isn't a vaudeville manager in the country to-day who should not be willing to pay Miss Mayhew \$500 a week if she would sing "Fifty-seven Ways to Catch a Man." Go to the Majestic and hear it; then you will understand why Miss Mayhew has received an offer to star.

THE SOCIAL BUTTERFLY.

ONLY the other day I wrote that this was to be a "black" season, and, that taffetas would be the material of the moment. These trite remarks were on the subject of day dresses, and I am bound to repeat them now that evening gowns are under discussion. Black bravely holds its own, but by a freak of fashion it rarely or never appears in the popular material. Black gowns are in lace, tulle, chiffon, or softest satin; and the well-beloved taffetas is in white, cream, or delicate pastel shades of pale gray, green, fawn, rose, or mauve. The 1830 styles that we see pictured in fashion books seem to have been discarded by the smartest houses. Sloping shoulders are no more, and have given place to the far more becoming full, puffed sleeves. Bodices are still worn with a deep folded waistband; but a few—and some of the choicest—have the plainly-cut, pointed front. These latter are, of course, fastened at the back. By the way, our modern smart woman loves mercy, and rarely makes her weary maid sit up o' nights. So the old-fashioned lacings have disappeared, and bodices are now fastened at the back by the simpler method of hooks and eyes. Skirts are all made full, either in fine pleats from the waist, or in wider kiltings sewn into a yoke.

Rich embroideries, hand-worked and most elaborate, beautify the gowns; real lace is lavishly used, and there has been a marked return to favor of the once despised Valenciennes.

A maize dinner dress at Altman's appeared as a genuine work of art. It was of soft satin in the palest shade of yellow, adorned by wondrous work in chiffon, silk, and dainty touches of gold and silver. Pale blue and pale pink chiffon formed a flower-trimming, with leaves and stems in green embroidery, and glints of gold and silver thread which brightened the entire effect. The bodice had a deep waistbelt of soft maize-colored ribbon, and was slightly pouched in front; the sleeves were full, and came to the elbow, and the skirt was pleated into the waist in a multitude of tiny gatherings. Another charming frock was of chiffon in the brightest mauve, the shade of mauve, *bien entendu*, that is a perfect night color, and looks its brilliant best in the glare of electric light. But the *clou* of this beautiful gown was the rich, hand-worked embroidery in blue and gold that adorned the bodice, and formed one deep flounce near the feet. The chiffon skirt was finely pleated; the pretty bodice had the early Victorian point, and much trimming of white Valenciennes lace, which also edged the full, puffed elbow-sleeves.

This marvel was tagged \$175.00. A taffetas frock in pale pink, with rose and silver embroideries, made me badly break the Tenth Commandment; and so did another in palest green, embroidered in a design of black and white. Black dinner gowns shall be dealt with next week.

Not many society women have invented a style of dress that remains; but Miss May Goelet as was and Duchess of Roxburghe as is—started the pretty fashion of chiffon ball-gowns. Her chiffon frocks were in every shade of color, they were as simple as they were perfect, their freshness was their charm, and report said that each gown was only worn once. This rich and radiant girl had many admirers, but the Duke of Roxburghe proved the man of her choice. Their engagement was announced last summer, and the marriage took place in November. The Duchess is fond of country life, and of all sorts of active exercise. She is an excellent skater, and, when in London, often appears at Prince's Skating Rink. Her jewels are marvellous. At the time of her marriage she received a vast fortune in diamonds alone; and her mother-in-law, the Dowager Duchess, handed over the Roxburghe emeralds, which are famed for their beauty and value.

THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS.



AND AS USEFUL AS
IT IS BEAUTIFUL

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY Editor

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear later something to your advantage by addressing Broadway Weekly, 27 East 21st Street, New York.

THE EDITORIAL VIEWPOINT.

THE further the authorities go into the Federal Bank muddle, the more astounding are the disclosures. New Yorkers are called upon to gaze at the spectacle of a cheap, lisping pudgy little man, who, with no better equipment than a calm assurance and an itching palm becomes custodian of thousands of dollars belonging to business men, widows and orphans. The wonder is that the banking laws of New York State, which are supposed to be exceedingly strict, should permit such a financial leper to become a permanent fixture in New York financial circles. The whole nasty muddle seems to be a pretty good argument in favor of doing business with banks that you know and with men who have something besides effrontery to recommend them.

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE for June has an article entitled "The Social Side of New York." Among the supposedly wise things said by the author is the following:

If New York society is not controlled by money, what is it controlled by? Not brain. Here is no homogeneity. One sits at dinner between the president of a university and a stupid, callow youth. Certainly not similarity of principles and point of view. The Sunday bridge player, and the lady who never drives, even to church, on Sunday, are the best of friends. To the outsider there is no discernible difference between the lady who moved out of her house when her children had scarlet fever, not, as she explained, because she was afraid, but because she had so many dinner engagements she could not break; and the lady who never accepts anything that could interfere with her lunching with her children. Certainly the explanation is not to be found in ancient lineage—one had almost forgotten the possibility. The names of old New Yorkers are nothing now, unless perhaps a vague discomfort to the newcomers.

We presume that in this instance the "lady" referred to is also a woman. The main point, however, is that the writer objects to the fact that a president of a university and a stupid, callow youth may sit at the same table. This may be rather rough on the university president, but, on the other hand, see how the callow youth must suffer. Incidentally, the writer believes that there is a surfeit of all things in the metropolis except time. Even this commodity will become a drug on the market if District Attorney Jerome will only spend a few busy days and strenuous nights in the Wall Street district.

J. EBERHARD FABER may be a fool, but he can very well afford any luxury his heart craves. Mr. Faber, you will probably remember, is the wealthy pencil manufacturer who fell in love with the head manicurist at Riker's soda water emporium on Twenty-third street and made her his bride. Mr. Faber probably thought that Miss Helm was taller and handsomer and cleverer than any of the women of his own set—that's a good enough reason for marrying her. Mr. Faber is a type of New Yorker not unknown to us. There is a small army of young, old and middle-aged men, who haunt the manicure shops of Broadway and vicinity and have the tops of their fingers filed to the bone because they have nothing better to do. Even men



EDNA BRONSON, WHO IS TO SING THE PRINCIPAL ROLES IN THE REVIVALS OF POPULAR OPERAS AT PROCTOR'S FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET THEATRE.

who are terrors to their opponents in Wall Street, and who know all about the rate for call loans, will spend an hour talking glibly and foolishly with the manicurist whose greatest charm consists of fluffy hair and a not too fine regard for the niceties of English. Some day the police will pay strict attention to the conduct of several big manicure establishments and then New York will be treated to another sensation.

"LESLIE'S" AND THE CROWN KING MINES.

ONE of the most interesting features in a recent issue of *Leslie's Weekly* was a profusely illustrated article on the Crown King mines, which are situated in the great Southwest and have created a sensation in mining and financial circles. The Crown King mines, according to a writer in *Leslie's*, are remarkably productive and have done much to call the favorable attention of investors to this part of the country.

It is a far cry from Broadway to Arizona, but gold is gold anywhere, and for that reason the Crown King mines are interesting to Broadwayites as they are to Vermonters or Arizonians.

WANTED.

News notes and paragraphs that would interest the thousands of readers who peruse this department every week. Address letters and all messages to Editor BROADWAY WEEKLY, 27 E. 21st Street, New York.



From a Pen-and-Ink Drawing by John Farnum.

DAME DEMOCRACY:—"I know the medicine is nasty, but I'll make him swallow every drop of it."

AN OPEN LETTER ABOUT WEBER & FIELDS.

BROADWAY WEEKLY, New York.

I HAVE been reading Mr. Hennessy's friendly articles about Weber & Fields, and I don't agree with him a bit.

To my mind, Weber & Fields represent some of the worst elements of American theatricals. Surely, the editor of BROADWAY WEEKLY will not contend that the members of this firm are or ever have been fit company, intellectually or otherwise, for the really strong men who now control to so great an extent the policy of the American dramatic world.

I will grant that Weber & Fields deserve great credit for rising from obscurity to wealth, and a certain kind of fame. On the other hand, however, I contend that this is more than offset by some of their business and dramatic methods. Take, for instance,

that mean and miserable imposition on the public, the speculator. There is no management in New York that has ever played so barefacedly or shamelessly with the ticket-buying public as these same Weber & Fields. They themselves will not deny that they were their own speculators. Many a time I have gone to the box-office and have been turned down, only to find that practically every decent seat in the house was in the hands of the speculators. After a while, I discovered the trick of sending a messenger from a hotel, and almost invariably I got my tickets. In these cases, the managers were simply afraid that I would send out to some other house.

Then take Weber & Fields as actors. Have they improved in their acting during their stay on Broadway? Were not their methods

the same as those that were in vogue in the old variety days down on the Bowery? As for little Joe Weber, the only change he has made in ten years is in his inflated stomach-pad which, no doubt, he has had to replenish once every three or four years. If this is art, then the human rooster and the three-legged calf are bright spots in the American drama.

Personally, I consider the Rogers Brothers three times as funny and more legitimate than Weber & Fields ever have been and if their managers will only put them on Broadway and surround them with a company as good as the Weber & Fields cast, they will, I feel sure, break all records for box-office receipts.

As you have had your say, I hope you will let me have mine in your next issue.

ADMIRER AND CONSTANT READER OF
"BROADWAY WEEKLY."
New York, May 17, 1904.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS OF THE WEEK.

By ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY.

THE PASSING OF WEBER & FIELDS.

PEACE to their ashes!

The worst New Yorkers can wish Weber & Fields is that they may never make less money than they have for the past five years, and that if there is a hereafter designed especially for managers, they will have to buy their admission tickets from the speculators—but may they have the price.

The present run of "Whoop-De-Doo" at the New Amsterdam Theatre is remarkable in more ways than one. In the first place, a whole lot of people are going to the New Amsterdam who undoubtedly never saw the inside of Weber & Fields. The Old Guard of Broadway is, therefore, less in evidence because it is a smaller percentage of the audience. Next to me one evening last week sat a tall, thin man with cheap side-whiskers and a wife who was proper almost to the point of sourness. I immediately made up my mind that they had come to "Whoop-Dee-Doo" on the presumption that it was a pastoral pantomime for children.

The opening chorus did not enthuse them beyond making the aforesaid prim party sniff contemptuously. The man actually scowled at John T. Kelly. They did not appear to understand what Weber and Fields were getting

at and Louis Mann's language was a sealed book. The curtain went down on the first scene without a tremor of excitement or interest from the couple. In the second scene occurs the pathetic incident of *Lena* and *Fritz*. Louis Mann as *Pilsener Hofbrau* bemoans the fact that his friends of the barn yard, *Lena* the chicken and *Fritz* the rooster, must be served to his hungry guests. When Mann began his crying in this scene the gentleman with the frayed side-whiskers smiled, then he laughed and finally roared. His exact metier had been struck at last and he thawed out every one else in the row except his wife, who still insisted, if expression goes for anything, that there is no such thing in life as joy.

No one can imagine why Weber & Fields have given so few opportunities to Charles J. Ross and Mabel Fenton. Here are two of the cleverest vaudeville artists in the world to-day. Their combined salaries would make a thousand-dollar bill look tired, and their chances in "Whoop-Dee-Doo" are fewer than those afforded any of the other principals. Mr. Ross's bit of burlesque with Lillian Russell is excellent.

I wonder if Peter F. Dailey is as colloquial on the road as he is in New York. His merry

quips about Flushing and Elmhurst and Bath Beach may be funny in New York, but they must be Sanscrit to out-of-towners. A remarkable thing about the chorus at the New Amsterdam is the amazing freshness of the costumes. They look as if they had just come out of the maker's hands—at least, most of them do. The faces of the girls do not, however. They show the stress of a hard season of automobiling.

Well, Weber & Fields is a thing of the past. No more will Frankie Bailey in all the shy diffidence of a budding flower speak her twelve words (sometimes reduced to six or eight). No more will that sylphid of comedy, Mr. Peter F. Dailey, hold merry little conversations with the orchestra leader. Not again will Weber poke out Fields' eye or Louis Mann degrade the English language, nor Lillian Russell, still blond, still beautiful, nearly slight, and always gracious, cast the spell of her wondrous beauty over the young men and their fathers and grandfathers. That is, no longer will all this take place under the banner of Weber & Fields. But some other company with such another theatrical campaign is bound to make its appearance, for the appetite of New Yorkers has been sensitized, if not sensualized. They want high-priced stars doing foolish things that make them laugh, that are not vulgar and that cost \$2.00 a seat—with a dollar or so extra for the sharp-faced speculators.

Peace to their ashes!

WHY THE INDEPENDENTS FAILED.

THERE was not very much surprise expressed last week when it was announced that Harrison Grey Fiske had finally decided to abandon the Independent Theatrical Booking Agency. He was the only one left out of the original organization, and to continue the office any longer would have been merely an expensive farce. Maurice Campbell, the husband of Henrietta Crosman, Weber & Fields, James K. Hackett and Harrison Grey Fiske were the only elements that ever amounted to anything in the Independent Theatrical Booking Agency. House managers throughout the country, when they wanted to fill their seasons of thirty to forty weeks, were asked to tie themselves up to a proposition that could offer them from eight to ten attractions at the most. It is quite evident that the Independent argument was a weak-kneed and a silly one and consequently managers did not show any tremendous enthusiasm in the matter of flocking to the Manhattan Theatre Building, where the Independents were housed. When Stair & Havelin combined forces with the American Theatrical Syndicate the game was up. Maurice Campbell hasn't really bothered about the Independents for nearly a year, the dissolution of Weber & Fields settled that part of the combination, and James K. Hackett finally made up his mind to get in out of the wet.

The Independent movement from the very



PAULA EDWARDES WHO, IT IS ANNOUNCED, IS TO STAR AGAIN NEXT AUTUMN IN "WINSOME WINNIE," IN WHICH SHE HAS MADE A HIT DURING THE PAST SEASON.

start was hopeless. What, for instance, would the shoppers of New York City do if Macy were to advertise that his entire establishment is devoted to the finest peanuts that ever were roasted and the most excellent lobster that ever blushed a crimson red? Is it likely that shoppers would go to a store where they could get only two articles when they could go to another and get a thousand for the same trouble? If the Independents had ever been strong enough to get hold of a hundred good attractions, it might have amounted to something. In the meantime, the real Syndicate, that has attractions, builds theatres and does things, seems to be minding its own business and getting along very nicely.

HAWTREY IN VAUDEVILLE.

I TOOK the trouble last week to visit both Proctor's Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third street Theatres during the hour when Charles Hawtreys and his company appeared. It was a study in the drama to see how differently two audiences within six blocks of each other regarded the same attraction. At the Twenty-third Street Theatre, Mr. Hawtreys was received with good-natured tolerance. The audience never for a moment broke through a reserve which sometimes is the demeanor even of vaudeville auditors. Now note the difference at the Fifth Avenue. The house was packed and Mr. Hawtreys was received not only with enthusiasm, but with respect and admiration, and his reception partook of the nature of an ovation.

Mr. Proctor certainly paid a very handsome sum for this star feature of his bill last week and it was an investment that bore good box-office fruit.

There has been considerable criticism about Mr. Hawtreys, because he found a \$1,500 a week salary not incompatible with dramatic art. Just why an English actor should be laid open to this criticism, which was not applied to some of the finest of our American players when they made their vaudeville hits, is not easily understood. Mr. Hawtreys neither lowered his dignity as a star nor his drawing powers as a theatrical attraction by playing at the well-conducted Proctor houses—particularly as his engagement was a tremendous success from both dramatic and financial standpoints. Mr. Hawtreys may now return to London and come back again with the full equipment of a popular and well-paying attraction.

A GROSSMITH FOR NEW YORK.

NEW YORKERS should like George Grossmith, Jr., who has signed a contract with Charles Frohman to be the leading comedian in "The School Girl," in which Edna May is to star at Daly's Theatre next season. Mr. Grossmith, like the other members of his famous family, is particularly strong and effective on one point—his whimsicality. None of the Grossmiths is noted for sledge-hammer methods. As a matter of fact, all of them are restrained and quiet, and boisterousness is not a part of their comedy make-up. George Grossmith, Jr., is a great favorite at the Gaiety Theatre, in London, and if report comes anywhere near the actuality, Frohman will pay him \$500 a week during a long American engagement.

A COSTLY PERFORMANCE.

IF "Piff, Paff, Pouf" really goes to Newport, as reports have it, the one performance will probably cost the projectors a round \$3,000. In the first place, the principals and entire staff, including stage hands, must be paid extra for the performance. Then there are fares both ways, and extra meals on the train, to say nothing of the not always modest profit which the manager insists on getting for himself. When George Lederer took down a company to Newport a couple of seasons ago, he insisted that double salary be paid to every member of his company, that all expenses be included, and that \$1,000 clear be declared for himself. Thus must society pay handsomely for its little entertainments.



VIRGINIA EARL, WHO HAS BEEN STARRING IN "SERGEANT KITTY." MISS EARL WILL APPEAR IN A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY BY TWO FAMOUS STAGE WRITERS NEXT WINTER.

"WANG" A SURPRISE TO EVERYBODY.

PROBABLY the most surprised men in New York are Sam S. Shubert and DeWolf Hopper. While it is altogether probable that they expected a reasonably warm reception for "Wang," it is equally probable that neither one of them believed for a moment that New York would grow enthusiastic over this favorite of more than a decade ago. It is a fact that this old-timer with new trimmings has been packing the Lyric Theatre and the present engagement of

Mr. Hopper is unquestionably the most successful of any that he has played in recent years.

The dealers in sheet music say that there is an unprecedented demand for the vocal numbers and full score of "Wang," notwithstanding the fact that twelve years ago the country seemed to be pretty well supplied with the selections from the piece.

It looks now as if "Wang" would run right straight through to the hottest part of the summer and stop only when the good-nature of New York theatre-goers wilts with their collars.

THE SHUBERTS' NEWEST MOVE.

IT is not surprising that the Shubert Brothers should have made a starring offer to McIntyre and Heath. Here are two of the most popular performers before the public to-day. They still insist that they are variety actors and scornfully taboo the appellation of vaudeville artists. There is not a city in this country that is not familiar with their sketch, "Georgia Minstrels," which has been used by McIntyre and Heath for many years and which every manager who engages them practically insists on their producing. They have tried a good many other skits, but "The Georgia Minstrels," with its quaint homely humor is as irresistible to-day as it was nearly a generation ago. The Messrs. Shubert are sensible enough to have considered McIntyre and Heath as stars in an amplification of this sketch. These two men should make a big popular-house attraction and get the money all along the line.

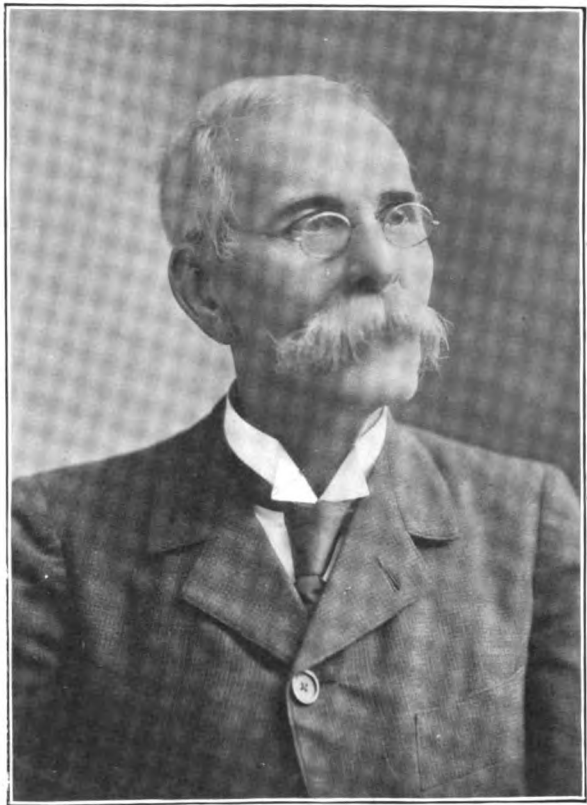
THE FROHMANS WERE BUSY.

MR. and MRS. DANIEL FROHMAN, who sailed on the *Philadelphia* for London last Saturday, were a pretty busy couple for a week previous to sailing. Mrs. Frohman, who, as Margaret Illington, had been appearing in "The Two Orphans" at the New Amsterdam Theatre, had closed her season only the previous Saturday evening. She consequently spent the nights of her last week in running around to the other shows in town which she had been unable to see. Mr. Frohman was busy arranging his many theatrical affairs so that he might remain on the other side for about six weeks without being obliged to spend a small fortune in cabling. Notwithstanding the bitter complaints of many managers, Mr. Frohman has had some good successes and is away ahead on the season.

COOL BREEZES BRING MANY DOLLARS.

THE cool weather of last week meant a difference easily of \$100,000 to the theatres in Greater New York that were still open. It probably also meant a corresponding loss to attractions at Coney Island and other popular summer resorts that threw their doors open early in the game. The uninitiated often wonder why it is that theatre managers do not open roof gardens as soon as the first hot blast comes in May. It is this very uncertainty in the weather which makes the opening of roof gardens in May something to be avoided as the financial black plague. One warm day does not make a summer any more than a cool September breeze makes a long, hard winter.

PANAMA'S CONSUL IN NEW YORK



DR. MANUEL AMADOR.



DR. RAOUL AMADOR.

THE NEWEST REPUBLIC'S REPRESENTATIVE IN THE METROPOLIS.

By HELEN KENNEY.

SINCE the United States has taken over the right to build the Panama Canal it is but fitting that the first consul of the new republic should be, if not quite an American, at least as much so as education and many years of residence under Old Glory can make him.

On the third day of last November Panama declared herself a republic, with Manuel Amador, who has given his entire life to the movement, as her first President, and on that same day President Amador appointed his son, Raoul Amador, consul to the United States.

President Manuel Amador is a doctor of medicine. He decided his two sons should also follow in his profession, not merely to practise, for he looked forward to his boys

following after their parent and devoting their lives to their country, as he has done; but he believed in a man going through college with some real object in view and he felt that in no field is there greater scope for the developing of judgment, courage and integrity, than is found by the man of medicine.

The Consul was educated at his home in Panama, and in Paris. He then came to New York and entered Columbia University, graduating from the medical school in 1897. He then took a two years' tour of Europe, visiting the large hospitals and institutions of learning.

The consulship of Panama is a position which will be an important one when the great canal engineering feat is completed, and that the appointment of Dr. Amador has been one of wisdom is the belief of all who know him, being a man of tact, and iron determination, which is indicated by the strong, square jaw, so strongly resembling his distinguished father.

JOHN FARNUM, A CLEVER YOUNG AMERICAN
CARTOONIST.

"LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU."

MISS ELENE FOSTER, whose recent recital at the Waldorf-Astoria was attended by many of New York's ultra-fashionable set, is fully deserving of the popularity she is gaining in Gotham.

Miss Foster has for several years been a popular entertainer in Boston and vicinity. Two years ago she made her New York debut at a reception given by Mrs. John E. Parsons (formerly Mrs. David Wolf Bishop). Since then she has recited at many of the most exclusive houses both here and in Washington.

Miss Foster makes a specialty of author's readings, dialect recitations and original monologues.

Dr. Drummond, whose French-Canadian poems have made his name familiar to thousands, has written several verses exclusively for this clever young woman.

That she has great personal magnetism is at once apparent to her audience and she sways her listeners to laughter or to tears almost in the same breath. However, owing to her keen sense of humor, she prefers the smiles, believing in the words of the poet: "Laugh and the world laughs with you," which is undoubtedly the key to her success.

Mr. Farnum is a comparatively new comer to the field of New York journalism, where he is bound to make his mark. Before coming to the metropolis he had done good work on newspapers in Providence and Pawtucket, R. I., and Boston. Mr. Farnum has ideas which, in addition to his pen-and-ink style, are bound to land him high up in the front line of prominent cartoonists. He is less than twenty-five years of age and is engaged in some important syndicate work at the present time.

CAN MONTE CARLO BE BROKEN BY A SYSTEM?

THOSE who would like to have the worthlessness of "systems" displayed by the convincing logic of mathematical calculations will find all the necessary information in a book which has just been published entitled "Monte Carlo: Facts and Fallacies," by Hiram S. Maxim. But almost as convincing as his tables and figures are the facts which came within his own experience, and which always point to the same conclusion, the certainty of the Bank winning. M. Blanc, the head of the Bank at Monte Carlo, is reputed to have made this cynical punning confession on the games: "*Rouge gagne quelquefois, noir souvent, mais Blanc toujours.*"

The certainty of this, in spite of the sensational winnings of individual players every now and then, is the whole point of Sir Hiram's entertaining volume, and his experience of individual players favors his conclusions. The playing of Lord Rosslyn and the late Sam Lewis, on the occasion of their first visit to Monte Carlo, is a case in point. Lord Rosslyn and Mr. Lewis went to a trente-et-quarante table, and each staked 12,000 francs on black. They both won. Seven times in succession they put down the same stake, and each time won, with the result that the Bank was broken. The croupier sent for more money, and play was resumed. The stakes were always placed on black, and not only did Lord Rosslyn and Mr. Lewis back this color, but a crowd of players followed their example in the hope of sharing their luck. The hope was realized. Black continued to come up, and the Bank was once more broken. More funds were sent for, and play was once more resumed, with the result that black continued to come up for seventeen times—the longest run Sir Hiram ever witnessed.

And now for Sir Hiram's cold analysis of this exciting scene:—In the first place, he suspected that the Bank was not really broken, and he remained to the end to see the money taken from the table. As he suspected, quite "a peck of bank notes" were stored away, and the formal and ceremonious replenishing of the exchequer was simply a trick of stage-management, so that it might be telegraphed all over the world that Lord Rosslyn and Mr. Sam Lewis had broken the Bank three consecutive times in a single evening. The result of the visit of the lucky pair was summed up by Mr. Lewis, who, in answer to Sir Hiram later on, said he "had lost enough money to build a Casino."

The logic of Monte Carlo gambling is that in games which are entirely games of chance there can be no operative law. This is Sir Hiram's position and contention, and he therefore laughs at all systems because he holds them to be—in fact, knows them to be—as ineffective as though an electric force were sought to be applied through a substance which is a non-conductor.

Curiously enough, Sir Hiram Maxim and Lord Rosslyn appear to be in entire agreement on the only fundamental principle which can be applied to gambling, namely, that in matters of pure chance the odds are even. Lord Rosslyn, to illustrate this, argues "that red and black turn up, as has been proved from time immemorial, so equally that there is practically no difference in the number of reds and blacks in a day's play, a week's play, a month's play, or a year's play."

Sir Hiram declares that "the chances in favor of the Bank . . . are as 100 is to 99."

Here is the sole reason why "Blanc" is always the winner, and it is surprising to me that Lord Rosslyn, to say nothing of our excitement-loving Americans who have broken lances over the question with Sir Hiram Maxim, do not see it. Herr Silberer has clearly demonstrated this fact, and when he plays, he knows perfectly well that if he wins the Bank pays him out of its earnings from the 1 per cent. which is never in any uncertainty, because it is collected as commission for the use of the Casino and the services of the staff.

Sir Hiram Maxim declares that "although the mathematical equations connected with the play do not call for a higher order of mathematics than the old rule of three, still the man is not yet born who can so present this subject as to bring it within the grasp of 5 per cent. of the ordinary players."

I do not agree with Sir Hiram that the problem is so difficult to grasp. The issue is only confused, and the point missed by regarding the croupier as a gambler, and the Casino as a gambling establishment. Both suppositions would be wrong. The croupier is simply a man paid to carry out certain duties, and the Casino is an establishment for the use of gamblers. The business of the Casino is based on the commission it charges (a commission of rather more than 1 per cent.) for the princely accommodation it affords to the votaries of the "great god Chance."

Sir Hiram Maxim declares that in publishing his book he does not "wish, intend, or expect to dissuade people from playing at Monte Carlo," and for the benefit of those who may go to the tables he recommends the "Martingale" (which means "double or quits") as, not the best system to trust to, but the least bad of the many. Yet in offering his advice Sir Hiram is not quite consistent.

Arguing quite soundly that each *coup* is entirely independent of those that have preceded it and those which are to follow, he insists that the common-sense course for those who wish to win is to stake the whole of their available money—assuming it does not exceed the maximum—on an even chance, thus saving the depletion of their cash by a series of commissions on a number of smaller stakes. The "Martingale" is, of course, a contradiction of this advice, and Sir Hiram appears to have overlooked the fact, or else I

have overlooked the reference, that a system must be applied to the operation of the Martingale so as to secure the return, not only of the stakes which have been lost, but also the amount of the expended commissions.

That the best which can be said of the Martingale is that it is the "least bad" system is evident, because of the existence of a maximum limit. This makes it quite impossible for any player to say with certainty that he can recover his stakes by persistently doubling them until he wins.

The fact that runs on the same color of any duration are extremely rare, and that play is shown to even itself more or less within a given period, is the only fact on which a system not wholly childish can be based. If this characteristic of chance is really an ascertained fact—and the records of the play, which are carefully kept, are indisputable proof of the point—it seems a bold assertion to make that no system can be devised to provide for ascertained inevitable conditions. To put the point more clearly: it is beyond question that chance itself is automatic, and not diagnosable; but as the characteristic of chance to even the results is apparently unquestionable, it seems to me that a mathematical means of utilizing this characteristic might be devised.

Sir Hiram Maxim contends that "the probabilities for the *coup* to be played are not affected in even the smallest degree by anything that has preceded, so that after the longest series of red the chance that it will come out once more is exactly what red's chance in roulette always is, namely, an even chance, 1 : 1, or 50 : 50."

Yet, if this be so, of what value is the only deduction which can be drawn from the Monte Carlo records, namely, that play always evens up within certain periods? Is it not probable that Sir Hiram fails to take into account some conditions which may affect the result? Chance is too elusive a subject to enable one to form an opinion of Sir Hiram Maxim's critical method, but his manner of dealing with other subjects would hardly lead one to blindly trust his judgment. Take, for instance, his pronouncement on horse-racing:—

"In England," he writes, "gambling on horse races is as unfavorable as roulette would be with from nine to twenty-three zeros, all of which lose." Few persons will be found to agree with Sir Hiram that any parallel can be drawn between horse-racing and roulette. The latter is simply chance, but in racing, skill and knowledge admittedly enter, and help in forming an opinion. Sir Hiram ignores the fact that the pedigree of a horse, its performances, and physical condition, as well as the skill of the jockey, provide data which go far towards eliminating from horse-racing the wholly gambling aspect of roulette.

JAMES A. LEE.

LONDON DRAMATIC BITS.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S tour commenced at Newcastle on Tuesday, April 19th, with "Becket," which is to be his *pièce de résistance* during his tour. The dates are as follow: April 25th, Lyceum, Edinburgh, one week; May 2d, Royal, Glasgow, two weeks; May 16th, Royal, Dublin, one week; May 23d, Court, Liverpool, one week; May 30th, Royal, Manchester one week; June 6th, Prince's, Bristol, one week.

Wilson Barrett is once more to the fore as a dramatist. The latest work from his prolific pen is entitled "Lucky Durham," which will be produced at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool,

next month. It is a society piece, in which many of the characters have titles, and the scenes are laid in the fashionable quarter of London.

Beerbohm Tree was commanded to perform in Dublin on April 28th. The programme consisted of excerpts from "Richard III.," "The Last of the Dandies," and "Trilby." In this latter piece Miss Viola Tree appeared in the title role.

There can no longer be any fears that Mr. Dan Leno's restoration to health is not absolutely

permanent and complete. On Monday night he made his *reentrée* to his legitimate stage, the music-hall—the locale being the scene of his greatest triumphs, to wit, the Pavilion. Long before his number went up the house was uncomfortably crammed, and his appearance behind the footlights occasioned an outburst of enthusiastic welcome such as is rarely equalled, and can never be excelled. Our only Dan not only rattled through his songs with all his old quaint, inimitable humor, but also, as if to assure his friends that he is beyond all danger of fatigue, gave as an encore a capital step-dance, executed with that neatness and agility which so few besides himself have at command. His songs for this unique occasion were "Mrs. Black, the Lady Palmist," and "Buying a House." L.

T. P. O'CONNOR WRITES OF "OUR NELLIE."

LONDON.

I REMEMBER the start with which I saw Nellie Farren for the first time off the stage. It was at some ball given, if I remember rightly, by the Gaiety Company for a charitable object, and all the leading members of the celebrated company were present. In the midst of the proceedings a not unstately-looking lady was the center of a little group in which I was standing; and suddenly I became aware that I was face to face with the wonderful favorite who had created so many boy parts during the long period of years. Nothing less like a boy could be imagined. She seemed a largish woman, and this impression was increased by the fact that she wore a very stately and heavy gown. I am no judge of woman's dress, but the stuff appeared to me what would be called brocade. At any rate, it was rich, it was heavy, it was impressive—almost like the kind of clothes that you would expect to find in the house of an opulent Quaker family of the Midlands who had abandoned the stern simplicity of their earlier days and substituted very solid and very rich elegance therefor. When Miss Farren began to speak, there was something of the same kind of surprise. The voice was rather heavy; in short, you found yourself suddenly brought face to face with solidity when you expected lightness, volatility, something that was an embodiment of grace; and the manner, though not exactly quiet, was less vivacious than one expected. The impression left was very agreeable; but it was very different from what one would have anticipated. It reminded me a little of the saying of a witty Frenchman that, the day after his marriage, a man may find that his wife is better or he may find that she is worse than he had expected, but it is certain he will find that she is quite different.

This difference between the impression which Nellie Farren made on and off the stage was symptomatic of her life; indeed, it is symptomatic of the life of most favorites of the footlights of her sex, and especially of the particular school of it to which she belonged—the school of musical comedy. The glittering spangles, the make-up as a brilliant and pretty boy of a woman who is a wife and a mother, have no more resemblance to the realities of these women's lives than their impression upon the public in their ordinary lives to the heart and soul which are behind it all. The eternal and ubiquitous law of womanhood remains supreme, with them as with other women; the desire for the consummation of a woman's chief function in life—wifehood and motherhood; wifehood consecrated by an absorbing and faithful affection; motherhood sanctified by tenderness given and received. It was so, I am sure, with Nellie Farren. I have little doubt that the illness which transformed her almost without a second's interval from a thing of brightness, alertness, restlessness, like some flash of light or embodied quicksilver, into a crippled invalid, was largely due to one of those great sorrows which, touching at the roots of the emotions, poison in nature of strong feeling the foundations of life; kill the reasons for living. This is the tragic side of the life of the

popular favorite. It is the side forgotten by themselves often, and forgotten by the world always, when they are still in all the radiance of beauty and success.

These are not the thoughts, however, that would have occurred to anybody as they watched Nellie Farren in those momentous years when she was the leading favorite of the Gaiety Theatre. The old playgoer will, probably, think that there never was such a time on the burlesque stage. Nellie Farren stood out from all her colleagues and contemporaries, but she was surrounded during that period by many very brilliant associates. Who will ever forget Kate Vaughan as she was in her prime? Fairly tall, very frail, almost diaphanous, with brilliant dark eyes, she moved a thing of grace and symmetry, so that dancing with her seemed quite a new achievement. And then there was Fred Leslie, the incomparable artist whose early death was a loss to the stage which has never been recovered. There have been many fine actors since Fred Leslie's death on the comic opera stage; but there was only one Fred Leslie.

But still, it was Nellie Farren who was the chief attraction of the Gaiety stage during the many years she was upon it. It is somewhat difficult to give the reasons for her extraordinary hold upon the public. It could not be said that she had a very good, or even a very agreeable voice; it was somewhat nasal; it hadn't many notes that could be called sweet; and I don't know that she could have been called a musician. Nor were the pieces in which she appeared of any particular merit. I believe a piece like "The Duchess of Dantzic," for instance, far superior to almost anything in which poor Nellie Farren ever appeared. It was in the last resort with her, as with people in very different calls of life—it was her personality that told. Perhaps it was the sense, dim and unconscious, that she had the power of representing so much of the pathos and sorrow of London life that made her so powerful—especially with the boys of the gallery.

A remarkable example of this was her best, and also, perhaps, her best-remembered representation of the *Street Arab* in Reece's "Aladdin." Looking back over all the pieces in which I saw her, it is curious that this is the only song that is at all vividly present to my memory. It was one of those portraits, drawn almost bleeding from life, which make an impression that never fades. She appeared in rags and tatters, and, pathetic as is the figure of the Arab in real life, he was more pathetic when impersonated by Nellie Farren; the fragility, the helplessness, the appeal of the creature were all augmented by the added touch that was given by his being embodied for the moment in the form of a woman. The words of the song seem tame enough now when they appear in cold print; here were the principal ones:

Getting kicked, and howling,
Bobby's grimly scowling,
Wretched little Arab
Forced to roam.

"Hold your little nag, sir?
Take your little bag, sir?
Werry 'ard to live,
Just what you'll give,
Thank you, sir."

But who that heard Nellie Farren singing these words will ever forget them? The stooped head, the outstretched hand, the look in the eyes of suffering, hopeless appeal, the tears in the voice—these gave you the history of the street Arab and revealed his inner soul after a fashion which a novelist of genius could not do in hundreds of pages. Even now it is impossible to recall that wonderful picture without something like a choke, and without aching of the eyes. When I see some of the attacks that are made upon the stage by well-meaning people—although I think the stage far from perfect—I always think of some such piece of portraiture as this, which reaches hearts more directly than thousands of sermons, and teaches lessons of humanity, pity, and the realization of the lives of the poor, that remain a memory and an inspiration—and often in grimy and squalid souls that otherwise would never be reached.

The success with which Nellie Farren was able to create a part like this was not accident, was not mere magnetic personality; it was largely the results of hard work and severe study. Nowadays it sometimes happens that a woman rushes in a few years to almost the first place in the theatrical profession; the mummer and the mummer's wife are no longer the outlaws they were, even in the days of actors and actresses still living. But still there was something wonderful in the training which the actor and actress received in the old days. Nellie Farren belonged to that generation in which the girl started on the stage when she was still a child. Coming of a family that had been theatrical for four generations, she was quite ready for the hard apprenticeship which the stage aspirant had then to go through. She did all kinds of parts, and the curious thing is that her ultimate destination as a boy performer was not the one she herself would have chosen, or, indeed, the one for which she thought she was best suited. This is her own account of her feelings on this point:

My name has always been associated with boys' parts. Yet I know I was mightily offended when I was first offered a part in a burlesque. I wanted to be a tragedienne. I had had a good, sound training in Shakespeare, and I knew I could play *Lady Macbeth*! John Hollingshead thought I couldn't, and so I became a "burlesque boy."

She was still a young woman when she was forced to retire. What destroyed her health? I have suggested that her breakdown was partly due to overstrained emotion, but it was also undoubtedly the result of overwork. In her case, as in the case of so many other people, her big triumph was the disaster in disguise that waits, lurking like some wolfish beast of prey, on the slippering footsteps of every man or woman who has to make a living by professional work. I have compared her to quicksilver, and it literally describes her personality. Even when she had done her own turn on the stage, she was not at rest; in fact, it was impossible ever to imagine her still for a second. I find this account of her by one of her old associates; it corresponds with my own recollection of how she used to impress the playgoer:

No one ever saw her quiet on the stage or

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

By CAROLYN LOWREY.

YOUNG Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is at loss what to do with her old clothes, since her French maid has scorned them. One winter day, in the kindness of her heart, Mrs. Vanderbilt gave her maid an old wrap—a warm, long coat with beautiful revers of otter. The next day Mrs. "Willie" saw the maid going out with a smart jacket on, up-to-date, but very thin, and asked her where the fur-trimmed coat was?

"Ah! Madam," said Marie, "you could not expect me to wear anything so out of style. Why, those coats were worn during the Paris Exposition."

AS Berry Wall passed through the car the other day some one asked, "What is it?" Berry was attired in a gray suit, tan shirt, bright red tie, and a collar that caressed the tops of his ears. An overcoat that resembled a horse blanket, and an umbrella marked B. W. in large gold letters on the handle completed this modest man's attire. The best tailors claim to have measured his clothes, but no one aspires to measuring his brains.

THE young Countess of Yarmouth is having a hard time with all her sweetness and beauty to hold her own in the Mayfair set. She has realized to her sorrow that her husband has few friends in the set he craves. The Earl's thoughts seldom go higher than his feet, which accounts for his nickname, "Earl of Socks." During his reign here as a bad actor he held the attention of the audience by the color and patterns of his Trilby coverings, which he would change twice during an act unless watched by the stage manager. Unfortunately "socks" are not a pass-key to the Mayfair set.

REGGIE VANDERBILT has had a shock. A few people still live in little old New York who do not know him even by sight. Not realizing that such a thing could be possible, "Reggie" jumped into a cab the other day, telling the coachman to drive to

his uncle's, meaning Mr. Freddy Gebhard's. The coachman looked dazed for a moment, then drove to an establishment where three beautiful brass balls hung. This is a true story and, therefore, you probably will not believe it.

MRS. SAMUEL NEWHOUSE is a central figure in all the smart affairs in London. Her pearls, valued at \$250,000, are said to be the handsomest string in Old England. Mr. Samuel Newhouse minus the pearls is entertaining royally at his handsome Salt Lake City home, and is making things lively for the four hundred of the Mormon capital. Cablegrams pass between Mrs. and Mr. Sam every few days.

A SUGGESTION TO POLICE COMMISSIONER MCADOO.

MY DEAR COMMISSIONER:

Before an applicant for the New York police force is appointed he is obliged to pass both a mental and a physical examination.

The latter is especially rigorous and exacting. The embryonic policeman has to raise his chin on a level with a horizontal bar a certain number of times, he is obliged to lift heavy weights, and to perform many other athletic stunts to prove that he is sound in both "wind and limb," as horse traders term it.

He must be able to run sufficiently fast to enable him to overtake a fleeing criminal and he must be sufficiently strong and handy with his fists to come out first best in a hand-to-hand encounter results after he has captured his prisoner.

All this is very fine and new policemen are physically efficient for a few months after their appointment to the force. Then there begins a change that steadily continues. The blue-coated guardian of the peace becomes short of wind, leaden of feet and of marvelous girth. He cannot run a hundred yards in much better time than twenty seconds; and on account of too much good sack and a superfluity of sleep he becomes physically undone so far as efficiency is concerned.

Now, the duties of firemen keep them in

good condition and the routine work of our soldiers and sailors insure their always being in good shape. But can we imagine the average New York policeman forming a human chain from the upper windows of a burning building and thereby saving human lives? Can we imagine the average cop vaulting lightly into a saddle and riding fifty miles, or doing a forced march of twenty-five miles? Surely my powers of imagination are not sufficient to picture such a scene.

The preliminary physical examination of policemen is an excellent scheme, but should not policemen be made to keep in good condition after they have been appointed to the force?

Why would it not be wise to have physical examinations every three or six months, say, and drop from the force or otherwise discipline, all those policemen who do not come up to a certain standard, a certain allowance being made in the standard for increasing years and weight—a kind of "weight for age" allowance, so to speak?

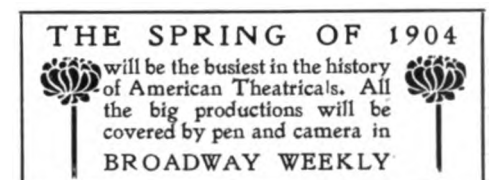
Were this done, fewer prisoners would escape from policemen by means of flight and there would be fewer cases of policemen shooting down escaping prisoners.

O. B. SERVER.

FOR THE HANDS.

WHILE it is generally known that the Forquignon Manufacturing Company are the leaders in the manufacture and sale of manicure supplies of all descriptions, it is probably interesting to many readers to know that this is the pioneer house in America in this particular line of trade. The goods bearing the trade mark "F. B." are the very finest made and are the special choice of the discriminating public.

The Forquignon Manufacturing Company also handle an extensive line of manicure goods put up in leather cases at all prices.



off it. She was always rehearsing or talking or busy about something. Many a time after one of her wonderful turns with poor Fred she has come off the stage trembling, reaching for my hand to steady her, and her heart thumping tumultuously. But she was always ready to take her turn again when it came along.

When she left England and went on tour in Australia she received a welcome of which an empress might have been proud—there never was a more successful trip. And then she came back after this absence to the Gaiety once more, and again her reception was such as a crowned head might feel proud of, and as few crowned heads would receive. The audience, indeed, went almost hysterical; there was one of those outbursts of infectious enthusiasm in which all the typical reserve of the race breaks down. In the middle of that scene of almost unparalleled triumph, he would have been a bold man who would have prophesied that three years later—while still a young woman—the bright creature who stood sobbing in joy on the stage would be

a helpless invalid. Yet so it was. It was just three years after this hour of extraordinary glory that Nellie Farren suddenly found that the volatile body had become simply a prison house—inert, immutable, useless, often merely the vehicle of poignant pain. The hand of misfortune lay heavily upon her—the deaths of some she loved, then an unfortunate theatrical speculation, and then, apparently, the black pall of poverty seemed to be the inevitable ending of her as of so many of those who have lit up two generations of men with their laughter and their genius. To the credit of human nature, the worst of one of these calamities was avoided. The story of the great Nellie Farren benefit is fresh in everybody's memory; and it has been re-told several times during the last few days.

The benefit—as is known—took place on St. Patrick's Day, 1898, and never did a benefit create such intense excitement, or draw such huge prices—430 stalls fetched five guineas

each, and there were 400 "rovers' tickets," as they were called, sold for a guinea each, although they did not entitle the holder to a seat. The gallery boys sat up all night to be present on the occasion, and every member of the theatrical profession eagerly lent his help. The result was the magnificent sum of £7,000 (\$35,000). This, invested—and heavily supplemented—by friends like the Rothschilds, brought in a handsome annuity; and the last days of Nellie Farren, though clouded by illness, were free from the dark cloud of poverty. Now and then she appeared for just a moment, and recently I read that she was seen taking dinner with an old friend in a London restaurant. Her youth never seemed to desert her, and in the end death seems to have come peacefully, though sooner than was expected. Light may the grass lie upon her ashes, poor little thing—embodiment and epitome of many of the ironies and contrasts of life.

M. A. P.

POMMERY

The Standard for Champagne
QUALITY
The World Over

MEN WHO ARE ENTITLED TO BE CLASSED AS CONNOISSEURS
NEVER ORDER *Champagne*, MERELY, BUT SPECIFY POMMERY.

MR. TREE COACHES THE SPRIGS.

IT is interesting, if not exciting, to know that Herbert Beerbohm Tree, probably the worst star actor on the English-speaking stage, has opened a school of acting in London. While it would be difficult to contemplate any greater dramatic horror than a pest of poor misguided young men and women, who have been inoculated with the Tree virus and have scattered what they don't know about the gentle art of acting all over the country, it must be admitted that London rather accepts Mr. Tree at a fair percentage of his own valuation. Consequently, the opening of his new Academy of Dramatic Art was made important by the presence of some of the most prominent distinguished stage folk in England.

A London correspondent writes BROADWAY WEEKLY as follows:

On Monday afternoon Mr. Beerbohm Tree, at His Majesty's Theatre, formally opened his new Academy of Dramatic Art, supported by and in the presence of a very representative

audience. On his right was Sir Squire Bancroft, and on his left Mr. John Hare; while surrounding him on the stage were Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Rosina Filippi, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Esmé Beringer, Mr. Comyns Carr, Mr. Arthur Collins, Mr. Haddon Chambers, Mr. Murray Carson, Mr. George Edwardes, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. H. V. Esmond, Mr. Louis N. Parker, Mr. Dion Boucicault, Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. Herbert Waring, Captain Marshall, Mr. Edward Rose, Mr. J. H. Barnes, Mr. Fred Kerr, and Mr. James Fernandez.

Mr. Tree, who on rising was received with cheers, explained fully the scope and objects of the School, which briefly may be summarized thus: Acting cannot be taught, but all the technique of the art can. Although every necessary branch of education in stagecraft would be specially imparted, main reliance would be placed on the actual rehearsal of dramatic works under experienced supervision. Among those who had offered, in the capacity of "visitors" to the School, to undertake this work were Sir Squire and Lady Ban-

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an old English candy that I am introducing into this country. Its exquisite flavor has made it popular in Great Britain and the same quality is creating a demand for it in this country. I have put it on the American market because I know American people like good things. Ask your dealer to supply you with Mackintosh's Toffee. Try him first. You can, however, buy a handsome family tin weighing four lbs. for \$1.60 by mail. Large sample package sent for 10 cents in stamps.

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croft, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Dion Boucicault, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Mr. R. C. Carton, Mr. Haddon Chambers, Mr. J. Comyns Carr, Miss Winifred Emery, Mr. H. V. Esmond, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Sydney Grundy, Mr. John Hare, Mr. Martin Harvey, Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Fred Kerr, Capt. Marshall, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur W. Pinero, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Edward Rose, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Edward Terry, Mr. Fred Terry, Mrs. Tree, Mr. Herbert Waring, and Mrs. John Wood.

Insisting on the fact that practical and common-sense lines would be followed throughout, Mr. Tree caused considerable amusement by reading an "examination paper" as an example of the sort of education which would not be attempted. This curious document ran:—

ELUCUTION.

1. Classify Gesture. Which, in your opinion, are the most important gestures, and why?
2. Distinguish Accent and Emphasis. What is meant by Transposition of Emphasis? Give an example.
3. What do you understand by Ellipsis? Explain fully the application of Modulation of The Voice.

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41 West 24th Street, NEW YORK



APPROACHING HOTEL CONVENTION INTERESTS BONIFACES.

[By CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM.]

A MOTOR RUN ON A BIG SCALE.

ONE of the features that the New York City Hotel Association is to introduce for the entertainment of the visiting delegates to the annual hotel convention, in this city, in June, will be a big automobile trip to Coney Island. The convention takes place in the early part of June. On the 10th of June the delegates are to be taken to Coney Island where the day is to be spent. Arrangements have been made to take down in motor cars over 700 people. After seeing the sights of the Island, the entire party is to be entertained at Luna Park, a big clambake marking the closing of the day's outing.

The committee was anxious to serve the delegates a banquet at the Manhattan Beach Hotel on that day, and wrote to Mr. Silleck, the manager of the hotel, to see if such could be done. As the hotel does not open until the 14th, Silleck replied that as much as Mr. Austin Corbin, the real "boss" of Manhattan Beach, would like to entertain the delegates, it would be impossible to do so, as all arrangements had been made for the opening of the hotel on the date fixed and it was too late to alter the arrangements.

All conventions have their humorous as well as their serious aspects. At the last annual convention in this city, which occurred about seven years ago,

a trip about the harbor was one of the incidents. The impression is that the Iron Steamboat Company donated the use of one of its boats for the occasion. A well-known hotel proprietor, of this city, supplied an elaborate lunch, the flowers and the food being abundant and the pride the Boniface in question took in making it known that he had contributed the collation was beautiful and inspiring to witness. After the convention was over, and the delegates had returned to their homes, the City Association in paying the bills for entertaining, found one for \$374 for breakage on the Iron Steamboat from the Boniface that had "contributed" the lunch. The bill was paid.

A MODERN MILTON.

BYRON, in one of his Hebrew Melodies, says, "Quickly string the harp. I must weep, or else this heavy heart will burst." It must have been such a sentiment that has caused Milton Roblee to burst into song, or to be more exact, to cause him to publish and to distribute his "Belleclair Waltz." Friends of Milton during the past week have received a copy of the waltz, which, on the title page, is said to have been composed by Henry Kessler, leader of the Belleclair orchestra, but people who claim to know Roblee's accomplishments, insist upon saying that it was he, and not Kessler, that has given to the world that exquisite song without words, the "Belleclair Waltz." John Milton, in his blindness, saw much in the world that was beautiful, at the same time much that was reprehensible. Milton, of upper Broadway, in the fullness of joy and with music in his heart, gives vent to that joy in publishing the composition that is now being sent broadcast.

CAFE MARTIN AND THE SUBWAY.

MAYBE it's a good thing J. B. Martin is abroad, otherwise he would be greatly cut up over the havoc the subway people are making in the street fronting the Broadway entrance to his establishment. McDonald, and his clan, have started to rip up things at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-sixth street and, with the scaffolding that covers the sidewalk, entrance to the Café Martin is far from being a pleasant task. J. B. Martin is not the only one that has cause to complain over the pecuniary losses and inconvenience on account of the building of the subway. Along upper Broadway the hotels and restaurants for a long time did hardly any business, so difficult was it for the public to enter from the street. The "Palais aux Homard," on Long Acre Square, sent up many a howl over the condition of the streets outside of their establishments, and now along comes the digger with his shovel to let Martin know how it feels to have a pile of dust and rock stacked up by his doorway. Well, every dark cloud has a silver lining. All these diggings and dirt heaps mean "Fifteen Minutes to Harlem." That may be a consolation to the people of Madison Square. It's doubtful, though.

ART VERSUS HOTEL KEEPING.

IN the minds of New Yorkers New Dorp, Staten Island, is associated with a rural cemetery, its claim to distinction being the massive and rich tomb that the Vanderbilt family has erected in the cemetery grounds.

At New Dorp down by the beach, overlooking the lower bay, is the New Dorp Beach Hotel, owned and conducted by Edward Hett. The property is very valuable. Hett came into his money in a very unusual way—a way that reflects great credit—by his intelligence. By trade Hett is a lithographer. Some years ago he invented what is known as the multi-color printing process, by which many colors are printed from one impression, instead of each color being printed from individual impressions. The invention revolutionized the art of lithography at once. Hett's invention was taken up at once by all the leading printing concerns throughout the world, and he realized between one hundred and fifty and two hundred thousand dollars. It is said that if certain people had acted honestly with him his share would have been nearly \$300,000. With his newly acquired fortune, Hett went to Staten Island, and bought the New Dorp property and erected a very imposing hotel on the grounds, the old hotel building that stood there when he made the purchase, having been

destroyed by fire last year. It's a long step between lithography and hotel-keeping, but Hett seems to like the change and the hopes he has in the increase in value of his land may soften the many heartaches he is sure to encounter in conducting a seaside hotel.

HENRY BUILT A THEATRE INSTEAD.

INSTEAD of building a hotel in New Orleans, Henry Lehman has built a theatre and has rented it to Jake Wells for ten years. Young Lehman, who is of the firm of A. Lehman & Co., a well-known wholesale dry goods firm of the Crescent City, for some time past had been trying to interest some bankers in New Orleans to go with him into building a big hotel in that city. That the town needs such a hotel no one who has been in New Orleans during the busy season will gainsay. The plan was to erect a hotel which would include a high-class restaurant, and in every way characteristic of the leading New York hotels. Henry could not succeed and, in despair, he went off and built with his own money a theatre. Henry is young, ambitious, and has a lot of cash. Some day, perhaps, his hopes of putting up a hotel in his native city may be realized.

(Continued on page 18)

SUMMER HOTELS.

THE EDMERE CLUB

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The EdmERE Club, heretofore conducted as the EdmERE Hotel, will be prepared to accommodate members, their families and guests on and after June 15. Rooms shown by appointment.

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Superb appointments for After Theatre Parties.

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SPLENDID RESTAURANT, TABLE D'HOTE and A LA CARTE.
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IN

"WANG."

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George Ade's Quaint Comedy

The County Chairman.

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TWENTY-THIRD STREET,
FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET,

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH STREET
Splendid Shows Small Prices

APPROACHING HOTEL CON-
VENTION INTERESTS
BONIFACES.

(Continued from page 17)

THEY HATE TO PART WITH THE
CASH.

THE committee that was appointed
by the City Hotel Association to
solicit subscriptions to the fund
from which to pay the expense of en-
tertaining the delegates to the annual
convention, which takes place in this
city the first week in June, has not had
a very easy time of it. Though the
committee formed was made up of quite
a number of the members of the Associa-
tion, the real work was done, and is being

done, by A. E. Dick, of the Hotel
Grenoble, and George W. Sweeney, of
the Victoria. Boldt, of the Waldorf-
Astoria subscribed \$500, John Wana-
maker gave \$200, and many of the firms
that supply hotels contributed gener-
ously. The hotel men have given good-
sized sums, with one or two exceptions.
One well-known restaurant, in fact, one
of the leading "lobster palaces" of the
city, refused to give one penny towards
entertaining the hotel men that are
coming to New York as delegates to the
convention. The proprietor gave as a
reason for refusing that the coming con-
vention was to be nothing more than a
"big drunk." Another hotel proprietor

in refusing, which he did in a very
lofty manner, said he had no interest in
what the Hotel Association did, as he
was not even a member.

This must be very comforting to the
Association that has done so much to
advance the hotel interests of this city.
During the recent session of the Legis-
lature at Albany thirty-five bills inimical
to the interests of the hotels of this
State were introduced, which, if they
had been passed, would have affected
the hotel industry adversely. The As-
sociation succeeded in killing thirty-four
of the bills, and still there are hotel men
who can see no value in being members
of the Association.

CASINO, Broadway and 39th Street.
Telephone, 6020 & 6726—38.
Eve'gs at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.

Fred C. Whitney presents

PIFF, PAFF, POUF.

Book by Stanislaus Stange.
Lyrics by William Jerome.
Music by Jean Schwartz.

BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st St. & B'way.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Jacob Litt, Proprietor.

Henry W. Savage offers

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

in the new Comic Opera

THE YANKEE CONSUL

CRITERION THEATRE, B'way & 44th St.
Ev'gs 8:20. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

Charles Frohman presents

WILLIAM COLLIER

in RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S Farce

THE DICTATOR

GARRICK THEATRE, 35th St. & B'way.
Ev'gs 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.

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AMELIA BINGHAM

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MAJESTIC, Grand Circle, B'way & 59th St.
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IN

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FROM CHINA

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MISS MARLOWE AS PARTHENIA.

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Music by Frederick Coit Wight.

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HENRIETTA CROSMAN

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SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS

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On 1.10 train from Long Island City special parlor car for club members.

Leave NEW YORK TERMINUS OF THE BRIDGE,
via 5th Ave. Elevated, every 12 minutes from 10.05 A. M. to 12.05 P. M.; from 12.05
P. M. every 3 minutes hereafter. All elevated trains will stop at City Hall, Bridge St.,
Fulton St., Flatbush Ave., 9th St., 16th St., 25th St. and 36th St.

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every twenty minutes from 12 M.
Greenpoint Ferries via Tompkins-Lorimer Line.
Grand St. and Broadway Ferries via Reid Ave. Line.
Park Row, New York, via Vanderbilt Ave. and Court St. Line.
Hamilton Ferry via 15th St. Line.

Admission to Grand Stand, \$2. Admission to Field Stand 75c
MUSIC BY LANDER.



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MRS. LEVICK AS QUEEN ELIZABETH IN "DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL."



From a portrait by Otto Sarony Company, New York.

MRS. LEVICK IN PRIVATE LIFE.

ADA LEVICK, DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN CHARACTER ACTRESS.

WHEN "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" made its bow to the public this season its cast held a clever woman in Mrs. Ada Levick, who as *Queen Elizabeth* stood out like an oasis in a desert.

Mrs. Levick gave to Miss Galland's stage painting of *Dorothy Vernon* the part that tells—the perspective.

The rôle of this dominant queen was in the hands of an artist, portrayed by a woman who held the interest of her audience to the end by a finished bit of work, especially in the fourth act, when Mrs. Levick rose

to the occasion and carried the people with her.

Ada Levick is a handsome woman with a superb figure, and face instinct with high thought, but it is her voice which is her greatest charm. It is a marvelous voice, perfect in intonation, distinct in enunciation, and rich and full in expression. It is a voice which, whether heard on the stage or in private life, one learns to listen to, and in listening, desires to hear again.

Her career started with David Belasco, under whom she became mistress of the dramatic alphabet. Mrs. Levick's work as the wife in "The Auctioneer" with David Warfield proved that Mr. Bel-

asco seldom goes astray in the selection of a player.

The finest work of her life was done while with Mme. Modjeska. During the engagement of 1897 she played the difficult rôle of *Lady Macbeth* at twenty-four hours' notice owing to the illness of Mme. Modjeska.

Her *Ophelia* and *Emilia* were splendidly handled—the realism of her portrayal in the discovery of the death of *Desdemona* aroused her audience to enthusiasm.

Mrs. Levick is wonderfully adapted to Shakespearean rôles: imbued with a fine intelligence she clothes the part as if she were born to the age.

THE EDITOR'S CHAT OF BROADWAY AND ITS PEOPLE.

A MOST amazing story is being discussed in undertones in the cafés and other resting places around Broadway. This story has to do with a certain millionaire who departed this life some weeks ago. The papers made much ado about him. He undoubtedly was a fine type of man, was prominent in finance and politics and was generally looked upon as a typical American. It must be admitted that his private life had not been entirely free from various affairs of the heart. While a man considerably past middle age, he went a pretty rapid pace, but was seldom criticized and never upbraided in the papers; so tremendous was his wealth, so great his influence and so high his position in city and nation.

For some years prior to his death, this millionaire had shown many attentions to, and been seen much in the company of, a certain beautiful woman who has been in the public eye for some years. This woman who is barely more than forty, has had a most picturesque career, not entirely free from the ill-natured gossip of busybodies. She had been married, and divorced. Her leaning has always been towards men of wealth and distinction, although the latter is much more necessary in her eyes than the former. Among this handsome woman's other admirers was a well-known man about town, a young man whose father had left him millions, who was not unknown in Wall Street and who was a member of the racing crowd, although not a horse owner himself. He, too, had been seen often in the company of the beauty at the races, on the Speedway, at Claremont and other places where the careless congregate. He had watched his older and wealthier opponent with considerable jealousy and it is known that he had lost his temper over the matter several times.

Not long ago the millionaire died. It was reported that he had been afflicted with an ordinary disease and the daily newspapers saw nothing suspicious in any of the circumstances leading up to or surrounding his demise.

Lately the busy tongue of rumor has been wagging. It is reported that the millionaire's death was not due to natural causes and that it has already cost his family in the neighborhood of \$200,000 to hush up the real truth of the matter. The story, after the spasmodic pieces are welded together, reads something like this:

A few days before his death, the millionaire with a woman who shall be nameless, were dining *tele-a-tele* in a restaurant not far from Longacre Square. It is not one of the very swell restaurants of New York, so that you can save something by the process of elimination. While they were laughing and chatting, the younger admirer of the woman walked into the restaurant and was invited to sit at the table (which, by the way, was not in the main dining room). The story goes that the younger man then upbraided the false one, who was protected by her elderly companion. Hot words and still hotter words ensued, until finally both lost their tempers and the elderly struck the younger in the mouth. Almost instantly there was a flash, the report of a small revolver, and the elderly man lay prone on the floor, shot through the stomach. The woman promptly fainted.

The wounded man was removed to his city home and every one who had any knowledge of the case, from the very moment that the pistol was fired, was placated into silence by a liberal supply of money, furnished both by the man with the pistol and the family of the sufferer. The latter died in a few days and it is said that at least two well-known New York physicians gravely closed their eyes at the real cause of death and made their statements to the press and the public with due solemnity.

It is said that the woman in the case is on the verge of nervous prostration.

All of which, if true—and those who do not usually spend their time on canards, are discussing the case seriously—is an astounding instance of how things may after all be kept from the busy daily newspapers.

THE passing of Joseph Humphreys was but a martyrdom to loyalty and duty. Humphreys had been in no shape physically for more than a year to do work of any kind, and, in fact, should have been in Arizona or in the Adirondacks. Charles Frohman induced Humphreys to go West a couple of years ago, and wanted him to stay there. Alf. Hayman, and, in fact, the whole Frohman office, tried to have Humphreys take Mr. Frohman's advice. Humphreys, however, insisted on returning and taking up his work again. This certainly was not on account of financial worries, because Mr. Frohman's well-known generosity with his own people precluded any possibility of this sort. Humphreys, however, could no more get along without the whirr and stir of theatricals, than he could without his beloved cigarette. His loyalty was of the kind that made him want to do everything he could at all times for the man and the interest in which his life was wrapped up.

Joe Humphreys had been for years a mere bundle of nerves. He had lived entirely on his vitality. At one time he smoked, I believe, on an average of fifty cigarettes a day, but the doctor later forbade his smoking at all and he was finally compelled to reduce this frightful figure. Everything that Humphreys did was done feverishly. I remember once, about ten years ago, having spent twenty-four hours with him. It was about the time that Cissie Fitzgerald had made a hit with her wink. Charles Frohman engaged her to appear as a special attraction with some company in Philadelphia—I think it was "The New Boy," in which James T. Powers was starring. Early in the forenoon, Humphreys spent two hours at a rehearsal at a New York theatre. We caught a noon train for Philadelphia, arriving at the theatre about three o'clock, where the company had assembled for rehearsal. There was just time for dinner at night, and then back to the theatre again, where Humphreys took charge of the stage for the evening, returning to New York on the midnight train, all ready for another rehearsal the next forenoon. Mind you, Mr. Frohman did not want him to do this. He simply insisted on doing it himself, and no one could stop him. During all this time I was with him, there was scarcely a moment when he was not smoking a cigarette.

There is no one who during the past years has left a pleasanter memory than Joe Humphreys. He was a gentleman by instinct and had nothing of the snarling, raging stage manager about him. To the young women in the various companies with which he was connected, he was kind even when most exact. Behind his severest look there was always the illuminating gleam of a kindly nature. I have before me, as I write, a letter penned by Humphreys in answer to one I sent him with congratulations on his return to his stage duties in New York. His reply was characteristic and full of the humanity of the man and his love of living. There is one line, however, which today sounds almost prophetic:

"I will buckle down to work again and stay in harness for years to come—if God is willing."

And this is a little sidelight on the life of gentle, winning, loyal Joe Humphreys.

Requiescat in pace.

THE daily papers have had considerable to say about Ethel Barrymore's appearance as *Cynthia* but little attention has been paid to Miss Barrymore's social conquests during this trip to London. There is no other actress who has one-half of Miss Barrymore's popularity with the real society crowd in London. She has been taken up there as the real thing. This does not mean that some champagne boomer invites her to the races. If you understand that the county sets of England are, in some respects, the most exclusive in the world, and that the London crowd is the most exclusive of all, you will get some idea of what Miss Barrymore's conquest means. Practically everybody in this set has a handle to his or her name, and one which, like that renowned in "Pinafore," is lustrous if not always illustrious. Miss Barrymore is in the eyes of England a typical American actress, and in taking her up, London pays a compliment to the entire American stage.

Last week I had a paragraph about Trixie Friganza. This young woman has also been taken up by a London set which isn't quite Society and never hopes to be. During her various picturesque visits to London, Miss Friganza has been the center of an admiring

crowd that engages tables at the Cecil and Carleton, which drinks wine prodigiously, laughs loudly and has a good time in a blustering sort of way. Miss Friganza also has been accepted as a type of American actress, which isn't at all complimentary to the profession. She is hardly your shrinking type of modest flower. She and Molly Thompson and Fannie Ward, before the latter became a millionaire's wife, and a number of other girls, contributed to the spirit of old Covent Garden balls, much more than London itself ever has done.

PAULA EDWARDES in a cab is a setback for the pessimists. I saw her the other day riding along through Herald Square, and let it be sung out from the housetops: She was not hanging over the dashboard, smiling at everybody or throwing kisses at the policemen, which is so like the manner of a few of our Broadwayites. It is announced that Miss Edwardes is to continue to play in "Winsome Winnie" next season, but during the spring of 1905 she will be seen in a new production. Miss Edwardes takes the honors of her starhood very lightly. It is not so many years ago that she did not ride in cabs and was not a star. Those days were not entirely full of sunshine and salary did not come in too regularly or in too generous amounts. Therefore, it is pleasant to note that this little woman with the sunny smile, and the comedy manner that is worth a fortune on the stage, can accept the new order of things in her fortune with equanimity and without changing the size of her hat bandeau every week.

WHEN John Malone, the actor, placed his stamp of approval on the prompt books left the New York Public Library by the late James Becks, the profession was ready to accept them at their full value. John Malone is probably the best Shakesporean scholar in America to-day. His is a knowledge both practical and academic. Shakesperea has been a life-study to him and there is not a great play written by the Bard with which he is not thoroughly familiar, and in many cases he can recite page after page. Malone has been with Booth, Barrett, and in fact all the great masters of their art and is still in harness. He makes his headquarters at the Players' Club.

HE was getting out of the cab at one of the Eighteenth street entrances of Siegel & Cooper's big shop. He looked well groomed, and in his step was the elasticity of youth. He did not seem to be weighted down by the many and vast responsibilities which rested on his big, broad shoulders. It was Jerome Siegel, Civil Service Commissioner, and typical young New Yorker, making a morning call at the dry goods emporium. Mr. Siegel is only about twenty-five, but already he has become an important figure of metropolitan life.

THE Sight-seeing Coach was on its way uptown, and the young man with the buzz-saw voice was telling about the wonders of the town. "Over there," said he, with a wave of his hand, "is Madison Square Garden, where Mr. Dowie camped last winter, and where he nearly converted one New Yorker. Here," said he, a little further up, "is Robber's Roost. You will note that it has a fine front and looks big, wherein it resembles its tenants. There you will find the merry pool room, the genial con man and the various and many gentlemen who make easy and somewhat uncertain livings along Broadway." He was then in front of the Bijou Theatre. "Ah," said he, with a break in his voice, "there lives the Morgan of theatricals. His initials are H. B. S., which translated, means Hungry, But Sober. He has a great many friends in the legal profession, and would you believe it, some lawyers are so fond of him that they often wait for hours for him to come out. But," and here his voice sank to a mysterious whisper, "there is always another door."

MR. and **MRS. J. E. DODSON**, the latter known as Annie Irish, by consistently adhering to a sane business and artistic policy, to-day find themselves one of the most prominent stage couples in America. Miss Irish, who gave delightful and charming performances of the *Duchess* in "The Two Orphans" (although she didn't look old enough by ten years to be the blind girl's mother), is to star next fall, while Mr. Dodson will be seen as *Pierre* in "The Two Orphans." This character actor will be excellent in the rôle in which James O'Neil appeared at the New Amsterdam Theatre.

ONE of the best-known of the younger set of New York theatrical managers is Mark Luescher, who will preside over the business affairs at the Aerial Roof Garden this summer. Mr. Luescher held an important position of trust with the Shuberts before he went with Klaw & Erlanger. He is the type of theatrical business manager who does not believe that courtesy is incompatible with strict attention to the interests of his employers. He was on the road season before last, but during the past winter has been the business manager of the New Amsterdam.

CLARA MORRIS has written a play. She has been prominent as a writer in the magazines for the past three or four years, but even her closest friends have not suspected that she has had ambitions in the direction of play-writing. Miss Morris's stories show that she has a sense of humor and an appreciation of the dramatic, and these with her long stage experience, should enable her to write a good play. Whether the manuscript has been placed for production, I do not know. Do not be surprised any one of these days to hear that it has.

L. J. RODRIGUEZ has in the Midget City one of the strongest attractions at Coney Island. This little city, with its opera house, fire department and street-cleaning brigade in miniature, its circus and its theatre, is an exposition in itself. It is one of the highest-priced attractions that has ever been seen at a summer resort and should net its projectors a handsome sum every week during the season. When it is understood that the cost of opening the Midget City, including the passage of one hundred midgets from the Continent, was over \$90,000, it can readily be understood what a big slashing show it is.

ANDREW MACK has adopted Coney Island for his very own. He has a fishing pool concession in Dreamland, and seems to get as much fun out of this sport as do visitors to his place. He shares with Marie Dressler, Louis Mann and Peter F. Dailey the stage honors among the Coney Island concessionaires.

GEORGE W. MONROE, with Brother Bob in tow, is occasionally seen on the Rialto making preparations for the coming season. Every once in a while Robert and G. W. refuse to be loving brothers any longer. Then you see them together again and all's well. Robert must really be a very trying gentleman to get along with sometimes. His is not a conventional nature, although I rather doubt the truth of the story they tell about Robert during the days when he was not a total abstainer. It is said that once when "My Aunt Bridget" company was billed to appear in Toronto, Robert took the train for Richmond, Va., and then telegraphed back to New York and asked why in the devil the company hadn't shown up.

WHEN the Considines, John and George, acquired the catering privileges at "Dreamland," they believed they had a pretty good thing, but it looks now as if this season alone would net them a fortune. The Considines started in with the idea of making it a first-class restaurant and not built on the average Coney Island lines. They naturally carried with them the Broadway crowd, to say nothing of the hordes of visitors to "Dreamland," and in consequence the original seating capacity of 1,000 has been found altogether inadequate and it was found necessary to increase it. Dinner parties to "Dreamland" have never become quite a fad with New Yorkers. On a recent evening I saw a large number of notables seated at various tables. Among these were David Belasco, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Acton Davies, Senator P. F. McCarren, and with a crowd at a table overlooking the ocean, sat Bob Fitzsimmons, with his new but not blushing bride.

I NOTE that Charles Frohman and Paul Potter have been dining together in London, which probably means the playwright has something new up his sleeve. It is often remarked by members of the theatrical and newspaper professions that it is strange Paul Potter has not written more plays than have been credited to his name. Potter believes in taking it easy. He worked hard enough when he was in the newspaper business and there was no more enthusiastic plodder than Potter when as foreign editor of the New York *Herald* he could spin a two-line cable into a column story. There has never been in New York a better posted writer than this same Potter. I

worked with him on *Truth* years ago, and I can remember to-day with envy how, with equal facility, he could turn out a sledge-hammer paragraph against the banality of prize fighting and then turn with equal fervor to a discussion of Christian science or Buddhism. Nothing was too commonplace or too mystic for treatment by his well-pointed pencil, which could write a clean one thousand words on an ordinary letter-head. His writing was almost as small as that of Alan Dale's—probably the smallest, prettiest and most exasperating to type-setters in the country.

Potter made a fortune out of "Trilby." He had long before made up his mind that when he got hold of enough money he would go to Italy and live with his pretty young wife, who, I think, is an Italian. He kept his word, for he has been on the Continent practically all the time for the past seven years. While he has written some plays since, "Trilby" has made him more money than all the others put together. Potter has had on the stocks for a couple of years the most ambitious work of his career. Perhaps Mr. Frohman will tell us later all about it.

NOW that all Europe is talking about "The Daughter of Jorio," attention is called once more to that queer literary genius, D'Annunzio. This undoubted wizard of dramatic art can take unto his twisted soul the balm of self-conceit, for he is the only man that Eleanore Duse ever loved. She has said so herself. No one who has ever seen Duse in "Camille" can believe that this woman's delineation of the rôle is built entirely on art. Most of it is self and suffering. She is one of those women whose soul rather than body lives. She has been on the verge of collapse for years, yet she appears season after season, and each new appearance adds to the art of the contemporaneous stage.

There is not the slightest doubt that D'Annunzio has acted like a beast through it all. He, too, has the artistic soul, but it is built on the narrowest, shallowest, most selfish lines. With one, love meant sacrifice and the giving up of whatever there is in life. With the other it meant mere acceptance. Probably there has never been in the history of letters a more shameless misuse of the heart pangs of a woman or a more dastardly perversion of the sacredness of love than D'Annunzio's exploitation of Duse's affection for him before the eyes of a curious world. If an American were to make money out of the sufferings of a pale, slight woman, he would be condemned by every decent person in the country. D'Annunzio, however, happens to be a Continental, and we, therefore, call him a genius. Thus does geography change sentiment.

NOTWITHSTANDING the death of William F. Howe, and the appointment to the bench of Joseph F. Moss, the office of Howe & Hummel still stands practically the same as it has for a number of years. A. H. Hummel, "the little giant of the bar," is, of course, still the head of the concern. With him are associated Benjamin Steinhardt, one of the best constitutional lawyers in this city and an authority on the racing law; David May, Nathaniel Cohen, A. H. Kaffenburgh and I. N. Jacobson. Mr. Hummel, who went abroad last year, will remain in America this summer, as the number and importance of the many cases he has in hand do not permit him to get away except for a short vacation. A list of Howe & Hummel's theatrical clients would, by the way, look like a roster of the profession.

HERE'S what a London writer says about the man who is to marry our own black-haired Bijou Fernandez:

W. L. Abingdon, the famous Adelphi "villain," is one of the most popular of men off the stage, and, nominally, one of the most unpopular on it. For him, at least, the "boo," of which so much—indeed too much—has been heard lately, has no terrors, and to him the goose is not the bird of ill-omen it is to the majority of actors. But, if Mr. Abingdon's name will always be associated with Adelphi drama, it must not be forgotten that he is a first-rate exponent of comedy, and during his recent tour in America, whither he went for a ten-weeks' engagement and ended by staying fifteen months, he practically played nothing but comedy. And with signal success.

In America, says Mr. Abingdon, the thing that struck him most was the appetite of American people for novelty, especially in plays. "Candida" had a long and prosperous run in New York, and "Everyman," too, has "caught on" there. When he was up in the Rockies—at Victor, Colorado, to be precise—the bill of the play that had been performed on the previous night was still visible on some of the hoardings. And what do you think it was? Ibsen's "Ghosts"!

Of Americans and American institutions, Mr. Abingdon speaks,

on the whole, with enthusiasm. But he does not like the American waiter. If you call "Waiter!" in a restaurant, the usual reply, he says, is: "Say, you jest wait!" And the American waiter never deems himself by saying "Thank you" for a tip, though he pockets it with alacrity.

Mr. Abingdon is, perhaps, best pictured by saying that in appearance he is very like Mr. Pinero, particularly in—dare we say?—the "thinness on the top," and the dark insistent eyebrows, above long, almond-shaped and most intelligent brown eyes. He is, as already said, a most popular man with all and sundry. As regards his plans for the future, he avows that he is going into musical comedy, but very possibly the statement is not to be taken *au grand sérieux*.

Mr. Abingdon is, no doubt, all right and will make a good husband—but, how about the waiter who yells "Say, you jest wait!" Where did Mr. Abingdon discover him—at Lyon's in the Bowery?

IT is a libel to say that people of the stage are not studious or have no cultivated admiration for the finest examples to be found in booktown. What do you think of a woman who pays \$1,800 for a copy of Shakespeare with special hand-painted plates? Fannie Rice, before sailing to Europe, made such a purchase from George M. Burleigh, of the Bibliophile Society. This Shakespeare was bought for the actress's young daughter. Another big sale made by Mr. Burleigh was that of a Voltaire, for \$1,460, Shakespeare with hand-painted plates, for \$6,000, and a 200-volume set of "Courtiers and Favorites"—all to Lulu Glaser. Miss Glaser's library is in her house at 472 West End avenue and in quality if not size, is one of the finest in the country to-day.

JAMES T. POWERS looked warm, somewhat uncomfortable and very hurried. He came out of the Flatiron Building, made a dash for an uptown car, missed it and looked at the policeman in service at the crossing, as if he were to blame. Then he took the next car and disappeared from view. It was James T. Powers back to his own Broadway and looking as if he were not exactly tickled to death.

A GOOD-LOOKING blond man, standing over six feet one way, and many broad inches the other, is familiar to the frequenters of Broadway restaurants, and Sheepshead track and other resorts around New York. He is Robert Vernon, a representative of Pommery and an ex-actor. Whether the ex- will become permanent or not, depends upon circumstances. He has not been on the stage for some seasons, and from his present prosperous appearance, it is probable that he will not return to the footlights in the near future. Nellie Hawthorne, of the Hawthorne Sisters, is Mrs. Robert Vernon in private life. It is not generally known, by the way, that Mr. Vernon is a member of a well-known and wealthy English family of Chester, England, where the cathedrals come from.

DR. J. H. WOODBURY, the man who knows all about faces, is for the present lost to Broadway and the Speedway. The doctor, who is one of the best-known horsemen in New York, is the owner of a hotel near Seagate, Coney Island. Outside of an occasional flyer in Wall Street, there are few things that would bring him to New York this time of the year. Dr. Woodbury is wealthy and does not have to worry about his gas or Ruinart bills.

"SEE that man over there!" said my companion, pointing to a clean-cut man who was evidently a New Yorker. "That's E. Trowbridge Hall, one of the partners in the firm of Rogers, Peet & Company. A few years ago, Hall was working for about \$20 a week. One day he turned in some ideas for daily newspaper advertising; they were used and made such a hit that he has been writing the advertising copy for his firm ever since, and to-day is a member of the firm of Martin, Hall & Chambers, which controls Rogers, Peet & Company. That's pretty good for a young man to accomplish in a few years."

WHILE walking through Twenty-fourth street the other day, the vacant windows and dusty doorways of the Zangheri Hotel were reminders of the past life of the block. There was a time when this particular block was one of the briskest in New York. Some years ago, B. J. Falk moved his photograph gallery from the old building he had occupied on the site of the present Flatiron, and for years afterward West Twenty-fourth street was widely frequented by theatrical folk. The rest of the building was turned into a hotel by Mr.

Falk. Three or four years ago, he moved to his establishment up in the Waldorf-Astoria, and later the old hotel was changed to the Zangheri. Since the Falk departure, however, the building has gone to ruin and to-day is a wraith of its former self.

M. ROOSEVELT SCHUYLER is one of the well-known clubmen about New York, who is as familiar to Broadwayites as to the Fifth avenue crowd. Mr. Schuyler is not Bohemian in the foolish or undignified sense of the term. Neither is he a good fellow to the extent of being an idiot. He is a suave, dignified man, of thorough metropolitan breeding and carriage, and comes of one of the old Knickerbocker families of which New York boasts. He is a frequent first-nighter and popular with his club fellows.

RECEIVED over the Hot Air Line! Your correspondent has just learned that George Fuller Golden has bought two new theatres in Berlin, six in Paris and ten or twelve (I forget which) in Vienna. Mr. Golden will sail for New York in a few years, for the purpose of putting Proctor, Keith and the other small fry out of the business. J. Pierpont Morgan called on Mr. Golden some weeks ago, but the Napoleon of vaudeville refused to see Morgan, sending down word by his liveried slave: "Pikers seen on Tuesdays and Saturdays only."

Much more later.

THE National Sculpture Society has been raising its foot and sending a well-directed kick at a Signor Biondi. Just what it is all about, the average newspaper reader finds it difficult to learn. The town, which stood for the Barrison Sisters and Charmion, and turns up its nose at "Saturnalia," indeed must have something the matter with its digestive organs. "Saturnalia" is dull and uninteresting compared with a number of the Venuses rising from the sea and other ladies sparsely attired, which are on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and various places where pictures and statuary are to be seen. The National Sculpture Society does not believe in free trade in shoes, machinery, silks or statuary. Hence, its big howl against "Saturnalia," and hence Mr. Biondi's indignant protest against his treatment at the hands of his American brothers.

TOM WILLIAMS, OF NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO.

ONE of the recent notable visitors to New York is Tom Williams, who registers from San Francisco and who has been staying at the Waldorf-Astoria. Mr. Williams is estimated to be worth anywhere from six to ten millions of dollars and his interests extend from San Francisco to New York and the City of Mexico. He is almost as well-known in New York as he is on the Pacific Coast.

Out in San Francisco there are few men as prominent as Tom Williams. He is president of the California Jockey Club and practically controls the racing situation west of the Rockies. Although a lawyer by profession, his vast interests take up so much of his time that he has little time to practise his profession. For the same reason he has refused many nominations at the hands of his party friends, although he must be reckoned with whenever elections come around, as he is a power in Pacific Coast politics. Mr. Williams is known throughout San Francisco and, in fact, the entire State of California, as a man of kindly nature whose benefactions are widespread and who can be depended upon wherever there are worthy charities to command his sympathy. It is well-known in San Francisco that no worthy person has ever applied to him for assistance and been refused.

Mr. Williams married a beautiful and charming young society woman of the Coast capital about four years ago. There is now a Tom Williams, Jr., who, although he only recently

celebrated his second birthday, already shows that he inherits from his father the ability to take care of himself in peaceful or troublous times.

Mr. Williams is a pretty good type of clean-



TOM WILLIAMS, JR.

Why is it, by the way, that American artists do not enter a protest against the Mucha posters which have been flooding this country? To be sure, Mucha is a classicist and his posters depict women who, while thoroughly unkissable and not at all akin to flesh and blood, are still attractive and not always overburdened with too much clothes. Mucha, like Biondi, is a Continental. If "Saturnalia" is grossly vulgar, so are some Mucha posters. It is perfectly evident, therefore, that in the art world what is sauce for the goose is not always sauce for the gander.

IT would naturally be supposed that J. Pierpont Morgan has been rapped so hard in the past few years that he would be immune in the matter of sensitiveness. A curious and interesting story was told me the other day that seems to show that Mr. Morgan is still like the rest of us. He was talking to a friend one day and the matter of newspaper criticism came up. "Tell me candidly," said Mr. Morgan, "what do the people say about me?" His friend was not quite willing to tell what some people, including William Randolph Hearst, have been saying about him, but he did make a few remarks that made the financier wince.

"Do you know," said he to his friend very earnestly, "if I thought that people believed what some of those papers say about me, I'd commit suicide," and he looked as if he meant it, too.

ON the letterhead of the Howley-Dresser Company, 1436 Broadway, come the following lines by mail from my friend Paul Dresser:

I read the article on page 6 of the BROADWAY WEEKLY and had a few laughs over it, because it brought back to me vividly the bunch of gorillas that you had out at your place and which you have been charitable enough to call mosquitoes. You may think they were mosquitoes, my boy, but they were not. They were anarchists, and I was the great monopolist they were trying to drag down to their own level.

Your friend and well-wisher,
PAUL DRESSER.

cut, wide-awake and go-ahead American, and there is probably no man on the North American continent who can count more friends from New York and San Francisco and back again.

WHAT THE PIANO MEN ATE AND DRANK.

PIANO men live well. They know what good things to eat and drink mean. If you don't believe it, gaze at this menu of the banquet of the National Association of Piano Dealers of America, held at the Hotel Rudolf, Atlantic City, N. J., May 25, 1904:

MENU

Little Neck Clams	
Mock Turtle à l'Anglaise	
Olives	Celery Salted Almonds Radishes
Madeira	
Broiled Bluefish, Maitre d'Hotel	
Sliced Cucumbers	Potatoes Parisienne
Sauternes	
Soft Shell Crabs, Tartar Sauce	
Fried Spring Chicken, à la Maryland	
New Asparagus, Hollandaise	Green Peas
Punch au Kirsch	
Diamond Back Terrapin, Philadelphia Style	
Cigarettes	
Lettuce and Tomato Salad	
Pommery Sec	
Neapolitan Ice Cream	Fancy Cake
Roquefort and Cream Cheese	
White Rock	
Toasted Crackers	
Apollinaris	
Demi Tasse	

Cognac

Cigars

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY Editor

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear later something to your advantage by addressing Broadway Weekly, 27 East 21st Street, New York.

THE EDITORIAL VIEWPOINT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the recent attack of the New York *Sun*, which was thinly disguised and which unquestionably was inspired, Chief Edward F. Croker still attends to putting out fires and to his own business. The *Sun* made the assertion that Chief Croker was against the Knott engine. This is nothing new. Chief Croker has been perfectly candid for some years in his criticism of the Knott engine. He thinks it does not fill the requirements of metropolitan fire fighting, and he has said so on several occasions. It is, therefore, ridiculous to say that he is fighting the Knott people in an underhand way. As a matter of fact, he is quite definite in his statement that the Knott engine won't do. However, what the New York public is interested in is the putting out of fires, and just so long as Chief Croker continues to put them out as he has been doing, to him will be relegated the task of judging the merits or demerits of equipment.

MAGISTRATE Joseph F. Moss is rapidly acquiring the reputation of a Solon of the bench. He recently declared that a husband has a perfect right to wallop the man who insults his wife. There can be no question as to the good common-sense of such a ruling, although it may be rather poor law. Magistrate Moss, before his elevation to the bench, had a long experience in police-court work, having been one of the most famous practitioners in the police courts of this city. He might readily have practised in the higher courts, but his knowledge of police-court laws and conditions, and the wide call for his services, impelled him to remain one of the most notable of the lawyers in our petty courts. It is this knowledge and experience which is enabling him to deal out justice in a sane if somewhat picturesque manner.

NEW YORK must hang its head in shame. That portion of our population which depends for fame upon its conversational powers must gradually be thinning out, for it seems necessary to send to Brooklyn for St. Clair McKelway when things are to be eaten and speeches made. Mr. McKelway has what might be called a pretty wit. He does not indulge as much as various other speakers in those oratorical flights which jar the chandeliers but don't mean very much. He always talks within the mental vision of the average listener. Wit, sarcasm and the lighter fancy rather than a brickbat are his weapons. Mr. McKelway has held his own as an editor in Brooklyn against the onslaughts of many newcomers and particularly the attack of Murat Halstead, who went to Brooklyn and was never heard of afterward. New Yorkers don't even know that he has left that town and care much less. It is said that when Mr. McKelway stops writing editorials even for a single day, the post-office is clogged with complaints to the publishers. All of which seems to prove these two things: That it pays to be an editor in Brooklyn, and that it isn't a bad thing to be St. Clair McKelway.

RED-GOLD.

(After the manner of the Elizabethans.)

VEX me no more with auburn curls,
With russet locks or raven braids;
Praise me no silky flaxen whorls,
Or kindred unassuming shades,
When o'er my Cynthia's dainty head
A red-gold blazonry is spread.

Let Helen, paler than the dawn,
In sable waves her temples wreath;
Or Doris, timid as a fawn,
Her eyes 'neath golden curtains sheath;
Their glory to my lady's is
As dandelion to clematis.

Whene'er she walks, the sullen sun
Is lured from his cloudy lair,
And in those meshes, one by one,
Each niggard ray made prisoner;
Then vanish sun, and winter's cold
Is melted by the warm red-gold.

Or, if in cloudless days of June,
She lies adrowse on terraced lawns,
And in the langorous hush of noon
The salt breeze on her forehead fawns;
Too rash, it ripples through her hair,
Then dies in tremors of despair.

But most her beauties do outshine,
When from the moon's translucent beam,
The silvern atoms do combine,
And on her brow encrusted gleam;
Then sits a burnished halo there,
Dimming the star-embroidered sphere.

Yet nay; the silent eyes of night
A more exquisite pageant spy,
For down her bosom's ivory white
Falls like an aureole canopy
That web of incense-breathing myrrh,
And in hot flames envelops her.

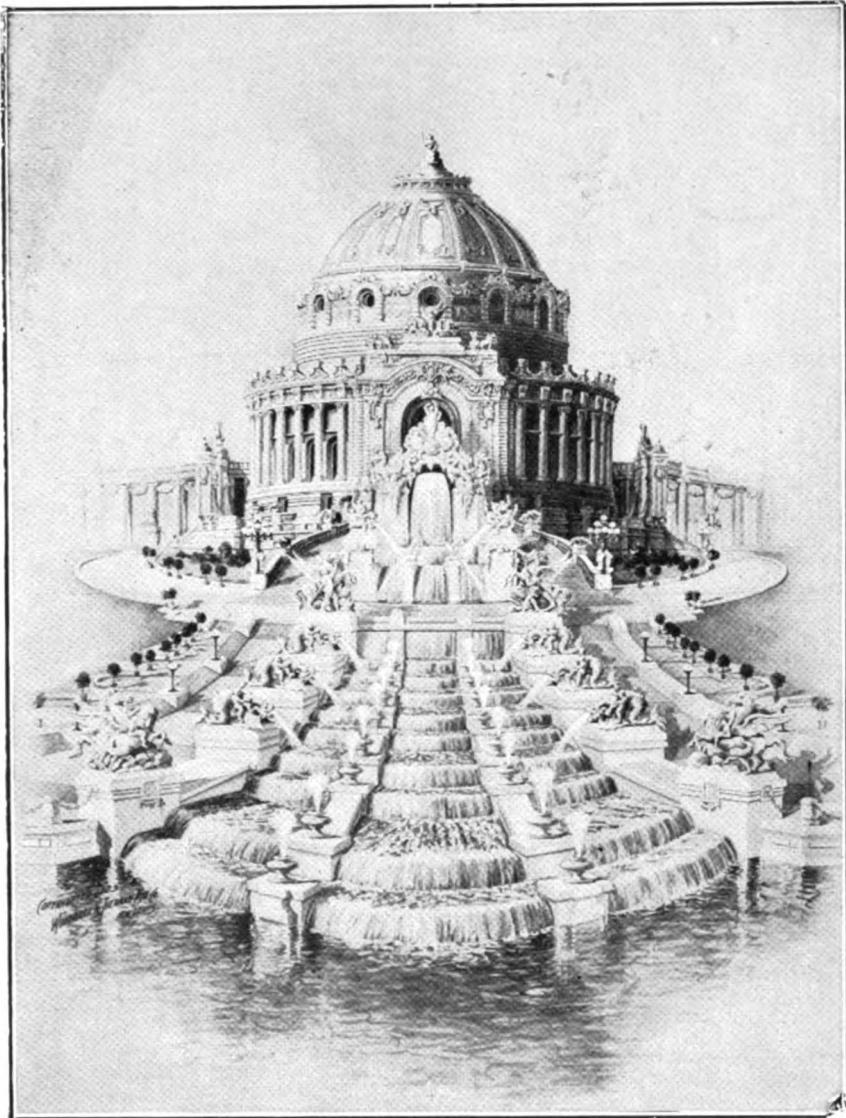
Then to my Cynthia bow, ye curls
Of russet, flax and ebon sheen;
For of all saucy, puissant girls,
She is the unimpugnéd queen
On whose divinely chiselled head
Heaven's red-gold blazonry is spread.

MAX HELLERT.

THE cry against soulless corporations must occasionally be silent. Corporations may not always be generous, but very often are just. Take, for instance, the recent case of the New York Central Railroad. On account of the decrease in its freight business, it was found necessary to lay off a number of employees. In no single instance, however, was an old man taken off the payroll. The New York Central has wisely made it possible for a man to put his heart into his work with the knowledge that by attending strictly to business, and by a keen regard for the responsibility as well as privilege of his position, he has what practically is a life position. It is by such methods as this that the New York Central management has helped to build up the greatest railroad organization on the North American continent.

JUST now BROADWAY WEEKLY would advise the Protestant Episcopal Church not to take the name of the American Catholic Church. While it is true that the ritualistic Episcopalians seem gradually to be drifting towards Catholicism, it is equally true that the Episcopalians resent being called a Catholic. However, the greatest argument against the use of such a title is the fact that already there have been at least a half dozen American Catholic churches. Every time some malcontent is thrown out of the parent faith, in deep resentment and anger he goes out and forms an American Catholic church of his own. As a rule it does not take the public very long to discover the calibre of the man and eventually nothing remains of the movement except the title. There is somewhere such a church in New York City, the founder of which was a drunkard, who was excommunicated by the Bishop for disgracing his cloth. All this appears to be a very good reason why the Protestant Episcopal Church should not be changed to the American Catholic Church.

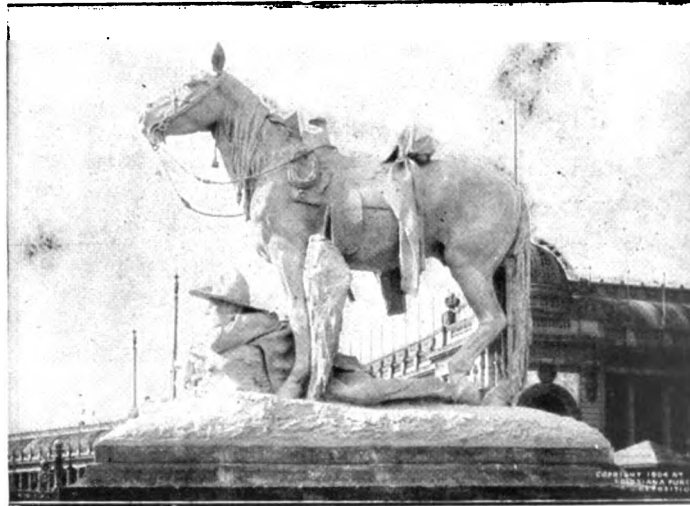
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THE MINES BUILDING



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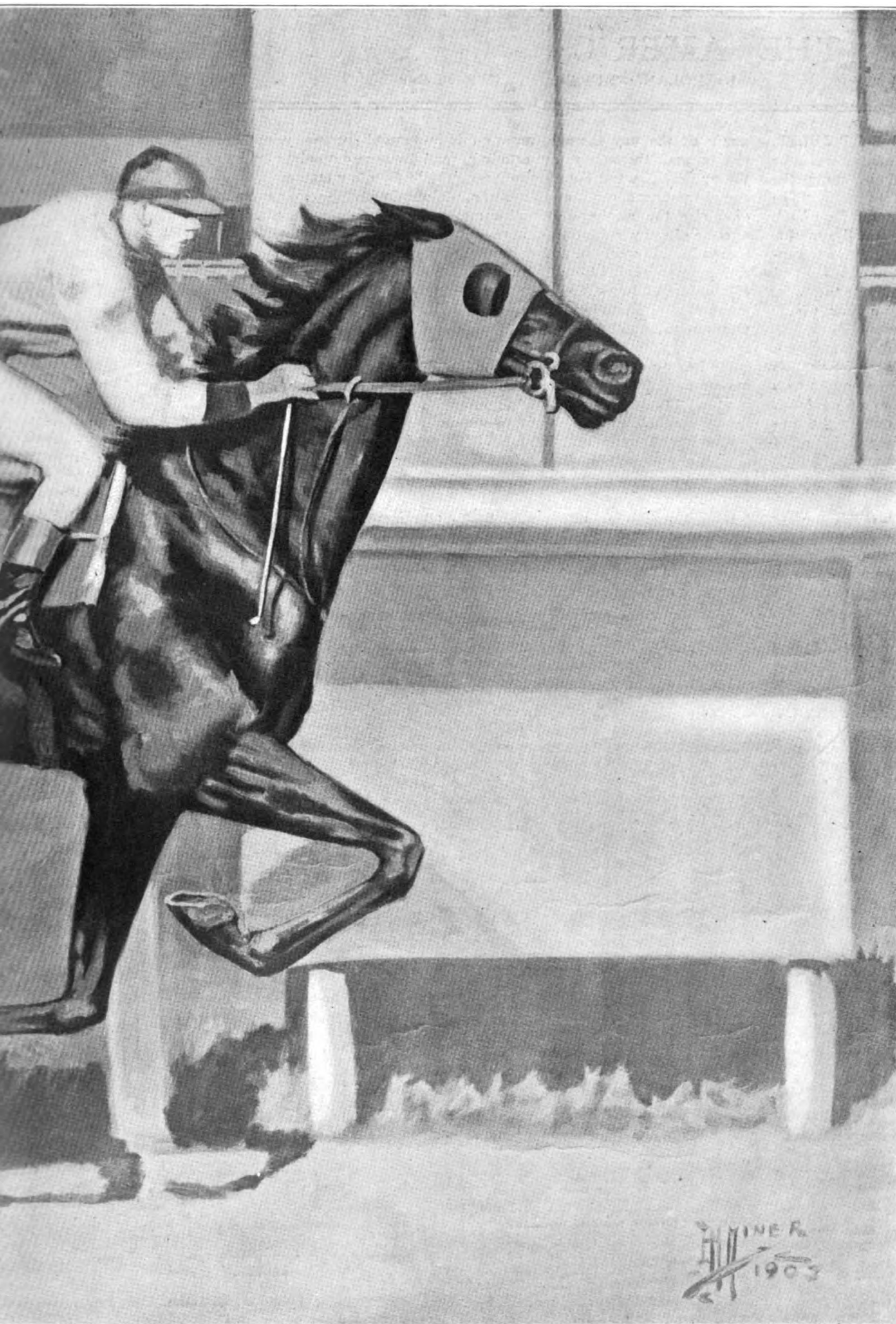


A PARTIAL FRONT AND SIDE VIEW OF THE ENORMOUS TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.



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THIS IS THE GREAT RUNNER OWNED BY EDWARD R. THOMAS AND ONE OF THE
HERMIS IS THE FASTEST HORSE



S.

ATES IN THE BROOKLYN HANDICAP. IT IS CLAIMED BY SOME HORSEMEN THAT
MILE NOW IN TRAINING.

THE AMERICAN STAGE.

By ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY.

GEORGE W. LEDERER'S MINT JULEP.

A NEW YORK spring and summer would be lonely without an offering from the Lederer theatrical foundry. "The Southerners," as presented at the New York Theatre, is as summery as an Iron Steamboat, as careless as Eddie Foy and as light as a cap-sized syndicate. Will Mercer and Richard Grant, whoever they may be, wrote the book, and the story is by Will Marion Cook, who is not unfamiliar to New Yorkers.

The prologue, in which William Gould, Eddie Leonard, and Vinie Daly take part, is about as useless as the average preface to a novel. When the curtain goes up on Act I, however, something is doing from the moment the chorus in the dainty costumes of 1830 start their opening song, right straight through to the barbecue at the close of the piece. Mr. Lederer has called "The Southerners" a musical study in black and white and at times the black is the dominant note in the ethnological potpourri. There are songs and dances, and marches and choruses and coon songs galore. There is more music in "The Southerners" than we usually get in a half dozen summer productions and if Mr. Cook had only thrown out some of his brass in orchestrating, there would be a little more chance for the man who isn't stone deaf. The

music all the way through, however, is inspiring and thoroughly characteristic, and the musical director, Sig. A. De Novellis, is one of those sane, capable leaders, who, while disdaining the monkey-on-the-stick methods of some of our popular directors, nevertheless always has his orchestra under fine command and ready to respond to the every requirement of the singer. It must be a pleasure to sing under the watchful eye of Sig. De Novellis, after an experience with some of the Buccaneers of the Baton.

William Gould, as *Lieutenant Preston*, is handsome in his soldier's uniform and very sensibly does not try too hard to get the delightful southern accent.

Albert Hart, as *Bob Rutledge*, the Lieutenant's bad, bad cousin, seems more than ever the Flatiron Building of the stage. But no hurricane that ever whizzed around the granite monument to man's insanity on Twenty-third street, could possibly give even a weak imitation of the depth, vigor and sonorous qualities of the Hart voice. It is something beside which the bang of the howitzer would seem weak and futile and the blare of the trombone a mere penny whistle. It starts somewhere away down in the depths of his diaphragm, increases in volume and velocity, until it suddenly reaches the out-

ward portals yeleft the Hart mouth, and surges onward and upward until it seems to fill every cranny in the big theatre, and, no doubt, if it were not summer, and the windows and doors open, it would break its maddened way out into the highroad. But when all is said, it is a tuneful voice. Mr. Hart sings on the key and should make the average bass singer feel like slinking off into a B-flat decline.

Eddy Leonard, as *Dandy Dan*, is excellent in an old-fashioned minstrel rôle. Junie McCree, as *Brannigan Bey*, an Irishman with two hundred and forty-seven wives, is sometimes amusing. He often omits his brogue, however, which is probably quite natural with an actor with such an essentially Scotch name.

Wilmer Bentley, as a midshipman, is handsome and graceful. I called attention to this young man some time ago, when he appeared in "The Girl from Dixie" at the Madison Square Theatre. I remarked at the time that he would bear watching. I would like to repeat the statement with still greater emphasis.

Elfie Fay, she of the mugging manner, plays *Polly Drayton* in love with the *Lieutenant*. The very imp of deviltry and unrestrained merriment seem to be reflected in the Fay features. It is rarely that she can hold her face straight for two consecutive minutes. She is an excellent funmaker in a summer show,



THE FIRST SCENE IN ACT II IN "THE MAN FROM CHINA" AT THE MAJESTIC THEATRE. CHARLES BIGELOW IN THE FOREGROUND AND A HANDSOME ARRAY OF SHOW GIRLS IN THE BACKGROUND.



SCENE FROM "THE SOUTHERNERS" AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE. WILLIAM GOULD AS *LIEUTENANT PRESTON* ON THE TOP STEP AND ELFIE FAY IN AN O'HOOIHAN MAKEUP WITH PAINT BRUSH IN HAND.

however, and all else can be forgiven. She has grown to be quite a big girl since those days when she appeared in the chorus on Broadway and is much prettier than she was three or four years ago.

Reine Davies, as *Japonica Preston*, is pretty and graceful.

There are a half dozen black, chocolate, tan, brown and various other shades of piccaninnies in the last act. They are among the most enthusiastic of the evening's entertainers and bring down the house.

The book of "The Southerners" is fair without being scintillant with wit. The music, barring the aforesaid brassiness, is good. The settings are handsome and the signature of George W. Lederer is written in a large hand all over this theatrical document.

"The Southerners" is well worth seeing and should do a big business in New York.

ADE AND HIS DIVIDENDS.

WITH the close of "The County Chairman" at Wallack's Theatre Saturday night, this piece ends a remarkable run on Broadway. Two hundred and thirty-seven consecutive performances constitute its record, and George Ade has been drawing royalty so regularly and in such handsome relays that playwrights in general are casting envious eyes in his direction. "The County Chairman" is good for another long run in New York at the beginning of next season and then there is the road to look forward to. Mr. Ade can confidently assure himself that "The County Chairman" will pay him dividends at a good rate for some seasons to come.

THE CAMPBELL IS COMING.

MRS. CAMPBELL, with her remarkable hair, midnight eyes and "The Sorceress," will be seen in New York next autumn after all. Her contract calls for twenty-seven weeks and will take in only the largest cities. It is interesting to note that Mrs. Campbell is to play in French with Bernhardt before sailing to this country. This is surely a case of Greek meeting Greek. For spectacular tempers and an all-abiding faith in self, here are two women who are veritable wonders.



IRMA LA PIERRE, ONE OF THE PRETTY WOMEN OF THE STAGE WHO WILL BE SEEN IN A PROMINENT NEW YORK PRODUCTION NEXT SEASON.

AS TO GRACE CAMERON.

LITTLE black-haired Grace Cameron (please note that her hair has never been any other color) has made an undoubted hit with her song "Since Dolly Dimples Made a Hit," in "Piff, Paff, Pouf" at the Casino. This song is now one of the features of a rattling good hot weather show that bids fair to run right straight through the summer without a break. Miss Cameron is not only one of the comparatively few women who possess the element of humor, but she also has a voice which has been well cultivated and which puts to shame the vocal gymnastics of some of the human screech-owls that trouble our ears.

MISS BINGHAM'S DRESSES.

MISS AMELIA BINGHAM must have haunted her dressmaker for a long time previous to her closing week at the Garrick Theatre, in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," for New York has rarely seen a more gorgeous collection of dresses than those displayed by Miss Bingham. If I were a star fashion expert for *Vogue* or *The Ladies' Home Journal* I would be able to give you an accurate and detailed account of each sartorial creation. Being merely a man, I must slink away with the bald statement that they were great. The women theatre-goers of New York have rarely had a finer chance to see beautiful dresses as they should be worn.

Miss Bingham and her company, by the way, did not seem to be tired out by a season's hard tour. "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" was given with much verve, and while I consider it in some respects the most banal piece that Clyde Fitch has written, Miss Bingham's company really gave a finer performance than during the first run of the piece on Broadway.

CANOEING AND CAMPING FOR THE NEW YORKER.

By E. T. KEYSER.

CANOEING.

THE manner in which canoeing has forged to the front as a representative summer sport during the last few years is simply marvellous. A decade ago there were, comparatively speaking, but a handful of men devoted to this most fascinating branch of outdoor sports; to-day they may be numbered by the thousands. A few years ago the canoeist was considered something of a freak and, when he landed to prepare his noonday luncheon almost the entire population of the neighborhood turned out to see him; to-day he is taken as a matter of course. It is not so much a matter for wonderment that the use of the canoe has become almost universal as that its merits were not long ago more generally known.

Probably, however, the greatest reason for the suddenness with which it has come into general popularity of late is owing to the large open canoes, which may now be had so reasonably and which accommodate comfortably from two to five people, according to the size of the craft.

The old-time canoeist who used the deck canoe had, even with a seven-foot cockpit, accommodations at the most for but one passenger besides himself and these accommodations were often cramped ones. To a genius in the wilds of Maine, it one day occurred that a craft built on lines similar to the Indian birch bark, but of tougher material and more gracefully modelled, would be a good thing. He put his theory into practice and the result of his experiment is that to-day it is possible in almost any part of this country to obtain a canoe ranging in length from fifteen to twenty feet, with enough beam to make it a safe craft even in rough waters and with a heavy load, and furnishing cruising accommodations for a crew of two and their camp outfits or large enough for a party of four or five to go for an afternoon's paddle. These craft, which are built of cedar and then covered with waterproof canvas painted and given a finish equal to that of carriage panels, are light in weight, strong and, owing to their special construction, absolutely leak-proof, unless actually punctured. Being covered with canvas, the seams of the cedar planking may open and close during hot or moist weather as they see fit, without impairing the dryness of the craft. Canoes such as this may be had, ranging in price from \$25 up to any amount which the canoeist desires to pay, the difference in the cost being due in a large degree to the material and the difference in the finish. With a boat such as this in his possession, a man is almost entirely independent of how he shall spend his summer holidays and vacation. With the addition of a tent, a few cooking utensils, a couple of blankets and a waterproof bag to carry his spare clothing and with an old cake-tin as a receptacle for his perishable food, he is ready to explore the waters surrounding his home, camping in out of the way nooks, unmolested by Sunday excursionists. The difference in cost between enjoying one's summer in this manner and what it would cost in a summer resort is almost sufficient to pay for his entire outlay for outfit during the first season.

One who has not tried small boating around New York City and whose knowledge of the water front of Greater New York, is confined to the docks and piers, the vast amount of pleasant cruising waters, quiet coves, sandy beaches and patches of greensward that are begging the pitching of a tent, are absolutely incredible. Under the Palisades on the Hudson River there lies a strip of land along which any day during the season from May until October, may be seen the tents of canoeists pitched, while on the beaches or carefully laid in the shade of the trees lie the canoes. There are springs of clear, cold water near enough to each other to render the water question, which is a vital one, easily solved. The mornings may be warm, but about four o'clock the sun is behind the walls of rock, and nights when the people of New York City are sweltering in the heat, the canoeist under the Palisades is generally glad to wrap himself in blankets. The southern shores of Staten Island also afford attractive places to the owner of a canoe. Stretching westward from Midland Beach to Gifford's are a series of sandy shores, offering not only good tent sites, but splendid opportunities for surf bathing and fishing, to the canoeist who spends his Saturdays and Sundays there, storing his canoe every Sunday night, coming back to town by trolley. Then, too, Long Island Sound offers splendid cruising opportunities, though the Long Island shore is becoming occupied by wealthy summer residents and is by degrees being hedged in from use by the cruiser as a camping place. The real beauties of the still wild water front of New York City are only to be appreciated by the men who have cruised along them in a small boat. Of course the beauty of the East River between Randall's Island and Fort Schuyler are known to travellers who patronize the Sound boats, but I doubt if there is one man in a hundred who has passed by it in a railroad train who appreciates the beauty of the northern shore of Manhattan Island where it slopes down from the heights of Inwood to Spuyten Duyvil Creek. It will probably come as news to many that at high tide the canoeist can ascend the little stream known as Tibbetts Brook, which flows into Spuyten Duyvil Creek at Kingsbridge so far north that only a slight portage is necessary in order to place his craft afloat in Van Cortlandt Lake.

CAMPING.

THERE are few pleasanter ways of enjoying a vacation than camping out, if, and this is a big *if*, the preparations are made and the camp site picked out with a little human intelligence. The selection of

companions and the outfit makes all the difference between an enjoyable two weeks that you would like to repeat and a wretched, unpleasant experience which you never wish to pass through again. In camp, the true inward cussedness of human nature comes out very quickly and a man who is lazy or selfish, willing to let some one else do the work while he reaps the benefits, and always makes a bee-line for the most comfortable camp-chair, shirking dish-washing and his share of the cooking, will do a whole lot toward disturbing the harmony of camp and the pleasant surroundings. One of the funny conditions of life under canvas is that to every man it seems that he is doing nine-tenths of the work, while the rest of the bunch are taking things very easy. Nine times out of ten this is merely a delusion similar to that which makes every business man believe that the other fellow's vocation is all skittles and beer. It would, therefore, be advisable to know your companions pretty well before taking the chance of spoiling a friendship by a two weeks' sojourn under canvas with them.

Having selected your companions, the next thought should be for a tent. Do not make the mistake of getting this too small. A 7x7 wall tent, 7 feet at the ridge pole and 3 feet high at the walls will comfortably accommodate two men. A 9x9 will take care of three, while a 12x12 or 12x14 is none too large for four.

The amount of space allowed for in these calculations may seem extremely liberal, but it should be remembered that several rainy days are likely to occur during a period of two weeks and the rainy days are the ones that have to be counted for when figuring on your tent space.

A man could practically sleep out of doors in clear weather and, when everything is dry and clear and the tent flies are open, not very much tent space is required for actual sleeping purposes.

When the rainy day comes, however, it is quite another matter and in addition to sleeping in the tent you have to eat there and in all probability do your cooking inside and, under such circumstances, it is marvellous just how small even a 12x14 tent will seem. If you camp near enough to civilization to get the necessary lumber, a wooden tent floor raised about six inches from the ground will add greatly to your comfort and convenience. If the lumber cannot be had a floor cloth of brown waterproof canvas and if possible sewed to the walls on three sides with six-inch sill of brown canvas to cross the front. This arrangement will keep out intruding bugs as well as moisture, dampness and

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splashes of rain and, if the tent is built on slightly raised ground, with a trench dug around it, everything will be kept dry and comfortable in spite of the worst downpour that a summer thunder shower can produce. By all means take a tent fly with you. To those not initiated in the gentle art of camping, I would say that the fly is simply a square piece of canvas or heavy drilling, passed over the ridge pole of the tent and pegged down on each side, forming a secondary roof and, in a heavy downpour of rain, it breaks the force of the drops and prevents their penetrating the under roof of the tent and, when the sun is pouring down the air space between the fly and the roof keeps the tent much cooler. In securing a tent fly it is a good idea to have it twice the length of the tent so that it will project over the front, forming an awning under which you may cook and eat your meals in fair weather. When a camp is pitched by the seaside such an arrangement adds considerably to the coolness and convenience of camp life. If you are going to a locality where plenty of wood may be had a camp-fire built between two parallel logs, laid just sufficiently near each other to enable you to place your cooking utensils upon them over the coals, will be found all right. If you anticipate a scarcity of fuel a vapor stove burning gas generated from kerosene will fill the bill admirably. These are made with three holes on which several courses of quite an elaborate meal can be cooked instantaneously. This has several advantages over the ordinary wood camp-fire, among which may be mentioned that it will not blow smoke into one's face and one does not have to scrape the soot off the dishes after every meal. Speaking of dishes, the best cooking and table utensils that you can procure for camp use are in the shape of enamel ware, which does not rust like tin and is much more easily kept clean.

For a part of four the following list of items will be found about right: Six plates, six teaspoons, four cups, four soup bowls, six knives and six forks, a large fork, four dessert spoons, a carving knife and steel, two frying pans each about ten inches in diameter, a two-quart coffee pot and a set of four nested pails, the smallest having a capacity of about two quarts. Soup bowls may seem a luxury when camping, but the fact that they can also be used as dessert saucers for holding canned preserves adds much to their utility. If you really want to go extremely light, you can, however, do without them, serving your soup in coffee cups, which must be washed before putting them to their proper use. If possible, get your frying pans with removable handles so that the whole assortment of cooking and table ware can be carried in a large tin pail which may in camp be used as a water bucket. The best means of storing spare clothing in camp is a waterproof canvas bag with a draw-string top. This keeps the clothing dry and can, if necessary, be utilized as a pillow at night. Take at least two complete changes of clothing with you. You will get wet some time or other and you can be wearing one suit while the other is drying. Some campers use a bathing suit instead of underclothing, and I do not know but what this is a good scheme. Do not be deluded into the idea that the romantic sounding beds of boughs and pine

branches are preferable to a folding cot.

I acknowledge that almost everybody tries them the first trip out, but on the second the cot is the thing. A bed of boughs or hay in a corner of the tent with a blanket spread over it always looks rather sloppy, and, unless you shake it up every day it is apt to get hard in places. The canvas cot is very comfortable and cool and possesses the additional advantage of allowing you to store articles under it without occupying valuable floor space in the tent. If you do not mind fourteen or eighteen pounds of extra weight in your baggage, you can take with you a folding table. A better proposition is, however, an arrangement made of a strip of canvas, stiffened with slats of thin, light wood slipped into pockets, which can be rolled up into small compass for transportation and unrolled on two horizontal

strips of wood fastened at the four corners, to sticks driven into the ground while a log rolled up to each side of the table makes a comfortable seat and you are equipped to eat comfortably. If you are not an expert in coffee making be sure to see that your coffee pot is of the so-called French variety. Any one with sense enough to measure out a heaping teaspoonful of coffee for each cup and one extra for the pot and then pour boiling water over it can make a good beverage with this arrangement, while it takes a genius pure and simple to make palatable boiled coffee in camp. Camp as near a spring as you can, and if possible use it as a refrigerator. This is done by sinking a large tin pail or cracker box by means of a heavy stone in the bottom of the tin and you will be surprised to see how well it will keep milk, butter, eggs, as well as meat.

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THE PLAY THAT WAS "BOOED."

LONDON.

A VISIT to the New Theatre to see Sir Charles Wyndham and his excellent company in Mr. Arthur Law's comedy, "The Bride and Bridegroom," will leave the person who makes it more than somewhat puzzled to account for the unfriendly manner in which the play was received by a number of persons in the gallery on the first night of its production. Preceded by "A Breezy Morning," a domestic trifle by Eden Philpotts, which was very brightly played by Mr. Sydney Brough and Miss Lizzie Webster, Mr. Law's latest contribution to the stage was followed by a most amazingly stormy night. "The Bride and Bridegroom" is not a masterpiece, but it is a very amusing piece, and it provides admirably-fitting parts for all engaged in its interpretation. There are many brilliant lines in it, and its devices of entanglement are never wearily complicated. Two of its four acts may need knocking into one, and certain extravagances of characterization might benefit the comedy by their absence; but if the galleryites had found fifty defects in the evening's entertainment, one would still have marvelled at their making so great a disturbance as to necessitate the intervention of the Arm of the Law—not that of the peaceable author, but of the gallery policeman.

The story told at the New is that of a bride and a bridegroom who, on their return from their honeymoon, begin to find out that marriage is a game of give and take, and that expecting to be allowed to take only, and to do no giving, leads to unhappiness. Trivial differences of taste and opinion, which in the ordinary course of events would right themselves as well as such things can, are taken by the "best friends" of the bride and bridegroom to portend certain dissolution, and a plan is entered upon by *Thomas Bruce*, poet, and *Lady Allison*, the wife of an obstinate old admiral, to put things right between *Sir Owen* and *Lady Wyvern*. *Thomas Bruce's* sympathies are with the bridegroom, and he deter-

mines, as a married man of some experience, to teach *Lady Wyvern* her duty. But he falls in love with her instead, because she "adores poetry," and the lesson in duty is worse than a failure. *Lady Allison*, starting by taking the side of *Lady Wyvern*, ends by being attracted by the bridegroom, and when, at the close of the comedy, "bridegroom and bride" do not, like King Olaf and Gudrun, "sunder'd ride," it is all through the good sense of little *Lady Wyvern* asserting itself, unaided by the philosophy of her "best friend." The "incident" is delicately as well as humorously put before us, and if one of the acts is not quite important enough to stand by itself, the circumstance is not likely to be seized upon by fair and reasonable people as an excuse for throwing bricks.

Perhaps the most entertaining character in the new comedy is the obstinate *Admiral*, so cleverly played by Mr. Alfred Bishop. His wife, *Lady Allison* (a part in which Miss Mary Moore is very neat and charming), explains to a friend that she gets on famously with her husband because he may be thoroughly depended upon to oppose every wish and opinion she chances to express. The friend is a little puzzled at first, but *Lady Allison* is soon able to prove that her husband's love for contradiction and opposition is really a great comfort to her. Brer Rabbit, when he was caught by Brer Fox, told his captor that he was ready to suffer anything in the way of punishment but one thing, and he begged and prayed not to be thrown into the briar-patch. Of course, the fox threw him there, and the rabbit turned round and said, tauntingly, "Bred an' born in a briar-patch, Brer Fox! Bred an' born in a briar-patch!"

In "The Bride and Bridegroom," *Sir William Allison* is the fox and his wife is the rabbit, only she enjoys her triumphs quietly, in order to keep her "system" workable. She is longing to pay a visit to some friends in the country, so she says: "Now, isn't it a bore? The *Bruces* have asked us down to their place

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Dealers supplied everywhere through them.

TOFFEE.
FAMOUS OLD ENGLISH SWEETMAKING

in Berkshire, and I don't want to go a bit. We must refuse, of course," or words to the same effect. The *Admiral*, notwithstanding that the *Bruces'* place in Berkshire is the last place in the world he wishes to visit, tells his wife that they *ought* to go, and that the *Bruces* will be very much offended if they don't, and so on; and finally, to the secret delight of *Lady Allison*, they do go!

Sir Charles Wyndham, who on the second night of the piece met with a significantly enthusiastic reception, makes the best use of every opportunity the part of the poet affords him, and his "support" includes, in addition to that already mentioned, Miss Sybil Carlisle (a very fascinating *Lady Wyvern*), Miss Vane Featherstone (*Bruce's* amiable and forgiving wife), Mr. Eille Norwood, who is admirable as the bridegroom, and Mr. Henry Kemble, who, as *Lord Beecroft*, a big enthusiast, makes laughter both by the lines of his figure and the lines of his author.

M. A. P.

LONDON AND PARIS DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

WHEN Mr. Edward Terry commenced his spring season recently, with "The House of Burnside," the following was the full cast: *Richard Burnside*, Mr. Edward Terry; *Robert Parminter*, Mr. A. E. George; *Mr. Williams*, Mr. W. T. Lovell; *Marion Burnside*, Miss Kate Rorke; *Margaret*, Miss Beatrice Terry; *Richard*, Master Roy Lorraine; *John*, Mr. George Shelton; *Jack Morrow*, Mr. J. A. Bentham; *Betty*, Miss Carlotta Addison; *Jennie*, Miss Olga Kay; a *Postman*, Mr. Arthur Eldred.

The Moore and Burgess Minstrels have given their final performance at St. James's Hall, and the stage which they occupied for so many years will presently be occupied by Albert Chevalier.

THOUGH the Grand-Guignol certainly comes under the heading of "petit théâtre" one of its new pieces, "La Question des Huiles," calls for mention. Its audacity in showing up the ways and manners of some political leaders actually led to a discussion in the *Chambre*, which at once secured the success of the little comedy—a success confirmed by its intrinsic merit.

C.

POMMERY

The Standard for Champagne

QUALITY

The World Over

MEN WHO ARE ENTITLED TO BE CLASSED AS CONNOISSEURS
NEVER ORDER *Champagne*, MERELY, BUT SPECIFY POMMERY.

EXCLUSIVE NEWS AND GOSSIP ABOUT THE HOTELS.

By CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM.

THE SCOVILLES OF ATLANTA.

THEY have a lot of Scovilles down at Atlanta, Ga. Many of them seem to be engaged in the hotel business. One of them keeps the Hotel Aragon and another the Hotel Marion. The one that conducts the Marion—Dabney Scoville—intends building a popular price hotel and to call it the Scoville. It is to be of brick and steel construction and to be five stories high and the estimated cost \$100,000. It is said that the lease of the Marion will expire shortly.

THE INN TO HAVE A "BLOW OUT."

CARRIGAN is making great preparations for the opening of the Park Inn, at Rockaway Park, the dainty little affair that he has leased from the Corbin Banking Co. The Inn is situated at the terminus of the Rockaway Branch of the Long Island Railroad and is situated close to the sea, so close that when the flowing tide comes in the water almost reaches the piazza of the

SUMMER HOTELS.

THE EDMERE CLUB
EDMERE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

The Edmère Club, heretofore conducted as the Edmère Hotel, will be prepared to accommodate members, their families and guests on and after June 15. Rooms shown by appointment.

ALBERT R. KEEN, Manager.
Booking Office: Gilsey House, cor. Broadway and 29th Street.

THE PARK INN

ROCKAWAY PARK, L. I.

Terminal Rockway Beach Division L. I. R. R.
OPENS JUNE 15.

Select Family Hotel. American Plan.
A la Carte Restaurant a Feature.
An Original Idea in Shore Dinners. Booking
Office, Hotel Wolcott, 31st St. and Fifth Ave.
CHAS. A. CARRIGAN.

HOTEL VELVET,

OLD ORCHARD BEACH, MAINE.

Excellent Automobile Beach. First-class
Management. Bathing, boating, drives, golf,
billiards, pool and bowling. Specially low
rates for season. For particulars add ess

JOSEPH ALONZO NUTTER

Grenoble Hotel

56th St. and 7th Ave., New York City.

HALCYON HALL

MILLBROOK, DUTCHESS CO., N. Y.

On the Automobile Road from New York to
Lenox. The most handsomely appointed
resort hotel in America.

Golf Links Free in Front of Hotel.
Orchestra. Elevation 1,000 Feet.

Send for Illustrated Booklet.
WM. P. KENNEY, Prop.

LONG BEACH, LONG ISLAND.

LONG BEACH HOTEL
AND COTTAGES.

New York's most popular family seashore resort.
Always cool; boating, bathing, fishing, golfing,
tennis, music; improved railroad service; only
45 minutes from East 34th Street, New York City.

Send for booklet. A. E. DICK, Prop.

Also proprietor HOTEL GRENOBLE, 7th Ave.
and 56th St., New York City, where rooms may
be engaged.

hotel. C. A. Carragan, who has leased the property, up to a few weeks ago had charge of the steward's department of the Hotel Wolcott. Last summer he was steward of the Edgemere Hotel, so on that account his knowledge of resort business must be extensive.

On June 16th Carragan is going to have a house-warming, and in order to entertain his friends has sent out special invitations for them to be his guests on that occasion. No doubt he will have on that day quite a lot of well-known New York men and women to view his hotel and, as an elaborate luncheon is to be served, the exercises will carry out the dictum to "eat, drink and be merry." Trains from East Thirty-fourth street and also from the Flatbush station, at the "back of Brooklyn," will carry passengers to the Inn.

The Park Inn staff up to date is: Room clerk, Fred C. Moloney, from the Gilsey House; steward, Mark McGrath, late of the Wrightsborough; housekeeper, Mrs. S. Hempsted, formerly of the Hotel Flanders; head waiter, George A. Gorman, of the Criterion; and head book-keeper, James J. McMurray, lately of the Hotel Dunmore.

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME OF THE
CONVENTION.

JUNE 7TH.

10 A. M.—Meeting of the Association at Manhattan Hotel.

2 P. M.—Sail around the Harbor on Steamer *Cygnus*, leaving Pier foot of Twenty-second street, North River.

7 P. M.—Banquet, Waldorf-Astoria. Ladies and Gentlemen, separate dining rooms.

JUNE 8TH.

1:30 P. M.—Assemble at Union Square and Seventeenth street for special entertainment, leaving immediately thereafter in automobiles for Luna Park, Coney Island.

6 P. M.—Dinner in Luna Park.

JUNE 9TH.

10 A. M.—Assemble at Fifth Avenue Hotel for automobile ride around Central Park and Riverside Drive.

1 P. M.—Luncheon at Astor Hotel by invitation of William C. Muschenheim.

8 P. M.—Theatres.

The committees are as follows:

Executive Committee.—H. H. Brockway, Chairman; Gustav Baumann, Chas. L. Wetherbee, George C. Boldt, George W. Sweeney, O. B. Libbey; Wash L. Jaques, President; E. A. Darling, Treasurer; Fred A. Reed, Secretary.

Entertainment and Reception.—W. G. Leland, Chairman; M. E. Merrifield, H. F. Roesser, Copeland Townsend, George J. Bascom.

Finance Committee.—George W. Sweeney, Chairman; James H. Breslin, W. C. Muschenheim, A. E. Dick, Mark E. Merrifield, George T. Stockham, F. A. Reed, John Burke, Charles F. Wildey, George E. Conley, Elmer A. Darling, William H. Seach.

Transportation.—George C. Boldt, Chairman; C. F. Wildey, E. Barnett, Charles E. Lambert, L. L. Todd.

Banquet Committee.—Gustav Baumann, Chairman; Simeon Ford, J. P.

Caddagan, William S. Hawk, Thomas M. Hilliard.

Printing and Souvenirs.—Charles L. Wetherbee, Chairman; C. N. Vilas, Boyd Decker, George C. Howe, I. Steinfeldt.

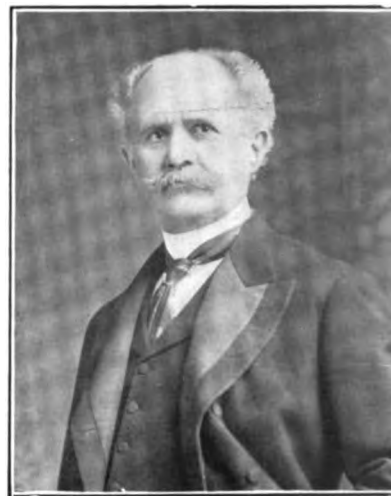
Hotel Accommodations.—O. B. Libbey, Chairman; H. P. Whitaker, A. W. Eager, W. Johnson Quinn, G. F. Gregory. Press.—Charles F. Larzelere.

THE SHERMAN SQUARE TO
SELL OUT.

THE recent sale of the Sherman Square Hotel to Flake and Darling means that the Lawrence family is going out of the hotel business, as the furniture of the hotel is to be auctioned off by John Fell O'Brien on Monday, June 6th. Several propositions were made to Walter Lawrence to manage the hotel for a syndicate, but Mr. Lawrence has decided to re-enter the real estate business.

The report was extensively circulated that Frank Rogers, who manages the Hotel Regent, which adjoins the Sherman Square Hotel, had secured a lease of the latter hotel, the report going so far as to state that the Rogers family had already started to select new furniture for the hotel. Frank Rogers did make a bid for the property, but it was not accepted.

John Fell O'Brien, who is to auction off the contents of the hotel, has long been a close friend of George C. Boldt. When O'Brien was in charge of the hotel department of Lord & Taylor, it was he who had a good deal to say as to the selection of the rich hangings of the Waldorf-Astoria. After leaving the Broad-



A. E. DICK, PROPRIETOR HOTEL
GRENOBLE AND ALSO THE LONG
BEACH HOTEL.

way concern, O'Brien went into the "going, going, gone" business, and his acquaintance with hotel men has been of great value to him.

BOLDT WILL HOLD ON.

THE report has gone abroad that George C. Boldt is not to renew his lease of the Waldorf-Astoria.

That such an idea is absurd can be proven in a very few words. Some years ago, about the time the Astoria section was added to the hotel, and the double title used, the statement was made that Boldt had ceased to be the lessee of the hotel and that a corporation

(Continued on page 18.)

LEADING NEW YORK HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

CAFE MARTIN

26TH ST., BROADWAY AND 5TH AVE.
(Telephone, 1,260—Mad.)

RESTAURANT A LA CARTE. (Music.)

DINNER, \$1.25.

(6 to 9 P. M.)

Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays, . . . \$1.50
Served in the largest and best ventilated
room in NEW YORK.

Cabs from CAFE MARTIN to all theatres up
to 45th Street, 50c.

Superb appointments for After Theatre
Parties.

CAMBRIDGE COURT

49th St., Near Seventh Ave.,

NEW YORK CITY

SPLENDID RESTAURANT, TABLE
D'HOTE and A LA CARTE.
Now open for the accommodation of trans-
ient guests.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS.

HOTEL MEN!

Send \$1.00 for Three Months'
Subscription to BROADWAY
WEEKLY. ❖ ❖ ❖

Have you heard of the TABLE D'HOTE
DINNER at

REISENWEBER'S?

Every evening. \$1.00.

Another attraction—

JIRGAHN'S STRING QUARTETTE.

Also every evening. The hit of the town.

GREGORIAN HOTEL

35th St., between Herald Sq. and Fifth Ave.

NEW YORK CITY.

EUROPEAN PLAN ABSOLUTELY

AVERILL & GREGORY, Proprietors.

ONE DINNER AT THE FAMOUS

HOFFMAN HOUSE

(Madison Square)

WILL MAKE YOU A REGULAR PATRON

Music that's sure to please you.

WOODMANSTEN INN

WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK.

Adjoining Morris Park Race Course.
AUTO, COACHING, DRIVERS AND
RIDERS.

Cuisine Française. Service à la Russe.
JAMES B. REGAN, Prop.

After-Theatre Thoughts:

Birds and Rarebits and Broiled
Lobsters, Grilled Bones—and
things piping—at The Criterion.

If you are interested
in hotels or hotel life, don't fail to read
BROADWAY WEEKLY
regularly. It will contain the most inter-
esting exclusive hotel news published in
America.

BROOKLYN JOCKEY CLUB RACES

May 26, 27, 28, 30, 31, June 1, 2, 3, 4, 6,
7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15.

Six Races Each Day at 2.30 P. M.

SPECIAL TABLE.

LEAVE EAST 34TH STREET, N. Y.
ALL TRAINS DIRECT TO THE TRACK, via LONG ISLAND RAILROAD, 11.40,
12.10, 12.40, 1.00, 1.10, 1.30, 1.50 P. M. Parlor car on all trains.

Leave NEW YORK TERMINUS OF THE BRIDGE.
via 5th Ave. Elevated, every 12 minutes from 10.05 A. M. to 12.05 P. M.; from 12.05
P. M. every few minutes thereafter. All elevated trains will stop at City Hall, Bridge St.,
Fulton St., Flatbush Ave., 9th St., 16th St., 25th St. and 36th St.

SPECIAL TROLLEY TABLE.

Leave WHITEHALL ST., N. Y., via 29th St., Brooklyn Ferry and the Culver nine
every twenty minutes from 12 M.
Greenpoint Ferries via Tompkins-Lorimer Line.
Grand St. and Broadway Ferries via Reid Ave. Line.
Park Row, New York, via Vanderbilt Ave. and Court St. Line.
Hamilton Ferry via 15th St. Line.

Admission to Grand Stand, \$2. Admission to Field Stand 75c
MUSIC BY LANDER.

WANTED.

News notes and paragraphs that would interest the
thousands of readers who peruse this department every
week. Address letters and all messages to Editor
BROADWAY WEEKLY, 27 E. 21st Street, New York.

EXCLUSIVE NEWS AND GOSSIP ABOUT THE HOTELS.

(Continued from page 17.)

had been formed to conduct the hotel,
with John Sloane, the carpet man, as
president of the corporation. In order
to verify the rumor, the writer called
upon Mr. Boldt and told him of the
statement that had been made and which
was being commented upon about town.

"There is no truth whatever in the
statement," replied Mr. Boldt, with em-
phasis. "A corporation has not been
formed to manage the hotel. The
lessees of the hotel are George C. Boldt
and his wife, and we have taken a twenty-
one years' lease."

A SHAKE-UP AT THE NETHER- LAND.

THEY have had a big shake-up at the
Hotel Netherland during the past
week or so, the chef and the
steward retiring, their places being taken
by two men from other New York hotels.
The chef was Jean Roth. *Ne connaissez-
vous pas, Monsieur Roth?* (Don't you
know Mr. Roth?) Roth is a typical
Frenchman, and was for some time
president of the Cook's Society, the so-
ciety with the long, mouth-filling name.
Roth was for nine years chef at the
Netherland, and as there was no outside
gossip about him, it was thought he
might continue for another nine years.
But matters have not been going on as
they should, and Mr. Whitaker, the prop-
rietor, being pressed to act, decided to
change his chief cook. To use Whit-
aker's words to the writer, "I made the
change for the good of the hotel. It got
so that I would have to jacket Roth
about every two weeks, but no good
came of it, so I decided to change." To
judge from Mr. Whitaker's remarks,
Roth got it into his head that he owned

the kitchen—in fact, the hotel—a
mental aberration common to cooks.

The steward to go was W. A. Roskell.
He is replaced by Isaac White, formerly
of the Imperial. Roth's place has been
filled by a man whose name has a
Swedish-movement sound, Leon Stok-
len. Stoklen was formerly head cook at
the Cadillac.

CORRIDOR CHAT.

A CERTAIN New York hotel man,
who has leased a nearby summer
resort, is to be married a few days
before the opening of the hotel. . . .
An error was made in the statement
published in BROADWAY WEEKLY a
week ago in saying that Mr. Edgehill
was the uncle of Austin Corbin. Mr.
Edgehill is Mr. Corbin's brother-in-law.
A. R. Conklin, of the office staff
of the Hotel Webster, will remain in the
employ of Mr. Joseph Reynolds, the new
proprietor of the Webster. . . . Hav-
ing recovered from his recent serious
illness, J. V. Jordan is now actively
looking after the interests of the Elberon
Hotel, at Long Branch.

MEEHAN, OF ALLENHURST.

E. N. WILSON having stepped out,
A. Frank Meehan has stepped
into the management of the
Allenhurst Club, on the Jersey Coast.
Though a great deal of money was taken
in at the club last summer, no profit was
declared. There are a lot of people, who,
on account of owning stock, have a great
deal to say as to how the club should be
managed. It is said that Wilson last
summer was most of the time in hot
water, trying to please this one and that;
one man wanted things done his way
and the wife of a member would insist
that matters should be carried out in her
way. So between two such elements,

Wilson's life at Allenhurst last summer
was about as sad as the waves are said
to be by the poet.

Meehan, who takes charge this sum-
mer, has had considerable experience as
a Boniface. For that matter, Wilson
was also an experienced man. Meehan
superintended the building and furn-
ishing of the Hotel Somerset, in West
Forty-ninth street, in this city, and was
for a while its manager. If he can har-
monize the different factions at Allen-
hurst, let them think their ideas are
correct, and that he doesn't know the
first thing about running a hotel, he may
get along; for what's the use of being a
stockholder in a hotel if you cannot have
something to say about the manage-
ment? Of all people, a hotel man should
be saved from the house committee
of a club. Their appreciation of the
awful sense of responsibility that rests
upon them makes them feel that they
alone know how the club should be run.

SUMMER RESORT STAFFS.

AT Churchill Hall, N. Y., the staff is:
Room Clerk, Frank E. Thew;
Bookkeeper, George Becker; Stew-
ard, Carl Angel, and Housekeeper, Miss
E. Alenader. Edward Griffith, who is
to manage Churchill Hall, at one time
managed the White Face Inn, in the
Adirondacks. Last summer he was
assistant manager of the Astor House in
this city.

The principal as-is'ants to Mr. Greaves
at the Oriental Hotel, Manhattan Beach,
will be Room Clerk, Asa S. Loomis;
Cashier, E. E. Perry; Front Clerk, J. J.
Sweeny; Night Clerk, S. Clark; Steward,
J. O'Connor, and Housekeeper, Mrs. E.
A. Twombly.

At the Long Beach Hotel, Col. A. E.
Dick will have to assist him: B. W.
Swope, Chief Clerk; W. J. Clearman,
Assistant Clerk; E. S. Higgins, Book-
keeper; W. Tupper, Cashier; J. E.
Campbell, Stenographer; N. S. Beebe,
Steward; J. W. Conroy, Wine Steward;
Mr. Mongol, Chef; Edward Spohr,
Pastry Cook; Mrs. M. D. King, House-
keeper; Wilson Perceval, Head-waiter;
Nicholas Battlo, Head Hallman;

While at Long Beach, Col. Dick will
have the following staff in charge of the
Grenoble, in this city: W. S. Warren,
Manager; E. S. Higgins, Bookkeeper;
R. D. Jenkins, Cashier; J. D. Prump-
bour, Steward; A. Clark, Night-clerk;
Martino Peraglie, Headwaiter; Mrs. E.
S. Higgins, Housekeeper.

A NEW HOTEL FOR PHILADEL- PHIA.

AT the corner of Broad and Locust
streets, Philadelphia—the north-
east corner—a hotel twenty-two
stories high is to be built. The plans,
which have been drawn by Hale and
Morse, architects, call for a frontage of
120 feet on Broad street and 136 feet
on Locust street. It is a syndicate that
is furnishing the money, at the head of
which is Willard Lee Hall. At present
Hall is in Europe. The location chosen
is a good one, being near the Pennsylv-
ania station and in a part of the city
corresponding with our Fifth avenue
and Forty-second street. Maltby, of
the Continental, or Swett, of the Wal-
ton, would be good men to manage the
new hotel, both men having long been
identified with Philadelphia hotels.

WHERE TO GO.

AERIAL GARDENS, Over the New Am-
sterdam. Opening Monday, June 6
Remarkable Company
Including: A
Fay Templeton Peter F. Dalley LITTLE
Lella McIntyre Joseph Sparks OF
Sabel Johnson Harry T. Kelly EVERYTHING
Susie Fisher Geo. Schiller By
and 100 others John J. McNally

SAVOY THEATRE, 34th St. and Broadway
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

ELIZABETH TYREE
in a New Comedy from the French,
TIT FOR TAT
With Aubrey Boucicault.

CASINO, Broadway and 30th Street.
Telephone, 6020 & 6726—38.
Eve's at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.

Fred C. Whitney presents
PIFF, PAFF, POUF.
Book by Stanislaus Stange.
Lyrics by William Jerome.
Music by Jean Schwartz.

BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st St. & B'way.
Eve's 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Jacob Litt, Proprietor.

Henry W. Savage offers
RAYMOND HITCHCOCK
in the new Comic Opera
THE YANKEE CONSUL

CRITERION THEATRE, B'way & 44th St.
Eve's 8:20. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

Charles Frohman presents
WILLIAM COLLIER
in RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S Farce
THE DICTATOR

LYRIC, Broadway, 7th Ave. and 42d Street.
Eve's 8:15. Mat. Sat. 2:15
Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Prop.

DEWOLF HOPPER
IN
"WANG."

BELASCO THEATRE, 42d St. near B'way.
Eve's punctually at 8. Mat. Sat. 2:10
LAST WEEKS.

David Belasco presents, by arrangement
with Maurice Campbell,

HENRIETTA CROSMAN
in the new play,
SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS

NEW YORK, B'way, 44th to 45th Street.
Eve's 8:15. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Klaw & Erlanger, Mgrs.

GEORGE W. LEDERER'S UNIQUE
MUSICAL NOVELTY,
THE SOUTHERNERS
By Will Mercer and Richard Grant.
Music by Will Marion Cook.

WEST END, West 125th Street.
For week beginning May 30th,
RESURRECTION
For week beginning June 6th,
UNDER TWO FLAGS

BROADWAY WEEKLY
from No. 50 to No. 62 contains many fine
portraits of society leaders.
The 13 numbers mailed for \$1.00.

BROADWAY WEEKLY

VOL. III., No. LXX.

NEW YORK, JUNE 16, 1904.

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THE EDITOR'S CHAT OF BROADWAY AND ITS PEOPLE.

A NEW YORK millionaire and man of high standing in business and financial circles is being sued by a poor, lonely, misguided young widow, who took a ride the first time she met him through Central Park just to show how innocent and confiding she was. She wants something like a million dollars, more or less, for the dent in her reputation and lacerated feelings. It was a *Herald* personal that started the whole mischief. It was a very innocent personal—merely one of those lisping, ingenuous affairs that you find on the front page of the *Herald* and which have led to more divorces and newspaper sensations than any similar amount of type published in the world. There is not a city editor in New York who does not scan the *Herald* personals every morning for a news story. Now, the spider caught the fluttering fly good and hard. She was such a diffident young creature, too. She showed this by following the millionaire to his country home, meeting him in the street and demanding money. She asked for \$130,000, or thereabouts, but was satisfied with \$130. Then she came back to New York and took her case to a reputable firm of lawyers. They refused to go ahead with it. Then she went down to a shyster's den in lower New York and found a lawyer, who was willing to take any kind of a case from anybody at any time. If he wins this particular case, he is entitled to at least 90 per cent. of the net proceeds instead of 50 per cent., which no doubt he has agreed to accept.

The millionaire refuses to be blackmailed, and in this respect the hundred other millionaires, more or less, who are blackmailed every year should take new courage unto themselves, procure a good lawyer, or else communicate direct with the detective bureau on Mulberry street. Your blackmailer is just as greedy, just as much an outlaw as the highwayman, only he hasn't the highwayman's courage. The sneaking, skulking lot who are forever preying upon the well-to-do of New York, will, it is hoped, be made to run to cover by the action of this millionaire who had rather stand a chance to be held up to ridicule than to accede to the holdup demands of a poor, persecuted, defenceless little widow, who goes out riding in Central Park at night the first time she meets a man through a *Herald* personal.

And second only to these vultures in rottenness and disregard for all the decencies in life are some of the frayed and contemptible lawyers who give an appearance of legality to the rapacious demands of their blackmailing clients. While it is true that a lawyer once having taken a case should fight for his client's rights and claims with all possible force and vigor, there are any number of these sharks scattered over the city to whom the only consideration in taking a case is whether or not there is a chance of making a dishonest dollar honestly or an honest dollar dishonestly. Every once in a while, some lawyer is disqualified for practices which are unprofessional or downright crooked. For the good of the high-minded and reputable members of the lawyer's craft, it is a pity that there are not more lawyers sent to Sing Sing every year.

JEAN DE RESZKE, the darling of American women opera-goers, is coming next season to gather a few more dollars via the concert platform. I wonder if our American women will be as loyal to de Reszke as Continental audiences are to their singers (do you remember the delightful chapter in Mark Twain's "A Tramp Abroad," in which the humorist describes the tearfulness of the audience as it listens to the painful efforts of a once great tenor?), for let it be known that Jean de Reszke is no longer a great singer. He practically has lost his grip. Only a shred of that once magnificent voice is left. There is still, however, the same enthusiastic desire for our good American dollars and the adorable Jean will probably announce his coming tour as his first and last concert appearance in America. Edouard is still in splendid voice and will probably be heard on the same platform with his brother during the tour.

WITH the departure of Maria Da Prato for Italy's gentle clime, New York newspaper men lose one of the few rivets that holds them to the real Bohemianism of the town, as we knew it back in the '80s. Maria, as she was called by the frequenters of her red-wine dispensary, has never been really at ease in her new home on West Forty-first street, and since the death of her husband, she has been getting more and more restless, and finally she decided to retire, temporarily at least, to her childhood's home in Italy. The old Maria's, on West Twelfth street, when it first moved over from McDougal street, was as near an approach to Bohemianism as New York can hope to see in very many moons. This was before the advent of the "pink-eyed counter jumpers," as George Luks called them. Among those who were regular frequenters of Maria's in those days were Archie Gunn, Fred Ware, later Alderman; William Walsh, of the *Herald*; Charles Edward Barns, George B. Luks, Edward Townsend, whose "Chimmie Fadden" was then catching the country; Fred. Oppen, Davenport, of the *Journal*; Richard Outcault, and even Bliss Carman, of the wondrous potted hair, was allowed occasionally to stretch his long legs under the table. Kate Masterson, Helen Hutchinson and any number of women who wrote for newspapers at that time were often to be seen there. Maria's soon began to be a sort of sight-seeing resort, the aforesaid "pink-eyed counter jumpers" broke in upon the proceedings and finally Maria's lost its hold on the old crowd, who, truth to tell, were not particularly constant in their affections and inclined to be migratory in their habits. Then Maria took her restaurant and husband up to West Forty-first street, where she has been ever since.

Some of the antics at Maria's Twelfth street place were more notable for their picturesque novelty than for any conventionality that was attached to them. There was once an artist—and, believe me, this is no fable—who had the habit of getting himself disliked by nine out of every ten persons he met. He was tall and slim, and wore a goatee and heavy mustache, and that's as near as I care to identify him. One Saturday evening, when the fruit and cheese had been reached and the soup was cold, our artist, very bumptious, exceedingly self-important and horribly offensive, got up on one of the tables and insisted on making a speech. This in itself was not remarkable, as speeches in Maria's were more plentiful than courses, but on this night the company did not seem to be in particularly good humor and the artist was hissed and booed. Nothing daunted, he continued, but the remarks of his fellow and sister diners finally became so pointed that he grew angry and dared them to put him out—then the deluge. Many willing hands grabbed him forced him, kicking and sputtering, into the kitchen, and there proceeded to fill his neck and his sleeves and his pockets full of soup. Now, it was very good soup, but hardly intended for that purpose, and the artist left for home in an unhappy and revengeful frame of mind. It was not a pretty trick, I grant you, but then artists with goatees and large mustaches should not make speeches, and of all things they should never get angry!

WHERE is William Reick, of the *Herald*? I hear this question asked pretty often. If he were in town now, it is pretty certain that he would either improve the typographical appearance of the headings in the *Herald* or discharge somebody in the mechanical department. There are more dropped letters in the *Herald* headings at the present time than can be found in any other paper in New York. This may not be the most intensely interesting piece of news that you have read in a year, but I'll wager if there isn't an improvement, something will drop in the near future. Mr. Reick isn't the man to keep on saying the same thing over and over.

EMANUEL WARNER, known to everybody who is anybody in the theatrical business as "Manny," is back again in London, having left New York to look out for itself. Warner is one of the funniest and at the same time most interesting men London sends us yearly. He does not occupy much space up in the air but considerable sideways. He is barely five feet in height, and probably weighs

a good 180 pounds. As a member of the famous firm of R. Warner & Company, London, he has closed some very important theatrical contracts during the past fifteen or twenty years. "Manny" Warner is almost as well known along the Strand as Teddy Marks. If ever they should leave England for America simultaneously the Strand would flow feet deep with the tears of the distraught barnmaids. Warner's head, by the way, scarcely reaches the top of an ordinary bar, but his voice carries well.

A YOUNG Chicago woman, Fannie Gideon Main, has written an emotional drama in five acts, entitled "The Convert." The initial reading of the play was given a short time ago and those present declared "The Convert" to be a vivid and forceful drama. Some of those who took part in the reading are well known in New York and Chicago. Here is the program of the reading:

INITIAL READING OF
THE CONVERT
An Emotional Drama in 5 Acts by
FANNIE GIDEON MAIN

"For whoso hath loved much, the same shall be forgiven."

CHARACTERS.

Della Taylor.....	Miss Gertrude Goe
Olive Hamilton.....	Miss Ellen Goe
Lillian Bagot.....	Miss Nellie Hanson
Leonora Poore.....	Miss Florence Goe
Jeannette Broadwood.....	Mrs. Goe
Fannie Baintree (Lady Fan).....	Mrs. Main
Mason Lambton.....	Mr. Goe
Frank Lewis.....	Mr. Albert Gideon
Charlie Allgold.....	Mr. George Gideon
Lord Kilcare.....	Mr. Quilty
Frederick Hayes.....	Mr. Herbert Goe
Reginald Campbell.....	Mr. Francis Main
Peter Bradford, Minister at Fernside.....	Mr. Main
Helen Bradford, his sister.....	Mrs. Gideon
Kate Bradford, ".....	Florence Gideon
Wilfred Wooley, Deacon in Fernside Church.....	Mr. John Spengler
Ann Wooley, his wife.....	Helen Moss
Dick Wellington, a student.....	Rufus Brugman
Mr. Wilson, an Attorney.....	Mr. Wm. Main
Jason, servant of the Bradfords.....	Frank Gideon
Harriet, ".....	Ernestine Ludwig
Louis, Henry, John, Herman—Musicians.	
Two liveried servants in Fannie Baintree's House.	
Child, Orphan from Fernside Asylum.	

Act 1. After the horse show. Scene—Lady Fan's London House.
Act 2. The next evening. Scene—The Rectory at Fernside.
Act 3. Christmas Time. Scene—Same as Act 2.
Act 4. The day before the Coronation. Scene—Same as Acts 2 and 3.
Act 5. The Coronation. Scene—Same as Act 1.

"The Convert," I understand, is now in the hands of a well-known New York manager, who will probably schedule it for production next season, as he considers it one of the strongest manuscripts he has read in a long time.

HERE is a blithe and interesting bit from the want columns in the New York Herald:

THE TURF.

FOSTER mother at once for five puppies; one day old. 338 West 70th st.

No doubt the racing editor of the *Herald* could give some technical reason why this advertisement should be published under the heading of "Turf." To most people it looks like a transplanted Puck joke.

THIS time the buccaneers of the West have hit upon "The Shepherd King." The Wright Lorimer drama has not yet been seen out West, and these theatrical highwaymen, always ready to steal the product of another's endeavors, are now pirating "The Shepherd King" in the hope that the wide advertising the piece has received will be of benefit to them. Can it be possible, by the way, that any live theatre manager throughout the country can be unaware of the fact that these productions of "The Shepherd King" are prohibited by law? And if they don't know it, don't these men come under the head of receivers of stolen goods? It is to be hoped that Howard Herrick, Mr. Lorimer's representative who has gone to look over the Western field, will land a few of these blacklegs in jail.

SOMEONE has kindly sent me a copy of *New Thought*, which is published by Sydney Flower, who figured in a not particularly pleasant manner in the New York *Sun* some time ago. On the front page, in the most amazing yellow, is printed, "You need more love given you, whoever you are: so I send you mine, wherever you are." This remarkable effusion is signed Ida Gatling Pentecost. I haven't the honor of Mrs. Pentecost's acquaintance, nor do I know if she is Miss or Mrs. As, however, I don't flatter myself that this copy was printed especially for me, the idea naturally presents itself that love sent so broadcast must be promiscuous. Incidentally, Ida Quick-fire Pentecost doesn't give her address.

NO longer do the cares of housekeeping rest heavily on the classic shoulders of Aubrey Boucicault. No doubt his is a nature which rebels against the common cares of lifting the cream from the dumbwaiter or ordering green goods from the corner grocer. With the recommendation of a Philadelphia referee in divorce proceedings that Cornelia Boucicault be granted a divorce from her actor-husband, it is said that the lackadaisical Aubrey did not take the trouble to contest the suit. Whether this was due to lack of interest or was a mere gentlemanly reminder to Mrs. Cornelia that he was tickled to death to be rid of marital bonds, rumor sayeth little. At any rate, it is not beyond the range of possibility that in the near future Mr. Boucicault may lead to the altar a slight and pretty woman on whom he has showered his not always steadfast attentions during the past few months.

THERE is an Auburn Beauty Show on Broadway every day of the year. It is up in the office of the Otto Sarony gallery, near Twenty-eighth street. I never in my life at one time have seen so many pretty girls with hair running the color scale from vivid red to the darkest golden brown. I don't know where Colonel Marceau gets them all, but there they are. If business increases at the rate of the past year and the staff keeps pace with it, Colonel Marceau will have soon corralled every red-haired girl in the city and may have to sent to Philadelphia and Syracuse for a further supply.

A CURIOUS photograph of Alice Roosevelt is on exhibition at Pach Brothers, at Broadway and Twenty-second street. Miss Roosevelt is shown three-quarter length in profile, and it is one of the prettiest pictures I have ever seen of this charming young woman. She is leaning against a high-backed chair on top of which is perched an owl or some other feathered animal. Whether it is a chair decoration or straight from the Bronx Zoo, I do not know, but it is a curious detail for a photograph.

A MAN much seen around town these days is John Reisenweber, who started the Circle Restaurant and is a political power on the west of the town. Mr. Reisenweber is a black-haired, broad-shouldered man who has made all his own money, is very wealthy and is a figure of considerable importance in local brewing and banking circles.

MY London correspondent writes me about "The Butterfly Marquis," who is in financial difficulties, as follows:

The fifth Marquis of Anglesey, otherwise known as the Earl of Uxbridge, Middlesex, Baron Paget of Beaudesert, is even a bigger fool than any of the young noble sprigs you know on the other side. It has been stated that his income amounts to about \$750,000, though I doubt the accuracy of the amount. Unquestionably, however, his income is enormous, notwithstanding his present financial difficulties. There is no nobleman in England to-day that is better known to the theatrical fraternity. He firmly imagines himself a little devil of the drama and has spent as much as \$100,000 on some of his productions at the Gaiety Theatre at Anglesey. His company has usually been composed of professionals, who were out of positions and who have not been averse to taking a little of the easy Marquis's money. As an actor "The Butterfly Marquis" is absolutely beneath contempt. His love for the stage seems to be based principally on the fact that it gives him the opportunity to wear skirts and to don his famous Anglesey jewels. His wife divorced him some time ago and he has been paying her \$75,000 a year. Take him all in all, "The Butterfly Marquis" cuts about the most ridiculous figure among the noblemen in England. It seems a shame that so much good money should be wasted on a thin-legged, low-browed, semi-degenerate.

MY London correspondent writes me as follows also about the now famous Sievier case:

"In spite of the smug smile of complacent virtue that rippled over

the columns of contemporaries when the Sievier case came to an end, I venture to assert that it was one of the most unsatisfactory trials on record. I have no desire to question the verdict of the jury, but I certainly protest against much of the evidence as absurd, and against much of the conduct of the case as dangerously novel. The judge's astonishing defence of Queen Victoria as a woman so lost to all sense of proportion, to say nothing of all sense of humor, as to be willing to give up her throne rather than be introduced to a bookmaker, I pass over; I am getting used to Granthamisms. I may merely say in passing that if kings and princes were never introduced to worse people than bookmakers they might congratulate themselves on keeping comparatively good company. Justice Grantham's gratuitous reference to Lady Mabel Sievier in any man but a judge would have been condemned as bad form. But the chief thing I have to find fault with was the admittance of Inspector Drew's evidence. If "what the soldier said" was not evidence, how in the world are we to describe "Inspector Drew's suspicions"? I should have imagined that such evidence was utterly illegal; but, taking it for granted that it is not so, I should say that the sooner it is made a criminal offence for counsel to call, or a judge to allow, such evidence the better for everybody.

"For all that, no doubt justice of a sort has been done, and probably the ex-member of Boodle's has got his deserts. But vicious as the professional gambler may be, the evil he does is comparatively limited. He does not spend laborious days cheating the widow, and only orphans with very large estates come under his hands. So while we have the stock magnate imperilling the savings of the thrifty, and while the iniquitous person is received in the very highest society, I really cannot spare a stone to throw at Robert Sievier. The idea of a scape-goat is displeasing to me."

LEANDER RICHARDSON'S announcement that he is to increase the size of *The Enquirer* calls attention to the fact that this journalistic youngster is one of the little wonders of the newspaper world. It was started by Mr. Richardson more as a joke than anything else. It certainly looked to be such when it first reached the newsstands. It did not take smart newspaper readers long to make up their minds that *The Enquirer* was a pretty serious paper once it started out to do something. It has forged ahead in a really remarkable manner until to-day it is one of the important features of newsstands that are patronized by knowing people with brains. Mr. Richardson has the faculty of being able to express himself in English that cannot be misunderstood, and *The Enquirer* reflects this ability in no uncertain manner.

ANOTHER interesting piece of publishing news is the engagement of John Kendrick Bangs as editor of *Puck*. Mr. Bangs was editor last year of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, but he is better known as a contributor to prominent publications than as an editorial manager. Mr. Bangs has already assumed charge of *Puck* and we may expect to see in the near future a change in the cut-and-dried make-up and general fogysm of this good old American paper.

THERE is no doubt that the story of Sir Henry Irving's announcement that he is to retire in 1906 is based on absolute fact. Irving is to-day a very old man. Those who saw him last season in "Dante" were shocked to see how he had failed physically, although the inextinguishable light of those great eyes still shone out with intelligence and vigor. If biographies are truthful, Irving is well over seventy. While he still may be considered to be in the kindergarten class compared with our own Joseph Jefferson, the public can hardly claim that he is retiring without good and sufficient reason.

THROUGH thick and through thin, through sunshine and rainy weather, through all the vicissitudes of various administrations, one of the most conspicuous figures in New York life is still to be found bravely attending to business, strictly looking out for the interests of his employer and conscientiously attending to the wants of a grateful public. I refer to the raucous-voiced file man who, with business acumen, has selected the entrance to Peter De Lacey's pool room on Park Row for his place of business. Mr. De Lacey is probably the leader in his line of endeavor in this country and, when business has been stagnant or absolutely closed up owing to legal conditions, Mr. De Lacey has continued to do business at the old stand. He is perhaps one of the most striking examples of the utter futility of trying to enforce inconsistent laws when these laws are fought by a clever and resourceful lawyer.

"WHY should poets and essayists and novelists be so determinedly depressing?" asks *Harper's Magazine*. "They are always tearing the veil from something, until there is hardly a rag left for decency. Yet there are few nuditities so objectionable as the naked truth." We do not trouble to question the assertion that poets and essayists and novelists are depressing, though it is certainly questionable. There are plenty of novelists and some essayists who are almost gay, and not all even of modern verse is depressing. Apart from that, however, we really see nothing objectionable in the naked truth. What we find so offensive is truth half-clothed, truth ill-clothed, truth disguised. Truth bedecked and bedizened out of recognition is a very courtesan. Truth bedraggled and mud-stained is a very drab. Naked truth is innocent and unashamed, and when our poets and essayists and novelists have the eyes to see her and the power to make others see her, we shall no longer have to lament the lost greatness of our literature.

The Truth is fair as fair can be
Nor needs the aid of fur or feather—
No padded, painted hussy she,
Who dare not dare the "altogether."

But, oh so fair is Truth, that she
Is seen not by the little-minded;
They gaze—but still they do not see
By dazzling perfectness they're blinded.

Then cry they:—"Trick her out in pearls,
And paint her cheeks and dye her tresses,
And make her look like other girls
Who hide their faults in pretty dresses."

Or else they cry:—"Come, drag her down,
Down, down, to degradation utter;
And tell the gamins of the town
To look for Truth in every gutter."

Then comes the man with eyes to see,
Who rescues her from plight so tragic,
And, stript of mud and finery,
He makes us see her, by his magic.

COLONEL HENRY W. SAVAGE, the much-travelled, is back again in this country, after a hurried trip to the other side. His trip abroad was made principally for the purpose of witnessing the opening of "The Prince of Pilsen" at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London. While abroad Colonel Savage visited Berlin and Paris and, now that he is home again, he probably will start right away for Chicago and other cities in which he has interests. This is a little way that Colonel Savage has.

"THE Eternal Feminine," in which Margaret Anglin is to be seen next fall under the management of Frank L. Perley, is said to be one of the strongest plays thus far sent us by German dramatists. Like most of the dramatic material that comes from Germany, this Robert Misch play has strength and virility, even though it has been described as "a most jolly and fantastic comedy." If the dramatization does anything like full justice to the original, Mr. Perley and Miss Anglin have a sure winner in "The Eternal Feminine."

WHEN Laura Joyce Bell died, there passed away a fine woman, a splendid wife and a tender mother. Mrs. Bell was ever the friend of the young and inexperienced girls of her company, who looked upon her as a friend and counsellor rather than as a superior. She had good hard common-sense, combined with a charming womanliness and an old-fashioned idea of home life and its privileges and responsibilities. Her husband will feel the loss keenly, as they were a devoted couple.

"KING'S VIOLET" is a new highly-spiced and offensive cologne which New York clubmen are now affecting. It is the favorite of King Edward, who usually is conservative and entirely sane in his selection of toilet requisites. In this particular case, however, the King must certainly have made the selection on an off day when the wind was blowing the other way and his olfactory organs were

THE SOCIAL BUTTERFLY.

FASHION has set the seal of her approval on black evening gowns. And this should be tidings of comfort and joy to our friend, the economical dresser. Not that the black frocks seen at the smart shops spelt economy—quite the reverse, for they were priced at from \$100 to \$300. But it strikes me that a clever woman could evolve them, or their doubles, at a much more economical rate. First, I will give a broad outline of the style, make, and materials. These black dresses appear in tulle, chiffon, fine net, soft satin, velvet and rich Chantilly lace. They are trimmed with jet, lace, embroideries, and the appliqué of chiffon flowers that seems a prevailing note of our present day fashions. Some are made in the early Victorian style, with sloping shoulders, and full, pleated skirts. Others are in the Empire mode, with short waists and puffed sleeves; while a few—and perhaps the most successful—have no definite style, but excel on account of their perfect make and design.

A beautiful black dinner gown of the Empire persuasion, was in black tulle; it had a short bodice formed of tabs of black velvet on tulle, and at the back fell the ends of a long sash in black velvet ribbon. Over the bodice came a coat, made entirely in the richest jet. The coat was sleeveless, and showed the puffed tulle sleeves that belonged to the gown. This costume would suit admirably a tall, slender, fair-haired wearer. Another charming gown was made of the finest black net, with insertions of black lace across the skirt, and forming the sleeves and bodice. The *clou* of this frock was a wide sash of soft blue silk, which went around the waist and fell in long ends to the edge of the skirt. By the way, this mixture of black and pale blue is a very satisfying one; and, in my mind's eye, I could see the effect completed by wearing turquoise ornaments, earrings, necklace, and perhaps a bangle or hair ornament. Such a combination of dress and jewels is to be worn by a woman I know at Long Branch this season.

JUNE sees the scheme of dress settled for the new summer (writes "A Society Butterfly"). Smart dressmakers have again returned from Paris, and their ideas for the season seem now to have crystalized into definite shape and form. Taffetas is to be the material *par excellence*

for the next few months, and voile and canvas are to be second in favor. Parisians are wearing black taffetas and black velvet for the spring races, black cloth for walking costumes, and black *velours mousseline* in the evening—indeed, their craze for black seems to have by no means abated. Cream, white, and gray will be worn for smart gowns, and—sad extravagance—for early morning dresses, as also for gowns for country or traveling. White cloth is one of the newest whims, and, made with bolero and skirt, accompanied by a cream lace blouse, will be the foundation of many of the smartest confections of the season.

MY wanderings among the New York shops introduced me to many beautiful costumes. One, in cream lace and embroidered cream muslin, had touches of palest blue and gold on the bodice and sleeves. The bodice was slightly pouched, with a deep waist belt of soft cream satin. The sleeves stopped short at the elbow, and were finished by ruffles of tulle and cream lace to match the gown. The *clou* of this lovely toilet was the dainty mantle—the old word "pelerine," best describes it—made of the same lace and muslin, with touches of gold, and edged by ruffles of cream lace, like those on the sleeves. This mantlet was to be worn well off the shoulders; not fastened in front, but hanging with an easy grace. The expert who showed me her wares said that these 1830 pelerines were an important element in the styles of the coming season. Another beautiful gown was in pale gray *crêpe-de-Chine*, with chiffon and chenille trimmings in the same shade—a symphony in soft gray. These gowns had no startling novelty in shape or make. It was the *façon* that told, the perfection of cut and design. Their price was well over \$200.

MRS. O. P. BELMONT will return from abroad with a novel idea for entertaining at Newport. The latest foreign fad is to give a national evening. Whatever nation is chosen, the hostess wears the colors and costume, and the national flowers and national dishes are to be found at dinner. We are apt to have at Newport this summer, a small Italy, Germany, France and many others, as Mrs. Belmont is thoroughly taken with the fad.

completely disarranged. A few nights ago, a member of the Calumet Club, who, despite his liking for golf and other manly sports, is effeminately inclined scentward, walked into the reading room of the Calumet, and on being asked by one of the loungers where he had procured "King's Violet," gave minute directions and a laudatory send-off. The other man threw down his paper and started to go. "Where are you going?" said the golfer. "To G——'s," was the reply. "To congratulate him on introducing this new aroma?" said the golfer. "No; to kill him," said the lounge.

COMMERCIAL America is so thoroughly inoculated with the trading stamp virus that it only remains for some theatrical manager to offer red-white-and-blue stamps, redeemable in building lots or ice-cream freezers, in order to show how thoroughly epidemic the disease has become. In the meantime, the other State Legislatures may decide that the trading stamp must have a redeemable cash value, in which case, theatre-goers would have to be paid real money for sitting out a performance.

THE VANQUISHED.

THEY tramp through town and city
While falls the shrouding night,
Strangers to hope and piety,
Derelict of delight,
The legion of dishonor
That bears a tarnished name—
Kind Saviour, succor women
Whom men have sold to shame!
Though grace of form and feature,
Though beauty still remain,
Upon each fallen creature
Shows clear the mark of Cain;
They killed their souls by sinning,
For love they slew the r fame—
Kind Saviour, succor women
Whom men have sold to shame!
Their hearts are homes of sorrows,
Where tears bring no relief,
Since all the sad to-morrows
Renew despair and grief;
The dying sun sends darkness,
The new-born day the same—
Kind Saviour, succor women
Whom men have sold to shame!
They tramp through town and city
While falls the shrouding night,
Strangers to hope and piety,
Derelict of delight;
But when the scrolls are opened
And God adjudges blame,
Kind Saviour, succor women
Whom men have sold to shame!

HUGH P. JONES.

ONE ON HER.

FOR years there had been a feeling of good-fellowship between them, and the fact that they were distantly related led him to consider himself privileged where she was concerned. Still, on opening his box Christmas morning she was somewhat surprised to see two shining silver buckles smiling at her. There was no mistaking what manner of gift it was, for the buckles were interlaced with handsome black satin ribbon, and the pair lay side by side. That was not the sort of gift she liked from a man, and, besides, she did not wear that kind, so she laid them aside, thinking, "I'll give them to someone else some time," and she wrote her note of thanks, saying that modesty prevented her from calling them by their proper name, but they were very handsome and she most grateful. The return mail brought this brief note from him:

"Your modesty was quite unnecessary. Had you taken the trouble to take my gift from the box you would have found a muff-holder."—M. C. S. in *Lippincott's*.

THE filing of a voluntary petition in bankruptcy by Marie Jansen is a rather sad commentary on the career of this clever woman. She places her entire liabilities at \$1,325—a sum which, in the heyday of the Jansen career, could have been liquidated without any trouble.

DR. HILLIS, an eminent Brooklyn divine, says it is vulgar to be rich. Mine for vulgarity three feet thick, copper riveted and non-combustible. Dr. Hillis has missed his vocation. He should be an editorial writer for *Puck*.

DUKE, where the cigarettes come from, and Lorillard, of tobacco fame, must look to their laurels. Peter F. Dailey is getting out a cigar; or at any rate, if this isn't quite true, there is a cigar called the "Pete Dailey" which is making its appearance on Broadway. Whether it is good or bad, is for you to find out. Mr. Dailey evidently believes that there is such a thing as rainy weather and, through the aid of smoke and his Dreamland attraction, he seems to be laying in a fairly comfortable store of umbrellas and mackintoshes.

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

By CAROLYN LOWREY.

IN October Robert Grau will present to the musical public Miss Nina David, the vocal wonder. Miss David has a glorious voice, holding a splendid range of sustained notes. This girl, who is just in the first flush of womanhood, has taken the laurels from "Our Patti" even in her palmy days. In 1881 Patti's highest note was high G. To-day Miss David reaches three notes higher with perfect ease. She is sure to receive a warm welcome from lovers of music.

THE Countess Cassini, of Washington, has lost a brooch which she values at one thousand dollars. The little Countess is on the rampage, and has issued an order to search the Japs.

SPEAKING of jewels: Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel is said to have the finest collection outside of royalty in London. Her gems are worthy a place in the Tower of London. She wears around her throat a string of matchless pearls, and across her bosom five ropes. The gem she values most is a black pearl purchased for twenty thousand dollars.

MARSHALL P. WILDER tells of a bit of humor at his own expense. When in London he was called upon to render his monologue before a party of Greeks, who, although they understood English, were unacquainted with our American brand of humor.

Mr. Wilder, with his world-famed reputation, after trying to draw a little merriment out of his stolid audience was about to politely take his departure when his hostess pleasantly said, "That was very nice, Mr. Wilder, but won't you please tell us something funny before you go?"

By the way, Mr. Wilder and his charming wife have furnished their new home with the quaint fancies of the humorist. Instead of the conventional hatrack a row of hooks adorns the hall wall, each one labeled with the name of one of the chosen few. The dining-room chairs also bear the name of the favored guests. A pleasing fancy is a painting of Mr. and Mrs. Wilder with their hands extended in greeting. This is to face the door and give a mute welcome to the large circle of friends who thoroughly enjoy a visit to this quaint home.

THE fashionable woman of the summer must have a parasol for each gown. This fad will be an expensive one, as the fair dames of fortune will use jeweled handles.

Mrs. J. P. Kernochan has a coaching parasol made of black silk covered and hung with black roses. An order for a poppy one has been given by a bud.

THE CONDUCTOR HELPED OUT

WHEN the two young men, who looked like bank clerks, met in a north-bound Broadway surface car it was apparent they were friends and had not seen each other for a long time.

After the usual greetings their conversation was slow and somewhat desultory and the conductor unconsciously helped out.

"Yes, I'm going to stay in town permanently, I suppose. They won't transfer me to the Chicago branch. I try to be satisfied, it's useless to re——"

"Pine!"

"Are you still rooming with Smith? Let me see, what was his first name?"

"John!"

"Yes, we are still together and I like him very much. If we were to quit I should——"

"Dey!"

"On Sundays we go to a patch of woods over in Jersey with a few friends and have a picnic. It is a delightful little——"

"Park Place!"

"I? Oh, I have a couple of rooms uptown. I call them rooms, though the landlady always alludes to them as my——"

"Chambers!"

"No, not very busy at this time of year. Have lots of time to write and——"

"Reade!"

"I don't care much for his works. I think many people overestimate his real——"

"Worth!"

"Lately I have been reading biographies and I was much interested in that of Benjamin——"

"Franklin!"

"Yes; he was a fine character. He was a man John would characterize as being——"

"While!"

"Not a great deal now, since I sold my boat. I play tennis a little and I walk considerably. In fact, I'm getting to be quite a——"

"Walker!"

"No; the chambermaid is slack. Why, you would think my parlor carpet was never touched with a——"

"Broome!"

"Yes, Jack is still commuting; says he likes the country. He has a pretty place and a fine garden. I was out there this——"

"Spring!"

"But in winter it must be unpleasant. It must be as bleak as we found it that winter on Washington Heights, if not——"

"Bleeker!"

"Which Jones? Oh, the big fat fellow? The one we used to call——"

"Great Jones!"

"And so he has married again? How many wives has he had? This must be about the——"

"Eighth!"

At this point the two friend transferred to a crosstown car. S. R. EGOR.

AN APPRECIATION OF

MAURUS JOKAI.

THERE is no lover of letters who will not mourn over the death of Maurus Jokai. His writings are not as well known in this country as they should be, though many of them have been translated. Writing in the one Asiatic language which still persists in Europe, Maurus Jokai was necessarily shut out from the rest of the world, and if it had not been that many of his works were translated into German, it is possible that Europe would not have heard of them at all, outside his own country of Hungary. And yet there are few writers of his time who have such remarkable charm. He belonged to the school of optimists, and there was seldom anything unpleasant—and never anything pessimistic—in his pages.

The work of his which made most impression upon me was one called "Black Diamonds." There is a picture of a prima donna which is one of the most touching I have ever read: a picture of a woman who carries her purity unspotted through all scenes and temptations, and finally gives to the man she loves a soul pure as when it was born. I suppose Jokai wrote more books than any other author who ever lived; they are to be numbered by the hundred. The remarkable thing was that they never seemed to show any sign of fatigue; up to the last each novel seemed as fresh as its predecessor.

Few men, also, had a career more checkered and adventurous. He was a lawyer, an editor, a politician, a novelist; he was a rebel in arms, a rebel condemned to death, a rebel for many years in poverty and exile; and, finally, the darling of a nation which combined to give him the great gift of \$100,000, and to fête him as no literary man has ever been fêted before. He had, perhaps, an even greater triumph in the fact that when he was already an old man, and not far off from the end, he won the love of the leading figure on the Hungarian stage. He was nearly eighty when he died. It was a full, a glorious, a great life.

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"LITTLE BURR" BY PIDGIN.

THE Robinson, Luce Company announces that it has in preparation the third of the series of Aaron Burr books by Charles Felton Pidgin. Its title is "Little Burr," with the subtitle "The Warwick of America." The book will really be in the nature of a prologue to "Blenner-

hassett," by the same author, so that the reader who wishes to become acquainted with the romantic story of Aaron Burr from his birth to his grave, as written by Mr. Pidgin, should read "Little Burr" first, then "Blennerhassett" and finally "The Climax." In taking this new Burr book this house has also secured the publication rights of "Blennerhassett" and "The Climax."

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY Editor

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear later something to your advantage by addressing Broadway Weekly, 27 East 21st Street, New York.

THE EDITORIAL VIEWPOINT.

I AM very proud of BROADWAY WEEKLY. The daily papers of late have been devoting considerable space to the suit for \$200,000, brought by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, against the *Ladies' Home Journal*. As a matter of fact, the story originally had appeared in this paper. No credit, of course, has been given to BROADWAY WEEKLY. Colonel Mann, editor and publisher of *Town Topics*, which unquestionably has published more "beats" than any other metropolitan journal, has suffered so long from this news pilfering that he no longer enters a protest.

ONE Lawrence Summerfield, better known as "Larry," and one of the most notorious confidence men in this country, nonchalantly made the following remarks to the detectives in the Tenderloin police station, when arrested on complaint of one Patrick J. Ryan: "What do I want of his \$2,500 small change? You know me well enough to understand that I am after big game. If he had a good-sized roll of \$15,000 or \$20,000, I'd get busy, but I'm no piker."

There is beautiful candor for you. Mr. Summerfield, even while in the police net, cheerfully acknowledged that he was a confidence man, but that he only played for big stakes. What the average New Yorker would like to know is how the agents for the building at Twenty-eighth street and Broadway can justify their action in renting offices to the redoubtable "Larry," who is known on Broadway from the pretty green spot at Number 1, clear up into the leafy recesses of Central Park. Incidentally, the other reputable tenants at the same address might have some reason for breaking their leases, even though they may admire the outspoken truthfulness of Mr. Summerfield.

WITH the passing of genial—and the word is used in its broadest and kindest sense—Gabe Case, New York has lost a really picturesque and interesting figure. Gabe Case was known to every horseman on the North American continent, and his resort was a landmark to local road drivers. He had an amazing and intimate acquaintanceship with politicians, merchants, financiers and sports-

THE CLEVER JAPANESE.

THE Japanese, clever in everything, have invented the three-panelled looking-glass, which is so great an assistance to the toilette. To see ourselves as others see us must be our aim if we are to shine in society, and a glance in the folding mirror just before we leave the house will often reveal something which ought to be corrected. Our friends and our enemies (those "wicked" ones of whom David stood in fear) will be able to see us from every possible angle, sideways and back view,

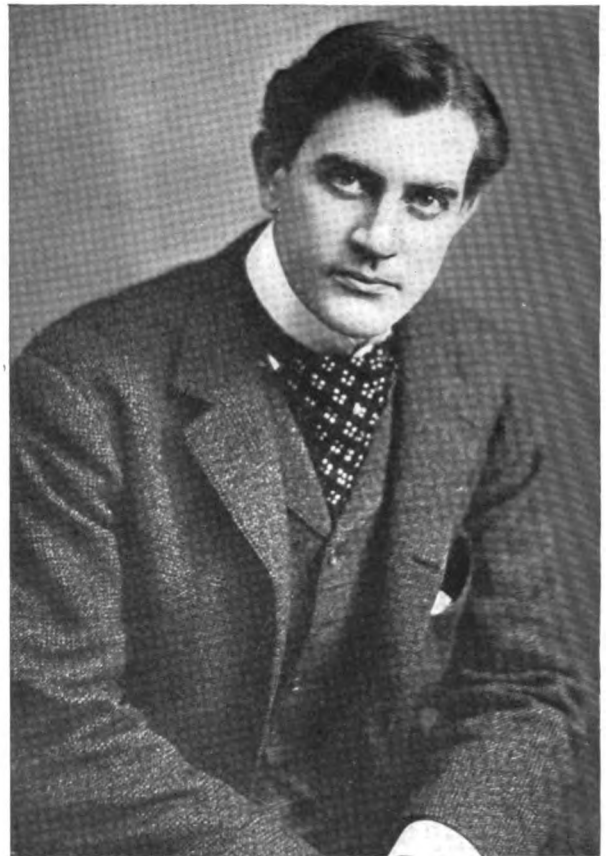
besides the pleasant full face, which generally meets us in the glass. So by all means let us see ourselves in the Japanese mirror before starting. Let the carriage wait a moment whilst we eradicate the untidy lock or make our wreath as pretty at the sides as it is in front. The wise dresser regards herself in the mirror when she comes home, as well as when she goes out, so that she may take a hint for the future. It is no good to go out a trifle dégage if one is to come home absolutely

untidy; no use to depend for one's effect on natural flowers if they are to come home looking like a bunch of faded greens. The invisible hair-net, the pocket powder-puff, the suspicion of spirit-gum with which the love-lock is kept in place—these are the tiny arms of the feminine battery, and the woman who is wise cannot afford to despise them.

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JAMES K. HACKETT, THE PROMINENT AMERICAN STAR, who, after two or three years of aimless wandering, has decided finally to re-enter the portals of the Theatrical Syndicate. Mr. Hackett is too popular an actor and too big a money-maker to waste his time on the outside of the stone wall that separates the wheat from the chaff in the theatrical profession.

men. He was an excellent judge of good beverages, from the lowly beer to the kingly Ruinart. He was whole-souled, generous and is sincerely mourned by an army of friends, which in itself is a mighty good monument when death comes at seventy-four.

MY old and respected contemporary, the *Worcester Spy*, startled the entire publishing world when its suspension was announced. Massachusetts folk would as soon have expected to see the Boston Common turned into building lots or the Nashua River flow back to its source. Every newspaper man in New York City knew the *Spy*, which, by the way, was a peculiarly infelicitous name for this open, able and courageous paper.

NO. 99 Nassau street bids fair to become the center of all that is greatest and most ennobling in the legal profession. This building houses George Robinson, who is counsel for the woman who wants William H. Barnard to share his bank account with her, and also Washington Brauns, who has the peculiar honor of being the counsel of Mrs. Hannah Elias, another poor persecuted woman, who, after getting \$689,000 out of a poor befuddled old man, is crying for more. It looks as if she might get much more and plenty of it, if Warren, Warren & O'Beirne, reputable members of the New York bar, and District Attorney Jerome have anything to say about it.

THE AMERICAN STAGE.

By ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY.

MR. STAIR AND "THE MAN FROM CHINA."

STAIR & HAVLAN were perfectly justified in closing the Majestic Theatre summarily, even though the producers of "The Man from China" have raised a fearful howl. The only good things about "The Man from China" were the book and Stella Mayhew. Mr. Stair personally had entered a protest against the manner of production and Mr. Raymond promised to do better. He got a new edition ready, but this did not come up to expectations and Mr. Stair, with the full sanction of his firm, decided not to hurt the reputation of the Majestic by letting the piece continue longer at his house. You can't fool Stair & Havlan very much on the quality of good pieces. "The Wizard of Oz" and "Babes in Toyland" are pretty good samples of their judgment. Charles Bigelow, by the way, was dire in "The Man from China." His work was worse than anything he had ever done in New York.

THE PONY BALLET'S BUSY FEET.

"**D**O you know," said my companion, as we watched the stage at the Casino, "that Pony Ballet down there has vastly improved the quality of our American stage dancing during the past five years? Well, it has. All the girls in musical comedy dance better to-day than they did ten years ago. Mind you, I am not talking about the star dancers but the general chorus work. Over in London, where there are generations of dancers, just as there are generations of bank presidents or millionaires in this country, there are hundreds of girls who, at fourteen or fifteen, dance just as well as the Pony Ballet. Those girls, when they came over here five years ago, were bully good dancers. There,—you see that little blonde—the second one on the left-hand side? She's a member of the original Pony Ballet that was brought

over here—was it by Oscar Hammerstein or by George Lederer? She's a typical London ballet dancer, feet, blond hair, smile and all."

THE BUSY MR. GRAU.

HOW does Robert Grau do it? is a question that is asked a dozen times a day along Broadway. There were times in the recent past when Mr. Grau was not regarded seriously in New York. According to his severest critics, his career was devoted principally to the enthusiastic exploitation of Bob Grau. These same critics have since been very glad to accept contracts with Robert Grau's signature, and there is not to-day a man who cuts a more important figure in the vaudeville business of this country than the same Robert Grau. Look at his present array of top-liners: Charles Hawtrey and company, Jessie Milward and company, May Robson and company, Mrs. Alice Shaw, the whistler; Florence Reed and company, Lucille Saunders, Elita Proctor Otis, John Mason, Rose Coghlan, Robert Downing, Olive May, and a dozen other men and women who are known wherever there is a footlight on the North American continent. I have had occasion many times to criticise Mr. Grau, and I am glad of this opportunity of giving him the biggest possible credit for his splendid efforts in introducing into vaudeville some of its greatest and most popular stars.

A NEW BOOK FOR DRAMATIZATION.

AMONG the important books of the year "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill, will unquestionably become one of the big sellers and will be dramatized later. Here is a young man who to-day has an income of \$20,000 from a small list of books, each one of which, however, has been a remarkable success. A few years ago Mr. Churchill was utterly unknown in New York. He had

written some short stories and believed that he had a good idea for a novel, but he did not know how to place it. He met at that time the late A. F. Grant, of the *Review of Reviews*. A friendship sprang up between them, and Grant, who was level-headed and as loyal a friend as a man ever had, suggested that he finish "Richard Carvel," which was then but an idea, and cart it around to all the big publishers and hold out for a big price. This Churchill did, and the consequence was that "Richard Carvel" became the literary sensation of the period and Churchill with one jump found himself at the very top of the American literary ladder, if mere sales count for anything. It is said that Churchill has a great ambition to write a strong American drama. Managers are ready for him every hour of the day if he is able to produce such a manuscript.

MR. FINNEY GETTING LIGHT-HEADED.

JAMESON LEE FINNEY was in the audience the other night at the New York Theatre. He seemed to be very much pleased with the Lederer show, "The Southerners." Mr. Finney, though still a young man, is gradually sliding into the bald-headed class. It seems only a few years ago that he appeared at a matinee given by a New York dramatic school and shortly afterwards was afforded a chance by Charles Frohman to see what he could do on the professional stage. He made good, and is now in our list of good-salaried light comedians. He is, if I am not mistaken, a Texan, and is only a little more than thirty years of age.

FROM KENTUCKY, SUH.

KENTUCKY has once more sent New York one of her greatest beauties and a girl who, it seems likely, will sooner or later become a fixture in American opera. Among the young women recently sent to Europe under charge of a chaperon by the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House, is a Miss Gibson, who comes from the land of good whiskey. She is, in fact, practically the only one of a job lot of embryo grand opera singers now touring Europe at the expense of the Conried stockholders who will probably repay the investment. Miss Gibson has a delightfully rich mezzo-soprano voice, and no doubt just about the time she is beautifully educated and stands a good chance of becoming a fifth or sixth soprano at the Metropolitan Opera House, some shrewd theatrical manager will get hold of her and put her out as a star in "A Bourbon Baby," or some other equally seductive piece. That's the way sopranos have.

THE RUSSELLS, MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

DOROTHY RUSSELL, the erstwhile "Dotty" and striking young daughter of Lillian Russell, must by this time appreciate what it means to be the daughter of her own

(Continued on page 12.)



UNA ABELL-BRINKER AND GRACE FARRELL, TWO OF THE CLEVER WOMEN WHO ARE APPEARING IN THE COMPANY NOW PLAYING A SUPPLEMENTARY SEASON'S ENGAGEMENT AT THE WEST END THEATRE.

SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM "THE SOUTHERNERS,"

From flashlight photo



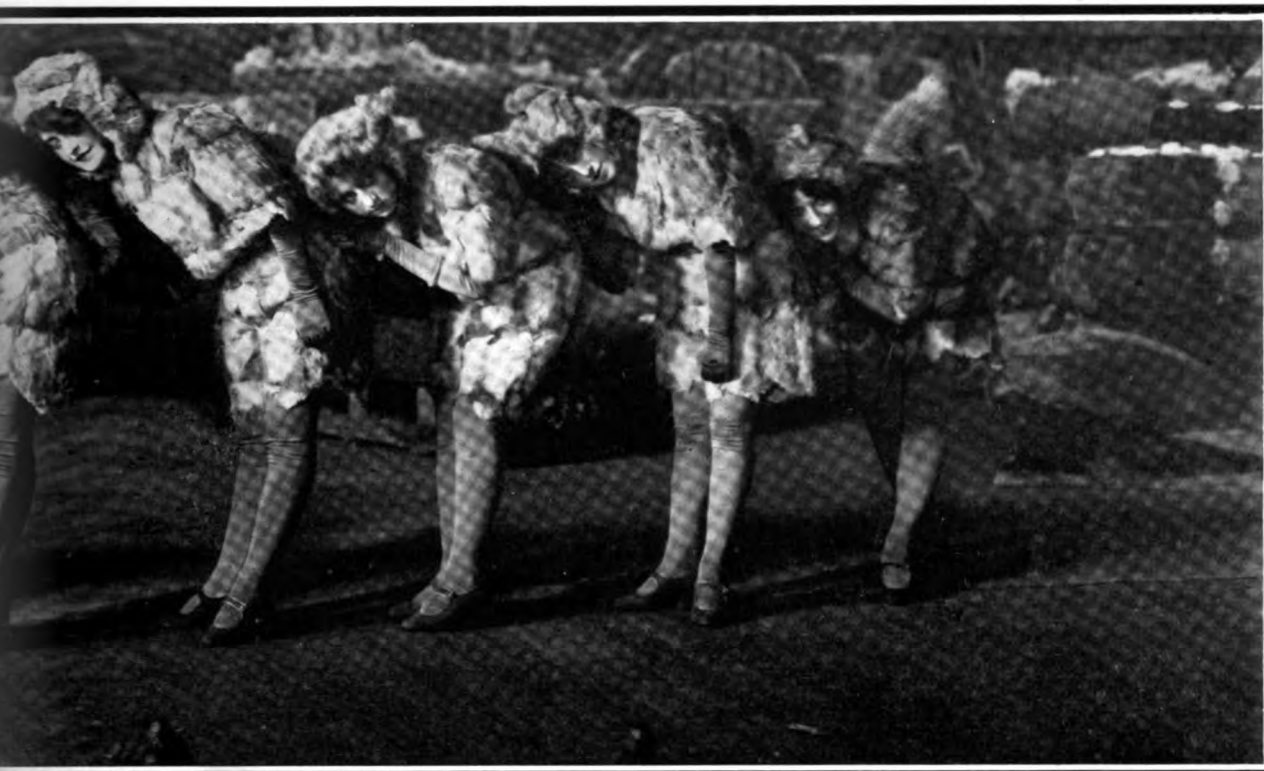
THE CUTE KIDDIES, AS T



THE PRINCIPALS IN A SCENE FROM ACT II.—THE CHARACTERS AND NAMES OF PLAYERS, APPLIED TO THE FIGURES READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: LERoy PRESTON; JUNIE MCCREE, AS BRANNIGAN BEY; WILLIAM GOULD, AS LERoy PRESTON, LIEUT., U. S. A.; LOUISA LATE

THE NEW SUMMER SHOW AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE.

Byron, New York.



IN THE SQUIRREL SONG.



FOLLOWS: VINIE DALY, AS PARTHENIA; WILMER BENTLEY, AS CYRIL OSBORN; ALBERT HART, AS BOB RUTLEDGE; REINE DAVIS, AS JAPONICA
JA PEMBERTON; JOSEPH W. STANDISH, AS JUDGE BUDGE; AND W. WALLACE BLACK, AS COLONEL MAXIMILIAN EASY.

THE AMERICAN STAGE.

(Continued from page 9.)

mother. Miss Russell is to receive \$300 a week in vaudeville, which is pretty good pay for a young woman who has done little or nothing on the stage. She is being paid, of course, because she is the daughter of Lillian Russell.

When it was announced finally that Weber & Fields were to sever their partnership for good and all, Lillian Russell received any number of offers from vaudeville agents and managers. I know of at least one offer of \$1,000 for a run of twenty weeks in New York and on the road. This Miss Russell refused. It is quite evident, therefore, that the handsome prima donna has no fear of being obliged to chase even the meekest kind of a wolf from the door.

LATER: LILLIAN RUSSELL TO STAR AGAIN.

LILLIAN RUSSELL is to star next season in a new comic opera. There is no question about her intention to do so, and the only thing that now stands in the way of an immediate avowal on her part is the fact that she has not yet fully decided what the piece shall be. She has several under advisement.

MISS DRESSLER RESPLENDENT.

MARIE DRESSLER, in royal purple and a gratified smile, is one of the picturesque features of Coney Island. Miss Dressler hints vaguely that she is making so much money that she may retire from the stage. When the cool breezes come, however, and the footlights once more flicker with their one-time radiance, Miss Dressler undoubtedly will be doing business at the old stand and will swing around the circle.

FLORENCE REED IN VAUDEVILLE.

THE début of Florence Reed in vaudeville last week at Hurtig & Seamon's was an important one, in view of the fact that Miss Reed has been leading lady at the Proctor houses and was probably the biggest favorite of any of the women engaged by Mr. Proctor for stock companies last year. Miss Reed is an exceedingly pretty woman, with an excellent comedy manner, but there are depths in her eyes and voice which proclaim the fact that mere comedy is not alone within her grasp.

Her appearance at the Harlem music hall was an exceedingly propitious one, and proved that Miss Reed will be a welcome and popular figure in vaudeville as long as she cares to stay in that particular field.

WHOO-PA! FOR VAUDEVILLE.

WHOLE families are trooping into vaudeville this season. Scarcely had it been announced that W. H. Thompson was to appear three or four times a day at the Proctor Theatres than we learned that Isabelle Irving, who is Mrs. Thompson in private life, was to follow her husband as one of the attractions at the Proctor houses.

Theatricals have rarely furnished a greater sensation than Mr. Proctor, J. Austin Fynes

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NEW YORK

and their associates are treating the public to at the present time. Not even in those years gone by, when legitimate players first attacked the vaudeville stronghold, has the public been more amazed at the bookings for the continuous houses.

MISS MARLOWE SAID "NO."

JULIA MARLOWE must have been sorely perplexed when she received an offer of \$1,200 a week to appear in vaudeville. Her season had been a short one and \$1,200 a week is not to be smiled away, even by an actress of Miss Marlowe's eminence. However, she didn't accept the offer, very much to her credit as a legitimate star of commanding position, although it does not reflect an unfavorable light upon those other well-known players who have seen fit to add to their bank accounts by appearing in the Proctor, Keith and other first-class theatres.

A STORY ABOUT ETHEL BARRYMORE.

HERE is what a London dramatic writer has to say of Ethel Barrymore:

Miss Ethel Barrymore owes her success on the stage mainly to having been born an actress, and largely to having been trained in that best of all dramatic academies—the theatre itself. She has begun at the beginning and played many parts, large and small and grave and gay, and she is proud of the distinction—shared by many, but none the less a distinction—of being one of the numerous "star" actresses of to-day who have acted under the guiding hand of Sir Henry Irving. One does not rise to become a player of Miss Barrymore's standing without passing through times of rough experiment, and a funny story is told of an uncomfortable experience Miss Barrymore once had as the heroine of a long-winded problem play composed of a dozen mysteries, as many anti-climaxes, and an endless number of complications. The author of

an impossible play never fails to stock it well with lines that tempt his audience to use them in evidence against him, and accordingly Miss Barrymore, perplexed by a social condition of things that was getting more and more threatening, had to cry in the torture of her mind, "My God! how will it all end?" Immediately the companion exclamation rose from the pit: "My God! when will it all end?"

MAY YOHE TO BE SEEN IN NEW YORK.

I HEAR that the shrinking May Yohe is to be seen on the New York stage next season. She had been appearing in the English provinces, and her re-entry on the London stage constituted her first professional appearance in London since she had appeared in "Little Christopher Columbus." I don't think May Yohe is worth very much money as a theatrical attraction in New York. The public became a little disgusted with the maudlin exhibition Miss Yohe and a young American, whose career she killed, made of themselves in recent years. Nothing quite so sickening has ever been reported in the New York press, unless it be that other mawkish affair, the marriage disturbance between Mr. and Mrs. "Kid" McCoy. The bickerings, quarreling, leave-takings and separations of these two couples were treated by the daily papers as if they were the most beautiful romances, instead of being disgusting in their banality and sickening in their fulsome call upon public attention.

It is said that May Yohe at the present time hasn't a dollar in the world beyond what is represented by a very few jewels which have not yet found their way to the pawn shop, and the salary she can make on the stage. Like the careless butterfly, this woman who is still young, and would be attractive if she had been even ordinarily careful of herself, never permitted her glance to reach beyond the narrow confines of a pleasant day.

Fannie Ward is another woman who returns to the stage, not, however, entirely as a necessary ornament. Her late husband, Sam Lewis, is said to have left her immensely wealthy, so her return to the footlights means that she hankers after the old life. She does not show any desire to return to New York, however, as she is sensible enough to know that New Yorkers have fairly good memories.

I have often felt how deeply the good women of the stage must resent the adoption of their craft by those who, while having nothing to recommend them except the sensationalism of their private lives, nevertheless impress the callow and ignorant as being fully representative of the quality of existence behind the footlights. Thank God, the day has come when divorce and scandal and all that is banal and meretricious must stand aside; when ability, dignity and ordinary regard for the commonest conventions of life are offered the public. It is a fine thing to know that our women of the stage are accepted for their own worth, and that the dramatic art is becoming each season less and less prostituted by the vicious and the unworthy; it is fine for the theatre-goers and a tremendous satisfaction to our decent women of the stage.

THE LATE HENRY M. STANLEY AS SEEN BY T. P. O'CONNOR

LONDON.

IN 1871 I was employed in the London office of the New York *Herald*. My chief—still, I am glad to say, alive and well—Dr. Hosmer, was away in Geneva attending the famous *Alabama* Arbitration, when there began to arrive in the office the dispatches from Stanley announcing the discovery of Livingstone. I was left to my own resources as to how I should deal with these momentous documents; and I remember still the horrible anxiety with which I was divided between my sense of the importance of these historic messages; and, to me, the appalling amount of money it would cost to cable them to America. I scrambled through the epoch as best I could, not very much to my own satisfaction, nor, I fear very much to the satisfaction of my employer.

Thus it was that I was brought into close association with Henry Stanley at a very early period of his life and of my own. With the exception of my friend, Mr. O'Kelly, M.P., and of his relatives in Wales, I was his oldest acquaintance on this side of the Atlantic. I saw his rise from comparative obscurity to world-wide fame, and I had abundant opportunities of studying his character. I have met many remarkable men; I don't know that I would not put Stanley at the head of them all. Here in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries was a man who seemed a survival of the great and spacious days when the world was still young; and when the explorer was at once the discoverer of new continents and oceans, and the conqueror of new empires. If Stanley had lived in the days of Elizabeth he would have been on the Spanish Main, and, possibly, would have been the leader of the ships that broke the strength of the Spanish Armada. If he had been a Spaniard of early days he would have had the career of a Pizarro or a Cortez; he was one of the natural born adventurers, conquerors, leaders of the world.

I felt all this dimly the very first moment I cast eyes upon him. How different the Stanley of those days was from the Stanley I knew as a member of Parliament in the closing years of his life. I will never forget his entrance into the small office at 46 Fleet street, where the New York *Herald* had its London home. It is the eyes of men or women that always first attract my attention, and the first to create their impression upon me. And when Stanley entered the room, those wonderful eyes of his were just like some vast illuminant that dimmed and darkened everything else. Even as one looked upon them, they seemed to grow huge, more brilliant; to glow with a stranger and more dazzling light. Let me say at once that the impression they created upon me was a curious combination of admiration and, I had almost said, terror. I could well understand, as I felt the gaze of those eyes upon me, the effect which Napoleon had upon his soldier: when he went down to take the command of the Army of Italy at twenty-six years of age, and with nothing to his credit but success, in something like street fighting. The other generals were in a state of revolt; but Napoleon just looked at them, and they were conquered as lions are by the glance of a lion-tamer. In those far-off days Stanley was still in his youth; and had still his ambitions and passions keen; and the result was that the masterfulness of his nature rather than the mellowness into which he finally developed, was the uppermost of his qualities. I remember a little circumstance which showed this. We were taking a drive in a hansom together; suddenly Stanley's eye was caught by the placard of a newspaper containing his name; he called to the cabman to stop; the cabman, either not understanding or careless, did not stop immediately.

Stanley, as he stood up, gave him a look from those terrible eyes of his that seemed as if it could kill.

He smiled now and then, but Stanley in those days was essentially the stern, silent man, who is the ideal leader of men, especially in enterprises of great peril and great responsibility and difficulties. His manner was quick, abrupt, reticent. He came into the office two or three times a week but he simply walked to the table, took up the big bundle of letters which was always waiting him, read them without saying a word, and then left again without saying a word. One of the reasons was that he was engaged in writing his book about Livingstone. It was characteristic of him that he settled down to his work immediately after his return to England from his tremendous journey to find Livingstone. When other men would have been content to take a long rest, when other men would gladly and easily have floated upon the high tide of popularity, festivities, hero worship, and lion-hunting which lay with their allurements, before Stanley at that moment, Stanley quietly settled down in lodgings in Duchess Street—a quiet little street off Portland place—and, working for something like eighteen hours a day, produced his big book in an almost incredibly short space of time.

There was a curious incident from that time which has never been published before by me, and which throws a curious light on one phase of Stanley's life. One morning there came into the office a very pleasant, well-dressed, gentlemanly young man; he told me his name was Rowlands, and that he was a cousin of Stanley's. It was the moment when controversy had already arisen as to the personality of the great explorer, and when it was announced that, instead of being an American and named Stanley, he was a Welshman, and that his name was Rowlands. Naturally, these statements of this gentlemanly pleasant cousin were interesting to me. Stanley came in soon after; he saw this cousin. He simply gave him a nod, walked to the table as usual, took up his big bundle of letters read them with that strange, slight frown which he nearly always wore at this epoch, and then, having read them, just turned to his cousin, and said something like "Come along." Another incident to which I will make an allusion is that by some chance I was occupying rooms in a Welsh lodging-house in Thanet place—a little court just close to Temple Bar—and that I had a relative there who remained in the lodgings for some time after I had left. Among the Welsh people who came from the Principality to London, my relative found one day the mother and the sister of Stanley. The mother especially was striking; she had the same sternness and resolution in her face as were in that of her distinguished son. Stanley provided for the old age of his mother, but at this time I do not think the relations between them were especially cordial.

I have always thought that a great deal too much was made of Stanley's attitude towards his native country. It is now undeniable that he spent several years of his early life in the workhouse at St. Asaph. Here was a recollection the bitterness of which would be great in the case of any man; but was as much greater in the case of Stanley as his will and temperament were greater than those of the ordinary man. He was a man of gigantic pride; few men are able to command their fellow-men who have not gigantic pride. Stanley also knew his own gigantic possibilities; you may be sure that, whoever else doubted him, he never doubted himself; and from the earliest years of his life he showed that intense and burning desire to

distinguish himself which marks the natural born leaders of men. And then figure to yourself what it must have been to such a nature to have always as the background of his life a reproach, a horror, a blistering shame—so Stanley would have considered it, wrongly, perhaps—these early days in the workhouse! I can well imagine that the thought was sometimes maddening. Ah! that is the tragedy of so many lives which seem to the world so successful—that grimy, or squalid, or reckless past which rises always from its open grave to mock at the glories and the hopes of the prosperous hour of maturity! It is not, then, to be wondered at that Stanley should have wanted to ignore that past—so squalid and so pitiful—and, perhaps, there was some resentment against those who allowed such an epoch in his life.

The strong feeling that was also sometimes felt because Stanley for a long time insisted on his American rather than on his original nationality, is mitigated in the minds of those who know America by a well-known fact. Whatever be his origin, a man once he has lived and prospered in America, insists on being thought and called an American. I have known plenty of men who were born in Ireland, who continued to work for Ireland, subscribe for Ireland, and who would have fought for Ireland, who, nevertheless, would always call themselves Americans and not Irishmen. They felt that all they had of opportunity, of liberty, of fortune, they owed to America; and that, therefore, they must first pay their allegiance to America. It was an American who first gave Stanley hope; it was America that first gave him the chance of fortune and fame; it was no wonder that, like so many millions of other foreigners who find in America the chance their own lands refused them, he should always put right to the front his allegiance to his adopted land. America had been a mother while his own land had been a step-mother.

Of Stanley's expeditions I know little beyond what has been told in the newspapers and in his books. Suffice it to say that he displayed in these expeditions that tremendous force of character which might have made one of the greatest of the world's conquerors; might have given him a place beside Caesar and Napoleon if his birth had been on a throne instead of in a humble Welsh village. The stories of these expeditions will read to future generations perhaps more marvellously than to ours. They are too near us to appreciate all their greatness. But think for a few moments of what Stanley did; of how he pushed through untracked forests; how he fought wild beasts, and savages, and hunger, and disease; and, above all, how he beat down that terrible sense of depression and despair, which must cower the bravest and most resolute of men, in face, apparently, of unconquerable and ever persistent difficulties. But throughout all his months of hourly peril and suffering, with his troops around him dying down to one-third of their original numbers; with his chosen white officers—his only companions—ending in tragedy; often lying himself for weeks in the prostration of fever—throughout all this there is no record of the nerve or resolution of Stanley wavering for one second. Whatever task he undertook to do, he did; not plague, nor savage, nor beast could stop, or stay, or discourage him. This was written in those terrible eyes of his which made my young blood run cold when I saw him in that small Fleet street office more than thirty years ago.

There was one quality in which Stanley was singularly lacking throughout most of his life, and that was fact. He had an extraordinary facility for getting quite unnecessarily into scrapes.

POMMERY

The Standard for Champagne

QUALITY

The World Over

MEN WHO ARE ENTITLED TO BE CLASSED AS CONNOISSEURS
NEVER ORDER *Champagne*, MERELY, BUT SPECIFY POMMERY.

was too weak to walk by the side of his tall, handsome, beaming bride, and Sir John Millais rushed to her side. Millais might well take a prominent part in the marriage of Dorothy Tennant. He had been her friend from childhood, and it was her lovely form and face that had inspired some of his historic pictures.

The Stanley of this final phase was utterly unlike the Stanley I knew when he and I were boys together. The once stalwart and broad frame had shrivelled up a good deal, the hair was now white, the complexion still retained the bronze to which it had been burned by Africa's sun, and the eyes were still noticeable—light gray blue—but their expression had almost entirely changed. The almost fierce glare of youth had gone, and there was something in their depths that was akin to sweetness and gentleness. And his manner was also quite different. He always must have remained a somewhat reticent, self-absorbed man, and I dare say that there could be moments when the old fires would blaze even from those somewhat saddened and softened eyes. But he was genial, and would speak a good deal if he only met somebody who was associated with his career. And as he walked—several inches smaller—by the side of and arm-in-arm with his stately wife, he just looked a quiet little man who had settled down to dependence on a woman's love. I have heard that he had—like so many other men of action when condemned to inaction—his sombre moods; but he usually looked cheerful and tranquil, if not happy.

Such, then, was Stanley as I knew him. His was not a character without spots. He could be severe—I am not sure that he could not even be what is called cruel—when a great object had to be accomplished. He had the great general's indifference as to the cost in flesh and blood at which a position had to be taken. But we must take men as we find them; by which I mean that you cannot have your great leader of men, your mighty explorer, your fearless adventurer, and at the same time expect the qualities of sweetness and gentleness which make the charm and the glory of the fireside. Take Stanley all in all, he was one of the greatest men of his time, and he did work which will remain immortal and imperishable. And now, after his life's fitful fever, he sleeps well. This, indeed, is perhaps the greatest of his victories.

M. A. P.

I remember once hearing him, at a banquet of the Newspaper Press Fund, make a very doleful speech. It was, if I remember rightly, the most interesting gathering that has ever taken place of that notable society. The Marquis of Salisbury—who had just become Foreign Secretary—was in the chair; Cardinal Manning was one of the speakers, the poor young Prince Imperial was another. Everybody was only too glad to give Stanley a welcome; but somehow or other he was in one of those strangely aggressive moods that were typical of him in those early days, and he stumbled into some remarks that were resented. I saw him after the dinner; he seemed delightfully unconscious of his fiasco.

The next phase of his life in which I renewed my early intimacy with him was when he was a member of the House of Commons. He was not much of a success in Parliament. Everybody was intensely interested in him; and his rise immediately produced a hush. He was a curious speaker. He spoke with perfect fluency; but, somehow or other, he was not very lucid and not very connected, and he failed to convey what he meant. One of the peculiarities of his speech was that he retained to the end very strongly that Welsh accent which belonged to his early and poverty-stricken life; and I hope I won't offend my Welsh readers when I say that even the most brilliant of Welsh orators in the House always seem to me to speak English somewhat as if it were a foreign tongue.

I don't know whether his experiences in the House disappointed Stanley; but he quietly lapsed into silent membership. He used to sit on the Liberal Unionist benches hour after hour, with a certain wistfulness in his eyes, as though he were at once keenly interested in the proceedings, and eager to take part in them, and yet overwhelmed by the consciousness of his unfitness for the place. Possibly if he had had greater advantages in his childhood he might have succeeded. He wrote admirably, with fire, picturesqueness, eloquence, sometimes even pathos. He was an admirable lecturer. But his success came too late for him ever to cultivate the arts of Parliamentary speaking.

His later years were in sharp contrast to both those of his childhood and his prime. As everybody knows, he announced immediately after his last expedition that he was going to be married to Miss Dorothy Tennant—as she then was. It

was an ideal marriage. Of all the lovely women that used to crowd the rooms of Lady Jeune in the eighties, when she kept the only real *salon* in London, Miss Tennant was easily the most beautiful. Very tall, with a beautiful figure, brilliant dark eyes, the rich colorings of the brunette, and the carriage of a Naiad, Miss Tennant was a woman who was the cynosure of every eye wherever she moved. She was known, too, to have remarkable artistic talents, and very high intellectual gifts. It was, then, an ideal marriage, the union of valor and charm, of heroism and beauty. There was a great marriage at Westminster. Stanley, who came back from Africa an invalid, had been made a wreck by a round of those deadly festivities under which London smothered and kills her favorites, and he had to drag himself from a bed of illness to be present. There was a pathetic little incident—not the less pathetic because two of the figures have now passed beyond these voices. Stanley



CHARLES GRAEF & COMPANY'S DELIVERY WAGON DRAWN BY "POMMERY SEC," PURCHASED AT THE RECENT HORSE FAIR AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

"MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER" AS SEEN IN LONDON.

LONDON.

"LET D'Artagnan appear under any circumstances in which the old fire and confidence are given play, and cast Mr. Lewis Waller for the part," is a formula which may always be relied on to ensure against failure, and which is also certain to command some measure of success.

This formula underlies the conception of "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," produced on Saturday night at the Imperial; but in this instance the measure is unstinted—in a word, the play is an undoubted success.

This happy result, too, is in spite of certain little drawbacks, certain moments when the author loses grip of our interest, certain moments when his psychology goes off the track of human experience and tallies only with his notion of dramatic expediency, certain moments, in fact, when the successful steering of the ship through the shoals and shallows is due solely to the actor and to the undoubted sway he exercises over his audience.

But these are only moments, and discernible only to the critic. To the audience as a whole, the play is a fine stirring romance, interpreted through the medium of excellent acting, and going from first to last with a swing and animation which never allow the interest to flag or diminish.

Captain Harry Peyton, the American D'Artagnan of the new piece, commandeers the horse of *Miss Elizabeth Philipse*, a Loyalist. He insists on paying for it, but as he also insists on having the horse in any case, the young lady regards him only as a horse-thief and a rebel. The *Captain*, however, only laughs and rides away. The laugh is soon turned the other way. He is shortly after this exploit wounded and rendered helpless, so that the horse, unguided, returns to its old stable.

This is the romantic, plausible, and interesting manner in which *Miss Elizabeth* secures her prisoner. For she decides to keep him as a prisoner. Her first impulse is to hand him over to the King's Army, from which he has deserted, to be hanged, but—well, no young lady in a romantic drama could possibly do this to a D'Artagnan.



PUZZLE: FIND THE POLITICAL HIGHWAYMAN.

It might have been different if his fate was to be shot, but to be hanged—ugh! It is not, as Hedda Gabler would say, a beautiful death!

The fair *Elizabeth*, however, has no intention of letting her prisoner slip, and so D'Artagnan sets himself to capture his jailer by professing violent love to her. He has to do this under ridiculous conditions, hopping about the stage from chair

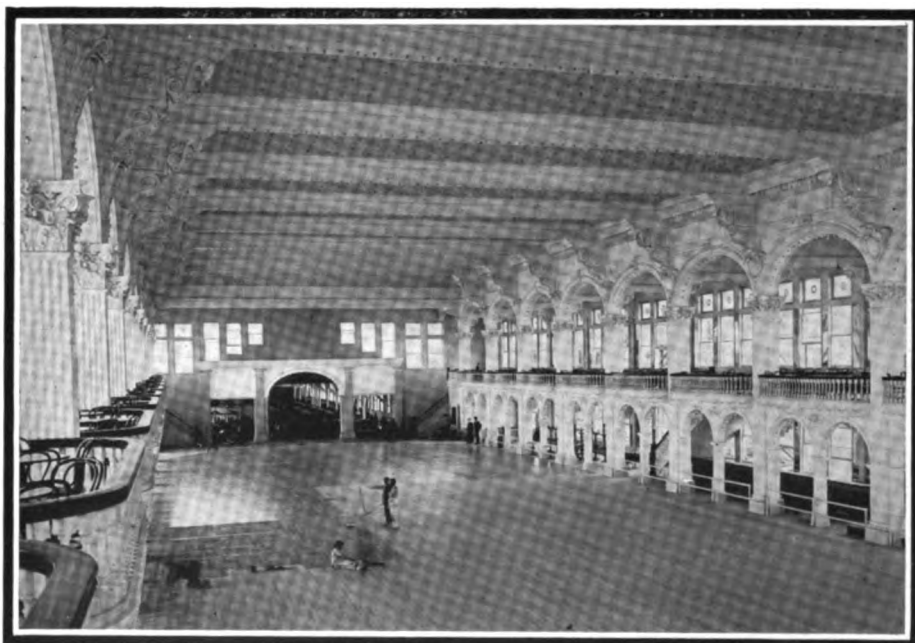
to chair owing to his wounds; but, although an audience might laugh at this, what could *Miss Elizabeth* see in it but true heroic devotion?

But while *Peyton D'Artagnan* is congratulating himself on the fact that he is successfully deluding his jailer he is deceiving himself, for he is fast falling really into the enslavement he started by simulating; and so we have stirring drama, ending, as it should end, in a perfected love-romance.

The part of *Peyton* suits Mr. Lewis Waller like a glove; suits him as perhaps it would suit no other actor in London. It is useless, therefore, to dwell on the points of excellence in a performance which is entirely excellent. It is splendidly balanced by the *Miss Elizabeth* of Miss Grace Lane, which is quite a triumph in its way. The part calls for a very high order of histrionic effort, and in the varying moods of the fair jailer, there was never a note of indecision in the grip which Miss Lane had of the part. She shared the honors of the evening with Mr. Waller.

The lovers are the play, so that all the rest of the parts are reduced to greater insignificance than the number of the lines or their bearing on the plot indicate. Mr. Norman McKinnell, Mr. E. Lyall Swete, and Mr. Arthur Lewis are very good in character parts; and Miss Lottie Venne taking as ever, in the part of a sparkling elderly woman.

The reception of the piece was enthusiastic, and Mr. Waller was recalled to be congratulated by the audience and to express his thanks. C.



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CLEMENT SCOTT SEES GILBERT'S LATEST.

LONDON.

MINE may possibly be the "vox clamantis in deserto," but, if I mistake not, beneath the veil of fun and extravagant nonsense that Mr. W. S. Gilbert flings over his new fairy pantomime, play, comedy—call it what he pleases—there lies a far deeper meaning than we grasp at first sight, and to me it contains a world of terrible satire on the humbug of the present age which no one seems to have given the author credit for.

It appears as if Mr. Gilbert has been going the round of London theatres lately, and has watched with grave alarm the vapid tomfoolery and circus wit that the stalls and boxes have been so vigorously applauding under the fictitious name of humor.

He has weighed with unerring skill that thing so-called society, he has probed for the brains of this highly-cultivated crowd of which we hear so much, but, alas! he has found nothing but

"Putty, putty, all the way!"

In the words, therefore, of Robert Browning, the author has said to himself,

"And, Mr. Gilbert, you writer of plays,

Here's a subject made to your hand."

So, with characteristic discernment and wonderful dexterity he has sorted his people, tossed them into his fine dramatic sieve, and sifted them carefully till they stand revealed to the world not as they pretend to be, smeared over with a thin transparency of sham sincerity, Brummagem piety, but with the mantle of make-belief torn from their shoulders and exposed in their natural colors to the searching glare of clear and truthful daylight.

"I have had a splendid day! A smart divorce case as a *lever de rideau* and a nice bit of clerical scandal to bring the curtain down at the finish, not that I look on the High Court as a theatre; at least, I say I don't."

Thus speaks *Mr. Justice Whortle*, of the High Court of Judicature, or rather in words to that effect. "I am not going to be photographed solemnly, like this," again says his Judgeship; "take me just as if I were saying a *bon mot* in Court," and he poses for his portrait to be taken accordingly.

Away go the *Judge's* scarlet robes, whisked off goodness knows where, and *Justice Whortle* stands avowed a Pantaloon. In a like manner the author divests *Colonel Sir Trevor Mauleverer, Bart.*, a member of the Household Cavalry, of his handsome uniform, and Arthur Bouchier is proclaimed to the world a clown—and one of the very funniest ever seen, too. Shade of poor Harry Payne; why! his memory will be utterly blotted out by Mr. Bouchier's performance of the merry joker who positively seems to revel in the quips and cranks of clownland. He butters the slides with fiendish delight, and runs after the pantaloons with the orthodox red-hot poker as if he were enjoying himself for the very first time in all his life.

"But I can't live without expensive clothes; I paid seven guineas for this hat," cries *Clarissa*, the pretty daughter of *Mr. Justice Whortle*.

This is a quite hopeless case, there is no redemption at all for this character; she's an out-and-out wrong 'un; so with a hop, skip, and a jump *Clarissa* is seized by the *Demon*

Alcohol and whirled in his arms to the flaming regions below.

Then there is a lovely peeress, all smiles and sweetness, the *Lady Angela Wealdstone*—daughter of the *Earl of Harrow*. She is a sort of Magdalenic Pharisee, who has donned the uniform of a hospital nurse, and is planning a runaway match with a member of the Household Cavalry. That's only her disguise, laughs the author up his sleeve, as Violet Vanbrugh appears in her long blue cloak, close-fitting bonnet, with its white strings demurely tied under her chin, and the long gossamer veil hanging gracefully over her shoulders—this is what she really is at heart—and a tall, pink columbine steps from out the nurse's raiment.

It makes me tired to see how the stage is being blinded with the red-hot pepper flattery and artificial adulation of society, sighs the author. Let me show the other side of these people and see what happens, and he immediately lifts the sacred broadcloth from the shivering body of the *Rev. Aloysius Parfitt, M.A.* (of *St. Parabola's*). Surely that name alone is in itself sufficient to show the author's little game—and there—weak as tea—totters a wretched, trembling little harlequin, who but a moment before had been propounding his milksop theories and inspired fads, with all the pretended conscientiousness of a modern "Tartuffe," when his Promethean fire was thus suddenly and rudely extinguished.

Nothing could be more artistic than the acting by Mr. O. B. Clarence of this reverend gentleman, and his diction is so clear-cut and distinct.

Indeed, over the whole performance it is easy to trace the master hand of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who, as we all know, possesses such an extraordinary power for making his characters not only speak their lines so that no syllable is lost, but sing them into the bargain.

In the world of supernaturals, both Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw and Miss Jessie Bateman are excellent, and thoroughly enter into the scathing satire of the situation.

Unlike Mr. Barrie, however, who tells us here is the disease and here is the remedy, Mr. Gilbert leaves his problem—and it is a facer, too—unsolved. He impresses us with the sort of Jekyll and Hyde life we all lead, and although he drapes the most hideous side of it with a mantle of fantastic absurdity, yet there it undoubtedly is, and the author has done his best to teach us a lesson in as pleasant and genial a way as he possibly can.

THE FREE LANCE.

THE SPRING OF 1904

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GOTHAM'S HOTEL NEWS CONTINUES TO BE INTERESTING

By CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM.

THE SANTA BARBARA BOOM.

WITHIN the past year or so Santa Barbara, on the Southern California coast, has witnessed a big hotel boom, and from there being but one resort hotel at the place there are now three, not counting the boarding houses that pass for "hotels." For years the Arlington, situated up near the old Mission, was the only first-class hotel in the place. It has been kept for years by E. P. Dunn—by the way, a Jerseyman. The Arlington for years had all the fashionable tourist trade that came to the picturesque town, nestling, as it does, by the sunlit waves of the Pacific. Last year Potter, who owns the Van Nuys, at Los Angeles, opened the new Hotel Potter, at Santa Barbara. New Jersey also claims Potter as one of her sons. The Potter, being a fine affair overlooking the Bay, has been doing a splendid business, and now along comes another new hotel, plans of which have just been drawn. The style of architecture is to be early English renaissance. The estimated cost of the new hotel is \$100,000. Train and Williams, of Los Angeles, are the architects.

SUMMER HOTELS.

THE EDMERE CLUB

EDMERE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

The EdmERE Club, heretofore conducted as the EdmERE Hotel, will be prepared to accommodate members, their families and guests on and after June 15. Rooms shown by appointment.

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Send for booklet. A. K. DICK, Prop.

Also proprietor HOTEL GRENOBLE, 7th Ave. and 56th St., New York City, where rooms may be engaged.

GOOD BOOKINGS FOR THE MOUNTAINS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the backwardness of the season, the bookings at some of the hotels are reported to be good. The Elberon, at Long Branch, the Long Beach Hotel, and also Normandie-by-the-Sea, say that their bookings are very good. In the mountains, particularly the Adirondacks, the prospects are bright. At the Hotel Childwold, which is to be managed this season, as it was last, by C. E. Eldrredge, reports a booking larger than last season. Thus far with many of the hotels there has been a delay in former patrons engaging rooms, due, no doubt, to two causes, the coolness of the weather and the reluctance of people making contracts for the summer until the last moment. As soon as the warm weather arrives—if it ever does—there will be a rush to engage rooms at the different hotels.

ROLLING STONES AND GATHERED MOSS.

LIKE the William Tell legend, that of "rolling stones gather no moss" has proven to be far from the truth.

In recent years it has only been the rolling stone that has gathered moss. For nearly twenty-five years Edgar M. Hoagland was room clerk at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. A short time ago he was induced by a man, who had a scheme to establish a chain of banks, to resign his position in the hotel to become vice-president of one of the banks. Hoagland resigned, but the bank was never open'd. Hoagland is now employed in the office of the Wrightworth in West Thirty-second street, an apartment house hotel. Can any one tell how much moss Hoagland gathered from being twenty-five years with the Fifth Avenue Hotel? It was the same with William Carr, who was for nearly thirty-one years with the same hotel. Carr is now in the office of the American Express Company, holding an unimportant position. These ethical remarks are not specially directed at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. In the office of many New York hotels there are clerks who have grown gray in the service, holding on in the hopes that by not rolling from hotel to hotel they will gather that moss which the man who firmly fixes himself is said to gather.

IMPROVED TRADE AT THE BEACH.

A VISIT to Coney Island any day will fully bear out the statement made by the projectors that many hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent to bring into existence the two rival concerns that have been using up tons of printer's ink for the past month in telling the public the wonderful attractions each one possesses. No doubt all this means a better patronage to the Island, and the places that are to present a more attractive exterior, and, of course, improved service, than was the case before the fire are the ones that will benefit from the improved change at the beach. Of recent years,

since the wealthier classes have begun to visit the west end of the Island, it has been a matter of wonderment why a fine restaurant, with Broadway prices and service has not been opened—a place where the prices would be such as would deter the cheaper element of ever expecting to patronize it. To see what money can do in the way of putting up elaborate buildings is shown at Luna Park and Dreamland, erected amid somewhat squalid surroundings.

OUR OLD FRIEND, MERRITT.

AT last, after being tossed on a sea of trouble during the past winter, Charles A. Merritt has been appointed manager of the Argyle Hotel, at Charleston, S. C. Merritt has not had things his way for some time. About ten years ago he owned a profitable restaurant at Broadway and Ninth street. Being a close friend of Horace Brockway, he was able to lease the Surf Hotel, on Fire Island, Brockway being friendly with Dr. Jenkins, the Health Officer who had charge of Fire Island for the State of New York. After the Fire Island season, Merritt went with the Flagler system, until last fall when he opened a pretentious restaurant on Columbus avenue near Seventy-eighth street, in this city. That there was no merit in what he did was proven by the place only remaining open a month or so.

Now the next we hear of "Charlie" Merritt is that he has been appointed manager of the Charleston Hotel. The Argyle and the St. John are the best hotels in that city, the Charleston Hotel having had its day. Merritt is a bright fellow, hard-working and all that he needs is a partner who will attend to the office part of the business while Mr. Merritt will attend to the steward's department.

IT BOLTS FAR INTO THE AIR.

NOW that the Bellvue-Stratford Hotel, in Philadelphia, is approaching completion, the Quakers, as well as the general public visiting the city, or passing around it in the railway cars, can get some idea of the height of the building. As a landmark and a point by which from a distance to locate the city, the new hotel is only second in importance to the lofty statue of William Penn that adorns the tower of the Philadelphia public buildings. You can see the Bellvue-Stratford Hotel from any point within a radius of many miles. George C. Boldt, who is erecting the hotel, has not stated when it will be opened, but the prevailing opinion is that next January will see the doors open to entertain the public. Within the building hundreds of artisans are hard at work daily putting the finishing touches to the luxurious equipment of the hotel.

KENNEY OF THE THORNDIKE.

THE lessee this season of Halcyon Hall, up in Dutchess County, this State, is W. P. Kenney. For the past two or three seasons Kenney has been the lessee of the Hotel Thorndike at Jamestown, R. I. For the benefit of those in search of knowledge it may be stated that Jamestown is opposite Newport, is reached by ferry, and is a feeble imitation of that famous resort. There are four or five hotels at Jamestown, the most pretentious being the Thorndike and the Bay View. Try as it will the place can never become popular. A majority of the patrons are the naval people who are stationed at the government works in and about Newport Harbor, and as every Boniface knows army and navy officials are not classed among the high-priced patrons of a hotel.

(Continued on page 18)

LEADING NEW YORK HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

CAFE MARTIN

26TH ST., BROADWAY AND 5TH AVE.
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RESTAURANT A LA CARTE. (Music.)

DINNER, \$1.25.

(6 to 9 P. M.)

Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays, . . . \$1.50

Served in the largest and best ventilated room in NEW YORK.

Cabs from CAFE MARTIN to all theatres up to 45th Street, 50c.

Superb appointments for After Theatre Parties.

CAMBRIDGE COURT

49th St., Near Seventh Ave.,
NEW YORK CITY

SPLendid RESTAURANT, TABLE D'HOTE and A LA CARTE.

Now open for the accommodation of transient guests.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS.

HOTEL MEN!

Send \$1.00 for Three Months' Subscription to BROADWAY WEEKLY. * * *

Have you heard of the TABLE D'HOTE DINNER at

REISENWEBER'S?

Every evening. \$1.00.

Another attraction—

JIRGAHN'S STRING QUARTETTE.

Also every evening. The hit of the town.

GREGORIAN HOTEL

35th St., between Herald Sq. and Fifth Ave.

NEW YORK CITY.

EUROPEAN PLAN ABSOLUTELY

AYERILL & GREGORY, Proprietors.

ONE DINNER AT THE FAMOUS

HOFFMAN HOUSE

(Madison Square)

WILL MAKE YOU A REGULAR PATRON

Music that's sure to please you.

WOODMANSTEN INN

WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK.

Adjoining Morris Park Race Course.

AUTO, COACHING, DRIVERS AND RIDERS.

Cuisine Française. Service à la Russe.

JAMES B. REGAN, Prop.

If you are interested in hotels or hotel life, don't fail to read BROADWAY WEEKLY regularly. It will contain the most interesting exclusive hotel news published in America.

GOTHAM'S HOTEL NEWS CONTINUES TO BE INTERESTING.

(Continued from page 17)

Then again, there is a boarding-house atmosphere about Jamestown that even its close proximity to Newport could not dispel. Kenney tried his best to do something with the Thorndike. He set a splendid table, "put on airs," as they say, and in many ways tried to give a one and snap to the place, a state of affairs that it had always lacked. But Jamestown would be Jamestown, and Kenney no doubt tired of the struggle and has this season taken Halcyon Hall. Now he has a hotel that is a marvel of elegance and style. Near New York City, it has for its patrons people of culture, good breeding and stiff bank accounts. Kenney now has a chance. If he works as hard as he did at the "dinky" resort opposite Newport, he will be successful this year at Halcyon Hall.

ABE GODCHAUD IN BUSINESS.

IN the days of the old Brunswick, on Fifth avenue, when Kintzler was the proprietor, one man who had a great deal to say as to the hotel's management, and who was well thought of by the patrons was Abe Godchaud. He was the steward of the hotel, and no function, large or small, could take place unless he passed upon its completeness. When the Brunswick ceased to be, Godchaud went into business for himself in a restaurant downtown, either in Front or Water streets. Finding the venture was not profitable, he gave it up and went to the Hoffman House as steward. Now he is connected with the game and poultry establishment of A. Silz, at 267 Washington street. The impression is that he has an interest in the concern. Some stewards become full-fledged Bonifaces, others take to the woods, but Godchaud seems to have taken to poultry and game.

A NATION OF HOTEL-KEEPERS.

THERE are in this country at the present time over 68,000 hotels, representing an investment of nearly a billion dollars. The most expensive of these hotels are in this city, the next city in order being Philadelphia. The richest hotel, in point of construction and decoration, at the present time, is the Waldorf-Astoria, though that distinction will be transferred in a few months to either the St. Regis, in this city, or the Bellevue-Stratford at Philadelphia, both hotels being marked for opening next fall. Napoleon once styled the English a nation of shop-keepers. If we keep on at the rate we are building hotels, we will become known in time as a nation of hotel-keepers.

CADDAGAN AND BOUCICAULT.

IT is not generally known that John P. Caddagan, president of the Hoffman House Company, was in his nearly days private secretary to Dion Boucicault. When that clever man and finished actor was very much in the public eye, men marvelling at his literary ability as a dramatist and at his art as an actor, John Caddagan was the one who directed his extensive correspondence.

Not only was he the private secretary, but he was a close friend to the talented Irishman. Caddagan knew Boucicault well, he knew his faults as well as his virtues, and to this day his appreciation of the genius of Dion Boucicault remains undiminished, as fervent as the day when death sundered an association that had lasted for many years.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT BROADWAY WEEKLY.

ONE gratifying thing to the publishers of BROADWAY WEEKLY is the hearty reception that has been accorded by the hotel men to the hotel gossip, which appears every week. Not only has that appreciation by the Bonifaces been shown in the increased circulation of BROADWAY WEEKLY, but hotels and restaurants throughout the country are now using the advertising columns of the publication, as any one can see by glancing at the advertising section. This is not only a source of pleasure and profit to the publishers, but to the hotel men who have long declared that the hotel interests of the country stood in need of such a publication as BROADWAY WEEKLY, wherein would be published hotel news that would not only be of interest to the fraternity, but also to the general public.

A HIGH OLD ROW.

THEY are having a high old time at the St. Francis Hotel, at San Francisco. The hotel, built by the Crocker family, was opened a short time ago, and its affairs vested in the hands of a board of directors. Allan Pollock was engaged as manager. Pollock and the directors are not getting along agreeably and disputes are frequent. Both elements are insisting upon their rights and the result has been that the board of directors is trying to get J. C. Fitzpatrick, of the Palace Hotel, to manage the St. Francis. When a manager finds himself at variance with the owners it's about time he got out, but Pollock does not seem to think so, and at last accounts was "holding down his job" with all the energy at his command.

POOR BUSINESS AT ST. LOUIS.

REPORTS from the Fair city state that the hotels are not doing the business they expected. For the first month business was very light. If they keep on charging the same rates as they did John Hay, Secretary of State, and his party, two weeks ago, they may expect to do poor business. Mr. Hay and his party amounted to four persons. They stopped at a certain hotel—to be lenient, the name of the hotel will not be mentioned—for a week. When Mr. Hay came to pay the bill for the party he found he was charged \$777, or nearly \$200 for each person. Any one knowing John Hay knows what an "all around" man he is, so he paid the bill and said nothing, but he must have thought a great deal. Such rates are sure to keep away people of moderate means, and prevent the hotels from making the profit they expect.

The question of help is also annoying the hotel men of St. Louis. There is a desire among the waiters to get as high

wages as they can, and whenever a hotel or a restaurant offers a higher scale of wages up the waiter jumps from the position he is holding, to go to the one which offers him more money. In many cases waiters were imported from other cities by their employers and their fares paid in the hope that considerate treatment would insure their remaining with the people that had employed them in the first instance. But such did not turn out to be the case; the "noble working man" cleared out whenever it suited him, regardless of any promise he might have made.

WHERE TO GO.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.
Evenings 8:30.

BEAUTIFUL VENICE,
DUSS ORCHESTRA.

Direction L. G. Charlton.

FOLLOW THE CROWD.

AERIAL GARDENS, Over the New Amsterdam. Opened Monday, June 6.
Handsome and most Perfectly Appointed Summer Playhouse in the World.

Klaw & Erlanger present

A LITTLE OF
EVERYTHING

By John J. McNally.
With An Extraordinary Company.

CASINO, Broadway and 39th Street.
Telephone, 6020 & 6726—38.
Eve's at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.

Fred C. Whitney presents

PIFF, PAFF, POUF.
Book by Stanislaus Stange.
Lyrics by William Jerome.
Music by Jean Schwartz.

BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st St. & B'way.
Eve's 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Jacob Litt, Proprietor.

Henry W. Savage offers

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK
in the new Comic Opera
THE YANKEE CONSUL

CRITERION THEATRE, B'way & 44th St.
Eve's 8:20. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

Charles Frohman presents

WILLIAM COLLIER
in RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S Farce
THE DICTATOR

LYRIC, Broadway, 7th Ave. and 42d Street.
Eve's 8:15. Mat. Sat. 2:15

Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Prop.

DEWOLF HOPPER
IN
"WANG."

WEST END, West 125th Street.

For week commencing June 6th,

UNDER TWO FLAGS

NEW YORK, B'way, 44th to 45th Street.
Eve's 8:15. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:15.

Klaw & Erlanger, Mgrs.

GEORGE W. LEDERER'S UNIQUE
MUSICAL NOVELTY,

THE SOUTHERNERS

By Will Mercer and Richard Grant.
Music by Will Marion Cook.

THE HOTEL OXFORD.

OVER on Park avenue and Fifty-eighth street a hotel was opened some months ago that is as attractive and in some cases more so than the hotels situated closer to Fifth avenue. It is the Oxford, and has for a manager William Gavin, for some seasons past identified with Florida hotels. Gavin is a young man, and if memory serves, at one time had some sort of connection with a fashionable New Jersey hotel. The Oxford is one of those exclusive affairs like the Essex, on Madison avenue, or the Webster, in Forty-fifth street, and under Gavin's management has been doing well.

BROOKLYN JOCKEY CLUB.

SIX RACES TO-DAY AT 2:30 P. M.
SPECIAL TIME TABLE.

Trains leave E. 34th st., N. Y., via L. I. R. R., 12:10, 12:40, 1:00, 1:10, 1:30, 1:50—On 1:10 train from L. I. City special parlor car for club members. Leave New York terminus of the Bridge, via 5th ave. elevated, from 10:05 to 12:05 every 12 minutes; from 12:05 thereafter every few minutes, stopping at City Hall, Bridge st., Fulton st., Flatbush ave., 9th St., 16th st., 25th st. and 36th st.

EXTRAORDINARY HOTEL SALE!

Magnificent Furnishings

OF THE

Sherman Square Hotel,

71st Street and Boulevard.

Cost Over \$70,000

TO BE SOLD AT

ABSOLUTE PUBLIC SALE

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Monday, June 6th,

AT 11 A. M.

AND ALL THIS WEEK.

152-154 West 34th Street

JOHN FELL O'BRIEN

AUCTIONEER.

BROADWAY WEEKLY

VOL. III., No. LXXI.

NEW YORK, JUNE 23, 1904.

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THE EDITOR'S CHAT OF BROADWAY AND ITS PEOPLE.

ALL of Lewis G. Tewksbery's old creditors were not particularly surprised when they learned that he had married in London or that he was once again driving four-in-hands and living anything but a hand-to-mouth existence. Mr. Tewksbery has the gift of gab. He could talk money out of Russell Sage or the Horace Greeley statue. When he first took his magnificent offices on lower Broadway some years ago, his only assets were credit with his furniture man and a wide, expansive and picturesque line of conversation. He had not been in business long before shrewd men and women from whom it would be difficult for the average man to get a dollar with the aid of a crowbar poured their money into his coffers. They even begged him to take it and would have felt hurt if he had suggested that it was not advisable for them to turn over to him every dollar of their bank account.

Tewksbery certainly flew to dizzy heights in the matter of living. His house on West Seventy-second street was more than a mansion. It was filled with the luxuries of a millionaire's home and all the barbaric splendor of an East Indian prince, linked with the sense-numbing extravagances of the Far East as it was known to Mark Antony and other men-about-town of his period. Mr. Tewksbery, previous to this, had bachelor apartments in the old apartment house that stood at the corner of Twenty-second street and Broadway prior to the erection of the Flatiron Building. When the crash came it was swift, sudden and calamitous to all concerned. I was told by one who was close to him at the height of success that the banker left New York with scarcely enough money to take him to Old Mexico. It did not take long, however, to make connections in the land of Diaz. Mexico was naturally altogether too quiet for a man of his outreaching proclivities, and he has been in London for quite a while and lives like a prince. He has made no particular effort to hide himself, and has been a frequent diner at the Carleton and other places where Americans congregate, and it was surprising that the big New York dailies did not learn earlier of his latest splurge in the world of finance. It is probable that he might have lived on to a good and prosperous old age without attracting further attention if he had not made up his mind to be married. His wife, by the way, is said to have brought him no dower.

It is interesting to remember, by the way, that Tewksbery's cashier and a man who worked valiantly for him was a brother of Robert Hilliard, and such a replica of John Drew that he has often been stopped in the street and hailed as our own Comedian of Politeness.

FRANK SAVIN, who managed to crawl into the papers some years ago in a rather spectacular manner, still continues to hold out for his price for the slip of land on New street, which Clarence Mackay is trying to get for his cable company. Mr. Mackay wants it rather badly and the trouble is that Mr. Savin, who is not one of your shrinking little plants of the financial district, knows it. With Mr. Savin to know is to do—and it is said by those who know that the \$160,000 he wants is about as bad a do as can be found in Wall Street. Mr. Savin, by the way, on account of his courtesy, his generosity and his unruffled temper toward newspaper representatives, is beloved throughout the length and breadth of Broadway and Park Row—I believe not.

AUBREY BOUCICAULT must stop a moment, grow serious and reflect. For a few years that certainly do not reach far into the thirties, Mr. Boucicault has been blessed with the family name of his illustrious father, a pair of very soulful eyes and an insouciance that would have made poor Maurice Barrymore in his palmiest days grow envious and out of sorts. Mr. Boucicault can act very nicely;

I will even go farther and say he can act very well when he thinks the part is worthy of the son of Dion Boucicault. However, he has not always had a proper and lasting regard for all the binding clauses of a contract, and while I do not quite see how Lee Shubert and William A. Brady are to get \$60,000 out of even such an asset as soulful eyes, they could hardly be blamed for pulling up this head-strong youngster with a sharp turn and trying to convince him that it doesn't pay always to lay in too large a stock of even the very best brand of insouciance. William Klein, who has served papers on Mr. Boucicault, for his client, Moses Rubin, to whom Messrs. Shubert and Brady have assigned their claim, is very specific in his charges, which run as follows:

Damages to various members of the company chargeable against plaintiffs because of defendant's refusal to perform under the contract.....	Unknown
Damages chargeable against plaintiffs by the theatres at which defendant refused to play under the contract.....	Unknown
Loss of profits.....	\$50,000
Damages to plaintiffs' professional prestige and standing, because of their inability to fulfill their contracts at theatres and to conduct performances as advertised by them, on account of defendant's refusal to perform....	\$10,000

It is to be hoped that the cruel law will not compel Mr. Boucicault to turn over the aforesaid soulful eyes to his creditors. Without them the son of Dion Boucicault would not be able to continue along his path of carnage through the hearts of the susceptible. Mr. Boucicault, with just plain ordinary eyes minus their goo goo attachment, would be about as interesting as a door mat with all the fuzz worn off.

CANDOR is a beautiful thing, although not as plentiful as it might be in the publishing business. That is why the receipt of a card from J. B. Dignam, one of the best-known men that travel in the newspaper business between Broadway, New York, and State street, Chicago, is worth more than ordinary notice. Let it be known that Mr. Dignam has started a publication of his own named *Dignam's Magazine*, which he publishes in Richmond, Ind. Just why Mr. Dignam should have gone to Richmond when he would have been made welcome right here in New York, I cannot say. However, in Richmond he is, and that ends all argument. The mail brought us an illustrated card the other morning, the reading matter of which ran as follows:

THE MAKING OF A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Number of Subscribers	0
Number of Contributors	0
Number of Lines of Advertising	0
Number of Employees	0

DIGNAM'S MAGAZINE, RICHMOND, INDIANA.

The illustration shows Mr. Dignam in an empty room hanging up his hat and coat. It is eloquent and in its bareness and silence says more than a volume of mere words. If Mr. Dignam is one-half as successful for himself as he has been for others, he should be able to build a skyscraper in Longacre Square before very long.

MANY a prominent Broadwayite who is too busy during the season to do anything except try to clean up his day's deskful of work, uses the summer as a time for working out his pet literary or other plans. Wells Hawks, for instance, who is in Charles Frohman's office and adjutant to Alf. Hayman, is polishing and sandpapering and manieuring his "Red Wagon Stories" so that they will fit in between attractive book covers as one of the lighter literary offerings of the autumn. "The Red Wagon" stories, by the way, are clever and worth some of your midnight oil.

CONSIDERABLE surprise was felt when it was announced that Thomas C. Quinn had acquired control of the New York *Daily News*. Those, however, who are in the know so far as newspapers

are concerned were not amazed out of their boots. Mr. Quinn has been in the editorial department of the *News* for some time, is a well-known newspaper man, has occupied positions of trust and importance on the *New York Press* and other papers, and knows the game from start to finish. With a full swing and the ability to carry out the many plans he has in view for the *News*, Mr. Quinn is expected by his fellow workers on the *New York* papers to do something handsome and gratifying with the daily lately controlled by Frank A. Munsey.

THE combination of Louis Mann, Clara Lipman and George W. Lederer is a strong one. Although "The Telephone Girl" had a series of disheartening ups and downs, it made money when Mr. Mann and Miss Lipman were in the cast. They are a couple that play into each other's hands, there cannot be the slightest ground for jealousy and they have a strong eye for the possibilities of money well expended. Lederer, on the other hand, should be able to furnish just the show necessary to bring out their talents. Given even a fair book and good music, Lederer, Mann and Lipman look like a strong trio.

FROM time to time I have had considerable to say in this department about Sam and Lee Shubert, for it is pretty difficult to run a metropolitan paper without making reference to the doings of these two young and successful managers. Their recent deal whereby they became the managers of Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, impelled me to jot down a few of their theatres and attractions. I may have missed some, but this is a partial list of their theatres: Casino, Lyric, Princess, New York City; Hyperion Theatre, New Haven; Griswold and Rands, Troy; Majestic, Utica; Grand Opera House, Syracuse; Baker Theatre, Rochester; Garrick Theatre, Chicago, and the new Garrick Theatre, in process of construction, in St. Louis. Among their attractions for next season will be: Two companies playing "A Chinese Honeymoon"; Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon in "Taps," the German military drama; Miss Ada Rehan in Shakespearean repertoire; De Wolf Hopper in "Wang"; Jefferson De Angelis in a new opera; the romantic opera, "Fantana"; "The Run-aways" and Paula Edwardes in "Winsome Winnie."

This will do very nicely for the present, although I have no doubt that before my paper goes to press they will have added a few more tails to their kite.

LAURA ALMOSINO, a young woman who, up to a short time ago, was comparatively unknown, seems to have made a big hit in a monologue entitled "A Quarter of an Hour," which she tried out successfully the other night up in New Rochelle, where she entertained a large audience at the local theatre. The sketch was exceedingly clever and has resulted in her being booked at the principal vaudeville houses for the coming season.

FRIENDS of "Caesar" Young and F. T. Millin, his partner, were not surprised when they read that Millin could hardly be restrained from attacking the woman who, the authorities claim, had shot his partner. Young and Millin had been very close friends, and, in fact, were almost like brothers. Millin was always the anchor to windward in this combination. Young was fearless almost to the point of recklessness at times, and it was the restraining influence of Millin which had pulled him out of many a tight situation. They were exceedingly fond of each other and one of their few reasons for quarreling was the fascination the Florodora girl exercised over Young. His violent death was a great shock to Millin, who appeared around town for a week following the tragedy with haggard face and eyes which appeared to have known little sleep. I doubt exceedingly whether he would so far have forgotten himself as to have struck Miss Patterson, although it is possible that in his frame of mind he might have been anxious to wreak vengeance on a woman he had so much cause to hate.

I LEARN that my old friend, Dr. J. H. Worman, one-time editor of *Outing*, has been recalled from Europe, where he has been consul since the late President McKinley's second term. It is rumored that Senator Quay had a secretary whom he wished to place well, as he feared all along that he himself was about to die. Consequently, Worman was recalled. It was the Doctor who, about fifteen years

ago, gained control of *Outing*, which was then an unsuccessful publication, and succeeded in placing it in an eminent position in the publishing world. He is one of America's finest linguists and the author of many text-books in French, German, Italian and Spanish.

I HAVE just learned that James Gordon Bennett, owner of the *New York Herald* and of a part of Paris, has been in daily consultation with August and Perry Belmont, which undoubtedly means that on the final show-down the *Herald* will be found in the Parker columns. Mr. Bennett and the Belmonts are pretty close, because, if my informant is right, the publisher is financially interested in the Belmont tracks.

The appearance of Mr. Bennett on the scene does not create the consternation that it did a few years ago. When it was announced that Mr. Bennett was to come home and help to wear out some of the furniture in his magnificent private apartments in the *Herald* Building, every member of the staff from the night editor down to the office boy, suddenly became afflicted with something closely akin to fever and ague. They grew so nervous that they could hardly hold their jobs down, although it is not on record that any of them ever forgot the location of the cashier's window. Since the advent of William C. Reick, however, and his installation as the absolute master of affairs, there has existed a greater security.

Those who have seen Mr. Bennett say that he has never looked better in his life and that his eye is as clear, his hand-grasp as firm, and his general manner as forceful as they were back in the 70s and 80s when this really strong figure in the newspaper world was deciding between the claims of his friends and admirers in America and the blandishments of continental existence.

But to repeat the really interesting part of all this—the *Herald* will support Parker for all it is worth.

WHAT would Broadway do without Arthur Moore? I can imagine Chicago without its Potter Palmers, Philadelphia without its Drexel Biddles, and Baltimore without its Lehrs, but Broadway without its Arthur Moore would be like a fruit cake without its raisins. Every time I see Mr. Moore gayly sauntering out of the Victoria Hotel, or coming out of the Imperial (that part of the Imperial where the olives and the cloves come from) I am reminded of the good old days at the St. James Hotel when one of the fixtures of the entrance was the same Arthur Moore. The St. James in those days was presided over by one Connor, but I am quite sure that any of the employees would quite as willingly have taken instructions from Mr. Moore as from the man who paid their salaries. I have been told any number of times that Mr. Moore is in the real estate business in the West Twenties, but I refuse to believe any such feeble story. He would impress even a blind man with the fact that he doesn't work; neither does he spin. At any rate, I started out to say that Arthur Moore belongs to Broadway and that Broadway belongs to Arthur Moore. I know, for I have made a religious study of the question for the past fifteen years.

WAIT, hold your breath, stop thinking, do everything except die —George Fuller Goulden has broken loose again. This time he wires from Berlin via the Hot Air Line, to BROADWAY WEEKLY:

"Have just dined with Governor Odell. Have offered to double-up with him in a sketch at the Halls. On account of desiring to fill out his term as Governor, would not consider my offer at the present time, even though I offered him one-thirteenth of the amount we could get. Tell Keith and Proctor that I spurn their offers of \$16,332 per week and my keep. Regards to Frohman, Klaw & Erlanger, Hearst, Bennett and the rest of the boys.

(Signed)

"G. F. G."

That is why I asked you to hold your breath. More later.

WHAT a wonderful story the daily newspapers missed when Sarah Bernhardt was hissed and hooted at the Stadt Theatre, in Elberfeldt, Germany, by a student who claimed that as Sarah had spoken disparagingly against the Germans, he had a perfect right to express his disapproval. He was haled to the police court, fined three marks and sentenced to one day in jail, but on appealing to a higher

court, he was released, possibly on the presumption that no German was able sufficiently to insult a woman who had done and said so much against Germany and Germans during her artistic career. It is hard to understand just why the American sensational daily papers did not take up this story, use the cables in an endeavor to create international complications and finally insist that France should not only fight the Vatican, but also Wilhelm and all his cohorts. However, with page after page of delectable stories about negresses and old men, Florodora girls and bookmakers, and the attempt to both make and kill Parker as a Democratic President, there is very little room nowadays for Continental affairs.

THE knowing ones threw up their hands last year when it was announced that five new theatres would be opened in New York, but the game still goes on, and next fall New Yorkers will be called upon to support at least four new theatres and probably more. Klaw & Erlanger's new Liberty Theatre, which will be a handsome house in every way, is nearing completion. The Lew Fields Theatre, near the American on West Forty-second street, is also near completion, so far as the main structure is concerned. Oscar Hammerstein's big Drury Lane Theatre, on West Thirty-fourth street is not far advanced and probably will not be opened next winter. Then there is the Coliseum in Harlem, George Lederer's Music Hall and various other theatres which will help swell the list. We certainly shall have a busy theatrical season, if numbers count for anything.

THE Grand Conservatory of Music of the City of New York commemorates its thirtieth anniversary by publishing an interesting and well-written semi-monthly paper called *The Conservatory*, "a journal devoted to music and kindred arts." Ernst Eberhard, the president of the Grand Conservatory, is recognized as one of the most brilliant musicians before the public and a man that has done much during his nearly a quarter of a century in musical affairs, to advance, in a dignified though brilliant manner, all that is best in music as a profession and an art. President Eberhard has been a moving spirit in the Grand Conservatory and has been ably seconded by Miss Beatrice Eberhard, who has received her entire education at the Grand. Miss Eberhard is recognized as a woman of great achievement as a violinist and stands in the very front rank of performers on one of the most difficult instruments known to civilization.

IF Edward J. Morgan is not careful he will soon gain the reputation of being as cranky and impossible to deal with as our own Richard M. The trouble with Mr. Morgan is that he takes himself too seriously. This, of course, is a trouble met with in every walk of life, but the moment it shows in the mental make-up of an actor, God help the rest of the company. Sarah Truax, Morgan's leading woman in "The Eternal City," has some weird stories to tell of Mr. Morgan's professional jealousy. This actor, who, a few years ago, gave splendid promise of becoming one of the best of our younger stars, has rapidly deteriorated into a player who, at times, becomes merely lugubrious when he thinks he is effective. However, he is young and has time to repent.

MY esteemed contemporary, *The London Era*, which, having been established in 1837, can hardly be expected to be very sprightly, occasionally breaks out into an exhibition of humor that is interesting if not exciting. Here is a paragraph from a recent issue which is not so bad:

Miss Edna May was married to her husband, Mr. Fred Titus, an American actor, when she was only seventeen. When the ceremony was over she went back to school. Six years ago she came to London in "The Belle of New York," and she has never since seen her husband. Last summer a relative of Miss May's, Judge Rich, of the Supreme Court, told her that she ought to resume proceedings for divorce. Mr. Titus, who is now with "The Red Feather" company in Canada, is "willing." Miss May will next week undergo treatment for the removal of something in her throat, and then she will go to New York to see about the removal of her husband. We trust both operations will be successful.

IN a recent issue of *The Billboard* there appears an advertisement of Courtland Beach, Omaha. At the foot of the adv. is the legend, "Pony Moore, Representative." How have the mighty fallen! I take

it for granted, of course, that there is only one Pony Moore on earth, and that he is the ex-minstrel man who will go spinning down the corridors of time as the father-in-law of the once famous Charlie Mitchell. Pony Moore had a big bank account and a strong following fifteen or twenty years ago. He was well-liked by the crowd with which he consorted in this country and in England. He always pinned his faith and his wagers to the Mitchell right arm, and while this made a lot of money for him early in the game, it also lost for him when the Mitchell prowess was on the wane. At any rate, we now find him at sixty-five, the representative of an Omaha beach—which, if you know anything about the lay of the land, really can't be a beach at all.

I DON'T blame Frank Perley for featuring Mabel Hite next season. She's a pretty and funny young woman and might be termed a sand-papered Sis Hopkins, although her style, while suggesting the Indiana character, is original. She was one of the bright sparks in "A Venetian Romance," at the Knickerbocker Theatre. There is one thing that is in her favor. She is funny even without eccentric make-up, has a pair of crisp feet and two eyes that she can throw like searchlights out into the audience and cause havoc behind many a boiled shirt. She is like a magnum of sparkling Ruinart.

Incidentally, it is well to remember that Frank Perley is a pretty good judge of youthful talent and pretty women. He is as surely responsible for the success of Alice Neilsen as any manager ever was for the bringing out of a star. He had his own troubles during the period of his control of the wilful little singer, and no doubt must have welcomed the days of tranquillity that followed their business split. If ever a woman became captious, that one was Alice Neilsen. However, from obscurity to fame as a star had been her lot and for the fact that she could demand an immense salary, she can thank Mr. Perley as much as her own inherent ability.

Exquisite Art For our Readers

READ every word of this article—it will interest you—it will pay you. BROADWAY WEEKLY has made arrangements with the White City Art Company for a limited number of sketches from the brushes of the greatest artists in the world, including

The great Bryson.

We will give these FREE to our readers as long as they last, which will not be very long, so you would better write us to-day. There are eight in the set—they are as follows:

No. 213. "THE BALLET GIRL."

A stunning picture suitable for your den.

No. 214. "THE DANCER."

Full of life and the spirit of Terpsichore.

No. 215. "LOOKING BACKWARDS."

A pretty girl in low-necked dress, looking over her shoulder. Pretty and alluring.

No. 209. "THE BALLET DANCER."

A life-like and fascinating girl of the front row.

No. 184. "THE QUEEN OF HEARTS."

The prettiest in the pack. Full of life.

No. 112. "THE DREAMER."

A splendid, breathing subject.

No. 179. "THE TIP OF HER TOE." A lively dancer perched on tiptoe and kicking in no uncertain manner.

No. 178. "THE CIGARETTE."

As lively as its name implies.

They are all on artist's indentation sketching paper, and show a wonderful effect in coloring.

They are especially mounted for framing, and with a light, black or gold frame make dainty wall decorations—decorations such as are seen only in the homes of the wealthy.

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Send us \$1.00 for three months' subscription to BROADWAY WEEKLY, and we will send you FREE one of these sketches. Send \$2.00 for six months' subscription and we will send you any three of these sketches; and for \$3.00 for a yearly subscription we will send you FREE the entire set of eight sketches.

Money refunded if you are not satisfied and delighted with these sketches, because we have such a limited number of them that the demand will be greater than the supply. If we have run out of these sketches when your order arrives, we will instantly return your money. Don't miss this—write to-day and mention this particular offer.

Broadway Weekly Co.

27 East 21st Street, New York.

JAMES SMITH, JR., AS A FACTOR IN 1904 POLITICS.

FEW persons out of the millions who are anxious about the Democratic nominee know how much depends upon the good services of former United States Senator James Smith, Jr., known as James Smith the Second in the family line of descent, to help bring about the desired result. This James the Second is a very different kind of man to the James who was the last king of the Stuart dynasty of Great Britain.

He is a masterful man, one who is as big mentally as he is physically; one who has measured foils with such giants as J. Pierpont Morgan, and who has proved a foeman in battles which are not recorded in history. He is now very much in the public eye as receiver for the Shipbuilding Trust, and his fearless management of that office has aroused the hopes, respect and admiration of all the people excepting the promoters of that enterprise.

The natural leader of men, he wields more influence in his native State of New Jersey than any other dozen of its big men, be they Democrats or Republicans, and nothing short of the McKinley wave restrained his return to the Senate.

Senator Smith has only just turned fifty, and is a splendid example of the American of to-day. When the late Governor Leon Abbett was the czar of New Jersey, and was considered to be the coming man of Democratic National politics, Mr. Smith merely took an interest in local politics because he could not help it. The people of his city offered him every inducement to run for mayor, but he declined. He could have had the gubernatorial nomination or anything in the gift of party or people.

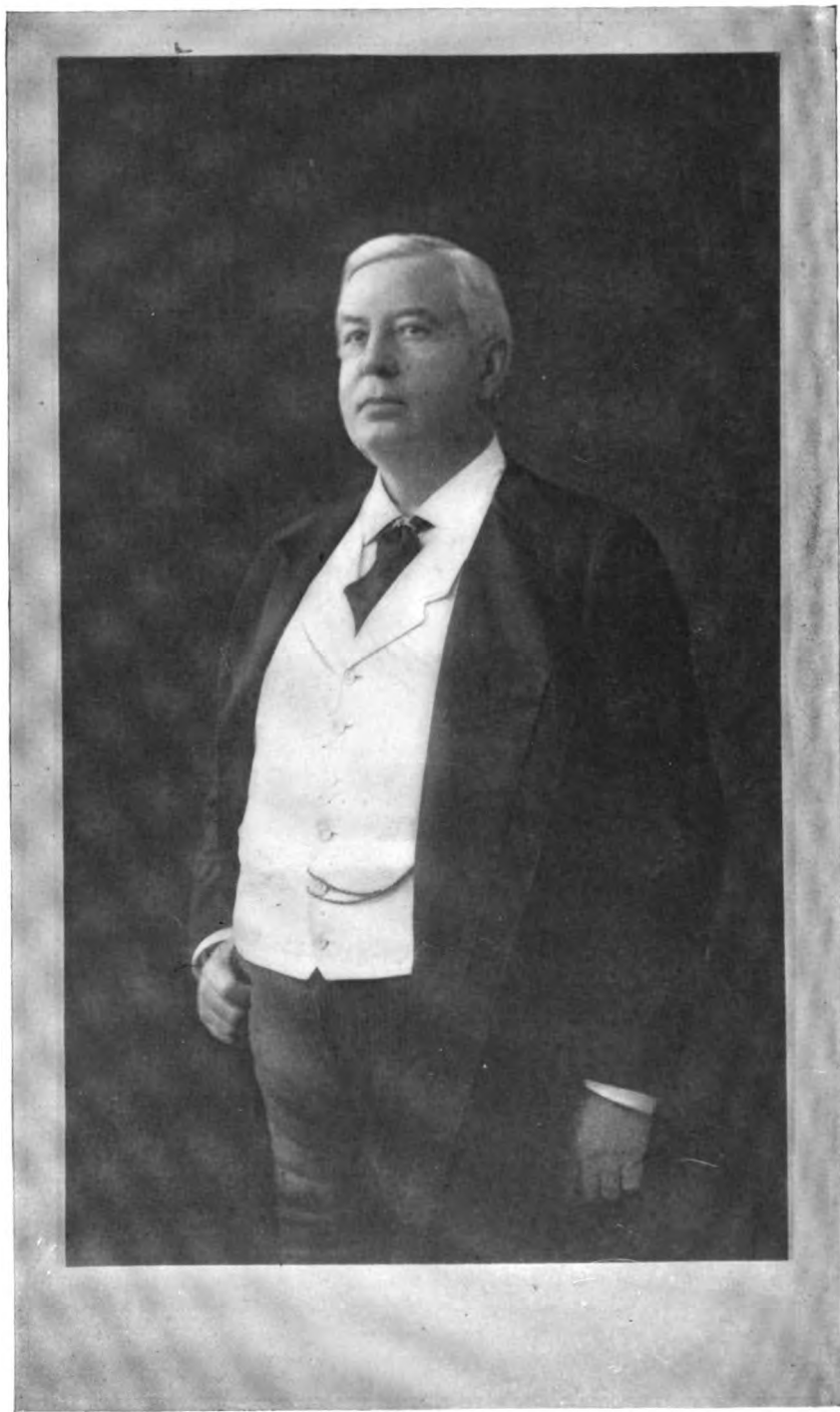
But he simply devoted his attention to his large manufacturing business, and the estate of his father, who was a leading citizen and who had also declined office, but who was a power in politics.

The Senator was compelled to come to the rescue of the party, however, when Leon Abbett had reduced it to a mere personal machine, and at the moment of his expected election to the United States Senate, the Legislature voluntarily tendered the nomination to Mr. Smith. It was said at the time that it did not cost the recipient as much as a basket of wine, and was the greatest testimonial ever paid by a State to a citizen.

Having been so honored by his party, Senator Smith magnanimously requested the Governor of the State to name Leon Abbett for the Supreme Court bench, but his ambition had been thwarted by the people, and he soon died.

Senator Smith was the confidant of William C. Whitney when the latter secured the re-nomination of Grover Cleveland in 1892, and from that moment he became a National figure, no political action or policy being decided upon without his advice. Richard Croker has said that Senator Smith was the shrewdest leader in the country. There is the most perfect understanding between the Senator and Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, and the latter has a very exalted opinion of the former.

Now every Democrat in New Jersey will say that Mr. Cleveland can carry the State.



FORMER UNITED STATES SENATOR JAMES SMITH, JR., A POWERFUL MAN IN DEMOCRATIC POLITICS.

And the big Republican leaders admit that they dread this possibility. There is a United States Senator to be chosen by the New Jersey Legislature, and it would be possible to elect enough Senators and Assemblymen to return a Democrat. If this contingency materializes, Senator Smith would be the natural nominee. Whether he would again accept is not known, because during his last term he objected to spending so much time away from his home. He is devoted to his large family of sons and daughters, and is interested in several important business enterprises which need his care.

But the point really is, that the party will insist upon his acceptance. He will undoubtedly do all he can for Mr. Cleveland,

as he is his neighbor and friend, and he feels that Mr. Cleveland will help return the Democratic party to power.

During his life, however, James Smith, Jr., will always be the great big man in his own State, and his name is the guarantee for integrity, ability, and force in any movement in which he participates.

IN PREPARATION. A BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING

Special Coney Island Number

OF BROADWAY WEEKLY

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CURZON, WHO MARRIED OUR MARY LEITER.

A MICROSCOPIC EXAMINATION.

By T. P. O'CONNOR.

LONDON.

IN physical appearance, in bearing, in language, Lord Curzon reveals the man he is almost more clearly than any man I know. The fine height, the face with its well-chiselled features, its aquiline and haughty nose, its eyes, wide, large, prominent, open, daring, the rich coloring of the complexion, are the proper outward of a man who is full of those qualities which make one a leader among men. It is all these things that account for what was certainly something of an obstacle in the early age of Lord Curzon's career. I will not repeat here the rhyme which has been quoted *usque ad nauseam* against him. Whenever an ill-natured thing has been said of a man of real ability, there are always plenty of people who are ready to remember and to propagate it. If human nature were only as retentive in its memory of the kind and eulogistic things said of men as of the malicious and the unjust, many historical verdicts would have to be reversed. Suffice it to say that, though Lord Curzon has undoubtedly that full self-confidence which is one of the necessary qualities of a leader of men and of men of action, I do not think that his self-estimate has ever been beyond his deserts; and he has always appeared to me in private a very courteous and a very unpretentious man.

The welcome which Lord Curzon has received from men of all political schools is not to be taken by any means, of course, as an acceptance of his views and of his entire policy. I myself probably would find myself in entire disagreement with most of his principles and with many of his acts, but it is not from the point of view of party politics that a great servant of the nation like him should be judged by any man; and it would be a poor day indeed for politics and journalism in this country if every man were judged simply from the political standpoint. In the remarks, therefore, I have to make about this very considerable man, I am speaking of him altogether outside his political opinions or those of his friends and opponents. I am discussing simply the man.

If I were asked what was the first and main secret of Lord Curzon's extraordinary success, I should say that he is above and before all things a politician. I have said it so often that I am almost ashamed of repeating it, but I think the curse of this country is that its politics are so much in the hands of amateurs. Men in England, and especially perhaps in the Conservative party, take their politics as more or less part of the usual round of pleasures of which their lives consist, just as they take hunting and shooting and the gaieties of the London season.

It is to the credit of Lord Curzon that, from the very first moment of his career, he took seriously both himself and the politics of his country. He had scarcely left college when he was a secretary to Lord Salisbury. The people who remember him at this epoch of his career have very vivid memories of his almost aggressive exuberance of faith, of propagandism, of curiosity. I can see him still, as he passed from man to man, in the house of Lady Jeune—that rendezvous then where all that was illustrious or beautiful or interesting in London used to assemble—listening to this politician, arguing with that; surprised by one, shocked by another; insistent on converting a third—in fact, a great breath of youth, a strong and virile and fresh nature in the midst of this world of battered and disillusioned worldlings, who had already drunk of the draughts of life and got to the dregs. Such did Mr. Curzon then appear. Some smiled at

this youth with his high complexion, his vehement manner, his almost overwhelming vitality and faith; others smiled their acid and malignant smile; but, whether they liked him or not, all were interested in this fresh and vital young figure that jumped from the school right into the blaze and limelight of the world's stage.

There was another phase of his life which was an even stronger revelation of the resolution and devotion to a political life than the vehemence of the drawing-room. Eldest son of a peer, with all London—that Capua where so many of the young go down and perish almost before they have begun—spread before him, Lord Curzon went on his travels. The grand tour in these days is not Europe, but the far-off East; and there, always with the same idea of knowing that mysterious continent where England plays its most potent and dazzling part in the government of the world, Lord Curzon faced all the hardships, all the perils, all the desperate weariness of travels through barely civilized and barely safe lands. Afghanistan, where the blood of a murdered British envoy lay still fresh on the ground; Korea, then almost a *terra incognita*; Japan and China; Persia—all these countries were visited by this ardent young man, athirst for information, and ready to risk life itself for the knowledge that makes the ruler of men. He saw kings, statesmen, officials of all those strange, wild lands; and thus he was equipped, as perhaps no man of his time had been equipped, with that inside knowledge of men and things in other countries which is necessary to any one who would govern well.

Compare such a strenuous life with that even of many of our most distinguished and active public servants. When Count Bülow or some other man reaches the highest position in the government of an empire like that of Germany, he has already been in every court of Europe; has talked to every politician of no e, whether he be English or Italian, French or Russian; has studied their languages, often speaks them all, and is intimate with all the inner and subterranean life of great cities; knows the clever secretaries who stand behind the showy principals; the influences, secret and unknown, that are the real motive forces that move a Minister or a Leader of Opposition; has spoken to and measured the women whose beauty or whose astuteness accounts for the choice of the general or the diplomat—in short, is acquainted with all that machinery of life and government which is underneath the surface, and hidden from all eyes except those of the select few who move in the society of courts and embassies.

But, with us, even men holding the highest places in the Government of the greatest of empires have rarely, if ever, passed beyond the frontiers of our own island homes, speak no language but their own, are remote from the inner lives of every capital in Europe. I do protest, when I know how provincial are the ideas, how parochial the experience, of our most prominent politicians in this country, that I am dumbfounded with wonder that the State goes on at all.

It is into this world that Lord Curzon was born; and it is to his everlasting credit that he struck out a line of his own and began the work of a politician by going to school as a politician, and learning his business like a good apprentice before he demanded even his first and smallest job. When, then, he entered the House of Commons, he was already better equipped than ninety-nine out of every hundred in that assembly. Some people thought that he was almost

too well equipped. Expectation had been very high as to the part he would play. I remember his maiden speech. In spite of his legitimate self-confidence, Lord Curzon was not free from the natural shyness and nervousness of the beginner; indeed, he was one of the most nervous men I ever saw making his maiden speech. The only example I can compare to him is that of Mr. Morley, who also, with his fine and distinguished intellect, was cursed in his first appearance, and even in his latest, with that diffidence from which men of coarser fibre and poorer intelligence are quite free. The maiden speech of Lord Curzon was, so to speak, a success. Nobody could deny the brilliancy of the diction, the ease and grace of the style, but everybody also noticed that his tongue almost cleaved to his mouth, and that he sometimes seemed scarcely able to continue from sheer inability to articulate his words—that most painful symptom of extreme tension. I heard one of the Cabinet Ministers of that time, and of this, say that Lord Curzon reminded him of an oarsman who had been overtrained; he attempted too much, and was not equal to his ambition or to his expectations.

But that was a superficial judgment. Lord Curzon is one of the men who are seen at their best only when they get office. There are few men who are so well remembered in the House of Commons as he, or who made a clearer and more distinct mark upon that assembly; and yet he was not there for many years. And few people, I think, now realize that this man, holding almost the mightiest position in the British Empire, never was a member of a Cabinet, never got beyond the position of an Under-Secretary. But he was such an Under-Secretary! Holding office at a time of great difficulty, constantly assailed by powerful opponents, questioned and cross-questioned every night for hours, there was never an occasion on which he showed hesitation or want of courage or want of resource. That limpid and quick rush of language was always at his disposal. Sometimes he was able on the spur of the moment to invent phrases that have passed into history—as for instance, the answer which spoke of the intelligent anticipation of events as accounting for the fact that the correspondent of the *Times* in China was able to forestall the statements of the Government.

It was not merely this great command of language which accounted for Lord Curzon's influence in the House; it was the sense that here was a man with a will and with a purpose. A temperament behind a speech—that is always necessary to command the respect of the House of Commons; and emphatically Lord Curzon has a great temperament as well as a very fine intellect. His case might be weak or it might be strong; but whatever it was, it was sure to be put before the House with a vigor and a charm that captured and carried men away.

Finally, among the qualities which have made Lord Curzon is his industry. Fourteen hours a day are his usual amount of labor. And this tremendous amount of work he has done in good weather and in bad, in good health and in illness. For the curious thing about this indomitable worker is that he is almost an invalid. The florid complexion, the broad shoulders, the strong-looking frame, are deceptive; he is a delicate man, subject to great moments of weakness from overwork; and, in short, there is a constant strife between the strong will and the weak physique. I have heard intimate friends of his who know the secrets of his heart, declare that

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY Editor

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear later something to your advantage by addressing Broadway Weekly, 27 East 21st Street, New York.

GEORGE GOULD FOR CONGRESS.

NEW JERSEY is talking of complimenting Mr. George J. Gould and its own Statehood by nominating the railroad magnate for Congress—which shows that New Jersey politics are sane and not entirely controlled by the bosses.

Ever since the late Jay Gould died and the vast Gould interests were placed in the hands of the eldest son, George J. Gould has been a prominent figure in railroading and finance. Although tremendously wealthy and with a beautiful wife, charming family, and the opportunity of becoming a mere dilettante of money, Mr. Gould immediately assumed the great work placed upon him, and soon proved to the world that he considered great wealth brought its responsibilities as well as its privileges. He has shown himself to be a fine type of clean-cut American whose word can be relied upon by his associates, whose methods are not those of the financial trickster, and who, in all his dealings with his associates and the public at large, proves himself a man of stamina and with a clear vision, splendid acumen and a high regard for fair dealing.

Such a man, therefore, in Congress would be a credit to his party, to his State and to his family. It is highly improbable that Mr. Gould could consistently agree to devote the time necessary either for a stirring campaign or a term in Congress. If, however, he should consent to do so, still greater honors would undoubtedly come to this good business man, excellent American and true and loyal friend.

George J. Gould, the gentleman from New Jersey, would be a refreshing addition to our National legislators.

much of the self-confidence which offends people is really self-assertion against himself more than against the world, the self-assertion of a man who will not be put down or interrupted or depressed into neglect of his purpose by the weakness of the flesh. It is a curious proof of how much this struggle costs, and how incessantly it is occurring, that several times, when Lord Curzon has been confined to bed, the official world of India has known nothing of it; the outpour of suggestion, dispatch, commendation, or reproof, has gone on just the same as before. It may have been that during all this time Lord Curzon was lying on his back in obedience to peremptory medical command; but that did not prevent him from going on as if nothing had occurred, and from working his fourteen hours daily.

It shows at once the strong and the weak side of his character that he should have organized with such huge success the big Delhi Durbar. Everything there passed off, according to all accounts, with complete success. Never was there such a glow of color—such an outward manifesta-

tion of the strength of the British rule and of the splendor of native chiefs. But it required a man who took himself seriously—who believed in magnificence and love of splendor, to take such a part in such a display as Lord Curzon took. There is the man; he has that faith which is not to be ridiculed out of splendid display; which sees and loves the picturesque, poetic, and opulent, as well as the prosaic, side of the Empire to which he belongs; and who, in that respect, perhaps understands the methods by which Oriental nature is to be impressed and captured better than other men. It is not, I confess, my ideal of the shape and form in which British rule and British rulers should manifest themselves even to Oriental peoples. When Talleyrand, looking round the representatives of the different courts of Europe gathered at Vienna, saw Lord Castlereagh in a plain black coat and with but one order, and the glittering uniforms and the multitudinous decorations of all the rest, he remarked: "Ahl c'est bien distingue." And I have a fancy for the black-coated, unribboned, blunt, Ulster

Irishman of the Lawrence type, as the representative of British power among those people. But possibly this is all wrong; however it may be, Lord Curzon, as the central figure of a great pageant, has left an indelible memory to India.

Such, then, is the man who for the moment is a visitor to the shores of his native land. He will probably be soon among his own people again, and may be in the running for one of the high places in the government of his country. He may be Foreign Secretary in a new Administration, he may even reach higher. At all events, he is among his own people once again after five years of hard and strenuous exile, and everybody will join in the welcome that is given to him. A welcome of equal cordiality will be given to the beautiful and gracious daughter of America who is his consort and his help-meet, and who—belonging to that extraordinary race which is now dazzling the world—has proved that the child of a Republic may take her place—almost as of right—as the worthy companion of an exalted ruler.

M. A. P.



THE MAN ABOVE THE DOLLAR.

MORE PULITZER EPIGRAMS.

We forgot to state recently that Mr. Pulitzer's book of epigrams is to be brought out by the Dodge Publishing Company, New York. Following we print some:

One touch of Summer girl makes the male world—sin.

How can a man fight a woman square? Either he must submit to getting the worst of it, or take a mean advantage: kiss her!

When Jealousy flies out of the window it usually takes Love along with it for company.

How is it the Temperance question is of all questions the one always discussed with least temperance?

It would seem as if Cupid burnt his fingers with every new match he ignited.

Lovers' quarrels have one drawback. They always increase the love tenfold.

An American is never so energetic as when he tries to be idle.

Reason sways us for an hour. Only what is selfish endures.

Lovers who have quarreled should remember that often one little kiss will clear away the anger-rust of months.

What is success? Only Failure in a new spring suit.

Women love good men, of course. But they find it more exciting to be made love to by the other kind.

As we ascend Love's Ladder of Light our heads swim. Paradoxically, some of us (the weak ones) fall with giddiness—and are *saved*. Some of us (the strong ones) climb to the top rung—and are *lost*!

WALTER PULITZER.

GOLD CUP FOR AUTO-BOATS.

A NOTABLY graceful and delicate piece of goldsmithing recently completed and exhibited by Tiffany & Company is the Amateur Challenge Trophy for Auto-Boats. The cup contains 1,132 pennyweights of eighteen karat gold and is valued at \$2,000.

In designing this beautiful trophy the artist kept two distinct thoughts in view: the sport for which the prize was offered, and the materials to be employed in its construction. The simplicity of form and delicacy of treatment are in harmony with the precious metal and the precious and semi-precious stones.

The decorations suggest the sea, and success in marine sport is symbolized on the cover by the figure of "Victory" with a wreath of laurel in her raised hand. Around the top of the cup is a decoration of seaweed in green gold, in which are set moonstones, zircons, sapphires and tourmalines, arranged to represent the red, white and blue—American colors—and the red, white and green of sunny Italy. These colors were introduced because the firms giving the cup are agents for automobiles and auto-boats made in those countries.



THE NEW YORK GIRL IN ONE OF HER MANY GUISES, AS SEEN BY HAWKINS.

Chased in relief on the side of the cup are the private signals of the firms, crossed, and beneath them a decoration of seaweed in green gold. Four delicately chased dolphins rise from the base and help support the body of the cup. The foot is ornamented with seaweed in green gold. On one side of the onyx base is a miniature model

of the "Fiat" and on the other the "Vingt-et-un." These models were made from measured drawings and are perfect in every detail. On the front of the base, and connected with the boats by a gold band which passes all the way around, is a graceful shield bearing the inscription:

.....
:
:
: AMATEUR CHALLENGE TROPHY :
:
: FOR AUTO-BOATS. PRESENTED BY :
:
: HOLLANDER & TANGEMAN, :
:
: SMITH & MABLEY, INC. :
:
:.....

The beauty of this cup and the added richness of the gold and precious stones establish at once a new standard for all trophies that aspire to the front rank. The first race is to take place some time in June.

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RED TOP RYE

GOOD WHISKEY

It's up to YOU

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
CINCINNATI, O.
ST. JOSEPH, MO. LOUISVILLE, KY.

AMERICA'S REPRESENTATIVE PIANO MEN AT THE



THIS IS A REPRODUCTION OF A LARGE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OF A GROUP OF PIANO MANUFACTURERS AND THEIR REPRESENTATIVES
THE UNIQUE IDEA OF BURNING THE OLD SQUARE PIANOS IN A BONFIRE AT ATLANTIC CITY THIS
MORE THAN 15,000 PRESS NOTICES IN ALL PARTS OF

ATLANTIC CITY CONVENTION, HELD MAY 25th, 1904.



REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MR. HARRY EDWARD FREUND, TO WHOM MUST BE GIVEN THE CREDIT OF HAVING FIRST CONCEIVED
A RESULT OF THE CONCEPTION AND CARRYING OUT OF THIS PLAN, THE CONVENTION RECEIVED
A, AND EVEN IN ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT.

THE AMERICAN STAGE.

By ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY.

THE KLAU AND ERLANGER COMEDY COMPANY

IN THE NEW MUSICAL VAUDEVILLE ENTERTAINMENT,

"A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING,"

By John J. McNally.

Staged by Herbert Gresham and Ned Wayburn
Musical Direction, Frederick Solomon.

Cast of Characters.

John Edward Haggerty.....Joseph Sparks
Benjamin Franklin Perkins.....George Schiller
John Corteright Muggs.....Harry Kelly
Bert Height.....Allan Ramsay
Barty Lowe.....Charles Hessong

AND

BILLY HURLINGHAM AFTER...PETER F. DAILEY

Miss Lillian Maye.....Leila McIntyre
Miss Ivy Stringham.....Sabel Johnson
Miss Daisy Bovine.....Susie Fisher
Miss Bessie Perkins.....Charlotte Leslay
Miss Della Haggerty.....Elphye Snowden

AND

Mrs. AURORA DAYE-KNIGHT...FAY TEMPLETON
Ladies and gentlemen, friends of Mrs. Knight.
Servants and officials of various kinds.

"A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING" AND MUCH OF FAY TEMPLETON.

NOTHING quite so unique as "A Little of Everything," on the Aerial Gardens, atop the New Amsterdam Theatre, has been offered in New York. In the first place, the auditorium is really a beautiful little theatre, open on all sides and yet so constructed that neither a rainstorm nor a blizzard would inconvenience an audience. Encircling the auditorium is an artistic and effective garden proper, full of plants, shrubbery, tables, glasses, straws, waiters and various other things conducive to the comfort of the loitering and the thirsty.

"A Little of Everything" is more pretentious than the average roof garden bit of frivol. What the plot is about concerns no one. The principal point is that Fay Templeton plays a widow. What an amazing artist this woman is! She can take a piece of the veriest banality and make it a work of art. Take her song, "Fishing," for instance, in the first act. It's a fairly good song as summer ditties go, but Miss Templeton gives it the importance of a humorous aria. Dressed in widow's weeds, cut V shape in front, as was the style affected by the late lamented Angeline Allen, she sings "Fishing" in a way that makes every man in the audience forget that the weather is hot, and the women that here is a creature of their own flesh and blood who is able to do wonderful things with a few words and a little music.

Miss Leila McIntyre as *Lillian Maye* is pretty and cute as a child who knows more than a girl should at seven. Miss McIntyre is rapidly winning the reputation of being the best little she-faunter on the stage. In the third act, she is charming and clever in the "Camille" burlesque.

Sabel Johnson, Charlotte Leslay and Elphye Snowden (Elfie Fay—take notice of infringement) are three young women who throw much life and lace into their work.

Peter F. Dailey as *Billy Hurlingham After*,

the king of minstrels, is naturally very much Peter F. Dailey. This, however, is the strongest kind of a recommendation to his admirers. His burlesque work with Miss Templeton in the "Camille" skit is excruciating. He does the funniest work New Yorkers have seen him do in many seasons. His get-up as *Armand* is side-splitting and his serio-comic moments are full of all the Daileyisms that have made this actor one of the most popular comedians on the American stage to-day, and which later will be of great service to him when he stars under the direction of Klaw & Erlanger.

Joseph Sparks, as *John Edward Haggerty*, is energetic and satisfactory in one of his old-time rôles.

George Schiller, one of the old Casino favorites, and as well-known on Broadway as the *Herald* Building, plays *Benjamin Franklin Perkins*, a "rube" part, and plays it well.

Harry Kelly plays *John Corteright Muggs*. Mr. Kelly without make-up is not half so funny or effective as Mr. Kelly with make-up. He is an excellent dancer, but his mugging antics, which are usually very funny, require the addition of eccentric make-up to be effective.

"A Little of Everything" is an exceedingly good summer show, and if first-week crowds count for anything, New York appreciates that fact.

AS TO "PARSIFALIA."

A WELL-KNOWN American composer once told me that he never could do any work unless he could go off to some quiet spot where he would not be worried by the commonplaces of everyday life. How utterly and curiously different is our own Broadway composer, Oscar Hammerstein! There's a man who turns out symphonies and popular songs between visits to his various theatre sites and who, while hammering away at a new cigar-making machine, can jot down bars of an overture to a new comic opera. I verily believe that he could write a slumber song in an iron foundry.

There's "Parsifalia," for instance, on the Paradise Roof. He began working on it only a few weeks ago, during the time he was fixing up vaudeville bills for the Victoria, preparing the garden season for the Paradise Roof Garden, closing contracts with Lew Fields and Mason and Mitchell for his new theatre and having talks with his several contractors.

There is in "Parsifalia" some very pretty music from the pen of Mr. Hammerstein, al-



MARY HOLMES, LEADING LADY WITH THE "DAMON AND PYTHIAS" COMPANY, AND TO BE SEEN NEXT SEASON IN A BROADWAY PRODUCTION

though none of it is as ambitious as his earlier "Santa Maria."

Emma Carus, Eleanor Falk and Willie Zimmerman, the latter a perfect whirlwind of a rôle manipulator, are three lively stage folk who manage to enable the audience to get a lot of fun out of "Parsifalia."

The cow that added a touch of the pastoral to the Paradise Roof last summer is still on the program. She is the only member of the cast that doesn't bother her head about the star dressing-room.

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER'S REFUSAL.

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER wanted \$6,000 for one week's performance at three of Proctor's New York houses. Mr. Proctor wouldn't pay it and that closed the incident. Even a public, however, that had become familiar with the big salaries paid in vaudeville, stood aghast at the figures in question and wondered if any woman could refuse an offer of between four and five thousand dollars a week, which, it is understood, Mr. Proctor offered the little comedienne and which was refused.

DUSS IS A HIT.

DUSS and his band seem to have become a standard summer attraction in New York. At any rate, they are doing a much bigger business this year than they did last in Madison Square Garden, and this fact, in the amusement business, is the very best evidence that the public likes it. The good music, the cool breezes and the general airiness of the big Garden have been attracting immense crowds.

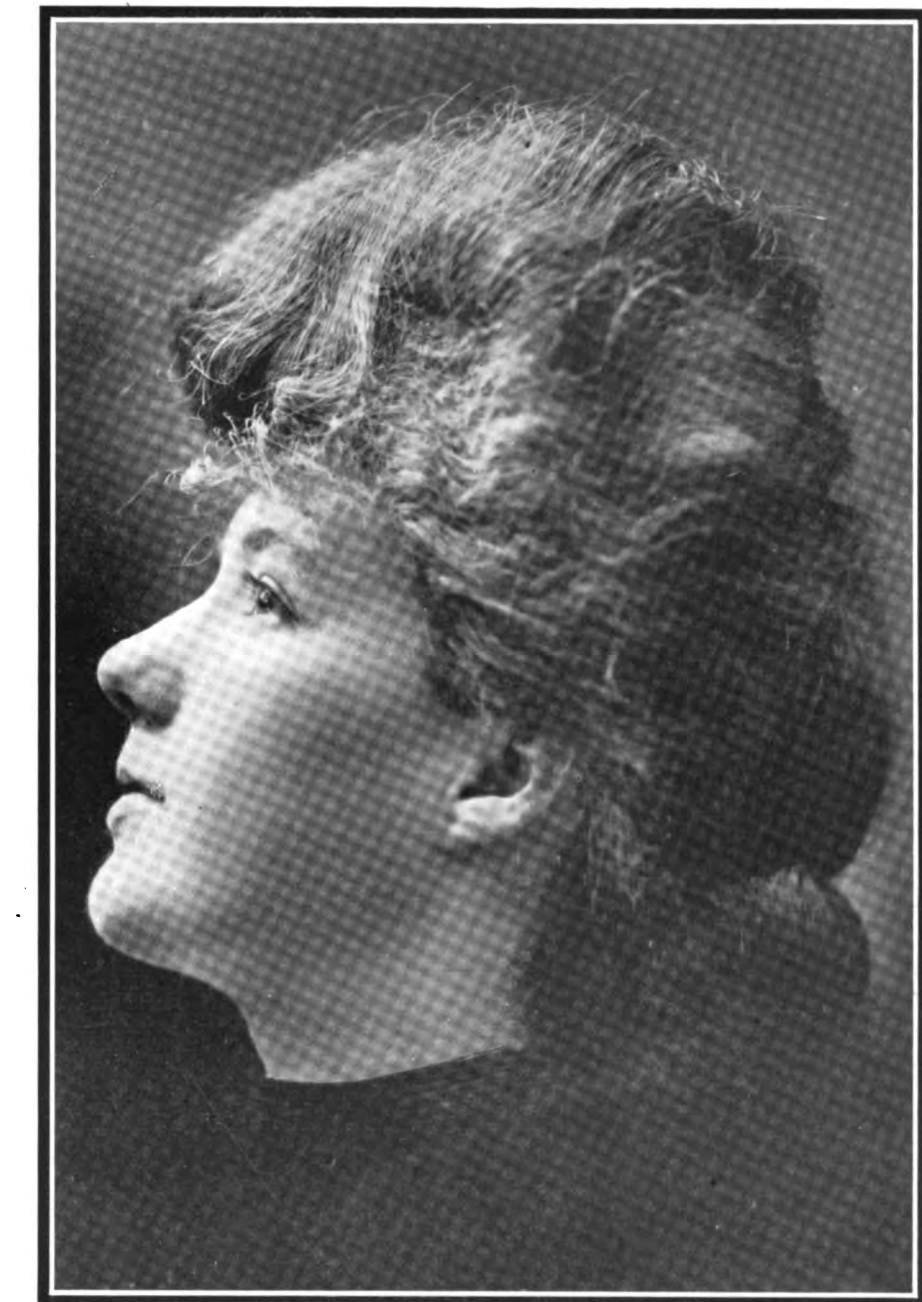
It is interesting to remember, by the way, what I said in a recent issue of BROADWAY WEEKLY, in commenting on the assumption of the Duss management by Loudon G. Charlton. He and his associates have been doing magnificent work for Duss and this work is showing effect at the box office. As I have remarked before, keep an eye on Mr. Charlton.

BETTINA GERARD IN THE LEGITIMATE.

IT is good to hear that Bettina Gerard will come into her own again. Although she has been successful enough in vaudeville, she is too clever a woman to remain out of the legitimate.

There was not a handsomer or more promising woman on the stage ten years ago than this same Betty Gerard. She had a fine dashing air about her, a personality that was charming and a method that was sure and winning. Then the very devil of all that was inconsistent seemed to take possession of her, and it looked as if in all probability she would end her career then and there. Then she tightened the reins, held up a bit, and went the straight and narrow course for a while. She broke out again and everybody thought it was all over. We all pitied her, but no one seemed to think there was any chance in the world for this clever and pretty woman. Finally, however, some time ago, Miss Gerard sat down and faced the situation, saw exactly what it meant, made a resolve that she would try not to be foolish any more, and she has kept it so well that Jules Murry, a pretty shrewd manager, has decided to star her next season in the legitimate, where she undoubtedly belongs.

I do not believe there is a man or woman in the theatrical profession who does not wish



EDNA FENTON, ONE OF THE HANDSOME GIRLS IN "A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING," AT THE AERIAL GARDENS.

good luck and godspeed to Miss Gerard in her new bid for public favor.

THE LEW FIELDS THEATRE.

LEW FIELDS is an actor and not simply a dramatic scarecrow upon which may be thrown a few ragged Dutchisms. I have before called the attention of BROADWAY WEEKLY readers to his splendid work as the burglar in the Weber & Fields burlesque on "Raffles." It was more than burlesque—it was a finely tempered portraiture that would have done credit to any actor on the American stage.

Lew Fields has ambition. He does not sit down quietly, fold his hands and read his old press notices. The Lew Fields Theatre will give him an opportunity to show New Yorkers the very best that is in him—and there is no doubt that he has been too hampered to be able to do this during the past few years.

With the handsome theatre that Oscar Hammerstein is building, with Mitchell & Hamlin as producers, and Lew Fields as com-

edian-in-chief, the new venture looks on paper to be as sure a theatrical winner as we have heard of in recent years.

LUCILLE SAUNDERS IN VAUDEVILLE AGAIN.

WITH the re-entrée of Lucille Saunders into vaudeville, comic opera loses a splendid singer and vaudeville is the gainer thereby. There is not on the American stage to-day a woman with finer voice and method or more essentially an operatic singer than Miss Saunders. To hear her rich contralto is a treat one seldom knows outside of grand opera—and I have heard in the Metropolitan Opera House several human screech owls whose voices were as far removed from that of Miss Saunders as a tin whistle is from a cathedral organ. Miss Saunders has been for two years with "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and it is to be hoped that New Yorkers will hear of her again in an important operatic rôle during the coming season.

JUNE FISHING AND WHERE TO FIND IT.

By E. T. KEYSER.

WEAK-FISHING.

THE warm June weather has brought in the weakfish; thereby making glad the heart of the salt-water angler.

With the exception of the striped bass there is probably no salt-water game fish frequenting the vicinity of New York City which affords so much genuine pleasure as this member of the finny tribe. The sea trout, as he is often called, has a way of taking the bait that marks him a distinctive game fish. To properly enjoy his capture one must use tackle a little, if any, lighter than that adapted to black bass fishing.

The mistake that many salt-water fishermen make is in using too heavy rods and lines, which, in this case, are of no particular advantage to the skilful fisherman, and simply spoil about one-half of the sport that ought to be enjoyed.

As a matter of fact, the man who really gets the most fun out of a squeatague is he who uses a light lancewood, greenheart or steel bait-casting rod from seven to eight feet in length and weighing, if of the two former materials, about eight ounces, or if of steel a couple of ounces more, and a bait-casting reel holding from eighty to one hundred yards of No. 9 thread, Cuttyhunk linen line.

Such a rod can be procured in lancewood of good quality in the neighborhood of \$4.00. A reel, steel pivoted, and of nickel and rubber, will cost, according to the size and fineness of mechanism, from \$3.50 or \$4.00 up to as much as the taste and pocketbook of the fisherman dictate. The steel rod will cost a trifle more than the lancewood, but, as it never "sets" or becomes loose at the ferrules or wrappings, it is economy in the long run if it is carefully cleaned and oiled after salt-water use.

An awfully good combination of steel rod for weak-fishing is the St. Lawrence pattern with a double grip handle and with a very short tip to go in the end of the second joint, for use when the fish are large or a sinker is used. The method of adjusting leader hooks and squid differ as the conditions may vary.

For fishing in a strong tide with a sinker, have a treble swivel at the end of the line, with a sinker attached to about a foot of line fastened to the under ring of the swivel, while to the arm of the swivel which lies horizontally attached to the leader with a plain hook midway and the weakfish squid at the extreme end.

The sinker will tend to keep the bait at the proper depth while the strength of the tide will float the leader with its bait attached at right angles to the sinker and main line.

In still water where no sinker is required, let the leader be attached to the line by an ordinary swivel.

In the early part of the season the first weakfish may be found around the Raunt, Canarsie, Broad Channel and on beach. A little later they can be taken off South Beach, on the southern shore of Staten Island, where it is possible to go down over night, hire a room at one of the hotels and start out early the next morning.

At South Beach they bite best on the first half of the flood tide. The best bait is shrimp

and shedder crabs, with a preference in favor of the latter.

In order to avoid disappointment it is a good idea to procure sufficient bait before leaving the city, as the demand is sometimes greater than the supply at the fishing resorts.

A braided silk line, size G, would be an ideal one for weak-fishing if it were not for the fact that the action of the salt water upon it renders it useless very quickly.

With the light tackle described above, it is advisable that the fisherman equip himself with a landing net, as an eight-ounce rod was never made to stand the strain of lifting a good-sized fish out of the water, and a net with a jointed handle and folding ring can be procured, which occupies no more room than the fishing rod and its case.

THE DEAD-WEIGHT

WE have all heard about the man who, a good fellow in civilized life, is a very devil in camp, who sits around groaning that he has all the work, that the grub is badly cooked, the mosquitoes fierce, and the bed uncomfortable, and who always sneaks away on a short fishing trip or a tramp just about dish-washing time. What's worse, our knowledge of him is not limited to what we have heard or read, but we have had a more or less jarring practical experience with him.

There is another class of individual, however, who, while he has not been given the same amount of publicity, is equally numerous and, if possible, even more trying to the nerves. He is the good-natured man who doesn't paddle his own weight, either in the canoe or out of it, and who has no more initiative about him than a can full of fish worms. He's the best-meaning fellow that you ever struck; he doesn't cuss when the ants get into the bread box, or the smoke of the camp fire blows into his eyes, but when you put him in the bow seat of your canoe and give him a pair of paddles, he starts out with the stroke of a contestant in a half-mile straight-away paddling pace, which in five minutes has diminished to a gentle, ladylike pat at the water and is succeeded by the fierce racing stroke, only to die out and be renewed again indefinitely; and who, when you have pitched camp, although perfectly willing to do anything you ask without grumbling, has to be led right up to a task by the collar and hit over the head with a club before he sees that there is anything he *can* do, and who, the minute he has finished the one particular task assigned to him, stands around in a picturesque attitude admiring the scenery or wondering what the weather is going to be to-morrow, until you have corralled a new job for him and led him up to it.

He is the willingest man you ever saw, and will do anything you ask him, after you have asked, but the amount of time wasted and patience consumed in pointing out new things for him to do is rather more wearing on the temper than doing them yourself.

He is the kind of a man that will see a river steamer come along without ever grasping the idea that the swell will raise the deuce with anything left near the water's edge. He

is awfully sorry after it happens, but it takes the ruination of about three camp outfits to impress on his consciousness that the time to yank things away from the water's edge is when the big boat comes in sight. He gets this solid just about the time that you have gotten tired of taking him along with you and he has a layout of his own of which to be careful.

He is an utter and absolute dead-weight. You take him up to camp with you and you do twice as much work as you would if you were alone, for the simple reason that it is just as much trouble to stop your work and ask him to help you and keep asking him as it is to do it all yourself. And the hopeless part of the proposition is that it is not cussedness that you could hammer out with the butt end of a paddle, or eliminate from his system by the gentle means of starvation, but an apt and happy faculty of being able to look at a whole pile of dirty dinner dishes without its occurring to him that they ought to be washed, and that *he* might just as well be washing them while you have gone down to the spring after water or are splitting wood for to-morrow's camp fire.

If it was only laziness and that he really hated work, there would be some hope that he would get it done and quickly, so as to get it out of the way, but when he remarks cheerfully, "Tell me what to do and I will do it," he means what he says, and the wearisomeness of continually stopping your own task to set one for him never strikes him. If it did he would be an ideal companion, but—he is not by a large majority.

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THE SOCIAL BUTTERFLY.

ACCESSORIES play an important part in the game of life, and in the matter of dress they are of supreme importance. But, as a rule, even well-dressed New York women are strangely indifferent to detail, and to the delicate harmonies of a carefully thought out costume. Parisians and Americans usually excel in niceties of dress, and the adjuncts of their wardrobe cost far more than the mere toilettes. A smart Baltimore woman once informed me that she estimated her year's outlay on gowns at a quarter of the total she spent on dress, another quarter on hats, and the remaining half on accessories. These latter would include fans, gloves, boots, shoes, veils, boas, ruffles, etc. June finds us with our summer outfits more or less in readiness, and now we are confronted with the business of buying the needful accessories. And there seems to me a good deal that is new in these minor matters of costume.

Fur ties and stoles are still worn on cool days by our smartest women. But, all the same, some pretty neck-attire is wanted to wear with the summer frocks. Feather boas have been our faithful friends for many years; they were warm and "comfy," helped a plain face and suited a pretty one, and we said goodbye to them with deepest regret. They are succeeded by the flat stole, hanging loosely on the shoulders; and the *dernier cri* is to have one in ostrich feathers made to match in color with the rest of one's costume. These stoles are wide and long, and are formed of feathers shaded from white to the deepest tint of the color desired. An attractive scheme is to have a pale gray costume, with an ostrich feather stole shaded from white to darkest gray. And a lovely effect was produced by a shaded blue stole mated to a pale blue shot taffeta gown. Cheap ostrich feathers are beneath notice. At one exclusive Twenty-third street shop I was shown a stole made of silk that had just come over from Paris. This stole was flat, wide, and rather long—the usual shape—and the silk was fluted and gathered in a wonderful manner. The color was pale brown, with a lining of blue and white chiffon, arranged in small, fine pleats. This dainty confection cost \$60, but it struck

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me that a clever pair of hands could make its double at a much more reasonable rate.

Long lace mittens are to be the order of the day, and sixteen-button white kid gloves will be the only alternative. These long hand-and-arm coverings are a species of revival—and a very expensive one—as until about a month ago every self-respecting day-gown had sleeves to the wrist; and not a few evening frocks also. But times are changed, and in a way that comes hard on the economical woman. Our smart day-gowns have short sleeves—full, puffed sleeves that reach only to the elbow. And evening frocks appear with smart, short sleeves, made of lace, chiffon, or mousseline de soie. This means that mittens, or very long gloves, have become a necessity. My dressmaker informed me that white and black lace mittens are being much worn in Paris. White lace with white or light-colored

frocks, and black with certain shades of yellow, and, of course, when in mourning. Mittens are expensive, but have a charm of their own; they show off a pretty hand, and display valuable rings to the greatest advantage.

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THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

By CAROLYN LOWRY.

EVEN the wealthiest or most careless of our New York women can hardly hope to keep pace with Mrs. L. Harrison Dulles, of Philadelphia, who has won her \$26,000 "pearl garter" suit from the United States government, on the ground that it was "wearing apparel," no matter on what part of the anatomy it was worn. At the trial, Special Treasury Agent Theobald, who seized the necklace on Mrs. Dulles' arrival from Europe, unblushingly stated that it did not encircle the lady's swan-like throat, but was taken from out her stocking.

The court decided in favor of Mrs. Dulles, and made the mild suggestion that she should not be so extravagant as to wear a \$26,000 garter in the future.

JOHAN D. ROCKEFELLER, Sr., is a twin brother to Russell Sage in point of economy. A little bird that flies around in the Rockefeller neighborhood chirps that honest John is very fond of his children and grandchildren. To instill in them economical ways, he charges a dollar for allowing the family baby carriages to be placed in his yard next door.

MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY was the best gowned woman at the races last week. One day she was robed in an exquisite white grenadine as soft as mull, her gloves and shoes were white, but her stockings were black, and her large flat hat had a real lace veil hanging a couple of yards down her back. On her way to the automobile the sensation she created was lessened by a funny incident.

On going out she met a young lady of color coming in from the field, also gowned in white, with a long veil floating from her large flat hat.

Mrs. Mackay for once was obliged to share the attention of the amused on-lookers.

MME. MELBA'S recent entertainment in her own house in London was attended by the "Mayfair" set. The Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Cornwallis-West were the only Americans present. The Duchess wore a startling gown of bright orange and turquoise blue, the gown was orange lace, the edges of each flounce embroidered with turquoise blue threads. The jewels, turquoise and yellow diamonds. The effect may have been pleasing to those who were "color" blind.

A FUNNY incident occurred when the benefit for Mr. John R. Rogers took place at the Lyric a short time ago.

Miss Ethel Intropidi, who has just closed with "A Venetian Romance," was selling flowers at the benefit. Approaching a good-natured looking face, she insisted upon the gentleman buying something. He smiled and said, "I don't think you know who I am."

"I don't care who you are, I want you to buy something."

He then told her he was John R. Rogers, and the flowers were tendered as a gift amidst general laughter.



MRS. JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS,
Wife of Ex-Congressman Lewis, and one of the prettiest women in American society. Mrs. Lewis is well-known in New York and Chicago social circles, and is a clever and popular hostess.

THE SUMMER STAGE IN LONDON.

LONDON.

SUCCESS AT THE ROYALTY.

"AN air fra' the bagpipes—beat that if ye can! Hurrah for ClonglockettyAngus M'Clan!" One might with equal amazement and delight exclaim of the new piece at the Royalty, "The Money-Makers," "A novel idea from a writer of farce—beat that if ye can! Hurrah for George Rollit!" It is many months, perhaps years, since playgoers had an original farce to laugh at, and so laughter at Miss Kate Santley's cosy little house in Dean street rings with a special accent of heartiness and generosity. I believe "The Money-Makers" is Mr. Rollit's very first play. If this is so, then the writing at all events of successful farce does not require the apprenticeship of years. Nothing could well be more matured in build and experienced in tone than this merry dash of fresh and admirably-sustained fun, and it is quite conceivable that, if the piece had been the work of a well-known dramatist, some of the wisecracks of the best armchairs of the theatrical clubs would have pointed to it as an example of what can be accomplished by the man who has had the advantage of unlimited acquaintance with the particular style of task in question.

Dot and *Mabel* are two pretty girls who are engaged to young men of uncertain pros-

pects, but instead of sitting down and wondering why *Captain Archie Fitzgerald* and *Charley Clifton* cannot make money like other men, and blaming them for their bad luck, and, perhaps, looking around for partners more eligible, they determine to see what they can do for themselves in the way of providing the necessary money for matrimony. So while *Archie* is away on a yachting cruise with a friend, the girls borrow his rooms in Jermyn street, and there, with the assistance of a dashing maidservant with a sporting "young man," start a tipster's business under the alluring name of "*The Major*." Drawing up an advertisement for the racing papers, in which this "*Major*" promises a wire with a "dead cert" on it for five shillings, the adventurous ladies settle down and anxiously await results. The plan works capitally, and there is great joy in Jermyn street—for a time. But just as they are literally up to their ankles in the crisp postal orders of the betting public, what should turn up to them but the terrifying news that their "dead cert," "*Bustard*," was scratched some time before they sent the wires out!

This catastrophe naturally brings many indignant speculators to the door of the absent captain's chambers, and finally there is a visit from the police. The question is, who is the *Major*? And when confusion in this respect is at its height, and *Bella* the servant, and *Archie's* uncle, *McDougall*, have been marched off to the station house, the young man, who in his absence has been promoted from captain to major, arrives on the scene, and boasts about being now *Major Archie Fitzgerald*, and so immediately gets into hot water himself with the police, who take him to be the *Major* of the "*Bustard*" swindle. In the end it is discovered that the name of the scratched horse was "*Mustard*," and that *Dot* and *Mabel* who have been terrified almost out of their lives by the police raid and the numerous other unpleasantnesses, have done everyone who bought "*Bustard*" tips a good turn.

ANOTHER ZAZA.

CONGRATULATIONS to the latest *Zaza*, Miss Violet Fulton, who in Mrs. Lewis Waller's company usually plays the part of *Madame Dufresne*, was given an opportunity at the Fulham Theatre last week of appearing in the principal character. *Zaza* is the ambition of all rising actresses of the emotional order. It used to be *Camille*, *Therese*, or *Magda*. Now it is the lady who is a combination of all three, with perhaps a shade of *Sapho* thrown in to shock (but not exactly to repel) the suburbs. Miss Fulton, who has the Réjane cast of features, and is Mme. Georges Besson in private life, made a very decided hit as *Zaza*, and at the close of the performance was several times called to the front of the curtain for Fulham's applause. The new *Zaza*, of whose acting Mrs. Lewis Waller has a very high opinion, has been through the stage experience which Ellen Terry, and most of the actresses of the time underwent.

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JUNE DAYS AMID HOTEL WAYS.

By CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM.

THEY OVERREACHED THEMSELVES.

THE tourist season in California having ended, complaints are now being heard as to how affairs went on at the different resorts. At the Raymond Hotel, Pasadena, it is said that the season was fairly successful, but not up to the business done last year. Gen. M. C. Wentworth, the manager of the Raymond, has come East to manage a summer hotel somewhere in New England. Walter Raymond, the owner of the hotel, will remain in California for the summer.

Further up the Coast, at Santa Barbara, the announcement is made that the Hotel Potter will remain open all summer. Extremely high rates have prevailed at the Potter since its opening last fall, and much complaint of alleged exorbitant charges has been heard from tourists from the East who have visited Southern California resorts the past two years. In order to secure the patronage of California people during the summer months, a much lower scale of prices will be adopted at the Potter—in fact, it is understood that “no reasonable offer will be refused.”

SUMMER HOTELS.

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New York's most popular family seashore resort. Always cool; bathing, fishing, golfing, tennis, music; improved railroad service; only 45 minutes from East 34th Street, New York City.

Send for booklet.
A. E. DICK, Prop.
Also proprietor HOTEL GRENOBLE, 7th Ave. and 56th St., New York City, where rooms may be engaged.

THE ATLANTIC CITY CELEBRATION.

IN a week or so the people of Atlantic City are going to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its existence as a summer and winter resort. The celebration is to last three or four days and is to consist largely of banquets, speeches and firework displays. The whole thing is nothing more than a big advertising dodge gotten up by the hotel and business men of the place to attract public attention. Strong efforts were made to have the President attend, but they were unsuccessful. It may appear on the surface that Atlantic City is so full of sentiment that the approaching celebration is the result. Nothing of the kind! There is not much sentiment in a Jersey man and if there was ever a close corporation it is the business men of Atlantic City; and how they love New Yorkers! The hotel-keepers down there will tell you the best patronage they have is from New York, but let a New York hotel man go down there and try to start a hotel and see how long he will last. Every means will be employed to embarrass him, the supply people will annoy him, the authorities will compel him to observe silly rules and in every way he will be made to feel his misfortune in not being a Jersey man. This is no overdrawn statement. There are hotel men in New York to-day that will bear testimony to the truth of the charge, and who under no circumstances could be induced to invest their money in the place. Were it not for its New York patronage, Atlantic City would still be nothing more than a collection of boarding-house keepers and fishermen.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

THE Santa Fe Railroad is making great efforts to attract tourist trade to the Grand Canyon of Arizona. The Santa Fe is the only road that goes there and it has long been a matter of wonder, having that exclusive privilege, the railroad has not made more of the famous canyon. Once a person sees that awful rent in the earth he will never forget it. There are a few hotels on the edge of the Canyon at present, the proprietor of them being Martin Buggin. It is impossible to say how long Mr. Martin Buggin has kept the Canyon hotels. If "Mart" intends coming East and leasing one of the fashionable New York hotels, it wouldn't be a bad idea to have the Supreme Court change that name. Imagine a fashionable New York woman, in reply to a friend's inquiry as to where she was living, to say, "I am stopping at Buggin's." The only thing that can be said in favor of the name is that it sounds like a leaf from Dickens.

WHY SHOULD HE LOSE?

AT the dedication of the Grant Monument, in this city, seven years ago, the Legislature of Pennsylvania was present. It was a junketing trip, and the meals, liquors and cigars consumed were furnished by James Russ, a hotel keeper of Pittsburg. As a junket the trip was a brilliant success, but when Russ came to collect his bill he found

no one with the money. After waiting some time and getting no satisfaction, he decided to sue, which he did, the action being brought in Dauphin County, and the amount sued for being \$5,911.16, with interest from May 1, 1897. Russ lost his case, the Dauphin County Court holding that the State was not liable, for the reason that the committees had no right to make a contract with Russ, and further, that the expenditure was unconstitutional. It would not take long for the members of the Legislature that enjoyed the trip to collectively make up the amount and pay Russ. Russ has appealed his case.

THE GILSEY HOUSE AFFAIR.

THE squabble at the Gilsey House between the owners and Lancaster and Keen, the new lessees, has come as a big surprise, though at the time that Lancaster and Keen took the house many wondered at their doing so, as the Gilsey had been a losing venture long before Breslin vacated it. The present lessees charge before the court that the Gilses made false statements as to the earning capacity of the hotel, and upon such statements the lease was obtained.

No doubt the matter will be fully aired in court and the facts arrived at. The Gilses deny the charge that they made misrepresentations and say that the reason Keen and Lancaster have instituted the present proceedings is simply a desire to withdraw from the tenancy of the hotel because they find they cannot make it pay. In other words, the Gilses say it's not the hotel, but Keen and Lancaster who are the weak spots.

As every one knows, and Keen and Lancaster ought to have known it, the Gilsey House has been a "dead one" for years. Breslin saw it long before his lease expired, and well satisfied was he when the time came for him to vacate. Perhaps if the lease had been made easier he might have remained, but he could see that the Gilsey as a money-maker had had its day. But the Gilses could never be made to see it, and the criticism of the way they acted with Breslin, to whom they owed the fame of the hotel, was not in their favor. Roessle

did not make any money, and what hypnotic influence influenced Keen and Lancaster to lease the hotel is one of the things that cannot be explained. If they find they have been duped, it is but fair and just that they be allowed to withdraw as lessees of the hotel.

RITCHIE GOES TO LAKE GEORGE.

JOHAN G. Ritchie has been engaged to take charge of the office of the Fort William Henry Hotel, Lake George. During the past winter Ritchie was with one of the Flagler hotels in Florida, and last summer he was manager of the Hotel Kaaterskill, in the mountains.

What a flood of memories comes up at the mention of the name of the Fort William Henry Hotel! Roessle, of the Arlington, Washington, was lessee at one time, then Seavey came, and after him a lot of men, some of ability and character, and others of ability but no character. Within the past ten years the hotel has been having such a vagabond existence, going from bad to worse, that a wealthy corporation, somewhere in the neighborhood of Glens Falls, took the property in hand, established a trolley line, spent money on the place and within the past few years has given the hotel new life. Lake George has all the beauties of the great lakes of Europe. By many tourists it is said to excel them, and why, with such advantages, Lake George is the humdrum place it is, is due to a lack of business enterprise and the appreciation of beautiful scenery which is a necessary adjunct to a summer-resort hotel.

SHERRY TO OPEN AT THE PIER.

FOR the past half a dozen years or so, the great and only cry at Narragansett Pier was that if Sherry would only return and rebuild the Casino, that had been destroyed by fire, the old days would return and business would improve. Well, Sherry has decided to return, and upon the site of the Rockingham Hotel he is going to erect a casino. The Rockingham, up to a few years ago, when it was destroyed by fire, was the

(Continued on page 18)

LEADING NEW YORK HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

CAFE MARTIN

26TH ST., BROADWAY AND 5TH AVE.
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RESTAURANT A LA CARTE. (Music.)

DINNER, \$1.25.

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Served in the largest and best ventilated room in NEW YORK.

Cafe from CAFE MARTIN to all theatres up to 45th Street, 50c.

Superb appointments for After Theatre Parties.

Have you heard of the TABLE D'HOTE DINNER at

REISENWEBER'S ?

Every evening. \$1.00.

Another attraction—

JIRGAHN'S STRING QUARTETTE.

Also every evening. The hit of the town.

GREGORIAN HOTEL

35th St., between Herald Sq. and Fifth Ave.

NEW YORK CITY.

EUROPEAN PLAN ABSOLUTELY

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in hotels or hotel life, don't fail to read
BROADWAY WEEKLY
regularly. It will contain the most interesting exclusive hotel news published in America.

HOTEL MEN!

Send \$1.00 for Three Months'
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WEEKLY. * * *

CONEY ISLAND JOCKEY CLUB

Racing at Sheepshead Bay,
JUNE MEETING, 1904.

RACING DATES: June 16, 17, 18,
20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29,
30; July 1, 2, 4, 5.

SIX RACES EACH DAY.

First Race - 2:30 P. M.

Trains leave East 34th st., E. R., via L. I. R. R., at 11 a. m., 12:10, 12:40 (1.00 Parlor Car Trains), 1:10, 1:40, 2:10, 2:40, 3:10. Take ferryboat Whitehall st., New York, 10:50 a. m. and thereafter every 20 minutes, connecting at 39th st., Brooklyn, with Brooklyn Heights trolley direct to track; fare, 10 cents; ample accommodations. Returning by this route 35 minutes via trolley. Brooklyn Rapid Transit from Brooklyn Bridge (N. Y. side) Bridge trains via Kings County and Brighton Beach Road, also Flatbush Avenue Surface Line, via Brighton Beach Road, every 10 minutes. From Broadway, Williamsburg, take Ocean Avenue cars. All Brooklyn surface cars transfer direct to track.

Grand Stand, \$2.00; Field Stand, 75 cents.

CONCERT BY LANDER.

SUMMER DAYS AMID HOTEL WAYS.

(Continued from page 17)

leading hotel of the Pier. Since then the ground has lain bare, the owner, one Burns, not having the money to rebuild. Sherry has just bought the land for \$50,000, and has started to build a casino to cost \$25,000. It is to face the

ocean and will be opened July 4. The building now going up is to be a temporary affair, as in the fall it is to be torn down and another building, handsomer in every way, and more expensive in construction, is to be built. Charles R. Wilson will be the manager of the new Casino.

THERE WAS TOO MUCH RED TAPE.

MILTON ROBLEE'S scheme to conduct a summer resort on the Connecticut shore has fallen through. Roblee had made preparations to advertise the place, when it looked as though the proposition would go through, but when it came to signing the lease there were so many conditions exacted that Roblee refused to sign and withdrew. The general public has no conception of the unreasonable exactions of owners of hotel property, of the impossible clauses inserted in leases. Roblee's refusal to sign is a sure thing that the usual unreasonable features were present.

HOLMES QUILTS LOS ANGELES.

THE Angelus Hotel, at Los Angeles, California, has been sold by G. S. Holmes to a syndicate. Holmes—who is popularly known as "Gus" Holmes—was at one time a drummer for a wholesale millinery house. Some years ago he opened the Knutsford Hotel, Salt Lake City, the Knutsford in time becoming the leading hotel of the place. Two years ago he built and opened the Angelus, at Los Angeles—a



GUERNSEY WEBB,

Manager of the Ansonia Hotel, one of the notable buildings of upper Broadway, and a marvel in apartment-house construction.

magnificent affair, and, outside of 'Frisco, the handsomest hotel in California. Los Angeles being a tourist town, is full of hotels, and Holmes did not capture all the trade. One indiscreet thing he did was to rent out a part of the front of his hotel to a brewing or a cigar company, for use of an electric advertising sign. Now Holmes has sold out his control of the stock of the Angelus Hotel, for which he has been paid \$250,000, though still retaining stock valued at \$150,000. He will at once return to Salt Lake City to manage the Knutsford. Loomis Brothers, who formerly managed the Broadway Van Nuys, will manage the Angelus for the new owners.

THE RECENT CONVENTION.

THE re-election of George W. Sweeney to the presidency of the National Hotel Keepers' Association seems to give satisfaction. He certainly during the past year displayed great activity in the affairs of the Association.

When the convention was held in New York about ten years ago, the merchants and hotel-keepers of this city subscribed nearly \$12,000 as a fund with which to entertain the delegates. When the question came up this year about the money to be raised for a like purpose, it was felt by the New York City Hotel Association, whose guests the out-of-towners would be, that in view

WHERE TO GO.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.
Evenings 8:30.

BEAUTIFUL VENICE, DUSS ORCHESTRA.

Direction L. G. Charlton.

FOLLOW THE CROWD.

AERIAL GARDENS, Over the New Amsterdam, 42d Street and Broadway.

Remarkable Company
Including:
Fay Templeton Peter F. Dalley
Lella McIntyre Joseph Sparks
Sabel Johnson Harry T. Kelly
Susie Fisher Geo. Schiller
and 100 others
A LITTLE
OF
EVERYTHING
By
John J. McNally

CASINO, Broadway and 39th Street.
Telephone, 6020 & 6726—38.
Eve's at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.

Fred C. Whitney presents

PIFF, PAFF, POUF.

Book by Stanislaus Stange.
Lyrics by William Jerome.
Music by Jean Schwartz.

BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st St. & B'way.
Eve's 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
Jacob Litt, Proprietor.

Henry W. Savage offers

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

in the new Comic Opera

THE YANKEE CONSUL

CRITERION THEATRE, B'way & 44th St.
Eve's 8:20. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15
Charles Frohman, Mgr.

Charles Frohman presents

WILLIAM COLLIER

in RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S Farce

THE DICTATOR

NEW YORK, B'way, 44th to 45th Street.
Eve's 8:15. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:15

Klaw & Erlanger, Mgrs.

GEORGE W. LEDERER'S UNIQUE
MUSICAL NOVELTY,

THE SOUTHERNERS

By Will Mercer and Richard Grant.
Music by Will Marion Cook.

of the present hard times nothing like \$12,000 would be obtained. It was with fear and trembling the Finance Committee went to work to solicit subscriptions. Agreeable to relate \$12,300 was subscribed and with this money were the different forms of entertainment paid for.

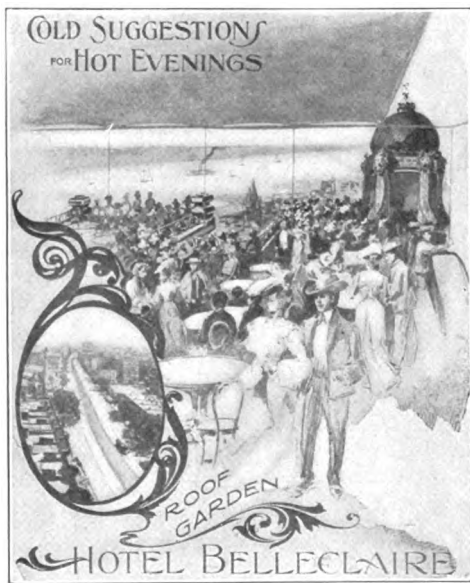
A few days before the convention began, a member of the City Association, and at the same time a proprietor of one of the five leading hotels of this city said:

"Of course, I know of every dollar that has been subscribed, and how generous has been the response for funds to entertain the visiting delegates. Now it remains for the Committee to spend that money judiciously."

It is hoped that when the Entertainment Committee makes its report, every member of the City Association will have no cause to complain, and that the Annual Convention in New York City will always remain a recollection on the part of the delegates as an affair that was marked with sumptuous hospitality combined with dignity.

THE HOWLAND TO OPEN.

THE Howland House, at Long Branch, is to open this summer with Charles O'Connor as manager. In charge of the office will be D. W. Dean, for a long time manager of the Hotel Empire, in this city.



OFFICIALLY ENDORSED PANORAMIC VIEW OF WORLD'S FAIR

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THE BEST GUIDE TO ST. LOUIS AND THE WORLD'S FAIR

ENGLISH AND GERMAN NOW READY. FRENCH AND SPANISH, MAY 15th. LARGE MAP OF CITY, TWO COLORS; STREET AND STREET RAILWAY GUIDE; OFFICIAL DIAGRAM OF GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS, WITH KEYED LIST OF EVERY BUILDING. BUY OF YOUR NEWSDEALER OR SEND 25 CENTS TO PUBLISHER.

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BROADWAY WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, JUNE 30, 1904.

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THE EDITOR'S CHAT OF BROADWAY AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE legend of the daily papers ran, "Widow sues him for \$100,000."

It is only one of a dozen similar ones we may expect to read any day. It was an absolute certainty that when the Platt-Elias and Barnard cases figured in the newspapers there would be an epidemic of this sort of thing. The season is ripe for it and the calendar for the fall term of the Supreme Court is very apt to be more crowded than it has been in years with breach of promise and other suits of like unsavory character. It is a strange fact those poor deluded creatures who have been the victims of man's perfidy and who have been nursing their wrongs until the rancor of hate and thirst for revenge have settled deep down into their hearts are ready to listen to the oily tongue of a lawyer. It is often the case that a woman really never knows how badly she has been treated until some lawyer whispers into her ear that she really is the victim of a brute. Then she suddenly makes up her mind that she needs the money and in nine cases out of ten overtures are made to the wicked man before actual proceedings are begun. If he stands pat and refuses to give up like a gentleman, the lawyer files the papers in the suit, calls the reporters to his office and tips them off. Then another sensation is on tap.

The man in New York who submits to blackmail is the victim of his own cowardice. When he first pays a dollar to anybody when he isn't willing, he makes his first big mistake. If I were a millionaire to-morrow and had made a fool of myself and every lawyer in New York should ring my bell, I should take a cab down to Mulberry street, tell Inspector McCluskey the whole truth with the positive knowledge that if it were a case of blackmail, I would not have to go any farther. Inspector McCluskey is not on duty to listen to family troubles, but, on the other hand, he has a peculiar and abiding dislike of blackmailers.

Millionaires, be ye wise or foolish, be ye young or old—don't be blackmailed. And if you are, you mustn't look to the public for sympathy.

GOD never permitted a worse place to exist than the old Iroquois Hotel, at Bleecker street and the Bowery, which was closed last week by the police. Other parts of New York are not entirely free from sins, but nothing so low, so vile or so horribly offensive in every way could be conceived than the old Suicide Row, which took in the Iroquois. In these few ramshackle buildings, which no decent man ever entered knowingly without a qualm of fear, were housed every species of law-breaker from the sneak thief to the murderer. Dark and gruesome are some of the stories that are told about Suicide Row. Terribly repelling are the details of existence in that hell's own spot. Some of the most notorious characters, men and women, that ever festered on the face of the town were well-known to the men who did business in the neighborhood and lived on the lowest and most animal instincts of human kind.

When I was a reporter a few years ago, a poor little woman in widow's weeds came into the city room of the daily newspaper and told her story to the city editor. It was another case of a wild young girl going wrong. Two of us youngsters were put on the story, and we traced the young woman through her various downward steps to one of the old rookeries in Suicide Row that went by the name of hotels. There all trace of her was lost, but there was a story of the removal one dark night of a large drygoods box said to contain old clothes, but which was never traced to any storage warehouse, and in the light of the girl's complete disappearance seemed to tell an awful tale. The story created more or less of a sensation at the time,

but the culprits were never discovered and in the rush and worry of busy New York existence, the poor little woman and her foolish girl were forgotten.

New York can be New York; a city can be a city, and I'm the last one on the green earth ever to believe that a metropolis should be run like a Vermont cow-path, but no town that ever lived can afford to have a Suicide Row.

SEATED at one of the tables at Dreamland the other night were a party that seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely, though circumspectly. It included A. H. Hummel, A. H. Kaffenburg, and Acton Davies, of the *Evening Sun*. A blond-haired woman with a good-looking smooth-faced male companion sauntered by and after catching a glimpse of the "Little Giant of the Bar," she smiled so rosily that she seemed to become blonder than ever and remarked in a stage whisper to her companion: "There's Mr. Hummel. He's the man, you know, who attends to all my divorce suits for me;" and thus it is that fame will seek us out in the crowd.

THE sign in front of Daly's Theatre announcing the coming in the fall of "The School Girl," in which Edna May is to star, brings back vividly a certain experience with the score writer, Leslie Stewart, who, in private life is known as George Barrett. The author of "My Louisiana Lou" and his wife are big entertainers and often have at their home in the London suburbs many visiting American professionals. When the Hawthorne sisters first appeared in London they became friends of the Barretts, and one night while calling at their villa with a number of American newspaper writers, Lola Hawthorne remarked that she had a valuable fox-terrier which she would like to leave in a good home until her engagements on the Continent were filled. Mrs. Barrett remarked at once that she would be very glad to take the dog and it was sent forthwith the next day. The Hawthornes, after appearing in Berlin, Vienna and Hamburg, returned to London and Lola, who, by the way, is now Mrs. L. J. Rodriguez, called on the Barretts and asked to see her dog. There was a dull pause for a moment compared with which the silence of the Stone Age was like the brazen blare of a brass band. Then Mrs. Barrett retired and in a moment returned leading or rather pulling the biggest, fattest, ugliest beast that ever barked at the shins of a cab horse. If it was not quite so large as a well-developed goat, it was quite as humorous in view of the well-remembered clean-cut lines of the pet fox-terrier. The contretemps was succeeded by laughter and then came the explanation. The fox-terrier had been lost, and Mr. Barrett knowing how fond Miss Hawthorne was of her pet, had gone to a dog fancier on the East Side and purchased what looked like a very likely puppy, but which, in the course of a few weeks, became so large that the house was too small for him and he was put in the back yard. Mr. Barrett was so impressed with the experience that he wrote his "Lay of the Lost Dog," which was popular in the London music halls a few years ago.

All this, perhaps, is not very much of a dramatic criticism of "The School Girl." This is one of the prettiest musical comedies that has been turned out for some years and it is said that Edna May is prettier and cleverer in this than she was as the Salvation lass in "The Belle of New York." "The School Girl" is the regulation London musical comedy except that it has only two or three authors instead of the usual book full of composers and authors which we have come to look for in the announcement of a new London musical comedy.

THE new Astor Hotel, on Longacre Square, over which Louis Muschenheim will preside as mine host, is practically completed so far as outside appearances go, and undoubtedly is one of the handsomest structures in Greater New York to-day and gives to Longacre

Square an appearance of importance and solidity which it has not hitherto enjoyed. It looks solid enough to last as long as New York itself, and when opened will be one of the landmarks of the town. Mr. Muschenheim, who has been a successful caterer to the wants of New York diners-out for a number of years, is paying the strictest personal attention to the decorating and furnishing of the immense hostelry and those who are in the know declare that for beauty, sumptuousness and the strictest regard for comfort, no hotel in the world will surpass the new Astor Hotel.

THE millionaires are gradually getting into the newspaper business and pretty soon the average publisher will have to go selling shoes or else get a millionaire for a partner. H. H. Rogers, of the Standard Oil and other eleemosynary concerns, has bought into the New York Commercial. D. O. Haines, its former publisher, received a very big price for his holdings. It seems to prove that Mr. Rogers and his associates wanted the Commercial very badly. With Mr. Rogers in various New York publishing properties are J. Pierpont Morgan, who, since the death of Mark Hanna, controls the Sun; Spencer Trask, who has much to do with the running of the Times; Edward R. Thomas, who bought the Morning Telegraph from the Whitney estate, and "Buster" Depew, financial backer of the Burr McIntosh Monthly.

BROADWAY WEEKLY had something to say a couple of weeks ago about Norma Whalley, who deserted "Sherrie" Mathews when he went to a sanitarium. Leander Richardson adds a vivid detail to the story by saying that when Mathews had a benefit at a Broadway theatre, Norma Whalley cabled from London and asked for \$1,000. The best part of the whole tale is that she didn't get it.

THE Song Writers Protective Association is, I am told, practically completed and the roster will carry the names of at least thirty of the best-known song writers in this country, to say nothing of a raft of the smaller fry. Just what the song writers intend to protect themselves against, I am not quite sure. Ever since royalty was devised to worry publishers and anger writers, song mongers have had their grievances and have usually not been backward in declaring that they were being robbed of their birthright by unscrupulous publishers. I have had considerable experience with song publishers for the last ten years, and I am free to admit that at times I have been astonished at the small sales reported. Upon looking into the matter I have found this to be due to an apathetic interest on the part of an unappreciative public rather than a desire of the publishers to withhold royalty. Never once have I found a reputable song publisher unwilling to permit the closest investigation.

The very same thing occurs in the business relations between book writers and book publishers. They have the same complaints to make of small sales, small royalties and dissatisfaction on the part of the author. Not until the average man makes up his mind that every one else is as honest and conscientious as he is himself will there be an end to the Battle of the Royalties.

A YOUNG man who journeys in every day from New Rochelle and doesn't seem to mind the trip is Roy L. McCardell, humorist-in-chief to the New York World. McCardell, although he writes in New York for New Yorkers, was never quite happy in his Harlem flat. He is essentially a suburbanite and his dislike for the New York janitor is almost thrilling in its intensity.

McCardell, by the way, is one of the exceedingly few humorists who is as funny in conversation as he is in copy. He fairly exudes humor of the kind that is understood by most men and which has certainly made him prominent in the New York newspaper field and one of the highest paid writers now before the public. McCardell wears glasses, but he is always willing to remove them when it comes to resenting a too offensive treading on his toes. He comes from Maryland, is very little over thirty, has a pretty wife, some children, doesn't like John Kendrick Bangs, has written several books, is guilty of a volume of verse, and—that'll do for McCardell.

IT was rather startling to read the following advertisement in a weekly paper. I found it lying on the table of a reading-room of a New York hotel. This is the way that the announcement flashed up before my amazed eyes:

EDITH SINCLAIR
47 BOND STREET
Specialist for the Face and Hair
 Wrinkles Positively Removed, and the Contour of the Face and Neck Restored by her New American Method. Ladies visited either in Town or Country.
Nominal Fee for Trial Treatment
Electric Treatment of Hair and Scalp
FRENCH TOILET PREPARATIONS
MADAME MARGUERITE ANGE. Chiropody—Manicure
Ladies Only Received

Surely the little actress of the Klaw & Erlanger forces had not changed the spelling of her name and gone into the hair-fixing business! However, a second glance showed that the paper was published in London and the world immediately assumed its normal aspect and I was no longer angry with Miss Edith St. Clair for having gone into business without informing her Broadway friends.

GRACE FILKINS and her husband, Commander Marix, have been seen on Broadway considerably of late. The auburn-haired Mrs. Marix was quite as fresh, pretty and energetic as in the days when she was plain Grace Filkins with a young daughter to support and a name to make for herself on the stage. The Marixes are an exceptionally happy couple, the only rift in the lute being the husband's absence from home when he is on sea duty. Those who have followed the career of Commander Marix and are familiar with the ambitions of his pretty wife, predict that he will be an admiral before he reaches the retiring age.

OTIS B. THAYER, in whom the Wiltach Brothers are interested, has made a deep impression on theatre-goers throughout the country, and it is a remarkable thing that he is not better known in New York. He is a good-looking, virile actor, thoroughly American in his methods, and undemonstrative and easy in method. He is to be starred next season in "Sweet Clover" and is booked for a long tour.

MY London correspondent writes me as follows about the new W. S. Gilbert fairy play:

It was whispered about in "the land of the light of lime," some weeks before the production of "The Fairy's Dilemma" at the Garrick, that W. S. Gilbert was drawing on his Bab ballad, "The Fairy Curate," and that his "original domestic pantomime in two acts" would prove to be an elaborate adaptation of the idea suggested in the opening lines:

"Once a fairy
 Light and airy
 Married with a mortal.
 Men, however,
 Never, never,
 Pass the fairy portal."

But it has turned out otherwise. There is a lot of marrying in the new piece at the Garrick, but it does not "take place" between fairies and mortals, or "supernaturals and unnaturals." The Good Fairy Rosebud (Miss Jessie Bateman at her daintiest and prettiest), whose business it is to make marriages on earth, has been severely rebuked for having lately been unsuccessful in bringing loving couples together, and, fearing that as a punishment she may be "relegated to dance in the back row with the stout ones," she calls the Demon Alcohol, with whom she is in love, to her aid, and the two proceed at once to fix things up nicely among certain "unnaturals," who consist of a judge, a nurse, a baronet, a clergyman, and a fascinating maiden.

But they mix things up nicely instead, and it is to be feared that the young man of to-day who knows not his Gilbert will think, when he has sat through some of "The Fairy's Dilemma," that "Bab" is having a lark with him. I saw a high-collared youth in the stalls on the first night looking very gloomy and perplexed, and the sight of his wondering and wandering face recalled to me the case of "Peter the Wag," who got lost in Soho:

"The haughty boy, too proud to ask,
 To find his way resolved,
 And in the tangle of his task
 Got more and more involved."

THE weather may be warm, money tight, and the day full of important matters, but there is never a time when we haven't the little children with us. One of the most beautiful and deserving charities in the metropolis is the New York Home for Destitute and Crippled Children. The managers are desirous of building a new home and over \$7,000 more will be required before the permanent abode for the little sufferers can be an assured fact. Mrs. Abraham L. Erlanger, of 232 West End avenue, city, under whose auspices the recent benefit at the New Amsterdam Theatre was given, has been working with might and main in the interest of the new home, and she will gladly receive contributions towards this most worthy object, in which several other New York women of standing are also interested. Don't sit down and figure how much money you have to spend in other directions in order to find out how much money you have left for the children. Make your contribution to them first.

THE daily papers made a great and foolish fuss over the efforts of District Attorney Jerome to subpoena Reginald Vanderbilt. As a matter of fact, Jerome never had more than two men looking for Mr. Vanderbilt at any one time, and all the fuss and feathers about the bombardment of the Neilson household was the veriest rot. Mr. Jerome may desire to subpoena the young millionaire, but he isn't insane enough to turn over his entire staff and office to the accomplishment of the task. There are just a few thousand other men that Jerome wishes to find. One thing is certain—if Jerome wants Vanderbilt, he will get him or else keep that young man out of New York for the rest of his natural life.

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY Editor

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear later something to your advantage by addressing Broadway Weekly, 27 East 21st Street, New York.

THE EDITORIAL VIEWPOINT.

MADAME SARAH GRAND is beginning to believe in man. Whether this is a sign that the race is degenerating or not, it is hard to say. Perhaps the good lady is mistaken. Happily she admits that "men and women of to-day belong to different epochs of human evolution," and that "men, for the most part, are still in the age of physical force." On the other hand, she assures us that women are nigh upon a period, a "period for which we have as yet no comprehensive word, nothing nearer than the assertion. Thoughts are things, thought is creative—the age of psychical attributes." And, not content with being silly by herself, woman "calls on man to come up, too, and behold," and, sad to relate, Madame Sarah Grand declares that "he will come at her call, to her teaching." Let's venture to implore him not to. The age of psychical attributes is not an age that would suit him. Besides, the women who have reached that age, that very uncertain age, are neither so numerous nor such pleasant companions as might be supposed, and their call is a siren call that lures not to life and delights, but to degradation and death. Degeneration and physical force have never yet been companions. But psychical attributes are the very mischief.

"Come up, come up," the sirens sang,
"Come up and choose a mate, oh!
A modern girl whose psychic slang
It far more Grand than Plato."

The man looked up, in forceful pride,
The sight it set him thinking,
He dug his father in the side,
And then they started winking.

"The same old girls?" the man did cry,
The father chuckled madly;
"Such modern girls," was his reply,
"Want renovating badly!"

"When you were but a little lad,
Those sirens were no chickens.
We used to chaff them," sighed the dad,
The son said: "Oh, the dickens!"

"Come up, come up," the sirens cried,
"Come up and do your duty!"
But, oh, the man said, "I decide
For New York, Home, and Beauty!"



BLANCHE RING, THE EMINENT YOUNG AMERICAN COMEDIENNE
WHO HAS MADE A HIT IN "VIVIAN'S PAPAS" IN CHICAGO.

ANYONE interested in the newspaper business or publicity of any kind will be glad to know of the invention of Arthur Leslie, which will practically revolutionize the electrotype business. Mr. Leslie, who is president of the Advertisers' Aluminum Electro Company, of New York, has patented a process and a machine for turning out electrotypes at the rate of one a minute, whereas formerly it took about three hours to do the same work. Thus an advertiser or publisher who has an original engraving and wishes to get duplicates can do so through the medium of a process that reduces the cost to a lower minimum figure than has ever been reached in the reproductive department of the printing craft. It looks as if Mr. Leslie, who is young, ambitious, and a typical New Yorker, would make a fortune out of this invention.

AS an illustration of the way the East is hustling and being hustled, a remark of the *Manila Times* will not easily be beaten. "The main guy over in Tibet," says our contemporary, "might learn something to his advantage by a sincere heart-to-heart talk with Oom Paul Kruger, late President of the Transvaal." "The main guy over in Tibet" is not bad as a reference to the Dalai Lama, and shows that Progress with a capital P is invading the most hidden recesses of the mysterious East. Is there any mystery anywhere that can hold its own when brought in contact with American slang? Is there anything so levelling as the flippant profanity of the Bowery? How can the East retain its solemn dignity when the Wild West is established on its very borders?

WANTED.

News notes and paragraphs that would interest the thousands of readers who peruse this department every week. Address letters and all messages to Editor BROADWAY WEEKLY, 27 E. 21st Street, New York.

DON'T FAIL TO READ THE COMING ISSUES OF "BROADWAY WEEKLY."

The Most Cleverly Written Gossip of the Club, the Boulevard and the Theatre Published in this Country.

THE SOCIAL BUTTERFLY.

BRIDGE has taught the smart world to be punctual. Men and women who are late for every appointment, and who, when asked to a seven o'clock dinner, arrive serenely at a quarter to eight, never fail to turn up to the moment at a bridge tea or a bridge afternoon at the club. And the game of the period must also be credited with more than one new idea in dress. Bridge frocks have come to stay, and so have also the pretty capes and other cunning contrivances for our shoulders. Chilly women declare that they sit in a draught when playing bridge, and so they—or their dressmakers—have thought out some dainty wraps to match both day and evening dresses. Then, a fresh life has been given to smart bags, purses, and other receptacles for money; also to pencil-cases and memorandum-books of every description. And hats are much influenced by the modern mania, for the strenuous bridge-player must wear on her heated brow only the lightest and airiest of headgear.

A bridge frock has many charms. It is a cross between a day and an evening gown and unites the best qualities of both; it has a short train, is slightly *decollete*, defines the figure, and seems always made of the choicest materials. Sometimes one falls in love with a frock, and this has been my fate after seeing one of the newest and smartest bridge costumes. This lovely creation took the form of an underdress in chiffon and lace, with a Louis Seize coat in peacock-blue taffetas. The lace and chiffon were of a deep cream color, which contrasted well with the blue-green shimmer of the silk. The gown was made in Princess style, fastening at the back, the neck cut rather low, and some lace sleeves, with ruffled edges, showing beneath the open sleeves of the long silk coat. The skirt looked a cloud of lace and dainty pleatings—surely one ought to win at bridge wearing such a frock as that! Another pretty gown was in palest blue, with touches of pink—the famous Pompadour mixture. The material, a shot blue and white taffetas, had a very delicate appearance, and the greatest simplicity was shown in make and arrangement. A fichu of the finest white tulle covered the rather low-necked bodice, and deep frills of the same tulle fell from the full, short elbow-sleeves. The touch of pink was given by some small knots of palest pink velvet ribbon. The skirt was perfectly cut, but quite plain and innocent of trimming.

COLONEL W. D. MANN, editor of *Town Topics*, in a personal letter to the Editor of BROADWAY WEEKLY of recent date, says among other things:

My whole heart is in the Cleveland matter, because I believe it is for the good of the country. That is, I believe business will be disturbed less than in any presidential year we have ever had, if Cleveland is nominated by the Democrats, because those who believe in the Republicans will be satisfied they are going to win and they will feel hopeful, but if they have any doubts they will say even if the Democrats win and Cleveland is at the head, there will be nothing disturbed. So the business interests of this country will suffer less if Roosevelt and Cleveland are the opposing candidates. Besides you can put it in your little note book that there is no possibility for the Democrats to win, fight as hard as we may



GRACE DOUGLASS, A BEAUTY OF THE METROPOLIS.

or will, with any other candidate. Simply because no other candidate can command any considerable number of Republican votes, and any schoolboy having the figures before him knows that without Republican votes a Democrat cannot be elected."

There is one thing about Colonel Mann that must not be forgotten. He is an old campaigner, and he has few delusions so far as the political game is concerned.

VALUABLE HINT TO INVALIDS.

THAT "the poet learns in suffering what he sings in song" is also true of that twentieth-century invention which is proving such a boon to all those suffering from nervous diseases and troubles arising from poor circulation. 'Tis thus the story runs: A paralytic one

morning called his valet to his bedside and requested to have his hair brushed, which was damp and matted from the anguish of a sleepless night.

After a few passes of the brush over his head the sufferer exclaimed: Now follow down the neck and spine. The result of this was marvellous; at once the whole system seemed to be electrified. After repeating this treatment a few days, the patient conceived the idea of inventing a brush to be used on the spine and to be known as the "Spinal Brush," and it is this article, which is now being used so successfully, that found its origin through suffering and physical anguish, such as few are compelled to endure.

That this invention has come to remain as a help to suffering humanity and will therefore remain in the front ranks of toilet articles, etc., is proved by the letters of praise received daily by the inventor.

THE AMERICAN STAGE.

By ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY.

NED WAYBURN ON THE ROOF.

ALL hail to Ned Wayburn! Here is a young man who is so much cleverer, more up-to-date and effective in whatever he attempts that he makes some of the old-time stage managers of spectacles look like a very small piece of thirty cents. Mr. Wayburn shows his clear eye and deft hand in the F. part of the programme at the New York Theatre. This part is headed "Ned Wayburn's Girls" and is in four scenes. The curtain goes up disclosing three rows of girls in daisy costumes against a dark background. After dancing and singing in a way that would make even the most seasoned daisy in Central Park raise its head in surprise, they all sit down, blacken their faces; stand up again throw off their daisy dresses and appear in very bizarre minstrel costumes; even as they rise the background changes and in a twinkling of an eye, nothing is left of the daisy girl set. It is this sort of stage management that is exceedingly effective, even though stagecraftsmen of academic schooling may say that it smacks too much of the sensational. The main point is that it has given new zest and life to roof-garden entertainments and it shows that when Klaw & Erlanger pinned their faith to Ned Wayburn they did not make a mistake.

The blatancy of the average brass band is not, as a rule, the most consoling thing on a summer evening. Gianini's Royal Marine Band on the New York Roof Garden discourses music, and while occasionally somewhat remindful of a busy blasting day in the subway, it nevertheless makes excellent music. Martini, the conductor, must be a graduate of Professor MacFadden's School of Physical Culture. He does everything except turn inside out. He coaxes the flutes, smiles at the clarionets, scowls at the cornetists, grumbles at the trombonist—and then words fail to describe what he does to the French horn player. A well-defined spasm begins away down somewhere in his feet and gradually works with crescendo effect straight up to the tips of his fingers, the whole performance ending in a paroxysm suggesting anything from remorse for having backed the wrong horse to the effects of a terrible nightmare. There are times when Signor Martini really seems to intend to leave the stage entirely and become the victim of his own rage. Then the flute gets in its pacifying work, and Martini becomes human again. For vigor and picturesque contortions commend me to Martini, beside whom our own Sousa looks like an inanimate snow man.

The show on the New York Roof, barring those acrobatic and animal acts which all managers think New Yorkers are famishing for when the hot weather comes, is an excellent one and this is all due to the fact that Ned Wayburn knows how to stage his own girls.



ALAN DALE, THE FAMOUS CRITIC OF THE NEW YORK AMERICAN, WHO IS NOW TOURING EUROPE, INTERVIEWING THE CONTINENTAL STARS.

MISS TYREE IS BUSY.

ALTHOUGH Elizabeth Tyree has closed her season in "Tit for Tat," she has not by any means thrown aside all care and responsibility because the mercury in the thermometer happens to be frivolling with the nineties. Miss Tyree is busy making preparations for the coming season and has evidently made up her mind that the public is willing to accept her as a star. As a matter of fact, there is much that is tangible on which to base this belief. Her season in "Tit for Tat," at the Savoy Theatre, was an encouraging one, notwithstanding the fact that it began at the fag end of an unsatisfactory season. There was not a week during her stay in the

Savoy when the box-office statements were not of such proportions as to encourage any producer or star. With Miss Tyree's improvement as an actress and with the broadening of those qualities of the comedienne which are in her, and with that experience which comes only with a long and close intimacy with the stage, it seems quite possible that Miss Tyree will take her place with the standard attractions among American theatricals.

THE KINGDON-COURTENAY COMPANY.

KINGDON-COURTENAY Company, with Thomas A. Wise, seems to have duplicated its last season hit with the theatre-goers of Albany. The organizers of this company



SCENE FROM "PARSIFAL," THE BURLESQUE WRITTEN BY OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, STAGED BY OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN AND PRODUCED ON OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN'S PARADISE ROOF GARDEN.

are Frank Kingdon, well-known in the support of Richard Mansfield and Julia Marlowe, and William Courtenay, Virginia Harned's leading man. Mr. Wise, who has been a star himself and last season was in the support of Mary Mannering, is stage manager and also appears in the cast. The Kingdon-Courtenay Company seems to have become the hit of Albany's summer season, and will undoubtedly clear up a very comfortable amount on the run in that city.

JOHN MASON AS CRAWLEY.

THE announcement that John Mason is to play *Rawdon Crawley* in "Becky Sharp" next fall, is interesting although not particularly convincing. It is pretty hard for a man of flesh and blood who isn't a bit of a cad to play *Rawdon Crawley* so that he looks anything like Thackeray's character. Even poor Maurice Barrymore, probably one of the finest *Crawleys* the present generation has seen, found it necessary to put in a lot of Barrymore and take out a lot of *Crawley* before the part was acceptable to American theatre-goers. John Mason, however, as a member of Mrs. Fiske's company certainly lends weight and proportion to the organization. He is still one of the finest of our native light comedians, but in his dramatic make-up there is a breadth of method and manliness

which help to make him all the more excellent. How good an actor John Mason is can most readily be understood by those who compared his playing in "The Christian" with the rendition of the same part by those who followed him. The critics on the opening night of "The Christian" in New York were almost unanimous in the opinion that it was John Mason's rôle and not *John Storm* who was the real hero of the piece.

COL. SAVAGE AND "PARSIFAL."

COLONEL HENRY W. SAVAGE made an exceedingly important engagement when he made a contract with Alois Pennarini, the German tenor. Pennarini is your tall, broad-shouldered, slashing type of tenor, and a friend who saw him in Hamburg last winter tells me that the women are his abject slaves. He should make a fine commanding figure as *Parsifal*, and we may expect to see him take our women theatre-goers into willing slavery.

It evidently is the intention of Colonel Savage to make this production of "Parsifal" not only popular, but one which will also appeal even to those who are familiar with the great casts at the Metropolitan Opera House. Colonel Savage is not a very clear type of the dilettante in art. He is conscientious in artistic scruples, thoroughly keen in his business

views, and honest in his dealings with the public. If he wants something, he will pay for it the price he considers consistent with the value. Beyond this he refuses to go. It is therefore quite likely that in going through the cast of "Parsifal" we will see real artistic and vocal value represented rather than an hysterical attempt to convince the public by a careless and offensive use of salary figures.

BURR ON THE STAGE.

ONE of the characters we may soon expect to see on the stage is that of Aaron Burr, who seems to be enjoying a vogue just now in current literature. There is a Burr exhibition at the St. Louis Exposition, and the Robinson, Luce Company, of Boston, which has already published "Blennerhasset" and "The Climax," will soon issue the third of the Burr trilogy under the title of "Little Burr, or the Warwick of America." Already a manager has spoken for the dramatic rights and a well-known dramatist has been asked to make the dramatization.

SUMMER THEATRICALS IN LONDON. LONDON.

SOMEHOW or another (and there must be many managers who would like to know how), George Edwardes cannot make a failure. And it's not exactly what he does, but the

(Continued on page 12.)

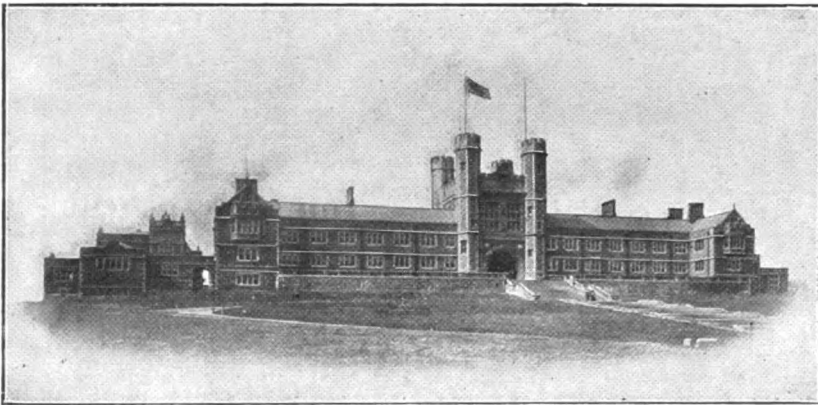
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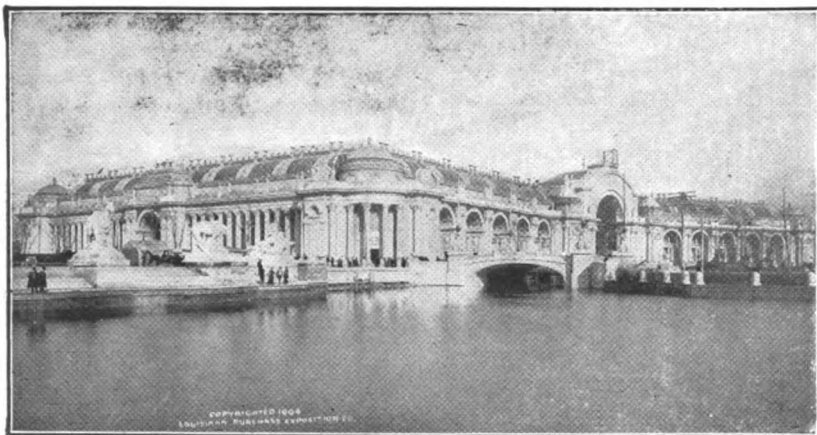
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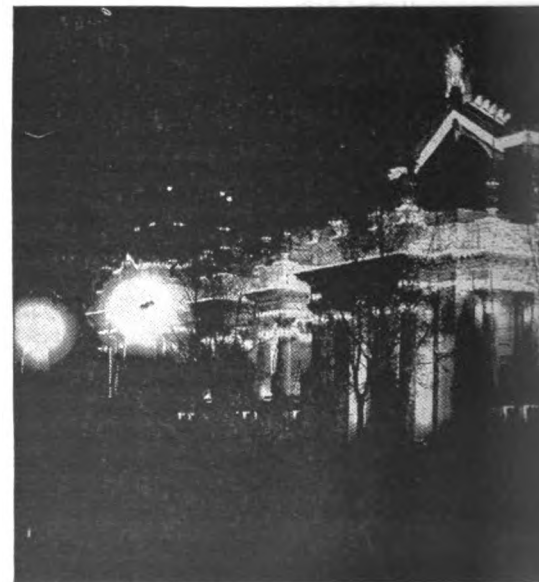
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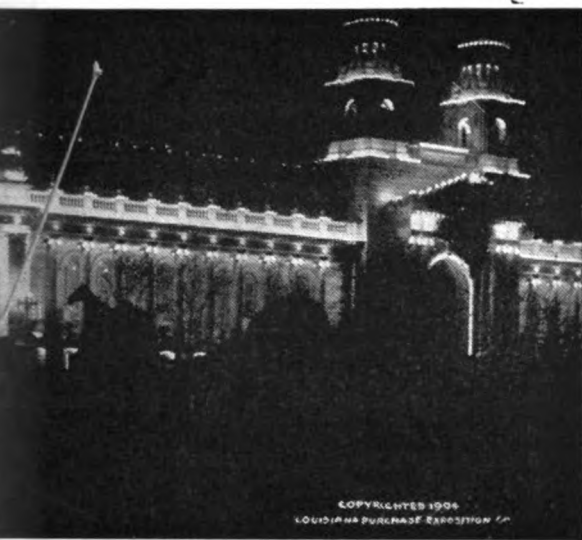


A BEAUTIFUL WATER VIEW.

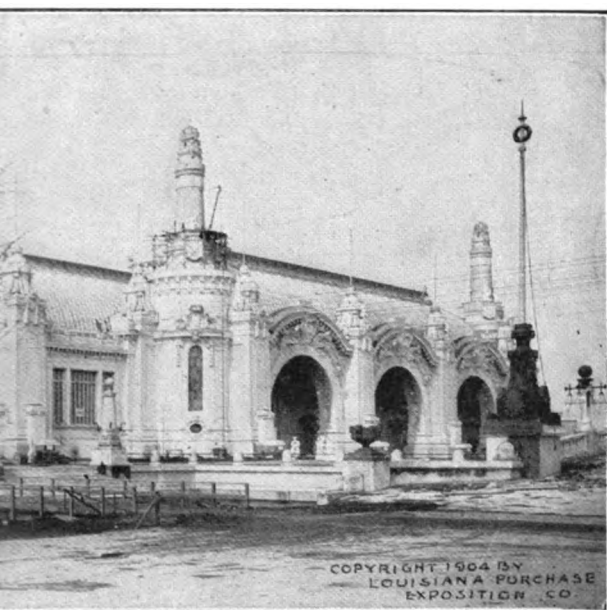


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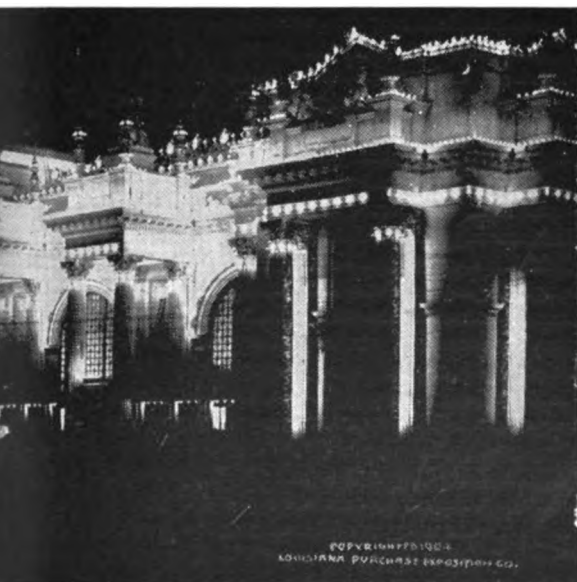
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THE AMERICAN STAGE.

(Continued from page 9)

lovely way he does it. "Véronique," which in its English form has caught on with such a firm grip at the Apollo, might, under another man's guidance, have met with but an indifferent reception from the public, the fascination of André Messager's music notwithstanding. For in truth, as regards story, which is not an unimportant matter, there is nothing fresh in the idea of a young lady of high degree masquerading as a flower girl, in order that she may win, by her own personal charm, the heart of the young aristocrat who is to marry her without having yet even set eyes on her. If hills, as well as forests, had ears, and they heard the story of "Véronique," it would make them feel quite young again, and they would chuckle among themselves that there was no irony, after all, in Bret Harte's allusion to them as "those infantile eruptions of earth's epidermis!"

But it is the way George Edwardes does things. The famous blossom scene in "The Geisha" seemed, when we first saw it, altogether too beautiful ever to be eclipsed. We reckoned without our scene of the second act of "Véronique," the Tourné Bride, Romanville. Here, in this lovely glade, so dainty and so delicate in coloring as to seem almost fairy-like, with the chestnut trees and the white Hawthorns in full and flaky bloom, and the sweet *Helene de Solanges*, calling herself *Veronique*, sets her cap at the young *Vicomte Florestan de Valiancourt*, between whom and *Helene* "a marriage has been arranged" by *Florestan's* uncle. As she swings to and fro from a bloom-laden bough, singing a most bewitching song as she goes, and looking in a gossamer gown the picture of simple loveliness, the blossom floats down from the branches to her feet, making sugary patches of white on the spring-green turf below. No wonder *Florestan* feels he must follow the example of the blossom, and fall at her feet below. It is the prettiest love passage the lighter stage has given us, and, if it is not encouraging an undesirable habit to say so, it represents in itself an ample return for the money of the person who is too deeply engaged of an evening to sit a whole piece through. Talk of the scent of the hay coming over the footlights! It is the scent of blossom and of blossoming love! An animated poem.

Before Miss Ruth Vincent, who is so irresistibly charming as *Helene*, sings from the seat of a swing, she has to sing from the saddle of a donkey; and on the first night of "Véronique" the unwise quadruped engaged for the honor of "supporting" Miss Vincent conducted itself in almost as wild a fashion as the wicked horse which threw Mr. Oscar Asche to "England's ground" in "Richard II.," that he might, as *Bolingbroke*, the more conveniently bid the "sweet soil" adieu. Miss Vincent looked greatly relieved when the time came for her to change the donkey for the swing, and the incident probably recalled to the minds of many who were present the chorus lines of a song once popular in the "halls," which went, as near as I can remember:

Oh! the hawful haches from the shocks an' shakes
Of these 'Ampstead' 'oliday jokes!
It ain't the swings what the stiffness brings,
But the bump, bump, bump of the mokes!

Like Mr. Oscar Asche's horse, the "moke" of the Apollo is really thoroughly accustomed to the stage, having, to mention one of its engagements, appeared for several nights at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where it showed considerable talent as the motive power of a governess cart packed with "Three Little Maids." So there was little reason why it should have made such a hash of its part, unless, feeling that Whitsuntide was drawing near, it was anxious to demonstrate that it was too frisky an animal to be let out for the day to one of the donkey-men of 'Appy 'Ampstead. "It," by the way, is a "she," and, when at the Prince of Wales's, acting with Miss Edna May, was christened "Miss Edna June." Mr. Lawrence Rea, the manly and melodious *Florestan*, experienced the greatest difficulty imaginable in performing his part of the duet with Miss Vincent, what time he had to keep *Edna June* from backing into the orchestra, and he, too, must have felt considerably relieved when the saddle was deserted for the less erratic seat of the picturesque swing.

Horse- and ponies and donkeys have ever been inclined to troublesomeness when taking part in stage performances, and their appearance before the "hooflights" is seldom welcomed by the audience as an aid to the play's smooth running. On the first night of "The English Rose" at the Adelphi, Mr. Leonard Boyne, though an excellent horseman, had to put out all he knew of the art of equestrianism to keep his horse from jumping into the orchestra; and I think it was Mr. Herbert Standing, another experienced horseman, who, making his appearance one night in "Chilperic," mounted on a large mottled-faced cream, was interrupted in his song by a disposition on the part of his noble charger to lie down and roll itself free of certain trappings and draperies it was unaccustomed to wearing. At Sadler's Wells once, in a musical melodrama of the "My Sweetheart" order, I saw a wicked little pony deliberately kick over the trim residence of the village parson, paper lilac and all, and just as the reverend gentleman was issuing peacefully from his front door, so that for an exciting second or two he was wearing the front of the vicarage round his neck like an Elizabethan frill.

Mrs. Churchill-Jodrell, an actress-manageress who for some time ran the Novelty Theatre (now Penley's), had four very tiresome ponies on her salary list at the time that she was producing the pantomime of "Cinderella." Scarcely a night passed without there being some sort of trouble with them, and on one occasion, being extra fresh (having only just come out of the pumpkin), they forced an entrance some twenty lines before their cue, and, upsetting a duet between the two ugly sisters, and very nearly upsetting the duettists also, crossed to the opposite exit, and went off with a good half of the palace where the historic ball was to take place in the next act.

Mr. Charles Warner, notwithstanding a long experience in the parts of sporting heroes, in the playing of which he has sometimes been called upon to handle a team of four from the giddy height of a coach-box, is better pleased when his imposing carriage is allowed by the author to be horseless. They get on his nerves, to say nothing of the supers' toes; and the

last time he took an engagement in Princess's dramas he gave the management to understand, at one of the rehearsals I was present at, that the Shetland pony which had been hired for the heroine's little boy would have to be kept in the street until wanted, or he would not proceed with the rehearsals. The incessant pattering and clattering of a restless pony on the boards in the wings was more than Mr. Warner's nerves could stand, and as it was impossible to keep the little nuisance in the street, and there was no place in the theatre from which his fidgeting hoofs were not audible, he was driven out of his engagement and the author requested to remove all reference to him in the dialogue of the heroine's little boy. The boy-actor looked very cloudy about the brow when his pony was led away, but there was undisguised joy on the countenance of the hero, whose precious speeches would now be made without a hoof accompaniment "off." M. A. P.

"LADY FLIRT" IS A FOOL.

LONDON.

SHE was a poor, pale, bloodless sort of thing in the French at best; but as introduced to us here in London she has positively no backbone at all. She suffers from an incurable form of anæmia, her distressing weakness is painfully apparent everywhere, and no tonic prescribed by the finest specialist in the land could ever bring pink to her cheeks or send the glow of life coursing through her feeble and emaciated body.

Poor Miss Ellis Jeffreys! What a pity to see this remarkable actress wasting her talents on such flim-flam! She tries her level best to make *Lady Flirt* a natural person, but it is no good; the more heart she puts into the character, the less real it becomes. Fancy a woman voluntarily ruining her reputation and sacrificing the man she loves on the altar of friendship because the "other woman," a silly brainless creature, had received nothing more nor less than a bunch of roses from a conceited ass of a little foreigner—a vain, would-be professional lady-killer!

In the French play, of course, there is a *raison d'être* for *Lady Flirt's* heroic conduct, for *Marcelle*, or rather *Mabel*, as she is called in English, has really sinned and been faithless to her husband; but surely in these days of the generally accepted *menage a trois* a bunch of hot-house flowers without even a jewel or *billet-doux* attached to it cannot be tied up into anything very suggestive, can it? Rob the play of the pivot round which the story is woven, and the whole bag of tricks tumbles to the ground; it becomes, in point of fact, merely a noise in a vacuum.

MM. Gavault and George Berr wrote the original play in four acts, and there was a superb scene for the wife, who, to make matters dry straight, confesses her guilt to her scientific husband, who neglects his better half and shuts himself up in his laboratory, experimentalizing from morning till night, and implores his forgiveness.

In the English play this scene isn't necessary, for the wife has done nothing beyond allowing an odious type of Frenchman to pester her with his afternoon calls. The idea, too, of such a caricature of a Frenchman ever being tolerated in any well-bred household is ridic-



LOUISE DREW, DAUGHTER OF JOHN DREW. MISS DREW IS NOW A MEMBER OF CHARLES FROHMAN'S FORCES AND ALREADY HAS SHOWN THAT SHE POSSESSES MUCH OF THE DREW FAMILY TALENT.

ulous; why, he would have been gently lifted by one of the powdered flunkies on to the hall-door mat and left there. It may be an extremely clever performance of Mr. Cyril Maude, but I don't think it is a pleasant one by any means; and if I saw the same sort of English caricature in France I am sure I should want to get up and hiss.

The letter episode only serves to increase the already strained situation; besides the

only enjoyable moment that *Lord Melborough*—of the British Embassy in the English play—seems to revel in, is when his wife runs off and tells him the bouquet and letter were meant for her and not for *Lady Flirt*. Mr. Edmund Maurice comes on to the stage again literally glowing with husbandly pride and sense of the priceless jewel he possesses—he had been so dreadfully sad and depressing up till that second.

Miss Beatrice Beckley has a sweetly pretty face, but is over-weighted altogether with the part of *Lady Melborough*. An artist of experience is required for such a character, and Miss Beckley is evidently quite a novice in the art of acting.

It is remarkable to think how Mr. Fred Kerr manages to squeeze a bit of tenderness and humanity into the *Hon. Paul Harding*, but he certainly does, and his performance

is quite delightful from beginning to end.

Again, Mr. Kenneth Douglas is excellent as *Tommy Gore*, and Mr. Gilbert Farquhar contributes a dear little sketch of a courteous old French marquis, and he speaks the vernacular with the most perfect accent, and as if to the manner born.

Miss Adela Measor and Miss Madge Titheradge are both good in their respective parts, and Miss Rita Jolivet is deliciously dainty in the tiny character of *Marie* the maid—such a quiet, refined, and pretty picture she makes.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A MAN once attempted the task of putting down on paper the number of farces, farcical comedies, musical comedies, and comic operas he had seen which depended for their plot on a forced-in case of mistaken identity. It was in a literary club, and the reckoner was an old dramatic critic; and it is on record that the steward reported to one of the members that he had never in all his life seen the gentleman write so much down in three hours! That happened some twelve years ago, so that if the old critic were to repeat his task now he would probably require three days rather than three hours to accomplish it in. Pieces of the mistaken identity class have been crowding into the theatres since then with the most remarkable rapidity, and "The Prince of Pilsen" is the latest of them. It is a very gay and breathless specimen of the group, leaving one so little time to think that the age of the story does not really dawn upon the mind until the whole thing is over.

From the moment that a Cincinnati brewer arrives in the garden of a hotel at Nice, and is immediately taken for the *Prince of Pilsen*, for no other reason than that the *Prince* is expected to arrive on the same afternoon, there is a continuous succession of bright and catchy songs, bustling complications, pretty love scenes, quaint jokes, and fascinating dances. No one attempts to explain why on earth the brewer is accepted as the *Prince*, or why the *Prince*, although he is in love with the brewer's daughter, does not immediately correct the error. That doesn't matter in the very least in entertainments like "The Prince of Pilsen." These things never are explained, and so why should one look to Mr. Frank Pixley, a stranger within our gates, and entitled therefore to special consideration, for a thing that neither he nor anybody else can give? "The Prince of Pilsen" is an exceedingly merry evening's entertainment, and London is likely to be talking soon in the most amiable terms of the really delicious acting of Mr. J. W. Ransome in the character of the latest "polite lunatic." But perhaps the most taking moment in the whole evening is that in which a number of beautiful young ladies join together in a song descriptive of the various kinds of American girl. San Francisco is represented by gaiety let loose, the Philadelphian is sleepy and indifferent in her movements and manners, Chicago is a dashing combination of haughtiness and "push," and the New York Girl, looking for all the world as if she had come straight from the studio of Charles Dana Gibson, is disdainful, overbearing, cruel, conceited, and gloriously pretty.

M. A. P.

BATTLE OF THE BALLOTS AT THE CASINO.

HEREWITH are appended portraits and the standing of the three girls selected by the audiences at the Casino for comic opera honors offered by Fred C. Whitney. The largest number under each of the three groups shows the girl selected.



EASTER GIRLS

Marion Griffith, 378. Jane Mandervill, 724. Helen Hahn, 498.
Catherine Bruce, 484.



BATHING GIRLS

Blanch Siebert, 524.
Jessie Crane, 379. Clare Moore, 246.
May Malony, 650.



EASTER CHILDREN

Margaret Rohe, 294.
Mai Carroll, 183. Julia Mooney, 543.
Vonnice Hoyt, 607.

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REJANE AND NOVELLI.

ALL arrangements have now been completed for the Rejane American tour, which will be inaugurated at the Lyric Theatre, New York City, November 6th, next, where she will play a four-weeks' engagement. The repertoire selected for her is very large and will include all her great Parisian successes, such as "La Montansier," "Hereuse," "Zaza," "La Course aux Flambeaux," "La Passerelle," "Ma Cousine," "La Robe Rouge," "Amour-euse," "Decore," "Divorçons," "Un Spectacle Coupe," etc. She will bring over her own specially selected company, which will include M. Demesnil, the great actor who created the leading male rôle in "Resurrection," and electrified Paris by his marvelous performance. The tour will be for ten weeks, and will be confined to the larger cities east of the Mississippi, taking in Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans, and a few of the larger Eastern cities, probably Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and Boston, and possibly two or three cities in the Middle West. The Rejane tour should prove one of the most notable and memorable engagements of the past decade, for in Paris, that center of dramatic art, they hold steadfastly to the belief that there is but one real artiste in the world, and that her name is Gabrielle Rejane—and the other European capitals fairly echo the sentiment, for Rejane is unquestionably one of the greatest of living artistes. The opportunity to see her in her marvelous impersonations is one worth waiting years for—as it was to see Eleonora Duse.

"SIGNOR COMMENDATORE ERMETE

Novelli," the great Italian actor, who is to make his first tour of America the coming season, under the direction of Liebler & Co., writes from the "Palace Novelli, Venice," stating that he is about to take his departure for South America, where he is under contract to play the larger South American cities through a three months' tour. Signor Novelli will enter upon his tour in this country early in January, his contract calling for a season of twelve weeks, the time being filled in only the larger cities, more than one-half of it in New York, Boston and Chicago alone. He will bring his own entire company with him,

and his own productions, so that our people will see him in his greatest rôles and in precisely the same surroundings in which he has been seen where he has won such superlative tribute to his acknowledged genius. Under his contract with Liebler & Co., the repertoire is to be "afterward mutually agreed upon," but it is already understood that it is to include "Louis XI," "Othello," "La Morte Civile" and other plays with which his fame seems so inseparably connected. "When you have seen Novelli," says Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer—who is thoroughly familiar with the artist's work and has visited him at his home in Venice—"you will realize that you have never before witnessed the true interpreter, for Novelli is unquestionably a genius such as

one sees but once in a lifetime, and therefore I can readily understand why he is held among his own people and has been accepted in all the capitals of continental Europe as really the greatest of living actors. One of his superb and most extraordinary virtues is his versatility, for it should be understood that Novelli is equally strong in comedy or tragedy, in modern or in heroic drama, a talent that few great actors have possessed. The engagement of Novelli," continued Mr. Meltzer, "may well be accounted a notable one, and it will prove, I believe, one that will remain ever memorable." Mr. George C. Tyler, who is now in Florence, has arranged to visit Novelli at Venice for some days, before the artist's departure for South America.

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Subscriptions will be received from Ten Dollars up. In larger subscriptions a part may be deferred for later payment by reasonable installments. This stock even at an advanced rate will be without question one of the best investments ever offered, and surely the safest. A prompt remittance will enable you to take advantage of an opportunity that will come but once. *Send today!* \$10 buys 50 shares now; \$20 buys 100 shares now; \$200 buys 1000 shares *NOW!* Prospectus on Application

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THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

By CAROLYN LOWREY.

THE William B. Leedses had their palatial yacht *Norma* meet them at Quarantine on their return from Europe, and steamed up to Newport, where their beautiful country seat, Fairlawn, is to be thrown open.

Mrs. Leeds has brought from Paris a jeweled headgear that will rival the Belmont emeralds. It is a diamond coronet of exquisite design. The prongs are composed of oval diamonds, ten of these large blue-white stones form the prongs supported on platinum springs.

These bobbing gems on the raven head of Mrs. Leeds will be the most beautiful coronet worn in Newport this season.

THERE is a ripple in the Vande bilt waters, and white-caps are in sight. Mrs. Jacob H. Vanderbilt has threatened to open a smoking parlor in Newport.

This enterprising woman horrified her family a short time ago by opening a fake tea-room on Fifth avenue, which, rumor states, was bought out at the end of three weeks by her relatives.

Possibly Mrs. Jacob's funds have run low again; however that may be, it is whispered that another Vanderbilt sign is being painted.

SILK bathing suits are the proper thing this season. The Newport belle will truly be a living picture in her silk champagne-colored bathing suit, and feet apparently à la Trilby, for nothing but flesh-colored stockings will be allowed. Lorgnette and chain set with diamonds and jeweled garters complete the modest attire. The girls have promised to get wet at that.

MRS. THOMAS A. EDISON does not believe in leaving all the brilliant thoughts to her husband. It has been a well-known fact that married men in Orange did not go to church because they had to stay home and mind the babies.

Mrs. Edison has had an addition built to her church, stocked the room with toys, and placed three nurses in charge. It is one of

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the funny sights in Orange now on Sunday to see a line of baby carriages propelled by papa stop at the side door while they wait for a check for baby.

FAY TEMPLETON is the fairy godmother whose magic wand has touched with success "A Little of Everything," now playing at the Aerial Garden, on the New Amsterdam Theatre roof.

Miss Templeton has again shown her wonderful talent for creating something out of nothing.

It is to the charm of this woman, the greatest burlesque artist of our drama, that "A Little of Everything" holds sway.

WHITE hair is the rage in Paris. These foolish women give up their beautiful black tresses for a fad. My lady has a bag saturated with a preparation placed over her head for a few hours. When this is removed she goes to a room attended by a nurse, rests for two hours and drinks milk. Woe betide her if she attempts to put the irons on this much abused head for some time to come.

AT BRIGHTON.

AFTER very careful preparation, which involves many changes in the construction of Music Hall, Brighton Beach, the regular season there opened with an afternoon performance on Saturday, June 11. An army of workmen have invaded the place, and besides the four new exits which pierce the walls of the building, other improvements have been made.

The headliner for the opening week is Emmet Devoy, who, with his little comedy company is seen in a sketch, described as screamingly funny, called: "The Saintly Mr. Billings." It has succeeded in pleasing New York audiences at the best houses, and on the circuit all winter. The Three Desmonds, who style themselves "The Original Parisian Street Singers," furnish a strong act. Their make-up is picturesque. Walter C. Kelly is an entertainer who has provided himself with a lot of up-to-date material designed to amuse. An acrobatic novelty is furnished by the Wilton Brothers, who are grotesque in make-up, and accomplish their feats in a humorous way. Miss Daisy Dumont, comedienne and singer, has some new ditties to offer, and is besides pretty and attractive. Winscherman's troupe of performing bears and monkeys have already established themselves as highly trained animals. One of the features of the bill will be found in the De Onzo Brothers, the "Jumping Coopers," who have a novel scenic set, and a number of barrels into which they jump in and out in a variety of ways. The American Vitagraph picture machine shows a number of films of the war now in progress between Russia and Japan. The prices of admission to Music Hall will be the same as before, and reserved seats can be set aside by the use of the music hall telephone.

The stork is hovering over the mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Willie K., Sr., who are domiciled in Paris. One can't help pitying that poor little babe, the task it will have in unraveling the mystery of its relations. If Consuelo will be the baby's big sister, what relation will Consuelo's mamma be, and what will baby call Consuelo's step-papa?

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EXCLUSIVE NOTES AND NEWS ABOUT GOTHAM'S HOTELS

By CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM.

REACHING FALSE CONCLUSIONS.

IT is remarkable with some people, when they try to read between the lines what false conclusions they reach.

A few weeks ago the BROADWAY WEEKLY, in telling of the amount of money that had been subscribed to entertain the delegates to the recent hotel convention, told of the few instances where New York hotel men had refused to contribute. It seems in doing so the WEEKLY excited the ire of many of the Executive Committee of the Hotel Association, for at a meeting of the Committee a few days before the convention, a member, producing a copy of the BROADWAY WEEKLY, read the article in question and insisted upon knowing the name of the member who was giving out for publication the secrets of the Committee. A member, whose name was mentioned in the article, and entirely without his consent, was forced to arise and explain how his name came to appear.

The entire incident was unnecessary. The motive the WEEKLY had in telling of how some Bonifaces had refused to contribute was to point out how un-mindful some men are as to what their associates are doing for them, and in the New York hotel men refusing to pay their share in entertaining the delegates they failed to show any appreciation of what the New York City Hotel Association has been doing to further the hotel industry of Gotham.

SUMMER HOTELS.

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be engaged.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

TO many—in fact to every one—the advent of a rainy spell at summer resorts is a source of worry and despair, for it means a loss of business with a consequent loss of profit. Take a holiday at Coney Island for instance; the day starting in hot and sultry and crowds arriving by every train. The hotel and restaurant men have laid in a stock of supplies and business goes along hummily, money being made “hand over fist,” when suddenly the heavens open and down pours a shower lasting far into the night.

Such a state of affairs would “appall the stoutest heart,” as the novelist would say, and as a rule Coney Island would feel so, but such was not the case on Decoration Day, when just at the height of business the rain came down and drove the thousands home. It was a fortunate thing the rain did drive them home, for if the crowds had remained a few hours longer there certainly would have been a riot, for just at the point when the heavy rain began the food supply at the hotels had given out and there was no way of replenishing it. Many hotel proprietors made earnest efforts, when they saw the rush of business, to double their market orders, but without success, and no one, when it was seen what trouble would ensue, greeted the advent of the rain with more pleasure than the hotel men of Coney Island on last Decoration Day.

NOT A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

IT is within a week of the opening of the summer resort season, and if ever a prediction could be based, now is the time. On every side the opinion is that the season is going to be a poor one for summer hotels. Even the hotel proprietors themselves have to acknowledge that the bookings are light and that the outlook is far from encouraging. Two weeks ago the market men of this city held a conference and decided to restrict their credits to as low an ebb as possible. There was a time, and very recently at that, when a man wanting to engage in a hotel enterprise would go to a supply man, with whom he was acquainted, and get a good credit with which to open the hotel. Now it is different. If a hotel man asks for a credit, the different firms talk it over, state their experience with the property in view, and if they do not speak well of the proposition, the market man who has been approached on the credit gives a negative answer when the hotel man calls the next time.

Uriah Welch summed up the situation in a talk with the writer a few days ago. He said, “I am not going into business this summer as I don't care to lose my money, and I won't manage a hotel as I don't care to see my friends lose their money. What are the causes for the bad outlook? Well, the fact that it is a presidential year and secondly the semi-panic state of the country. Ask any resort hotel man you meet and he will tell you his bookings are very poor. Last year New York Central was from 135 to 150. Now look at it, and then

again many dividends have been passed.

In Boston, the home of the copper interests, there has been a shrinkage of over one hundred millions of dollars. You say that people will leave town during the warm weather and will have to stop somewhere? I will certainly grant that. They will live somewhere, but they will go to farm houses. I also have been told that the Western people are not coming to the Eastern resorts this year. They are going to St. Louis and then to the lakes in the Northwest.”

A GENEROUS ACT.

WHEN the BROADWAY WEEKLY published a week before the Hotel Convention the names of a few of the principal subscribers to the entertainment fund, the statement was made that George C. Boldt, of the Waldorf-Astoria, had contributed \$500.

When that fact became known many people in town said that Boldt would get the money back many times over from the profits of the banquet that he was to serve to the delegates to the convention. There are many people in this world that can never see any good in anything. The visiting delegates were to be guests of the New York City Hotel Association, and the banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria was intended to be the principal event of the three days' entertainment. The banquet was certainly an elaborate affair—that has been conceded—and all that Boldt charged the City Association for it was \$5.00 a plate. No charge was made for the ladies present, and in cases where there was an extra ladies' ticket needed a charge of \$5.00 was made. In view of the sumptuousness of the affair in every detail no one with a grain of common-sense will say that Boldt derived any profit from the banquet. The proprietor of the Waldorf-Astoria has always been ready to do his share in advancing the hotel interests of this country, and on every occasion tries to show how active he intends his share to be. The hotel banquet showed that he had no eye for profit when he made the contract with the City Hotel Association to serve it.

CONGRESS HALL TO OPEN.

THE estate on which Congress Hall at Saratoga, stands having been closed up, the future, as far as the famous hotel is concerned, is settled, at least for this summer. It looked for a while as though the house would not be opened—like many other hotels that will not be opened this summer—but the recent settlement of the estate removes all doubt, and once more will the broad piazzas be resplendent with diamonds all hours of the day, and soft strains “Jerusalem the Golden,” played by the orchestra, will be heard at the morning and evening concerts. Dave Isaacs, of the International and the Cataract hotels at Niagara Falls, has leased Congress Hall, and will no doubt run the Saratoga house as he has the two at the Falls. Isaacs is a bright fellow, quite a “hand shaker,” and when knotty points come up for settlement has a habit of saying “I will have to refer you to my son who has charge of such things.”

The office Isaacs has put in charge is James B. Sangster, whose long association with Proctor's hotel at Richfield Springs, the Florida hotels, and with Dick at Long Beach, ought to be of some value to Congress Hall. It has not been known what Henry Clements will do this summer.

THE SIRES ON FIRE ISLAND.

IT seems that the fire that destroyed their hotel on Fire Island two years ago has not dampened the enthusiasm of the Sires for the hotel business, for this year, on the site of the hotel that was burned, they have erected another one; not as large as the former structure, but equally as attractive. The Sires are bright people, owning lots of real estate in this and other localities and with the ability to make two golden blades grow where only one had grown before.

The hotel they have built on Fire Island is intended more for a shore house where shore dinners can be served, and where sailing parties—for the Gre South Bay is a favorite place for amateur sailors—can be supplied with the creature comforts.

(Continued on page 18)

LEADING NEW YORK HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

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30; July 1, 2, 4, 5.

SIX RACES EACH DAY.

First Race - 2:30 P. M.

Trains leave East 34th st., E. R., via L. I. R. R., at 11 a. m., 12.10, 12.40 (1.00 Parlor Car Trains), 1.10, 1.40, 2.10, 2.40, 3.10. Take ferryboat Whitehall st., New York, 10.50 a. m. and thereafter every 20 minutes, connecting at 89th st., Brooklyn, with Brooklyn Heights trolley direct to track; fare, 10 cents; ample accommodations. Returning by this route 35 minutes via trolley. Brooklyn Rapid Transit from Brooklyn Bridge (N. Y. side) Bridge trains via Kings County and Brighton Beach Road, also Flatbush Avenue Surface Line, via Brighton Beach Road, every 10 minutes. From Broadway, Williamsburg, take Ocean Avenue cars. All Brooklyn surface cars transfer direct to track.

Grand Stand, \$2.00; Field Stand, 75 cents.

CONCERT BY LANDER.

EXCLUSIVE NOTES AND NEWS ABOUT GOTHAM'S HOTELS.

(Continued from page 17)

A TIMELY UTILITY.

AT this season in the city when business at the big city hotels slackens, the question of reducing the working force comes up, and a cutting down of the expense of running the hotel considered. Many a Boniface would consider himself lucky, and very much in pocket if he could close up his hotel entirely during the summer season.

Captain William Tumbridge, of the Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, has no cause to feel so, now that his hotel will be kept open this summer, as it will mean many thousands of dollars in his pocket before the cold weather sets in. Tumbridge has the contract for the laundry work for Dreamland and for Luna Park, at Coney Island, and any one familiar with the extensiveness of both enterprises can estimate what a big contract the Hotel St. George has made.

MANY MEN, MANY MINDS.

WHAT a world of truth there is in the old saying "Many men, many minds." It is being proven every day, particularly in the hotel business. When E. O. Roessle was proprietor of the Gilsey House, which was quite recently, he engaged a very gentlemanly fellow named Sehon, who, before coming to New York, had been employed in a Cleveland hotel. Sehon had taken the place of Herbert Young, who had gone to the Wolcott. Roessle is to all appearances a hard man to get along with—that is, if you don't know him. Sehon remained with the Gilsey but a short time; the reason given for his departure was that he was a stranger to "New York ways," and not used to the hotel life of Gotham.

When Keen took the Gilsey, one of the first things he did was to send for Sehon and place him in the office on the opposite watch to George Moore and



COLONEL A. FRANK RICHARDSON, ONE OF THE FAMOUS FIGURES OF THE AMERICAN PUBLISHING WORLD, WHO, EVERYONE IS GLAD TO KNOW, IS GETTING ON HIS FEET AGAIN AND RAPIDLY TAKING HIS POSITION AS A POTENTIAL FACTOR IN THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS.

there he is to-day. If any man fully understands the requirements of a New York hotel clerk it is Keen, and if Sehon lacked any of the essentials the new lessee of the Gilsey would not have engaged him.

GREGORY WAS THE LESSEE, NOT THE COOK.

THE trouble that "Pres" Whitaker has been having at the Hotel Netherland with his chief cook over the question as to who was boss of the hotel recalls to mind the trouble G. F. Gregory, lessee of the fashionable Gregorian in this city, once had with his cook.

Gregory had the Osborne Hotel, at Auburn, N. Y. In his employ was a head cook who got in time the prevailing idea that he owned the hotel. It's a cute little way cooks have. Gregory stood it as long as he could, but one day going into the kitchen, he said to the chief cook:

"Chef, for some time past I've got the idea into my head that you are the

lessee of this hotel—not I. The way you have gone about the hotel has given me that impression. But to-day I thought I would remove all doubt, and I went to my safe and looked over the lease. I find my name there as the lessee, therefore all doubt is removed. Now that I find I am the lessee and boss I want you to pack up and clear out. I have no further use for you."

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AN ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

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CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear something to your advantage by addressing BROADWAY WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.

FROM THE EDITORIAL POINT OF VIEW.

OCCURRENCES, all in the line of progress, have conspired to a different condition at the present presidential juncture from that which has confronted the electorate at any similar contest since 1884. Not the least important change in public attitude towards principles and candidates is the palpable fact that the voters are less influenced by partisan newspapers and political literary organs than in the past.

The editorial of even the greatest newspaper has but small influence with the people. Nowadays the suffragists look to newspapers for information and cold facts, but practically every voter is his own editor and mentally indites his own editorial. Such political independence, the outgrowth of education, and a better understanding of the influences which have controlled political parties hitherto, render the outcome of any election uncertain, no matter how popular personally a candidate may be, or how powerfully sustained he may feel by vested interests or by bureaucratic dictation.

Consequently the situation is worthy of the study of every citizen. In every quarter of the globe statesmen and thinkers are closely observing the present campaign in this nation, and it promises to be a turning point in the history of the Democratic party. Whoever may be the standard bearer, he will call to his support a vast army of those who are very pronounced in their denunciation of the policy of the administration which has failed for eight years in carrying out the pledges of two conventions of the Republican party.

It is at least a source of satisfaction that the Democracy in every section is enthusiastic over the prospect of success. There has been a getting together of leaders which argues well for the result and the party will have no difficulty in offering the people a vastly superior platform to that adopted by its rival.

Democrats are not now on the defensive. They have the advantage of unlimited campaign material with which to attack the enemy. Indeed, they hold a brief from the entire people who believe in honesty in public affairs, and who are sorely distressed by the many scandals in the Post Office and other departments, which reveal a condition of official corruption never before known in National public life.

Then they will see to it that the personal ambition of the present head of the nation will not be permitted to attack the individual interests by making them subservient to a love of military display, nor use the dignity of government for the exploitation of mock heroics.

The time has passed away when political bosses can, by oratory or art, anticipate results or divert the attention of the people from the issues so vital to the prosperity and well-being of the millions whose only safeguard is to elect honest and patriotic men to manage their government.

IF humor is fatal to a statesman's career, then Speaker Cannon will never arrive at the highest seat in the Hall of Political Fame. In alluding to the enthusiasm at the Roosevelt Convention, he compared it to the River Platte, "twenty miles wide and fourteen inches deep," which is about as good a thing as has ever been said by any of the great national humorists, and so daring that it amounted to a flash of genius. It would kill all the strenuous bumpousness in fifty presidential aspirants.

IT was but natural that a woman's hotel should banish the irreverent bellboy, and substitute girls for the duty. An establishment of this character should above all things breathe of domesticity, and in this age, women should be able to manage it with as little masculine aid as they need in running a private family residence.

THE cartoon has already begun to wield an influence in the campaign. The brilliant artist who depicted the Republican National Convention as a canned goods affair has left his indelible impress upon the situation. Ridicule is the most important weapon against attempts to stifle natural outbursts, or fool the public.

THE nomination of Senator Fairbanks for Vice-President would indicate that the party leaders wisely believed that the head of the ticket needed some counteracting, if not icy company during the campaign.

THERE will be no naval review in Oyster Bay this summer, but there will surely be a Wild West performance, and, no doubt, camp-meetings, plantation singing, and anti-race suicide demonstrations.

THE political lid is off, and there will be much pot-boiling of long green material, so that the poor campaign orator and political men-higher-up may get their pay for all the hot air which has been ordered.

EXCLUSIVE POLITICAL NEWS.

DURING the Presidential campaign, BROADWAY WEEKLY will publish, each week, very interesting news of the political doings, paying particular attention to the movements of all the big national leaders of both parties. The information used will be gathered from the most reliable sources, and will appeal especially to the citizen who is not identified with any machine organization.

BROADWAY WEEKLY does not profess to compete with the daily press in the purveyance of news, but it does claim to present expert political comment of the most deliberate and truthful character.

The manner in which both the nominations of the Republican and Democratic parties were made, with the inside history of how wires were pulled by those influential and skilled in the political management, will be a feature of the following issue of BROADWAY WEEKLY.

From time to time the most recent photographs of political celebrities and events of the campaign will be displayed in the highest form of artistic reproduction. The pictures so offered will be worthy of preservation and suitable for framing.

Clubs and individuals who desire a supply of such reproductions should give convenient notice by addressing the Business Manager of BROADWAY WEEKLY, No. 225 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

SEASON OF JOY AT THE ROOF GARDENS.

THE secret of attracting money to the Casino box office has been solved by Frederick C. Whitney and the Shuberts. With Eddie Foy and Thomas Q. Seabrooke and a cohort of other clever men and women, "Piff, Paff, Pouf" contains everything to induce the most serious audience to indulge in mirth.

Almost constantly new features are being introduced and it bids fair to continue its merry course throughout the summer.

Roof Gardens find that the public will sit out a very long bill if they are given a chance to laugh at the time they can procure a cooling drink and hear good music. So far the season has been a most prosperous one for all those which have opened. At the Aerial Theatre, on the roof of the New Amsterdam Theatre, "A Little Bit of Everything" contains all the fea-

The Madison Square Roof Garden has made a departure this season, and Rush and Weber offer a novelty in musical entertainment. The garden, or rather roof, is a most picturesque-looking place, and it has been quite Frenchified in appearance to keep in character with the offering.

The principal offering is a new musical frivolity by Harry B. Marshall, which also is called "Paris by Night," the scenes being laid in the French capital. It serves to introduce a company of more than sixty persons, most of them pretty girls.

It is in two acts, and among the principals are Toma Hanlon, Flourette De Mar, Madge Lawrence, Sylvia Beecher, Bertha Dowling, Mae Sheridan, Cerette Ross, Julia Cook, Naomi Arnold, Grace Bond, Margaret Messenger, Edgar Temple, Hugh Cameron, Ben Welch, Henry Vogel, Burnell Pratt, Cassius Tyler. The entire production was staged by Sol Fields, a brother of Lew M. Fields. There are nearly a score of musical numbers, all of which are original with this production.

In the Garden proper Duss and his band continue to attract great audiences with "Beautiful Venice."

At Terrace Garden, Managers Suesskind & Rehfeldt's grove-like resort on East Fifty-eighth street, the popularity of good music when well rendered is being demonstrated nightly by the crowds that congregate there to hear Professor Ricci's orchestra.

As usual there are new acts for next week on the vaudeville stage and in the circus rings at Dreamland, and there are several acts on the new bill which are holdovers. Of the latter it may be said there is no prettier act than that pre-

sented by Helene Gerard driving her trained horse to a pony cart of roses. In this act she enlists the services of a clever bulldog, who jumps through hoops buckled to the front legs of the horse. A new act is that of the Four Bard Brothers. Alexander Seabert and his donkey, Dick Vrooman shooting the chutes on a bicycle, Howard and Luellita on the high wire and Melville Howard, in his slide for life, are other attractions.

On the vaudeville stage the bill includes the Golden Gate Quartette, Hale and Francis, Sisters Howard, Artie Hall, Tascott and the Barlows.

Fire and Flames, the Durbar open-air circus, shooting-the-chutes elephants and the thousand other attractions of Luna Park are filling that resort to



MAY L. TAYLOR.

Another of Klaw & Erlanger's ambitious girls, who appears in "A Little of Everything," possessing a good voice, a graceful presence and industry. Miss Taylor is in the good books of the professors who teach the Syndicate pupils every detail of dramatic art. The girls who appear with Miss Templeton are expected to do something more than look pretty, and indeed they have advantages which the star herself was denied at the outset of her career.



FLORENCE AYER.

Among the very pretty girls who figure in the many beautiful stage pictures in "A Little of Everything," at the Aerial Gardens, atop of the New Amsterdam Theatre, is Florence Ayer. She is a type of the well-bred, well-educated young woman who willingly submits to the apprenticeship of the ensemble, to gather experience to enable her to eventually seek honors in the front rank of her profession.

tures which appeal to the New Yorker who is compelled to remain in town. From the first night the new place of amusement has been a winner.

Oscar Hammerstein is abreast of the times with his Paradise Roof Garden, and, as usual, he provides a bill of the best that can be had for money. Mr. Hammerstein is a roof-garden expert, and he has always kept faith with the public even when he was out of pocket.

In bidding for popular favor Wayburn & Anderson secured an extraordinary feature for the New York Theatre Roof Garden in the person of the wonderful Datas, an Englishman with a marvelous memory, and considerable wit and originality. He answers questions upon any fact, date, or happening in history. Of course, wherever Ned Wayburn controls, there is plenty of good dancing and singing of a popular character.



NELLA BERGEN.

Mrs. De Wolf Hopper in private life is one of the most domestic and lovable of women. She astonished the profession by her return to the sylvan-like figure which as a prima donna made her one of the notable beautiful women of the American stage. As prima donna of her husband's company in "Wang," she is more firmly than ever established as perhaps the typical leading woman of the native lyric stage.

overflowing every day and night. All the joys of a midway combined with features never attempted at the world's biggest expositions are a powerful magnet to the pleasure seekers of Greater New York.

The season at Manhattan Beach Theatre is now in full swing with De Wolf Hopper and his opera company presenting "Wang" to pleased audiences evenings and Saturday matinees. Afternoons are given over to concerts by Shannon's Military Band and magic by Herrmann the Great.

The new feature at the Aerial, atop the New Amsterdam Theatre, the Offenbach Review, a Parisian musical novelty in the second act of "A Little of Everything" is a sensation. The review consists of scenes from the Offenbach operas, presented in the spirit of broad burlesque with enough dialogue to make the situa-

tions clear. All the characters and choruses will be appropriately costumed. The operas from which the review has been compiled are "Les Brigands," "Barbe Bleue," "La Belle Helene," "Perichole," "La Grande Duchesse," "La Jolie Parfumeuse," "Geneveve de Brabant" and "Orphee aux Enfers."

From "Les Brigands" the chorus of brigands and carabinieri has been taken, with Harry Kelly as captain of the carabinieri; from "Barbe Bleue" the "Blue Beard" song, and from "La Belle Helene," the chorus of kings and solos of Ajax I. and II., with George Schiller and Joseph Sparks as the Ajaxes. Leila McIntyre has a song from "Perichole." The chorus and song from "La Grande Duchesse" is given by Peter F. Dailey and Harry Kelly. Fay Templeton appears as *Rose* in "La Jolie Parfumeuse," and

with a chorus sings "Chanson de la Bruscambille." The burlesque of "Camille" has been transferred to the first act and the original "Florodora" sextet is added to liven things up.

The attendance at Manhattan Beach at the opening of the Casino indicates a big rush for the season. Next to the theatre, the most important of these is Pain's Fireworks Spectacle. The subject this year will recall some of the strenuous achievements of the officers and men of the American navy 100 years ago. Of the many exploits of this intrepid body of men not one stands out in bolder relief than Stephen Decatur's adventure in entering the harbor of Tripoli and destroying the American frigate *Philadelphia*, which, having run ashore on a reef outside the harbor while chasing a blockade runner, was captured by the Tripoli pirates.



FIREMEN ON DUTY IN "PARSIFALIA" ON THE PARADISE ROOF.

Oscar Hammerstein is determined to carry out the regulations of the Fire Department, but he does it in his own original manner. When the real firemen attended the performance of "Parsifalia" at the invitation of Willie Hammerstein, they lost their hearts but not their lives. But, bless you, no one would ever recognize any of them on Broadway or at the races in their automobiles. They are even more attractive than on the stage. From left to right they are: Edie Taylor, Carol Oty, Florence Green, Elsa Reinhart, Catherine Hyland and Mae Bender.

HENRY W. SAVAGE'S PLANS.

"THE PRINCE OF PILSEN" has met with such a cordial reception at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, that its run is continued for an indefinite period. The advance sale in the libraries extends into the thousands of pounds.

Henry W. Savage's massive pictorial production of "Parsifal" in English is now completed and the entire cast has been formed. The first representation of the Wagner music drama will be given in Boston, October 19th.

"The Yankee Consul" players, who have been steadily at work since early last autumn, will have but a brief vacation, as their next regular season is to open at the Studebaker Theatre in Chicago, August 1st. The long run at the Broadway Theatre, New York (more than 150 nights), is brought to a close that the members of the company may enjoy a little rest.

Henry W. Savage's English Grand Opera Company will greatly extend its field next season, proceeding as far west as San Francisco, penetrating Canada on the North, traveling to New Orleans on the southernmost point, with

New York as the chief objective center in the east. In all, some sixty-five cities will be visited by this great and distinctively American organization.

"The County Chairman" is to resume its run at Wallack's Theatre, New York, on Thursday, September 1st, with its vitality unimpaired.

"Woodland," at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, is making progress. Harry Bulger has been added to the cast, playing the *Blue Jay*, the comedy outlaw of this quaint and fantastic tale

POLITICS, PRESIDENTIAL AND OTHERWISE.

CLLOUDS which have obscured the political atmosphere for months are clearing away, and in a few days the great independent body of voters who are not hidebound to any party machine will be able to form some opinion of the kind of government which the two great parties are disposed to give the common people. Already they know that the Republican machine, loaded down with a record not pleasing to the country, is relying upon the personal claims to popularity of President Roosevelt, to carry it through. Its conventional platform cannot command the support of the great commercial and industrial classes, be they rich or poor. It does not meet the conditions. Not in any candidate particularly does the Democratic opportunity lie, but in the platform which it decides to offer.

IT must be remembered that Colonel Roosevelt was merely elected Vice-President. The awful calamity which removed by assassination the late respected President was the last contingency which could be imagined when the nominations of 1900 were made. When it is considered that the wise men of the Republican party were even at that time indisposed to support Colonel Roosevelt for even the second place upon the ticket, it must be believed that they view with some trepidation his nomination for the Presidency. Imperial Caesars, men-of-destiny, men-on-horseback, and advocates of the Divine Right of Kings, have no place in the firmament of American government. The interests of the thrifty, of the workers, of the poor and of those who depend upon the sanity and patriotism of their leaders, must be guarded even at the sacrifice of the ambition of a thousand heroes of military expediency. The Democracy has every reason to expect the support of not only its own loyal members, but of all who think first of honesty, justice, and equality in the national government.

THAT there are several very grave charges to be faced by the Republican orators and candidates during the campaign, cannot be obscured by the hifalutin and pompous platitudes of the platform makers. No attempt has been made to explain away the Post Office frauds, and the innumerable cases of corruption, graft, and thievery which have been unearthed during Colonel Roosevelt's administration. The Democratic campaigners, skilled in the arraignment of all manner of political abuses, will surely see to it that the errors and faults of their opponents will be properly exploited.

HISTORY shows that of all the Presidents who have been elected, very few were in any sense skilled in politics, in the matter of wire-pulling and the clever manipulation of party machines. The people of this country have always fought shy of such men when the great office of the head of the government has been under consideration. Another notable fact is that no Vice-President has ever been re-elected after he had succeeded to the Presidency in the event of the death of the incumbent of the higher office. Yet the fact remains that Colonel Roosevelt has, throughout his career, from the time he was elected an assemblyman in New York, always been sneered at as an amateur politician by those who make it a business or trade. These sneers have vanished, for in the annals of politics there has never been such a successful demonstration of deep and crafty management of men and things as Colonel Roosevelt has displayed in the past year. At the same time, while he has

held aloft a proclamation of opposition to trusts, and every unpopular subject, he has obtained a mastery over all the big leaders of his party, and ruled them with a rod of iron. The boss of Tammany Hall, in all its years of existence, never had the control over that organization which Colonel Roosevelt exercises over the rank and file of his party. It may be expected that he will carry on a picturesque and spectacular fight for election.

AS the paroxysms of Republicanism, personally conducted, at Chicago, quietly subside, one conception holds the foreground of the picture. That is the extraordinary control which Mr. Roosevelt, who was given a free pass to obscurity four years ago, has acquired over the entire party and the abject subservience which an almost united leadership accords to him. Senator Depew says he is "stronger than his party," which is a high compliment to Roosevelt, but a dismal reflection on the Grand Old Peekaboo. The nomination was no spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm such as Bryan's spectacular oratory produced in '96, or that which attended the nominations of Cleveland, Blaine and other representatives of the two parties. In the present instance the nomination was decided upon by Mr. Roosevelt months ago, the convention permeated with his strenuous personality and all details arranged in advance in exact accordance with his instructions.

Could a more splendid dictatorship exist? Could Napoleon survey his imperial dominion at the zenith of his power with more complete satisfaction? Warring factions were dismissed as a volatile principle evaporates in the air and the roaring lions lie down with the bleating lambs doped with soothing syrup.

Good for Roosevelt! A man is entitled to what he can get; but many portions of sackcloth and ashes will be contributed to contemporary makers of American history.

THE result at Chicago suggests that in addition to "Hail to the Chief" the leading Republican anthem this summer will be "On the (Fair)banks of the Wabash."

THE present outlook fairly indicates that the selection of Democratic candidates will not be conducted on any hysterical basis, and the commercial interests of the country will not be thrown into convulsions. The prospective nomination of Judge Parker, Mayor McClellan, or some man of similar high character, imparts hopefulness to the intelligent and substantial elements of the community, and it is generally believed that the conservative methods employed will be an effective antidote to the burlesque gyrations of the present administration.

UNCLE JOE CANNON was the one saving factor in the Chicago Convention. He seemed to be the only human being in the bunch who was afflicted with a sense of humor. His power of resistance when the Vice-Presidential proposition was urged upon him was superb, and the profanity which is a characteristic and necessary conveyance of his gems of thought, added spice to the situation. But does Uncle Joe possess the Roosevelt foresightedness or luck, whichever it may be? Roosevelt was just as anxious as he to avoid the "innocuous desecration" of the office, but was forced into it to his ultimate satisfaction. Possibly Uncle Joe does not believe a quadrennial assassination is possible, and we hope he is correct.

AT no time in its existence has the Unterrified Democracy had a better opportunity to achieve success in the Presidential business than in this year of our Lord, 1904. Let it fight for the principles of conservatism and honesty, dignity and equitable regard for human rights as it has in the past, eliminating all forms of crankism, and a victory ought to be within reach.

PRESIDENT LITTLETON, of Brooklyn Borough, performed a service last week which will endear him to his large domestic constituency. Everybody who owns a baby, and Brooklyn's assets lie very greatly in that line, will commend the deed. A two months' old baby was very sick, and the rattling of wagons on the street threw it into convulsions which the doctors said would cause death within a very few hours. The distracted mother telephoned direct to Mr. Littleton and he immediately ordered the street closed, saving the baby's life. It was one of those humane acts which the Recording Angel can place on the credit side of the books.

AS usual the local Democracy paid honor to the Nation's natal day with a celebration which proved that patriotism is the foundation of the party principles. In no land can anybody present such a brilliant oratorical galaxy as the party organization of New York.

THERE has been nothing so far to support the claim of up-State leaders that Mr. Charles F. Murphy, of Tammany Hall, has lost any of his shrewdness. Nor can it be said that he has done anything which was not for the very best interests of the honest and law-abiding portion of the community. If he had done nothing more than insure the nomination of Colonel McClellan for Mayor, it was a service entitling him to the thanks, not only of his party, but of the entire people.

CHICKENS come home to roost politically as well as otherwise. "The Full Dinner Pail" slogan of the last two campaigns may be paraphrased this time by the Democrats, as "The Empty Dinner Pail."

FORMER United States Senator James Smith, Jr., of New Jersey, and former United States Senator C. A. Towne, of Minnesota, are the two men who silently wield more influence with the National leaders than any others. They are men of initiative and astute judgment in great movements.

CONGRESSMAN FRANCIS BURTON HARRISON is to make a great fight in the so-called Diamond-back district this year. He is one of the most brilliant young men in the party, and the Republican leaders will try to induce Cornelius Vanderbilt to run against him. The district is Republican, but Mr. Harrison is considered an able representative.

ALL the far-sighted men in leadership in this city are considering the Gubernatorial election in every move that is made in National politics. With the disgraceful record of the Odell administration, it must be said that the Democrats have a splendid opportunity to restore the State to the party column, greatly due to the fine management of municipal affairs by Mayor McClellan.

LETTERS OF TWO LITTLE BROADWAY GIRLS.

ST. AUBYN APARTMENTS,
New York.

DEAR MAUDE:—

Tuesday.

Will you ever, ever forgive your little Mae for her neglect? Goodness knows, I've promised to write an answer to your sweet letter with its delightful description of the dear old South. How I envy you those drives thro' the Brandywine. What an idyllic existence, and poor little Mae sweltering here in New York. Now, Maude dear, I am determined not to leave old Broadway until Charley Frohman signs me for next season. It makes me weep to think of some of the girls who are being given good parts, and here am I who made such a hit in "The Little Minister" on the road, out of a job.

Lederer wanted me to go with "The Southerners" next season, but I will never again go in musical comedy. Just imagine how hard I am having it. What with shopping all the morning and lunch and auto riding, and then run down to Coney at night, I'm all worn out. Oh, yes, indeed, there are plenty of people in town yet, and some of the best people are on the avenue every day. Mazie and Elsie pooled issues with me the other day, and we hired a carriage from the livery stable. It looked the real thing, with a coachman, and we gave the Rialto a stagger.

Now, do drop me another note, telling me if Cousin Howard is coming to New York. I would like to take him to Dreamland.

With love and the hope that your doom will soon be sealed,
Yours eternally,

MAE B. LYON.

RICHMOND, VA., Friday.

DEAREST MAE:—

We came here Monday, and your letter was sent after me. Why did you not tell me about the girls? What are Emma Carus, Marie Dressler, Elsie Fay and the bunch doing? We are all so staid and domestic here that I am lost for some news of Bohemia.

I think you ought to sign with "The Southerners." I suppose George will try and get a long Broadway run for it, and then when it goes on the road the company will surely tour the South. Your family connections would help you if the company had a press agent like Eddie Corbett. We give a dance to-night, so I must close with love, but write before you go to bed.
Lovingly,

MAUDE.

ST. AUBYN APARTMENTS,
New York.

Sunday.

DEAREST MAUDE:—

Please cut out your sarcasm in future. The idea of telling me to write before I go to bed. Fancy poor little me, all tired out with work, remaining up late to write to you.

Well, we had a bully time. Young Roland de Peyster, whose family is in Europe, has been doing the honors. We made up a party the other night to go to Coney, and I have not yet gotten over the time we had.

I had been out all day, trying to match the goods of my Chinese silk waist, to make a skirt for the warm evenings and who should I meet but Emma Carus at Macy's. She was awfully glad to see me, and made me go to several other stores. She has a secret, but it is not to be given out yet.

It is all explained. You know we wondered why she was so mysterious. Well; it's a trousseau.

What do you think of that? Emma is to be a blushing bride. She would not reveal who the happy fellow was, so I cast out hints about composers, and asked her if he was the man who wrote the song: "Was She or Did She?" but Emma only smiled.

Then after dinner we mobiled to Dreamland and Luna Park, calling on the way at Elsie Fay's

cottage at Bath Beach. She is very comfortable there with Ethel Pennington and two other girls in Bachelor's Hall.

When we got to the Island we tried to find Marie Dressler, but, bless your heart, we couldn't get a trace of her, and you know, wherever Marie is, she can be either seen or heard. So we tried everything, from Shoot the Chutes to peanuts, and then had supper.

Just before we were leaving, gentle Marie showed up, and said she had been rounding up her army of boys to gather in the receipts.

Well—we did the Island all right. How about Cousin Howard?
Ever thine,

MAE.

(By TELEGRAPH.)

RICHMOND, VA., Monday.

Howard and I are married. We sail for Europe Wednesday.
MAUDE.

NEW YORK, Tuesday.

Roland and I are married. We sail for Europe on Saturday.
MAE.



Exquisite Art

For our
Readers

READ every word of this article—it will interest you—it will pay you. BROADWAY WEEKLY has made arrangements with the White City Art Company for a limited number of sketches from the brushes of the greatest artists in the world, including

The great Bryson.

We will give these **FREE** to our readers as long as they last, which will not be very long, so you would better write us **to-day**. There are eight in the set—they are as follows:

No. 213. "THE BALLET GIRL."

A stunning picture suitable for your den.

No. 214. "THE DANCER."

Full of life and the spirit of Terpsichore.

No. 215. "LOOKING BACKWARDS." A pretty girl in low-necked dress, looking over her shoulder. Pretty and alluring.

No. 209. "THE BALLET DANCER."

A life-like and fascinating girl of the front row.

No. 184. "THE QUEEN OF HEARTS."

The prettiest in the pack. Full of life.

No. 112. "THE DREAMER."

A splendid, breathing subject.

No. 179. "THE TIP OF HER TOE."

A lively dancer perched on tiptoe and kicking in no uncertain manner.

No. 178. "THE CIGARETTE."

As lively as its name implies.

They are all on artist's indentation sketching paper, and show a wonderful effect in coloring.

They are especially mounted for framing, and with a light, black or gold frame make dainty wall decorations—decorations such as are seen only in the homes of the wealthy.

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Send us \$1.00 for three months' subscription to BROADWAY WEEKLY, and we will send you **FREE** one of these sketches. Send \$2.00 for six months' subscription and we will send you any three of these sketches; and for \$4.00 for a yearly subscription we will send you **FREE** the entire set of eight sketches.

Money refunded if you are not satisfied and delighted with these sketches, because we have such a limited number of them that the demand will be greater than the supply. If we have run out of these sketches when your order arrives, we will instantly return your money. Don't miss this—write to-day and mention this particular offer.

Broadway Weekly Co.

225 Fourth Avenue, - New York.

IN THE WORLD OF THE AMERICAN THOROUGHbred.

By MIQUE O'BRIEN (*Editor of The Paddock.*)

SEVERAL years ago Mr. Philip J. Dwyer, owner of the Gravesend race course, ventured the prediction that the time would come, and within a few years at that, when not only conservative men of many millions, but distinguished statesmen, United States Senators, Cabinet ministers and even the President himself, might race thoroughbreds in their own name and colors without fear of consequential criticism.

Mr. Dwyer's prediction has partially been verified. It is true that no statesman has materialized with sufficient sporting blood in his veins, united with courage of a high order, to make a declaration like that attributed to Lord Rosebery, who admitted he started in life with three ambitions: To win the English Derby, to become prime minister and to marry the richest heiress in England.

Lord Rosebery "won out" on every count.

And when he won the English Derby he felt greater joy than when he became prime minister of Great Britain.

I haven't heard of any candidate for presidential honors making this declaration:

"If I could only win the Suburban and the American Derby and then be president for a few minutes, I'd be satisfied for life."

But it may come to this. Things are pointing that way. The country is racing mad and men of the caliber of Carter Harrison, of Chicago, will not be permitted to ignore the very clearly expressed wishes of the public in making their bids for the center of the political stage.

Since the racing season began, an amount of interest in the leading handicaps, altogether unexampled, has been shown.

An average of 50,000 people witnessed the Metropolitan, the Brooklyn and the Suburban handicaps and something like 40,000 people journey to the race course every Saturday.

Even in Chicago 60,000 people applauded the winner of the American Derby and about the same number witnessed the defeat of Hermis in the \$50,000 World's Fair Handicap.

The fact that betting was abolished at Washington Park quite naturally killed all chances of the meeting being carried to a successful conclusion and it was abandoned.

However, that happened out in Chicago and New Yorkers may rejoice that we have not a Carter Harrison in our midst.

We have many of his kind, but their wings are clipped.

One entirely justifiable reason for the unprecedented enthusiasm over racing in these parts lies in the fact that not within the memory of the average turf follower have so many horses of undeniable class faced the barrier as have gone to the post within the last few months.

The experts of the turf, the gentlemen who frequently allow their enthusiasm over an event just witnessed to cause them to forget, for the time, great races of other days, were practically a unit in declaring the contest for the Advance Stakes to have been the greatest ever witnessed in this country.

John Boden, in the *Morning Telegraph*, thus expressed his impression of the race:

"Men tried to recall a parallel when nature in exhaustion had made further cheering impossible and could not. They thought of the day when Salvator met Tenny, when Domino and Henry of Navarre clashed, when Hastings and Hand-spring in the Belmont fought anew the Withers of their year. They went farther back into the days, the doing of which are but tales told to the present generation, and yet, search as they might through the records of other times there was no weight for age race, nor special either, ever raced for at home or abroad that in class or in contest

excelled this Advance. . . . A glance first at the royal field which accepted the stake for a trial of merit. There were Irish Lad, the winner of the Metropolitan, the second in the Brooklyn, the third in the Suburban; The Picket, the winner of the Brooklyn and the second in the Suburban; Highball, who had come from his trip into the West with the glories of an American Derby; Delhi, the hero of the Withers and the Belmont; Bryn Mawr, the victor of the Brooklyn Derby, and Ort Wells, the Tidal champion. A field truly that was of champions, matchless in class and caliber, trained to the very minute, their owners eager as the horses themselves for the fortune of victory that each of them made no secret he anticipated."

Charles E. Trevathan, the most picturesque writer on turf affairs in this or any other country, and a man whose decisions as presiding judge upon race courses never have been questioned, was speechless for five minutes after the time was hung up. Then he remarked that the race reminded him of that great contest at a mile and a quarter out in Chicago years ago, wherein the splendid filly, Maid Marian, just failed to steal a race from the mighty Morello.

Nobody ever knew just how fast Morello ran that last quarter. He made all stop-watches seem foolish and unreliable.

It is an axiom of the turf that when horses beat each other at almost equal weight, especially among two-year-olds, there cannot be many stars out. Events of this season have tended to shatter this tradition.

One may not with assurance nominate the champion of the present year, not because of lack of class in the claimants for stellar honors, but very decidedly because there are so many good horses out that it is difficult to proclaim the king in the handicap division.

Irish Lad unquestionably has the call at the present time in popular estimation. His brilliant victory in the Advance Stakes, when he shattered every record in a race at a mile and three-eighths, made his admirers assert he lost both the Brooklyn and the Suburban through racing luck. The fact remains, however, that Hermis beat him very decidedly in the Suburban and it will require another meeting between these horses to decide which is the best.

Waterboy may come along and beat both of them. He is almost ready. McCheney and Dick Welles are out of training. The Picket seems to be an exploded phenomenon, although he may again show the quality he showed in the Brooklyn.

Africander will bother any horse in training when the track is to his liking, but it is to be regretted that in order to show at his best, this magnificent thoroughbred, who last year wrested the three-year-old honors from Irish Lad, must needs have a soft track these days to show at his best.

Among three-year-olds there is one who stands out above all others, and she is a filly, Beldame is her name and she is owned by one of the most popular men in American turfdom, Mr. Newton Bennington. In popular estimation Beldame is a second Imp. She has done all that has been asked of her this year in glorious fashion.

As to the three-year-old colts, the popular idol just now is Mr. J. A. Drake's Ort Wells. His race with Irish Lad in the Advance Stakes, in which he forced Mr. Duryea's colt to shatter world's records in order to beat him, was an extraordinarily good one. Eastern turf followers had to revise their estimate of three-year-olds several times within the last few weeks. First it was Mr. Keene's Delhi, winner of the Withers and the Belmont. Then came along Bryn Mawr,

who beat out Highball in the Brooklyn Derby.

Highball redeemed himself by winning the American Derby and he was hailed as the champion, and now comes Ort Wells with the scalp of all three dangling from his belt.

On Tuesday, Broomstick beat the mighty Waterboy and it may be that Captain Brown has a real champion in the son of Ben Brush.

Among two-year-olds there is plenty of class. John E. Madden and Newton Bennington seem to hold winning hands at present. Mr. Madden, with Fly Back, has taken down some rich stakes, while Mr. Bennington, with Song and Wine, Blandy, and other high-class youngsters, has taken down more than his share of the stakes. Tanya, Glorifier and other high-class two-year-olds are out. Altogether it's a splendid lot, and there is an impression among turfmen that the Futurity winner has not yet faced the flag. Among jockeys, Hildebrand, from out of the West, who came here with Joe Yaeger, the plunger, is unquestionably the star just at present. But the older boys are awakening to the fact that they have competition. Tommy Burns is riding in excellent form, and Lucien Lyne, "the Kentucky gentleman," who is now riding "free lance," has taken advantage of every opportunity offered him. He is a better rider to-day than when he won the American Derby and the Futurity, the two richest prizes of the year before last, for Mr. Drake.

An effort is being made to have Tod Sloan reinstated. Powerful influences are being brought to bear to bring about this result, and the effort may be successful. Not only turf followers, but turfmen generally, would be glad to see the best jockey of his time, and possibly of all time, back in the saddle.

The Brighton Beach meeting, which has for its feature on the opening day the \$25,000 Brighton Handicap, promises to be the greatest in the history of this popular course.

A month of racing within sound of the sad sea waves is a prospect delightful to contemplate and this is what is in store for local race followers. Secretary John Boden, Jr., always enterprising has taken unusual pains to meet the popular demand for high-class racing between the very best horses in training.

CONEY ISLAND JOCKEY CLUB

Racing at Sheepshead Bay,
JUNE MEETING, 1904.

RACING DATES: June 16, 17, 18,
20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29,
30; July 1, 2, 4, 5.

SIX RACES EACH DAY.

First Race - 2:30 P. M.

Trains leave East 34th st., E. R., via L. I. R. R. at 11 a. m., 12 10, 12 40 (1.00 Parlor Car Trains), 1.10, 1.40, 2.10, 2.40, 3.10. Take ferryboat Whitehall st., New York, 10.50 a. m. and thereafter every 20 minutes, connecting at 39th st., Brooklyn, with Brooklyn Heights trolley direct to track; fare, 10 cents; ample accommodations. Returning by this route 35 minutes via trolley. Brooklyn Rapid Transit from Brooklyn Bridge (N. Y. side.) Bridge trains via Kings County and Brighton Beach Road, also Flatbush Avenue Surface Line, via Brighton Beach Road, every 10 minutes. From Broadway, Williamsburg, take Ocean Avenue cars. All Brooklyn surface cars transfer direct to track.

Grand Stand, \$2.00; Field Stand, 75 cents.

CONCERT BY LANDER.

WEDDING BELLS FOR EDITOR METCALFE.



MISS ELIZABETH TYREE.

THE announcement of the coming marriage of Miss Elizabeth Tyree to Mr. James S. Metcalfe, which will be celebrated at the Marble Collegiate Church, July 14th, is as surprising as it is congratulatory.

Miss Tyree's charming personality has endeared her to the hearts of the patrons of high-class drama, as represented by the Frohman productions. Her first triumph in New York was in "The Amazons" at the Lyceum Theatre and was followed by star successes in "Trelawny of the Wells," "Capt. Molly," "Gretna Green," "The Earl of Pawtucket," "Vivian's Papas" and "Tit for Tat."

While this will be a blessed occasion for "Sunny Jim," the pleasure will not be completely shared by the theatre-going public if it means Miss Tyree's retirement from the stage, which she has adorned so well. Miss Tyree is a daughter of one of Virginia's oldest families and possesses those qualities of mind and person which fulfill our best conception of the high-bred Southern girl.

Mr. Metcalfe's critical ability, especially as dramatic editor of *Life* for many years, will suggest to his army of friends enormous pos-

FOR THE FIRST TIME THE HUMORIST TAKES A SERIOUS VIEW OF LIFE AND MAKES AMENDS FOR YEARS OF CAUSTIC CRITICISM OF THE STAGE.

sibilities of humor in his new relations. His caustic comments will probably be diverted from an inefficient soubrette to an overdone steak; the reduction of gas bills will mix up in the mental process of formulating gems of thought; the servant girl problem will become a fixed condition, and the delights of domesticity will supplant the unconstrained and irresponsible associations of bachelorhood.

We hope he will make as satisfactory a record in this new and important venture as he has in his various capacities as editor, critic, litterateur and manager of the American Newspaper Association. We might also say "politician" as well, because, in his defeat as Democratic candidate for the Assembly in the Nineteenth last fall, he ran 900 votes ahead of his ticket in an overwhelming Republican district.

Next time we hope to publish his picture as that of the winner.

We know that we express the sentiments of all who are interested in literary and dramatic work besides a large number of personal friends, when we wish this well-assorted couple all of happiness and prosperity that their lives can contain.

It remains to be seen how his fellow-humorists will regard Mr. Metcalfe's desertion of the bachelor condition. What influence his marital experience will have upon his writing remains to be seen. There have been known men whose profession necessitated a contempt for the serious things of life, who have succeeded in turning out an avalanche of jokes, funny stories and rosy verse, in spite of the fact that they are married.

Roy McCardell, who is probably the most cheerful proposition in the class of married humorists, claims that his well of humor undimmed would run dry were it not for the inspiration he absorbs in the family circle. John Kendrick Bangs found widowhood too grim and practical, and is once again a blushing bridegroom.

The American public, which ought to have something to say, will endorse Mr. Metcalfe's step with enthusiasm. They will delight in observing the result of the softening and senti-



MR. JAMES S. METCALFE.

mental influence which the delightful lady who is to be Mrs. Metcalfe will exercise over him.

Politicians are somewhat interested in the part which the humorists are playing in politics at present. Mr. Metcalfe has shown them how to make a victory out of defeat; Mr. Bangs was a candidate for mayor of his residence town; and Mr. McCardell did the Republican party the high honor of notifying President Roosevelt that he had been nominated before the Convention Committee accomplished that duty.

It is a delightful thing to contemplate what the humorists may yet do. It might be a good thing for the next president, whoever he may be, to have a Cabinet composed of such men as George Ade, Roy McCardell, J. K. Bangs, James Metcalfe, T. E. Powers, and Fred. P. Opper. And it is respectfully suggested that the Democratic party place Mr. Metcalfe in training for the presidential nomination in 1908.

The American people would then be certain that the then lady of the White House would be a womanly woman, full of sympathy for her sisters and the poorer and less fortunate citizens of the Republic.

DOGS OF NOBLE DEGREE AT THE KENNEL SHOW.

By MARGRETTA BRADFORD.

AMID surroundings which would brighten even the most gloomy of worldlings, with an unclouded sky, the balmy zephyrs of old ocean, and the verdant landscape of summery foliage, the Long Island Kennel Club offered its exhibition at Brighton Beach last Friday and Saturday.

The event attracted every owner of canines of aristocratic birth and descent, and the fashionable set was well represented. All the colonies of exclusiveness sent specimens to contest for prizes, and in every sense the occasion was most successful. The management had provided admirable accommodations for the display of the entries, and for the comfort and information of those who attended. The breeding of high-class dogs of the great families is now at the highest point in American history, and owners from all over the country were present.

There were 270 classes, and some attendance, in all 338 entries. Mrs. Homer S. Cummings, of

Stamford, Conn., who some time ago became very popular because of her spirited action in a controversy over an exhibition of pet tabbies, carried off the blue ribbon a second time, with her magnificent St. Bernard, the Challenger.

Mrs. F. Senn and a party of society friends were interested visitors to the judges' enclosure during the judging. Such lordly dogs as the Great Danes, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, and greyhounds received much admiration; and the pointers, Irish setters, and English hunting dogs came in for much attention from the hunting set.

The Bay View Kennels' English setter champion, Mallwyd Queen, took the blue ribbon in her class.

Clumber, field and cocker spaniels were exhibited by the Waulstone, Brookside, and other kennels, and the Red Brook Kennels had a fine showing of poodles, which are now the most fashionable and dearest pets of women. Some

of the collie specimens were beautiful, while the only Chow Chow exhibited, Chinese Chum, belonging to Mrs. Charles E. Proctor, was a curiosity of unusual importance, and received the compliments of crowds of visitors, with the well-bred toleration of an aristocrat.

Bulls were very numerous, and of high grade. Rodney Coronation won four ribbons and a cup. His price is \$2,500, but this is nominal, as it is doubtful if Mrs. John F. Collins would care to part with such a finely bred dog even at that figure.

The Mentone and Aquehung Farm kennels had French bulls, and Dr. A. P. Northridge's bull terrier Norcross Carrots beat Champion Princeton Monarch.

Sandown, York and other kennels had a good display of Airedale terriers. The blue ribbon went to President Dwight Moore, of the Long Island Kennel Club, for his champion Boylston

ARISTOCRATIC DOGS AT THE LONG ISLAND KENNEL CLUB SHOW



Mrs. John F. Collins and her prize winning bull-dog Rodney Coronation, upon which a price of \$2,500 has been placed. He is one of the finest specimens of the breed in existence. Mrs. Collins does not want to part with this pet, and she is likely to take him to many other exhibitions where great canines in his class will appear. Money does not influence Mrs. Collins.



President Dwight Moore's Boylston Reina, Champion, a most remarkable prize winner; her latest honors being the defeat of all in her class at Mineola, and at Brighton Beach. At the last-named event she obtained a special prize for being the best of any of her breed. Her record is given on the preceding page. More admired than any other entry, she was the pet of the Long Island Kennel Club show.



Finish of the second heat of the whippet race.



Samuel Untermeyer's collie, Greystone Faughaballagh, which had many admirers, but was not for sale. Mr. Untermeyer had a number of other fine dogs on exhibition, and is the owner of the extensive breeding kennels at the former home of Samuel J. Tilden, the country estate which is maintained by the New York lawyer as his home.



The owners and trainers of the whippets in line just as anxious for a contest as the dogs.

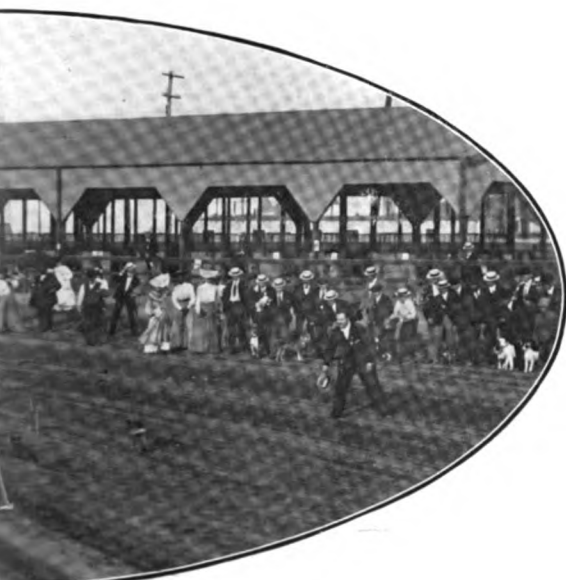
ISLAND KENNEL CLUB DOG SHOW.



Laddie, son of Ormonde, an eleven months' old collie which took second awards in the Puppy and Novice Classes and Honorable Mention in the Open and Limit Classes. It is the property of P. G. Farquharson.



Mrs. F. Senn's Yorkshire terrier, Macliffe Muriel, and her Pomeranian, Endcliffe Midget, ready for the judges at Brighton.



THESE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN BY
JOHN C. HEMMENT, OF NO. 108 FULTON
STREET, MANHATTAN.

English sport which is becoming quite a fad in this country.



starting for the race. These high-bred dogs of the greyhound family, are
roughbred horse who ever started in any classic event.



Russian wolfhound Bistri of Perchina asking Rodney Coronation how he came to
capture a blue ribbon.

WIRELESS NEWS ALONG THE BROADWAY PIKE.

CHICAGO DESERTS GEORGE ADE.

THERE was much relief felt in the various booths and gipsy camps along the only Broadway Pike, when a wireless dispatch was received from the windy metropolis that George Ade had been discharged from custody. Yet there were many who envied the distinguished Æsop of the Lakes, for his crime is at present a very fashionable one.

Mr. Ade was accused by the Chicago authorities of scorching. He had been guilty of scorching along other lines during his career, but escaped trouble until he joined the millionaire class and bought an auto; like his friend and townsman, Finley Peter Dunne, the biographer of Mr. Dooley. The judicial gentleman before whose tribunal Mr. Ade was arraigned, found that there was no evidence against him, and he was triumphantly discharged.

"It was a piece of spite," was the verdict at the Lambs Club. "Since George became a New Yorker Chicago has disowned him."

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH DICKIE?

"BOTTLED up at Port Arthur,' would be a good title for the next play by Richard of the Harding Davis," remarked Will McConnell, the *flâneur* of the Boulevard, the other night at the Holland House. "I wonder what is the matter with Dickie. In the Boer War the British government earned Mr. Davis' eternal enmity, because he could not go anywhere he wanted during a battle, but now the Japs have the jiu-jitsu upon the whole crowd of correspondents—red, yellow, blue, or any old color.

"We shall not know anything about the real conditions until Richard writes a book about it. The Japanese say that they are merely anxious to protect the sacred persons of the newspaper men, but I suspect that this is merely a subterfuge to keep secret news which they do not want to give out.

"The experience of Colonel Emerson causes us to feel worried about the safety of any of the daring young men at the front. And you know Dickie is very strenuous."

EXAMPLE FOR THE UPPER TEN.

WHAT an example to the Upper Ten the Barrymore brothers, Lionel and Jack, present. No lady in any land is blessed with such cavaliers as their sister Ethel. Their devotion to the charming young woman who is *persona grata* in the most exclusive American and European countries, is delightful.

When she sails away they are the last to say farewell, and when she arrives home again they are waiting at the pier.

And they are not a whit more appreciative of her than she is of them. Her first and last thought is for her chums, or "the boys," as she calls them in a motherly way.

When she is absent they are generally out walking with Uncle John Drew; and at other times strolling together on the Only Avenue. Like their father, they are athletic, and during the run of "The Other Girl," Lionel was a daily attendant at the same gymnasium that Clarence Mackay patronizes.

FRED C. WHITNEY POINTS A MORAL.

SAMSON'S strength left him when his hair was shorn, and at present Fred C. Whitney says he feels a little like the Biblical giant. On a recent morning Mr. Whitney, against the protests of his family and friends, delivered himself into the hands of a barber, and had that artist

shave off the beautiful mustache which has been a distinctive and attractive feature of the Detroit manager's personality since it was the texture of downy silk.

Leaving the tonsorial parlor he managed to reach his office unobserved, and found a messenger boy awaiting with a cablegram. The blue-coated Mercury had known Mr. Whitney for several years, seeing him almost daily; but he resented Mr. Whitney's demand for the telegram.

"Quick, now, boy, I'm very busy. Give me that envelope."

But the lad laughed at him.

"I've been on Broadway too long, boss; you can't bunco me," he retorted.

And mad as a hatter, Mr. Whitney was compelled to go to the elevator man in the Knickerbocker Theatre Building and be identified. Even the latter took a good look at the manager before he affirmed his belief that it was Mr. Whitney in the flesh but not with his mustache.

REST FOR SIR RUPERT.

RUPERT HUGHES is very much in evidence nowadays in the village of Longacre. The curfew does not toll for him or the bright coterie of literary and artistic souls who seek the solace of its shades.

And he has good reason to rest his weary brain after months of deep thought, and hard work on his trusty typewriter. His book, "The Real New York," has just come out of the press of the *Smart Set*, and a most delightful volume it is.

Mr. Hughes was signally honored, and he will admit it as readily as anyone, by the splendid illustrations which Hy Mayer has provided for the work. It is as complete and readable a description of the polyglot Bohemia of New York as any ever issued.

And he may justly claim the title of the American Murger.

RETINUE OF A PRINCESS.

DOWN the Pike passed a procession the other day, which caused the Rialtoese to gasp as much as if an Athenian festival was in progress. Six autos in Indian file, filled with wardrobe baskets, hat boxes galore, several pet dogs of all nationalities and descent, sleek grooms, chauffeurs two, maids three, and other indications of the retinue of a princess.

Wise men around the portals of the Rossmore satisfied the curiosity of the crowd. Mr. Butt-In, the well-known society reporter, announced loudly that the parade had left Lillian Russell's apartments in the Ariston at 10 A. M., and that it was on its way to her new suburban villa at Fort Hamilton, where the song queen intended to pass the summer.

It is very convenient to the tracks, and to the new big amusement resorts, in which several of Miss Russell's dear friends are financially interested.

PITY POOR MR. LONELIMAN!

THIS is the season of poor Mr. Loneliman. Compelled to remain in the city because of business, while his wife and family are enjoying the cooling breezes by old ocean, he must stay in Wall Street while "Morgan is away, you know," to watch that his interests and the interests of his crowd are protected.

So at three o'clock in the afternoon, after a hard day's work he enters his automobile and whirls uptown, that is, if he does not steal time to run down to the races for a breath of fresh air,

and drops in at the club, where his valet and revivifies him with the aid of a few rickys.

He can talk about quotations, of course, at dinner with a congenial friend, and mayhap send a sentimental telegram to the dear ones at the shore. But talking shop bores one so, that the drama and art become involved, until a suggestion that the night be spent at a roof garden is adopted.

After that anything may happen to Mr. Loneliman, for there are good things to eat and drink, and merry people to help one while away the time. And did not good Mrs. Loneliman make him promise that he would take a drive, and go to the club while she was away?

It always happens, however, that Miss Mazie of the ballet or some charming actress likes to drive through the Park, but it is generally after the show, to Claremont or to the Woodmansten Inn.

These are the days of merry Broadway romances—idyls of the summer, as they are called.

ONE GOOD BET OVERLOOKED.

BROADWAY missed one good bet lately. For years Morton F. Plant, the millionaire, had been a familiar figure along the avenues of Piketown. He was greatly liked, as any good-natured chap is likely to be, and at the clubs he was extremely popular.

But the fact that his yacht Ingomar had been entered in the imperial races at Kiel, Germany, was not noticed. Therefore, when the cable arrived that the Ingomar had defeated the Emperor William's own craft, Meteor III., notwithstanding the fact that the Emperor was his own commander, there was wailing.

However, even had Broadway been so advised, it is a safe bet that it would not have turned away much currency from the cash registers of the taverns and inns of the village.

REGGIE IN THE ROLE OF THE ARTFUL DODGER.

IN the absence of Dr. Parkhurst, who is alping the Alps, our religious editor submits a suggestion to District-Attorney Jerome. The law which he had passed to capture the elusive Reginald Vanderbilt having proven inadequate, why does he not formulate a national law for the same purpose? It would be a sad delay to wait until Congress again convenes, but "better late than never."

Possibly the Elusive may go to Raisuliville or some other dangerous health resort to escape extradition, but even in that event cannot an international law be provided to serve the same purpose. Think of the great spectacular possibilities of the proposition and the gratification which Mr. Jerome would undoubtedly enjoy under such conditions.

In the meantime, we understand that Reginald is enjoying himself without any perceptible amount of worriment at Newport. We assume that Reggie has ceased to be a visitor at Mr. Canfield's art conservatory and we are quite interested to know whether there are no other visitors to that abode of refinement who might possibly be an equally proper subject of Mr. Jerome's attacks. The performance of duty may at times lead to mistaken conceptions, but in this instance it would look as if the concentration of forces were more in the order of persecution than prosecution.

At any rate, Mr. Vanderbilt has spent his own money, perhaps not wisely, but too well, but that is not nearly as bad as spending other people's money in a similar way.

J. D. B.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN AS PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER.

THERE should be no surprise that the name of Colonel George B. McClellan has aroused enthusiasm in connection with the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. On February 11th, of this year, BROADWAY WEEKLY editorially analysed dispassionately, the possibilities of the young Mayor's selection as the standard bearer in the fight for reform in the National government. He had done this successfully in that for the municipal administration, which has redeemed the good name of the city of New York.

That the occasion has called forth the man cannot be doubted, for during all the months that candidates were discussed, the Mayor absolutely disregarded every suggestion that he was in any sense ambitious to be considered an aspirant. He did not by any act betray any other desire than to carry out the policy which he had inaugurated to rule New York for all the people, and not for the politicians.

The young Mayor is the only one among those who have been mentioned who is not opposed by any faction of the party. His career has been the most remarkable of any public man in a generation. It has been one of success in every act and sentiment. In every body of men, in every walk of life in which he has been cast, he has left the impress of his strong character and clear mind. Absolutely indifferent to display or clamor, Mayor McClellan has steered his path through the administration of every office he has held, without the taint of sensationalism.

Well-poised mentally, reared according to the best traditions of American domestic life, descended from stock which has honored the nation by its patriotism and bravery, Colonel McClellan may be regarded as the highest type of the young manhood of the country.

But the most notable feature of his make-up is a combination of remarkable judgment of men and things; a faculty for temperate, open, manly speech and action; a great capacity for learning and fathoming the public problems; great powers of observation, patience, business tact, and silent industry.

Hardly the man who approached Mayor McClellan to press upon him the political expediency or necessity of any act from a purely partisan standpoint. The big leaders have never even suggested to him any course of action, and although it is believed that Mr. Charles F. Murphy is closer to him than anyone else, it is a well-known fact that at times they have not met for months since the election.

The leader of Tammany knows better than any other person the character and ability of the Mayor. Probably there has never been a Chief Executive of the city who has acted more on his own initiative than the present one. His administrative ability, love of method, studious habits and commercial adaptability have commanded the admiration of the business community; and he has observed the conventionalities with in-born discretion. Clean-lived, brainy and sagacious, he is a man of affairs in the truest accep-

tation of the word, and he has given the best demonstration of what a "business" Mayor is that the office-holders have ever met.

But it is in the broad view of national life that this son of "Little Mac," must be considered. There are occasions in the history of a nation when it feels the need of a tonic much as an individual. The pyrotechnical methods of the Presidential Elijah do not compensate for the corruption and graft which permeate the office-holding system of the administration. When the public business at Washington has been placed upon the same safe and sane basis as the municipal administration of New York, the people of the entire Republic will be satisfied,



Photo by Rockwood.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

and Uncle Sam needs the best superintendent he can find for his business.

There is much food for study in the careers of President Roosevelt and Colonel McClellan, for they were both blessed with fine ancestry as we Americans understand it—in its highest aspect—with university educations, and with a love of books, of nature and the military idea. But Colonel McClellan was called upon to make a sacrifice which few boys of the Republic would do. His desire was for a military life, but even as a youth he set a Spartan example for the youth of the country, in taking his distinguished father's advice, and accepting the fate of a plain everyday civilian's lot.

What has been the army's loss has been the State's gain. That boy who left Princeton, comparatively poor, who so far has given the lie to the charge that an American places the dollar

above all sentiment and human happiness, accepted a position as a reporter for a daily newspaper, humble from a financial standpoint, but wealthy as Golconda in the glorious fertility of opportunity which it affords to the brainy young men in an era of universal brotherhood.

Equipped with written learning and in the hard practical school of daily newspaper labor George B. McClellan was in touch with the pulse of the great humanity of America. Without hysterical methods, with dignity and manly effort, young McClellan fought his way to the front, and every footprint in his pathway of life was firmly imprinted with the character of him who is now at the threshold of the White House.

Combining the qualities which attract the enthusiasm of the youth of the country, with those which command the respect of the elders, the name of George Brinton McClellan will be one to conjure with when the assembled Democracy of the nation selects the man to measure swords with Theodore Roosevelt, of Oyster Bay.

J. D. B.

DEMISE OF CLEMENT SCOTT.

THE death in London, just at the moment when the leading actors, literary personages and society people had raised a large sum for him at a benefit, was rather sorrowful. He had attained probably the highest rank as a critic of the drama, and while he had enemies because of his rugged comment upon many persons, his friends were loyal and steadfast.

In this country Mr. Scott on several visits made thousands of friends, because of his fair-minded expression about American institutions. His writings revealed an unprejudiced judgment, and his criticism about the stage, and other departments upon which he commented, formed a strong contrast to many lesser distinguished Englishmen who abused the country and people from the moment they arrived.

Vale, Clement Scott!

EVERYTHING A LA JAP.

EVERYTHING Japanese is the fashion just now, and the latest craze of the society

lady is the erection of a Japanese house in some portion of her grounds. The house is built of pine-wood, and there are two sets of windows, one of plain glass and one of ground glass, according to the Japanese fashion. The partitions between the rooms can be moved at will, and the whole interior thrown into one. The building is slightly raised from the ground (as is every house in Japan), and it is of godly size, about forty feet by twenty feet. When this model building is completed it will be a delightful addition to the grounds.

Japanese gardens are also very popular, and form a quaint addition to a park. A little bit of water is an indispensable feature in such a garden, and it ought to be surmounted by a tiny bridge. A tall flowering shrub or tree should be planted in one corner, so that one side should be purple with wistaria, or pink and white with cherry blossom.

DROLL STORIES OF BROADWAY—NO. 1.

How Reggie Morningside mixed some dates and involved his worthy employer and three charming women in a comedy of errors.

REGGIE MORNINGSIDE was not a man who seriously intended to work mischief on his fellow-creatures. He was simply a good-natured, well-meaning idiot who usually said or did the wrong thing. He was the kind of man who carries his umbrella in triumph throughout a hot summer, but leaves it at home the day the weather breaks up.

But it was when Reggie took a hand in other people's affairs that he really shone.

Perhaps the most remarkable mess that he ever dragged himself and others into was a little matter connected with a couple of wrongly addressed telegrams.

It happened like this. Reggie was at that time confidential clerk to a lawyer named Peterfield.

"I've had two seats sent me for the theatre, Morningside," he said, "so you might wire to my wife, asking her to meet me here at the office.

"And while you are about it, you might send off this wire to Mrs. Fitzhugh, the actress. It's a very awkward case, but it seems the best thing to do. Don't forget to fill in the address. You have it in your book."

How he managed to do it Heaven alone knows, but, in some mysterious way, he wired to Mrs. Fitzhugh—a good-looking woman, for whom Mr. Peterfield was conducting a matrimonial case of extreme delicacy—the following message: "Have two seats for roof garden to-night. Meet me at the office."

While to Mr. Peterfield's wife, a young but highly nervous woman, he wired the joyful tidings: "Your husband's previous wife still living. Return home to parents immediately."

Mrs. Peterfield sent no reply to the wire, which rather surprised Reggie, who, of course, didn't know that she was in shrieking hysterics on the dining-room hearthrug, but Mrs. Fitzhugh's answer came within the hour: "Shall be delighted to go with you to the theatre."

Reggie was much puzzled. Why should a woman suggest a visit to the theatre because her husband had contracted a bigamous marriage?



In the course of an hour or two the truth dawned upon him.

Mrs. Fitzhugh lived at the Waldorf. He went there in haste and explained as delicately as possible that she had received the wrong telegram—"through a fool of a clerk," said Reggie, piously. He then added that the private detective employed on her case had discovered that her husband had been previously married and that his first wife was still living.

She was a pretty and really charming woman, and told him playfully that if he had robbed her of her husband, at least he mustn't disappoint her about the theatre. She had quite set her heart on going to the theatre that night.

What was to be done? "You see, Mr. Peterfield has arranged to take his wife," said Reggie, in perplexity.

"That doesn't matter," she said cheerfully. "What about you? Can't you take me?"

It was an awful suggestion to make to a model of suburban propriety. But Reggie was a bold man. He felt called upon to see the matter through.

When he left the house Reggie swung his umbrella violently, feeling that he was a bit of a sport and was managing things capitally. It occurred to him, however, to call on Mrs. Peterfield, who lived in Fifth avenue, to apologize for his error and explain matters.

His interview with Mrs. Peterfield was not a striking success. He found her fully dressed for a journey, with her trunks and boxes packed and lying ready in the hall. She seized him by both lapels of his coat and shrieked for her husband. Reggie stated that there had been a most unfortunate mistake.

Reggie begged her to be quite calm, as there was no need for alarm, but Mrs. Peterfield sprang to her feet indignantly, and asked him, with flashing eyes, how he dared to say that her husband was married to another woman.

"No, no, my dear madam," said Reggie, meekly, "you are quite wrong. Your husband is not married to this woman at all."

"Not married to her?" she screamed. "Then he ought to be."

Reggie explained that Mr. Peterfield had received two tickets for the theatre. "You see how it happened," he remarked, blandly; "I wired to you instead of to Mrs. Fitzhugh."

"Then he's taking this—creature to the theatre," she moaned, and, sitting down on the staircase, she sobbed convulsively.

Reggie now began to realize that he was getting out of his depth, so he snatched up his hat and fled.

He remembered that he had promised to accompany his wife to the parson's "at-home" that night, so it would be necessary to send her a wire. "Shall be late to-night," the wire ran; "detained by business." As an afterthought he added, "Send dress suit to office at once."

By the time he reached the office he found a reply from his wife awaiting him, to the effect that she was bringing up his dress suit herself. So he went out to dinner, and, to keep up his courage for approaching troubles, stood himself a bottle of wine and sundry cocktails.

When he returned to the office, Mr. Peterfield had returned, and Mrs. Peterfield had also called on her way to the depot, where she proposed to catch the 6:17 train and so reach her father's home the same night. She was still in a highly hysterical condition.

To make matters worse, Reggie's own wife, accompanied by his eldest son carrying his dress suit, had appeared on the scene.



Mrs. Morningside was a large, quietly overbearing woman, and having conceived the idea that it was in Mrs. Peterfield's company her husband proposed to wear his dress suit, she was saying all the offensive things that occurred to her and searching about for more.

"Will you be so good as to tell me, Morningside, what is the matter with these infernal women, and why are they here?" said Mr. Peterfield, politely.

"I will explain everything in three words," said Reggie, speaking slowly and with extreme care.

"Speaking as an infernal woman, I shall be glad to hear what you have to say, Mr. Morningside," said his wife gloomily.

"I shall make myself quite clear, my love," said Reggie, with a look of bland idiocy on his face. "This morning my principal, a most worthy man, received two tickets for the theatre."

Mr. Peterfield nodded his confirmation, and his wife wept absent-mindedly into her smelling bottle.

"And as he desired to take a lady with him, he instructed me to wire to Mrs. Fitzhugh."

"I not only wired to Mrs. Fitzhugh," continued Reggie, with a chuckle of amusement, "but I went to see her, and," with a half-drunken chuckle, "Mrs. Fitzhugh prefers to come to the theatre with me."

As if to lend additional point to his remark, the office door was suddenly flung open, and the office boy announced, in a shrill voice, "Mrs. Fitzhugh."

But Mr. Peterfield rose to the occasion superbly. He didn't know even then what had happened, or why everybody was so indignant with everybody else, but he realized the necessity for prompt measures. So he sent for three cabs, put Mrs. Fitzhugh in the first, gave her the theatre tickets, paid the fare, and sent her off with a hearty blessing. Into the second cab he bundled his confidential clerk.

"Take him home, Mrs. Morningside," he said briskly. "Goodness alone knows what's the matter with him, but I've had enough of his muddling."

In the third cab he placed his wife, who had again fainted in the nick of time, and took his seat by her side.

"What about the office, sir?" asked the junior clerk, as his master drove away.

"Hang the office!" said Mr. Peterfield, briefly.

JULY DAYS AMONG THE HOTEL PEOPLE.

By CHARLES T. CUNNINGHAM.

HILDRETH OUT OF THE BRESLIN.

IT has at last been decided that Walter E. Hildreth, of the West End Hotel, Long Branch, is not to be interested in the Hotel Breslin, that is being built on the site of the old Sturtevant House, Broadway and Twenty-ninth street.

James H. Breslin and George Bascom at first composed the firm. Breslin needs no introduction. Some time ago a proposition was made to Walter Hildreth that he become interested in the Breslin and he was offered a third interest for a certain sum. After thinking the matter over for a while Hildreth decided to accept the offer and become a partner. When he made known his intention to Breslin and Bascom, he was told that the price had been raised. Another stipulation was that he was to be the working member.

It didn't take Hildreth long to make up his mind. Giving all his attention to the hotel, which would involve his relinquishing his interest in other enterprises, was something he could not favorably consider, and consequently he told Breslin and Bascom that he would withdraw. The hotel is being rushed to completion, and no doubt will be opened late in the fall.

THE ORLEANS FOLLOWS SUIT.

A few years ago when the craze for building apartment-house hotels had started in this city, Horace Brockway, of the Ashland House, remarked that in a few years the new houses that were renting for fabulous sums could be obtained for one-half the rent. Others thought the same as Brockway, and the way things have been going of late the prediction seems to be coming true.

A week or so ago, the Hotel Wrightworth threw up the sponge. George L. Wright, the lessee, found with the high rent that he could not make it pay. Now along comes the Orleans, Columbus avenue and Eightieth street, that also finds it cannot meet its obligations, and throws the hotel back on to the hands of the owners.

The owners of the Orleans are the Imperial Construction Company. The Imperial Company is in fact Isaac D. Hopper, the Tammany leader in the Harlem district. The construction company has put in charge as manager, J. Charlton Rivers.

THE SEASON AT CONEY.

THE opening of the east end of Coney Island, which means Manhattan and Brighton Beach, marks the beginning of the season in full blast at the famous resort. Since last season the painter with his brush has been active at Manhattan Beach. The hotel presents a bright, fresh appearance and the lawns in front look as they always have looked, fresh and verdant. "Tom" Silleck, the manager, reports that the season's outlook is a bright one, the bookings being excellent.

At Brighton Beach Clark King has made many changes, notably in the interior of the hotel, on the ground floor. From a barn-like structure, as it was in the old days, King has made the first floor

of the Brighton Beach Hotel bloom like a flower garden. It was time something was done to embellish the hotel, for a better built summer hotel is not to be found on the Atlantic Coast.

George Durant and George Parker, in the "days of the Georges," as Thackeray would say, are with King again this season, and J. M. Lux, who was manager of the Victoria, in this city, has been engaged by King to act at Brighton as private bookkeeper.

SAM SKINNER AS A MANAGER.

IN Sam Skinner going to the Republican Club as manager, Seavey, at the Hotel Aspinwall, at Lenox, will lose his best man. Skinner has been with the Aspinwall since its opening some three years ago, and last winter he was with Seavey at Magnolia, Florida.

How Skinner will like managing a club remains to be seen. He is an affable fellow, gray-haired enough to be dignified, and experienced enough to be successful. C. W. Shepherd has been successful at the Union League, Ike Steinfeld has been many years at the Lotos Club, and William Kelly is giving satisfaction at the Strollers. All these men were successful out in the hotel world, and there is no reason why Skinner should not make a success of it at the Republican Club. John T. Devine, of the Shoreham, Washington, was once offered the management of the Union League Club, of this city. He declined the offer. Devine knew what he was about. But there are very few men who can afford to be as independent as John T. Devine.

THE FUTURE OF THE SHERMAN SQUARE.

NOW that every stick of furniture has been sold and taken away the Sherman Square Hotel does, indeed, present a gloomy look. Walter Lawrence, who managed the hotel during the lifetime of his father, wanted to lease from the family the hotel, but the members of his own family wanted him to return to the real estate business.

It was reported that Flake and Dowling had bought the property at the sale recently. Flake was one of the buyers, but not Dowling. It was Frank Tilford who went into the purchase with Flake, and it is said that they have bought the property for an investment.

A SILENT PILOT.

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BROADWAY WEEKLY

from] No. 50 to No. 62 contains many fine portraits of society leaders.

The 13 numbers mailed for \$1.00

you can climb, the places of interest you can visit, and the roads you can wheel or tramp. The Lackawanna Railroad has just issued a set of colored maps on a large scale, showing the territory reached by its lines in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. These maps give every highway, post office, trolley line and railroad, and are so bound that they can be conveniently carried in the pocket. They are invaluable to automobile tourists and travelers and should be owned by every one who wishes to be informed on the geography of these three States. The entire set in a neat cover may be had by sending ten cents in stamps to T. W. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, New York City.

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VACATION TIME FOR THE PLAYER FOLK.

FEW players strut the local stage in this summer time, although there are several of the cleverest companies braving the heat and stress of weather, much to the gratification of those who do not leave town, or of such visitors who come to New York from the outer world for their vacation.

It has been said that any attraction which can bring dollars into the box office of a New York theatre during midsummer may be certain of a long season on the road; and this is what can be claimed for some of the current offerings. That they are all of the musical and high comedy class is probably the reason of their success.

Raymond Hitchcock, who has achieved great things because he is not only a singer and a comedian, but a most finished actor, closed last week for the vacation, at the Broadway Theatre, in "The Yankee Consul." Mr. Hitchcock has the advantage of what may be called a summery physique. He would appear cool amid Vesuvian blazes. The entire production had a tropical atmosphere, suggesting cooling drinks, evening zephyrs, and airy dress, which carried the imagination many miles from the burning pavements of Broadway.

No little reason for the attractiveness of the performance was the fact that the company apparently enjoyed the work as much as the patrons. But actors need rest like other people.

FARMER COLLIER IS ACTING STILL.

WILLIAM COLLIER is making up for the time lost earlier in the season because he could not find a suitable play. He declines to loosen his grip at the Criterion Theatre, where he is showing how he would rule a country if he had his own way, in Richard Harding Davis' play, "The Dictator." The star is known to fame also as a farmer of some skill, and he usually spends all his summers at his estate at St. James, Long Island, where he also runs a stock company at a little theatre, which is comprised of all the other many theatrical people who live in the little valley.

It may interest those who have seen Mr. Collier in "The Dictator," to know that he spends his Sundays at St. James, and that with Charles Bigelow he sings in the Episcopal Church choir every Sabbath morning, and that he is a member of the Smithtown School Board. De Wolf Hopper is also a member of the choir, but he is playing in "Wang" at Manhattan Beach and buying sparkling Ruinart.

HIPPODROME FOR NEW YORK CITY.

APIECE of very interesting news was the announcement that New York is to have a winter circus. London and Paris have maintained such establishments all the year round, and there has always been of recent years a wish that this city should be blessed with a similar institution.

There is a large wealthy class in New York which likes to have a place to which they can take children for lighter, active and innocent amusement. Now their wish is surely to be gratified, because the men who are behind the project know the business thoroughly, and have already won the confidence of the public in another line of effort.

Frederick Thompson, of Thompson & Dundy, proprietors of Luna Park, states that they have given the Fuller Construction Company the con-

tract for the erection of a winter hippodrome on the plot of land in Sixth avenue between Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets, formerly occupied as car barns. The building is to cover a space fronting 200 feet on Sixth avenue and 240 feet deep, and it will have a seating capacity of 5,400.

According to the contract the building is to be completed January 1, 1905. Thompson & Dundy have secured a ninety-nine year leasehold on the land from the United States Realty Company, the owners, of which the Fuller Company is a part.

It is their plan to use the new building as a winter circus for hippodromic attractions of this



FLORA ZABELLE.

The young Armenian actress of "The Yankee Consul" company, who is enjoying a well-earned rest after a long season. Miss Zabelle is one of Manager Savage's most reliable and handsome young prime donne.

country and Europe. Outside of Madison Square Garden it will have the largest seating capacity of any playhouse in the city. The deal has been brought to a close and the building will be erected on plans prepared by Frederick Thompson.

MRS. W. J. LE MOYNE has been engaged for A. M. Palmer's all-star revival of "The Two Orphans," which will begin a tour in September.

HARRISON GREY FISKE, who holds a contract with Maurice Maeterlinck for the American rights of "Monna Vanna," has received sketches and photographs of several of the European productions of the play, including those

made in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and Hamburg. Mr. Maeterlinck considers the production given in Hamburg the most artistic. "Monna Vanna" will be produced by Mrs. Fiske and her company at the Manhattan Theatre next season.

TWO new contestants for vaudeville honors are Robert T. Haines and Laura Hope Crewes, who will appear jointly at the Proctor houses in a comedietta by Genevieve Haines, entitled "A Happy Morning," during the weeks of July 11 and 18. Mr. Haines was leading man with Miss Blanche Bates in "The Darling of the Gods" during the last two seasons, while Miss Crewes was late the leading lady of Robert Edson.

WILLIAMS and Walker, with the sixty other American negroes who make up their theatrical company, have been abroad since April, 1903. In that time they have filled a nine months' engagement at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, and have toured the provinces.

CREATOR'S only appearance in New York this season is at Manhattan Beach, where he is now playing.

ERNA and Jennie Gasch are two young women acrobats who have been exciting much comment recently at Hammerstein's Paradise Roof Garden. They are German girls, aged respectively eighteen and twenty years of age, and Erna, the younger of the two, has been performing before the public since she was seven years old. Jennie, the other sister, has acquired remarkable facility in head balancing. They began in Branlenburg, Germany, their home town. For five years afterward the family traveled throughout Europe, England, North and South Africa. The two sisters then formulated an act in which they have appeared all over the world. Both young women have a wonderful muscular development due to their constant practice.

ONE of the sensations of next season is to be the first appearance here of Ermete Novelli, an Italian actor, who is said to be equally good in comedy and tragedy. He is young and thus has the advantage of Salvini and Rossi, whom we did not see until they were past middle age.

VICTOR HERBERT has completed the score for his new opera, "The Enchanted Isle," which Messrs. Hamlin, Mitchell and Fields will present early in the season at the Boston Theatre.

MISS ADA REHAN has signed a contract whereby she will star for five years in Shakespearean plays under the management of Sam S. Shubert. The agreement was brought about by Lee Shubert, who met Miss Rehan recently in London. She will appear alone at the head of a company which she will select herself.

LIEBLER & COMPANY announce the completion of their arrangements for the Rejane tour. She will come with her French company



ERNA AND JENNIE GASCH.

Really original and clever acrobats who are making their first appearance in this country at Hammerstein's Paradise Roof Garden. Their act is quite sensational.

from South America and open at the Lyric Theatre for four weeks, producing "La Montansier," "Hercule," "La Course" and "Flambeaux," "La Passerelle," "Ma Cousine," "La Robe Rouge," "Amoureuse," "Decore," "Un Spectacle Coup" and reviving "Zaza" and "Divorcons." She will stay in America a few weeks, but will visit New Orleans. Demesnil will be her leading man.

DOGS OF NOBLE DEGREE AT THE KENNEL SHOW.

(Continued from page 9)

Reina. This is the fifth time it has captured it. The champion is without doubt one of the finest Boston terriers ever exhibited.

The Toy Boston terriers were given much attention, and came from the Brookline Kennels, and one was entered by Dr. A. F. Mount, of Jersey City. Other classes worthy of special mention were—Dachshunds, Beagles, Fox, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Yorkshire, and Toy terriers.

The small class was well represented. Among them were prominent the Pomeranians, English Toy, and Japanese spaniels. Then there were the whippets, which offered some excitement to the closing of the show. The racing was quite interesting, because of its comparative rarity in this country.

The big event was the Brooklyn Dog Handicap for a purse of \$75, in four heats. Pictures of the prize winners will be found on pages 10 and 11 of this issue.

Champion Boylston Reina was brought out at Wakefield, autumn 1902, she took reserve winners to the celebrated champion Remlik Bonnie, under Mr. Hanley. Two months later at the Ladies, New York, she was placed over Bonnie in very large bitch classes by Mr. Mortimer. She was next shown at the W. K. C., New York, in February, 1903, under Mr. Brickley, and again defeated her rival, champion Remlik Bonnie.

A week later she took winners and best in show at Orange under Mr. Dale, at this time qualifying for "champion." Her next appearance was at the Ladies, New York, 1903, when she was shown much out of condition, having just weaned her second litter. Mr. Lacy very justly gave her "the gate."

At the N. E. K. Show, Boston, 1904, she took winners and best in show under Mr. Hanley, defeating 147 Boston terrier dogs and bitches of the very highest class. Since this time she has been shown for specials only, and at Atlantic City under Mr. Green took highest honors, and at Wissahickon repeated her success under Mr. Frank Dole.

In addition to Champion Bonnie, she has defeated such representative dogs as Champion Sportsman, Champion Stephen Rex, Champion Selwork Beauty, Champion Whisper and a long list of other well-known dogs.

At Mineola she again defeated all dogs and bitches. Her last win, at Brighton Beach, was a repetition of her former successes, in addition to which she took a special prize for best bitch of any breed.

THE GREAT PLASTIC SURGEON A. L. NELDEN, M. D.



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In Overcoming Defective Nature

The Marvellous Results Obtained from Remodelling the Human Face.

The Artist's Truest Ideal of Perfection Can Be Attained.

For the past eighteen years Dr. A. L. Nelden has devoted his entire time to the perfection of plastic surgery, with the special end in view, namely, to perform delicate operations without leaving disfiguring or even noticeable scars, and during these years he has performed thousands of these delicate operations, upon the face in particular, for the removal and correction of various deformities with results which have met the most sanguine hopes of the patient and even astonished the medical profession who have witnessed the operations, for they would not believe that these operations could be performed until, by seeing the skilful and painless methods employed, they were compelled to acknowledge this new department in minor surgery and the high standing of Dr. Nelden as a surgeon. Dr. Nelden has established the "ONLY REAL INSTITUTE OF BEAUTY" IN THE WORLD, where every means are employed for Health and Beauty. His large four-story Sanitarium has Departments of Dermatology, Plastic Surgery, Osteopathy, Electricity and all kinds of baths, X-Ray, Radium and Ultra-Violet Ray Apparatus, the new Violet-Ray Baths and a new Hot-Air Reducing Apparatus.

Dr. Nelden's scientific method in correcting and removing irregularities or deformities of the face GUARANTEES perfect results. He positively makes faces. He can reproduce the natural contour, raise the flabby, drooping cheeks, erase the scowl between the eyes, obliterate all wrinkles. A broad NOSE narrowed, a Roman nose easily straightened, an overhanging tip shortened, a sunken nose raised; EARS are artistically shaped and set back properly, eyes are made larger or smaller, LIPS are made thicker or thinner, chins are shortened or elongated; BIRTH-MARKS, SCARS, PITTINGS eradicated, hollow cheeks and bony necks filled out. All facial eruptions and blemishes safely and permanently removed. His operations are speedy and ENTIRELY PAINLESS. They do not keep the patient indoors. The same watchful care is given to the patient which his family doctor would give. If you cannot call for FREE CONSULTATION send 5c. stamps for interesting, instructive pamphlets about all kinds of home treatments.

MRS. G. H. GILBERT TO STAR.

THE thousands of admirers of Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, the grand old woman of the American stage, were delighted with the announcement that Manager Frohman had decided to star her next season in a new play by Clyde Fitch, called "Granny." Surely no woman in the world, of any position in life, had such a glorious opportunity for closing a great professional career as Mrs. Gilbert. Distinguished above all others in her calling, she is to reach even higher honors than have already fallen to her lot.

She began her stage life as a dancer at the old Haymarket, in London, under the name of Miss Hartley. In 1846 she married George H. Gilbert, who was also a dancer, and three years later the pair came to this country. She did her first dramatic work at John Ellsler's Theatre, in Cleveland, and entered Augustin Daly's company in 1869.

She played old woman characters with Daly's company for years, and was affectionately called "Grandma" by all the members of the company, including "the Governor" himself. Her long service with the Daly company forms a great part of the history of the stage in this country. She joined Charles Frohman's forces in 1899 and was assigned to Annie Russell's company, making her first appearance with Miss Russell in "Miss Hobbs." She has since played with Miss Russell in "A Royal Family," "The Girl and the Judge" and "Mice and Men."

Last season she supported Miss Russell in "The Younger Mrs. Parling."

DE WOLF HOPPER MYSTERY.

MEMBERS of the Lambs Club and the social centers of which De Wolf Hopper is an ornament have for years accorded him the privilege of smoking a beautiful briar pipe without protest. He has smoked it in the theatre, on the street, after dinner, and upon every occasion when he felt the need of its soothing. But, alas, the pipe has vanished, and now he sports cigars; but still the weed does not touch his Hyperion lips. A valuable long stem of amber acts as a conduit for the whiffs of smoke which pass and repress his pearly teeth.

Why the discard of a pipe and why the substitution of an amber stem?

The chorus in "Wang," who all love Mr. Hopper, will give only one explanation.

It is kissing!

They claim that the tall comedian is an artistic and confirmed kisser. He has never been known

Manhattan Beach

DE WOLF HOPPER

IN
"WANG."

Evenings at 9.

Saturday Matinee at 3.

PAIN'S FIREWORKS

"Tripoli—1804."

SHANNON'S BAND CONCERTS

EVERY AFTERNOON and SUNDAY EVENINGS.

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ORIENTAL HOTEL

American Plan

J. P. GREAVES, Manager

See time tables in New York and Brooklyn dailies for L. I. R. R. service from 34th Street and B. R. T. from Brooklyn.

to appear in any play that part of his business was not to osculate. The higher the development of his accomplishment, the daintier Mr. Hopper has been observed to grow. Some expert at the Lambs advised him that an amber mouth-piece would guard his pinky lips from germs, and make it more acceptable for the kisses; and so the finest piece of imported amber was procured for Mr. Hopper. It made its debut in front of the Gilsey House last week.

"THE PRINCE OF PILSEN"
GRADUATES.

LONDON is taking an unusual interest in the personalities of the members of "The Prince of Pilsen." Speaking of the point that the characters of the parts are frivolous and light, M. A. P. says: "One would not think that there were men in the company who have won honors in the sober world of learning. Mr. Victor Morley, who plays the part of the *Earl of Shrimpton*, is a nephew of the Right Hon. John

Morley, and a distinguished graduate from Oxford. Mr. Albert Krausse is a graduate of both Leipsic and Heidelberg.

"Mr. Charles Sinclair, the stage manager, is 'with honors' from the University of Wisconsin, and that delightful comedian, Mr. John W. Ransome, who has made the inquiry, 'Vas you effer in Tzincinnati?' as great a nuisance as 'Now we shan't be long' and 'Fancy meeting you!' was one of the first graduates of the University of Missouri.

"Among the ladies of the company are to be found graduates and former pupils of Wellesley, Vassar, Bryn Mawr and several other institutions which make a feature of feminine education. It is, no doubt, this congregation of intellectual brightness which explains the general effectiveness of the entertainment.

"Every person in 'The Prince of Pilsen,' male and female, plays a part of his or her own, and whether it has lines to it or not, it has intelligence."

Which is both creditable and fair on the part of the English critics.

IN PREPARATION. A BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING
Special Coney Island Number
of BROADWAY WEEKLY

A
Work
of Art



AND AS USEFUL AS
IT IS BEAUTIFUL

BROADWAY WEEKLY'S
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The Handsomest and Most Strikingly Artistic of All the Calendars

THE THEATRE CALENDAR for 1904 is beautifully gotten up in most elaborate style, and contains magnificent reproductions of portraits of the following favorite players: Miss Edna Wallace Hopper, in "The Silver Slipper;" Miss Anna Held, in "The Little Duchess;" Mrs. Leslie Carter, in "Du Barry;" Miss Blanche Walsh, in "Resurrection;" Miss Lillian Russell as "The Marquis;" Miss Mabelle Gilman, in "The Mocking Bird;" Miss Julia Marlowe in "Queen Fiammetta;" Miss Blanche Ring, in "The Blonde in Black;" Miss Annie Russell, in "Mice and Men;" Miss Cecelia Loftus, as "Ophelia;" Miss Irene Bentley, in "The Girl from Dixie;" Miss Henrietta Crossman in "The Sword of the King." Each picture is printed in ten colors, and is in an artistically colored frame, forming a calendar of 12 pictures, one for each month, tied up with a ribbon and put in a box.

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AN ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

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CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear something to your advantage by addressing BROADWAY WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.

READ WHAT THE WISE EDITOR HAS TO SAY.

THE circus comes to town once a year, but there is only one performance of the great political-Presidential show once every four years, thanks to the framers of the Constitution. The politicians of these days would have made a continuous performance of it. Divested of wire-pulling, shorn of all trimmings by the bare necessities of nominating and vote-casting, a Presidential election would be a peaceful and deliberate function, and not a frothing Mont Pelee. There has been a notable improvement in tone and methods of conducting campaigns, and in a few years we may be able to conduct our municipal and national elections without manufactured hysteria and pyrotechnical accompaniment. Let us hope that in a little while the poor men who give up all their days and nights professionally to selecting candidates and writing platforms for us will find honest work, and allow the Republic to figure out its own salvation.

EVEN if the administration has been all that its friends claim for it, there is room for improvement. Instead of damning itself with praise, it would have been more becoming had the Republican party pointed out the work to be done in reforming abuses and passing equitable legislation, independently of any class, creed, or previous condition.

THE vital question for the voters at large is: "Does the luxury of a spectacular President such as Colonel Roosevelt compensate for the millions and millions of dollars increase in the expenditures?"

WHERE is the dinner pail campaign cry? The full dinner pail has been emptied, and it needs refilling. How does President, or rather Candidate, Roosevelt propose to do it?

VERILY, the American people want deeds, not words. We have had all the words in the dictionary. Where, oh, where are the deeds?

NO ice will be needed in the Republican headquarters this summer. There will be plenty of cooling draughts of Wabash water bottled by Fairbanks and Company.

IT was quite a happy thought to select Mr. Cortelyou as manager of the campaign. Being a born and educated musician, he knows all about notes; but those which he will handle this summer will be even more musical than the ones he used to sing at the Boston Conservatory of Music. Then, even gold has a jingle which falls sweetly on the ear.

OYSTER BAY is rather a paradoxical name for the residence of a loquacious and strenuous statesman. Yet the voice of the Republican candidate can no more stem the waves of popular distrust than could that of Canute the Saxon king compel the incoming tide to recede.

THE great Republican Department Store is now open. A large stock of gloves, cash registers, post-office supplies, gravestones and useful goods are on sale by the gentlemanly floor-walkers and shoplifters.

WAR cries for the Republican campaign: "Peace be with you," from Dr. Dowie, who is supporting Colonel Roosevelt, or "War is hell; but I love it," from the Strenuous One.

HERE we are the most progressive nation on earth, celebrating the Glorious Fourth with the invention of the least progressive nation on earth; and yet we exclude the Chinese. The suffering American citizen over the age of twelve wouldn't care if we excluded the fireworks also.

EXCLUSIVE POLITICAL NEWS.

DURING the Presidential campaign, BROADWAY WEEKLY will publish, each week, very interesting news of the political doings, paying particular attention to the movements of all the big national leaders of both parties. The information used will be gathered from the most reliable sources, and will appeal especially to the citizen who is not identified with any machine organization.

BROADWAY WEEKLY does not profess to compete with the daily press in the purveyance of news, but it does claim to present expert political comment of the most deliberate and truthful character.

The manner in which both the nominations of the Republican and Democratic parties were made, with the inside history of how wires were pulled by those influential and skilled in the political management, will be a feature of the following issue of BROADWAY WEEKLY.

From time to time the most recent photographs of political celebrities and events of the campaign will be displayed in the highest form of artistic reproduction. The pictures so offered will be worthy of preservation and suitable for framing.

Clubs and individuals who desire a supply of such reproductions should give convenient notice by addressing the Business Manager of BROADWAY WEEKLY, No. 225 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ROOSEVELT MINSTRELS GO ON TOUR.

FOR several weeks Lew Dockstader and his manager, the Chesterfieldian James Decker, have been depressed and almost broken-hearted, and the Rialto has wondered why the flowing bowl has been allowed to remain empty on the shelf at Browne's, and the great delineator of negro character has been unknissed by the liquid zephyrs which waft along the Broadway Pike.

Like another distinguished gentleman who did a black-face act—one Othello of Venice—Mr. Dockstader is likely to be undone, not by the sweet caresses of maiden fair, but by the most stupendous, mastodonic aggregation of amalgamated and strenuous performers who ever projected a panoramic, kaleidoscopic, picturesque and operatic exhibition of minstrelsy that the universe has been called upon to patronize.

The Roosevelt Imperial Minstrels are now putting the finishing touches to their production at dress rehearsals, and in a few days the tour will begin at Oyster Bay, which can present quite as critical an audience as Redhook, Terre Haute, Kalamazoo, or Kankakee.

And well does James Decker know it. Mr. Decker is of a highly sympathetic nature. He has not yet announced that he will found a home for retired minstrel men; but his heart always

on such buildings as Park Row Building, New York; the Auditorium, Chicago; the Call Building, San Francisco; the Prudential, Newark, and all the great railroad depots, from the deep blue lakes of Bluenose Land to the golden shore of the Southern Gulf, and the shimmering sands of the Pacific to the bounding willowy billows of the Old Atlantic.

Whew!

There will not be one number musically which has not been written by the star. He will render the most selections; conduct the orchestra; do all the plain and fancy dancing; manage the stage; make all the jokes, and remain in view of the audience all the time. He will also keep his eye on the box office, count the house, sign the free passes, aid the iron-handed ushers, and serve the ice water with the help of the Human Icicle of the Wabash, who will provide the ice.

As a concession, he has consented to permit a few of the ablest performers to appear in specialties, and fill in the time when he is otherwise occupied.

For instance, Billy Black, the world-renowned stump speaker, will have five minutes to speak in praise of the star, for which he may be liberally applauded. Uncle Joe Cannon, who signed with the company, was discharged after the first rehearsal, because he delivered a joke not in his part. Dr. Crum, a favorite in the South, is to sing, "On the Oyster Bay Plantation," but he is not to be applauded. One verse will give some idea of the happy effort:

When de sun am shining on de old plantation,
Far away on de shores ob Oyster Bay;
Den de darkies dey will hab de jubilation,
And de little pickanninies dance so gay.
De only policy dat's now before de nation,
Is de one dat gibs de numbers ebery day;
Four-eleven-forty-four is ma salvation,
Dats de combination for de colored folks to play.

"Who Wants de Iceman?" by Brer Fairbanks, is another de-light-ful number; but the end men will not be allowed to use any jokes about the Fairbanks far away.

Neither will any reference be permitted to Fairbanks scales. Everything is to be very Rosey.

Sentiment and humor are blended in the musical number arranged for Booker Washington. It is dedicated to the new bird selected for the Minstrel coat of arms, the revered and toothsome chicken. One verse runs:



THE ONLY PEERLESS ONE.

When de clouds have covered in de night,
And birds no longer sing,
Along de pathway tro' de corn,
We'll cut de pigeon wing.
To de little old hen-coop on de hill,
Where de chicken is all alone,
And neber will we part again
Until we throw away de bone.



BLACK ON THE STUMP.

It would be almost impossible to offer a tithe of the many rich things in store for the public, when the Imperial Minstrels open the theatre doors.

Even in the box office there will be an attraction in the person of the Courtly Cortelyou, who will take in all the receipts with a smile and a gentlemanly bow.

So no wonder Messrs. Dockstader and Decker weep.

It will be hard going for any troupe or circus which crosses the path of the Imperials, and their street parades will be headed by Platt and Depew, in a golden chariot. They are the old-time attraction. Both will appear in an old-folks act and render plantation melodies.

Look out for the unrivalled Roosevelt Imperial Minstrels. See bills for future notices.

It would be impossible in one minstrel show to present all the attractions at the command of the Imperial manager and proprietor; and there will be several annexes to the main performance, which, however, will be quite as stirring as the indoor acts.

A realistic representation of a fight at sea by a real navy of real warships will be given whenever the proximity to the sea will allow; and it is expected that even the performance may be given at inland places, as the management is now in consultation with the government bureaus

FIRST ANNUAL TOUR of the ROOSEVELT IMPERIAL MINSTRELS

Under the management of the
PEERLESS STAR, THE ONLY ONE

Musical Director.....	Theodore Roosevelt
Treasurer.....	Theodore Roosevelt
Stage Manager.....	Theodore Roosevelt
Programmer.....	Theodore Roosevelt
Costumes by.....	Theodore Roosevelt
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Advance Agent.....	Theodore Roosevelt
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Songs and Dances by.....	Theodore Roosevelt
Head Usher.....	Theodore Roosevelt
Master of Transportation.....	Theodore Roosevelt

AND EVERY DETAIL UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PEERLESS—THE ONLY ONE

at Washington, to devise ways of transporting the fleets overland. As the Imperial manager says this must be done, it is certain to be accomplished.

Then the great outdoor attraction will be a Wild West exhibition, in which many hundreds of cowboys, veterans of San Juan, rough-riders, athletes, pugilists, wrestlers, jiu jitsu experts and tribes of Indians, scouts, and an entourage of marksmen, hunters, guides and plainsmen will take part.

The Imperial proprietor will so contrive that he will be the leader in all the demonstrations, in conjunction with the minstrel show. If he is unable to do so, the audiences will remain seated until he is ready.

The tent shows will be conducted on the same plan, and there will be vaudeville performances. The manager thinks that a continuous performance will be absolutely necessary, and the staff and artists in every department will work all 'round the clock. Each man will carry a blanket, which he may use at any time he is not occupied, for forty winks, but all must be within sound of the bugle.

A number of Spaniards are to be carried with the aggregation, so that vivid and lifelike pictures may be offered. They will be prepared to suffer at the hands of the troops which participated under the gallant Imperial Commander in the real war.

Then the Filipinos, Porto Ricans, Cubans, Hawaiians, and natives of the new and prospective colonies will all make their tribute to the great showman.



TWO CAKE WALKERS.

Many tribes and peoples will be represented which are not yet vassals of the Imperial household, but they will be when the Imperial manager has time to commence a few more wars and expeditions.

Fifty ambulances and several hundred army surgeons under the command of General Wood are to follow the great caravan. A huge tent, formerly used as a three-ring scheme by Barnum, has been acquired, and each man's kit will include a portable hospital bed and small medicine chest.

This marvelous plan of transportation will revolutionize the entire theatrical and circus business, as every performer will in future be independent of the terrible baggage-smasher and camp follower. The ice-water problem has been settled by the engagement of the Fairbanks icicle, and the pink lemonade men are de-light-ed.

In fact DE-LIGHT will be the slogan of the great combined, cosmopolitan, cosmoramic, constellated, caustic, concentrated and cacalinatory amalgamation.

This will also be the password for all who have business within the lines. Popcorn will be real poppy, and contain real self-explosive shot. None other is genuine.



PLATT AND DEFEW.

Every person connected with the companies, tribes, or exhibitions, will possess a broncho, which he is to care for, and groom, feed, and equip. The party will travel together, and the Imperial manager has aroused much enthusiasm because he insists in following his performers in a special train of private cars, from stand to stand.

On all occasions he will wear cowboy costume on the stage and off, so that visitors and audience will be able to salute the man who is responsible for so much happiness.

Get on this band wagon at once, or you will miss the greatest privilege offered the people of any land since Old Noah and his caravan landed on Mount Ararat.

After this the Deluge, as we say in the French!

LONDON'S OPINION CRITICIZED.

THE attack, some time since, by the *London Globe* on the American chorus girls, has called forth some pretty strong words on this side of the water relative to the truth of the matter, and rightly so. The protest has found a culmination in some minds in the Nan Patterson case. This one-time member of the "Florodora" sextette (and who was not at one time a member of that body) has been spoken of in nearly all the papers as "a prominent actress." Under the circumstances, the notoriety cannot but be rather a slur on the character of America's prominent actresses. As a matter of fact, the chorus girl is much maligned. It is certainly in poor taste for the English papers to speak upon the subject. Some of the liveliest young women that ever made New York hum came from the other side of the water. There are girls and girls, as well as choruses and choruses. The average chorus girl—and we must take the average in any line of thought—is a self-respecting, hard-working product of American independence. She thinks for herself and acts for herself, and is not beholden to an escort if she wants to walk about the streets in the evening. For that matter, neither are hundreds of the proudest damsels in homes of riches and refinement. The average chorus girl really wants to be something better, and, although she does not do it for that reason, and though the public does not look at it in that light, is starting at the right end of the ladder to reach a lasting and proper fame. When a chorus girl achieves anything, she does it from ability and hard work. "Achieve" is used advisedly. Some achieve a temporary fame in a not altogether pleasant way. But they are isolated cases.



THE HUMAN ICICLE.

CHATTER OF THE RAILBIRDS ALONG THE TURNPIKE.

MATINEE idols have their afternoons, but there are comedians who have their nights. One of the latter is Eddie Foy. It is not generally known that there are men of millions who will go to a theatre to see Eddie Foy in any kind of a play.

If the funny and heroic comedian were to appear in "Hamlet" these men would go to laugh. They always pre-empt the two lower right-hand boxes. Perhaps the most constant attendant is the Heinze of the fifty-seven different varieties.

And when Eddie sings—Heaven save the mark—even if he roasts the trusts, they all laugh so heartily as to secure him several encores. He may not be a matinee idol, but he is certainly an evening hero.

WILBUR BATES ON THE BOULEVARD.

CONSIDERING the responsible position he occupies in the confidence of Klaw & Erlanger, Wilbur M. Bates is seen less in public than any man who takes care of the publicity end of the theatrical business. And Mr. Bates is very different from any of the other gentlemen in his line.

It is probable that Mr. Bates does not mean it, but he is very abrupt in his dealings. Contrary to the other gentlemen who control the press end of things, Mr. Bates is very particular about what he gives out. It is generally small in quantity, and he handles it very much like a cabinet minister making a statement about the tariff.

But there is no more loyal or industrious or brainy man employed by any of the big theatrical firms. And maybe Mr. Bates won't kick when he reads this paragraph, if he does.

That is another of Mr. Bates' ideas. He wants nothing said about himself.

But what do we care?

Along the Pike he appears occasionally, but he does not linger, and his sartorial passing is over all too quickly.

HARRY MORRIS WILL SUIT BROADWAY.

HARRY MORRIS, who is to be the new partner for Joseph Weber, will be a hit on Broadway. He is one of the funniest men in an original way on the stage. His style is peculiarly his own, and while he has not appeared much of late because he has been managing his own companies on the road, he can present as funny stage pictures and has as much business to embellish his work as any other of the comedians doing the same class of parts.

So far as he has gone, Mr. Weber has displayed much tact and good business sense in getting his company together. With Elfie Fay, Harry Morris, and Aubrey Boucicault, there will be new life in the productions as well as new faces.

WE ARE IN LOVE WITH ELEANOR.

ANYONE who sees Eleanor Falk doing any kind of a turn on the stage, whether it is in vaudeville, opera, or drama, takes away a heart photograph of the smiling and clever little girl. She has all the magnetism necessary for stellar honors, and before she is much older she will head her own company or the prophets are wrong.

It is a notable fact that she can always get dates at the roof gardens or any of the best vaudeville houses in and around New York, but

she is worth a more prolonged effort. Her work in "A Chinese Honeymoon" after Adele Ritchie had left the cast was a treat.

BACK FROM THE SIERRAS.

THE racing colors of James F. Lee have again appeared along the Pike. For two years the literary and Broadway world has missed the humor and bonhomie of James. He has been living on his ranch in the Sierras, and looks it; yet his garb proved that he had kept in touch with the habit-makers to royalty.

He is especially amazed at the extent which automobiling has reached, and within twenty-four hours after his valet had fixed his quarters, Mr. Lee was visiting the big garages along the Pike, pricing Panhards, Wintons, and the various brands of flying machines on view.

"I'm prepared for one contingency," said Gentleman James; "I have the roll to put up for cash bail, if my chauffeur is pinched."

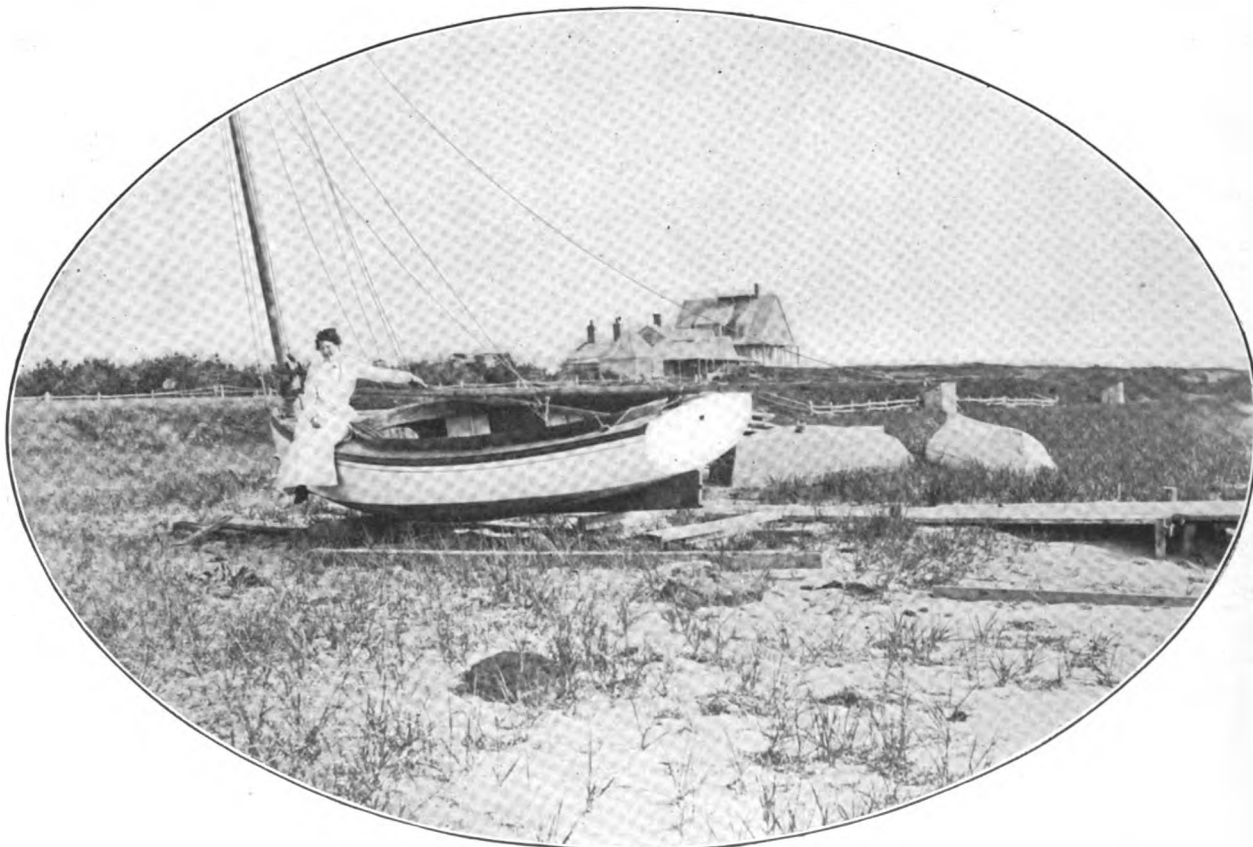
TRIXIE IS COMING HOME.

THERE can be no doubt that Trixie Friganza made a hit in London with "The Prince of Pilsen," and when it was announced that she was coming home there was wonderment.

But it is stated authoritatively that she is compelled to do so because of business, apart from professional reasons. It was thought she would bring a coronet along with her, and I am half inclined to think that her home-coming has something to do with ante-nuptial arrangements.

What is King Edward's loss will be the New York Johnnies' gain, that is if she visits Elfie Fay's estate at Bath Beach, which I am sure she will do.

J. D. B.



FRIENDS can see from the picture, that Bertha Galland is enjoying herself as well as taking a good rest after her season in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Miss Galland has owned a place at Siasconsett on the island of Nantucket for three years, and she has just been elected a School Trustee.

Before she starts out in October on tour, she

BERTHA GALLAND AND HER YACHT "DOROTHY VERNON" HIGH AND DRY AT SIASCONSETT.

will attend meetings, and arrange with her fellow trustees how the young idea shall be taught to shoot at 'Sconsett next winter.

As women vote for school trustees there, it is easy to see that Miss Galland is looked upon as

a champion of her sex. She has thus tied the record of Willie Collier, who is a school trustee at Smithtown township, St. James, L. I.

During the merry days in old Derbyshire, the women of the Rutland family were noted for their interest in all the affairs of the peasantry, and no doubt Miss Galland is a Lady Bountiful in quaint 'Sconsett.

DROLL STORIES OF BROADWAY—NO. 2.

How Gracie Muldoon married a poor but handsome clerk, abandoned her art and saved a small fortune without knowing it.

NOBODY was jealous when Gracie Muldoon, one of George Lederer's show girls, was married to Chauncey Howard Bernstein. He was handsome, it is true, but he had no fortune and worked every day in the bank of Kuloffowsky & Company, in Wall Street. Gracie was pretty and had some talent with splendid prospects, and many thought she might prove to be an Edna May No. 2, so the other girls were just as



glad that she retired from the stage. Indeed, they all advised her that she was doing a very sensible thing, and they clubbed together and bought her a Peruvian diamond ring on the eve of her wedding.

However, love was but little recompense for the glory of the footlights' glare, and as she felt that she had been born for all the refinements and all the luxuries of life, she suffered incessantly. She dreamt of grand salons hung with ancient silk, of elaborate furniture, of precious ornaments, and of gorgeous-liveried footmen. When she sat at dinner, the table-cloth stained with three weeks' usage, her husband would smilingly lift the dish-cover, saying, complacently: "Ah, an excellent stew; I don't know of anything better than that."

One evening her husband entered with a triumphant air, holding in his hand a large envelope. "Here is something for you," he said. "We have been invited to attend Mrs. Kuloffowsky's reception."

"What use is that to me?" she inquired, half angrily.

"But, my dearest, I thought that you would be so delighted. You never go anywhere, and this is a splendid opportunity. I had great difficulty in getting the invitation. All the fashionable world will be there; it is a most stylish affair, and very few of the employees are invited. You will see all the principal officials."

She looked at him irritably. "And what must I wear if I go there?" He had not thought about that.

"Well, the dress you wear for the theatre. That seems to me quite good enough."

He stopped, stupefied, to find that his wife was weeping. "What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing. But as I have not a toilette I consequently cannot accept the invitation. Give

the card to one of your colleagues who has a better-dressed wife."

He felt sorry for her. "Look here, Gracie! How much will a suitable costume cost, a gown as simple as possible, and one that will serve you for other occasions?"

"I cannot say exactly, but I think that I should be able to get something decent for one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars." He went just a little pale. The former sum exactly he had reserved for the coming summer. However, he said: "Very good. I will give you all I have. But see that you have a pretty dress."

"You can wear natural flowers; they always look pretty. For a dollar or two you can buy some magnificent roses." But she would not be convinced.

"No; there is nothing more humiliating than to be poorly dressed among a lot of rich women."

"You are stupid!" suddenly cried her husband. "Go to your rich friend, Mrs. Clark, and ask her to lend you some jewelry. You know her well enough to ask a favor like that!"

The next morning she was at her friend's house, telling her tale of woe.

Mrs. Clark went to her wardrobe and took out a large jewel-case. "Choose, my dear," she said to Gracie.

"Oh, yes. Search. I do not know what will please you."

Gracie found in a box lined with black satin a superb necklace of diamonds.

"Will you lend me this?" she demanded, her voice shaking with anxiety.

"Yes, certainly."

The night of the party arrived and Gracie had a great success. All the men wanted to dance with her, and the Secretary himself paid her some pretty compliments.

A cab brought the pair to their door in the gray of the morning, and they entered sadly.

She removed her cloak and stood in front of the mirror, so that she might take a last look at herself in her glory. Suddenly she gave a startled cry. The collar of brilliants no longer encircled her throat. She turned to her husband, her voice hoarse with fright:

"I have—I have lost Mrs. Clark's necklace!"

And they looked in the folds of her dress and mantle. They searched everywhere, and found nothing.

"I will go over the ground that we have covered, to see if it should by chance be there," he said. He returned about seven o'clock. His search had been in vain.

At the end of the week they had lost all hope of finding the vanished necklace.

And Gracie, looking five years older, said: "It will be necessary for us to replace it."

Then the pair went to jeweler after jeweler, looking for a necklace similar to the missing one.

At length they found a chaplet of diamonds which appeared to them exactly like the one they sought. It was priced at four thousand dollars.

Gracie's husband owned a little property which had been left to him by his father. He mortgaged this for all it was worth. He got hopelessly into debt. Overwhelmed by the black misery which had fallen so suddenly upon him, he went to the jeweler and placed upon his counter four thousand dollars.

When Gracie took the necklace to her old play-fellow, her friend said, with an annoyed air:

"You should have returned it to me before; I may have had occasion to wear it."

For four years the couple lived a life of poverty until the money-lenders and debt had been paid. Gracie had become a strong and vigorous woman physically and mentally in spite of her trials and hard work. She sometimes dreamed of that night of long ago when she was a proud belle.

One day, while walking in the park she met her friend, Mrs. Clark, whom she had not seen since the loss of the necklace. Their greeting was effusive.

"My dear Grace, how changed you are," said Mrs. Clark.

"Yes; I have gone through a great deal of hardship," replied Gracie, "and you were the cause of it. You know the collar of diamonds you lent me to go to the ball? Well, I lost it, and we had to replace it."

"You say you purchased one to return to me?" exclaimed Mrs. Clark, excitedly. "I've never worn it since."

"Yes; did you not notice any difference?"

For a moment Mrs. Clark did not reply. Then she smiled sadly and said:

"Why, Gracie darling, my necklace was false. It was worth at most only fifty dollars."

And the women embraced and wept with joy.

"Come, dear, to my home and I will give you back your property," said the rich woman.

And that evening when Chauncey Howard Bernstein arrived home for supper, he found Gracie smiling.

"What do you think, dearest," said he, "I've been given a partnership by the boss."

"What do you think, dearest," replied Gracie, "I've got a \$4,000 necklace of diamonds."

And when the little comedy was explained, Gracie and Chauncey decided to sell the diamond necklace and buy a villa at Four-Flushing, Long Island, where they entered the exclusive set and lived happy ever afterwards.

BALZAC, JR.



PADEREWSKI IN AUSTRALIA.

MR. PADEREWSKI sailed from Marseilles on his visit to the antipodes on May 27th, and early in July will give the first of thirty-six Australian concerts in Melbourne. After the tour through Australia and New Zealand he will go to India, stopping on the way at Ceylon for one or two recitals.

Thereafter there will follow recitals in Calcutta, Bombay, Madras and other East Indian cities, Cairo and Constantinople being taken in on the way back to Europe. Arrangements made before the Russo-Japanese war for six concerts in Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama and Tokio and three in Singapore have been cancelled. According to Mr. Paderewski's present plans, America will hear him again in the season 1905-06.

"PARIS BY NIGHT" IN LITTLE OLD NEW YORK.

"FIE, fie, Hortense; why were you not there?"
 "My dear Cecile, have I missed anything?"

"Well, you know what a good fellow Willie Sill is. I heard he was chaperoning the prettiest bunch of girls in the profession at the Madison Square Roof Garden, and I induced Reggie to take me there the opening night of 'Paris by Night.' When you know the girls, and the management, and the friends of the managers, and about every other person in the audience, you can have a good time even if the attraction on the stage is not a huge artistic success."



MAUDE WYNNE.

"Paris by Night" has lost some of the finesse which expresses itself in all that pertains to everything Gallic, but it may be doubted if the clean American flavor which is substituted is not an improvement.

The beautiful surroundings of the Garden Roof would form a fitting frame for any performance in which brilliant electrical display, harmonious colors, lively music, summer costumes and handsome women are necessary to success.

So, when dear Hortense told her friend that she had spent such an enjoyable evening, the Broadway regulars voted to take in the show.

The management did not try to weave any tangled web of deceit when they styled the production a "musical frivolity." In these days when titles mean so little, managers have a weakness for calling their attractions after some popular beverage. If a musical cocktail, why not "a dry martini," "a heavenly rickey," "a mint julep," or any old liquid label along the line?

Klaw & Erlanger selected a blanket title for their mixture in "A Little of Everything," and so far as consistency goes, musical comedy in the clouds is a castaway. Hot air, hot songs, hot dances, and cooling drinks will batten down almost any boulevardier to a seat alongside a table ornamented with iced siphons and glasses with straws in them.

What is going on on the stage is of secondary consideration under such circumstances; but it is a mighty good excuse for Mr. Loneliman and the Widow Knickerbocker to get some fresh air when compelled by force of business or inclination to stay near Broadway.

Therefore, Messrs. Rush and Weber have hung their banner on the battlements of the legend: Roof, emblazoned with the cheery Garden "Begone Dull Care." Certainly the songs offered by the librettist, Harry B. Marshall, and the

composers, Messrs. Hawley and Solomon, throw sentiment and humor into the atmosphere.

Sylvia Beecher, a rather animated girl, renders "L'Española" charmingly, and the chorus which trips in the la-la part of the score is quite up to the Johnnie standard.

Edgar Temple, who has a sweet but not a powerful voice, attempts two numbers with credit. One—"In Loveland"—is very tuneful and the chorus helped him out. Another—"Turn Those Eyes Away"—in the second act, gave Fleurette De Mar an opportunity to roll her orbs in many directions. She was evidently the source of much inspiration for Mr. Temple, because he secures much applause.

Miss De Mar is a sister of Carrie De Mar of the dentifrice smile and cerulean eyes.

Madge Lawrence as *Madam Von-Von* stirred the audience up with a rollicking ditty, "That Horrid Mosquito," the chorus letting itself loose with much vim. "A Wine Song," presented by Henry Vogel, was stirringly given. Mr. Vogel also figured in a trio with Ben Welch, who plays a retired pawnbroker, and Miss De Mar. The usual number was funny, and it scored. In "Follow the Crowd on Sunday" the merry-merry had a good field to rouse up the crowd in front, and they did it.

The comedy element is thrown upon the shoulders of Ben Welch, who, while unequal to the reputation of his brother Joe, does fairly well. It is his first appearance before this class of audience in this city. His specialty was acceptable, however.



TOMA HANLON.

There were others in the cast worthy of mention. Toma Hanlon has shown ability in other productions, and as a young woman who married for money, contributed to the gaiety of the occasion. Bertha Dowling looked the pert waitress *Nannette*, and Mae Sheridan, Ceretta Ross, Julia Cook, Naomi Arnold, Grace Bond, and Margaret Messinger were in the picture for all it was worth.

Taken as a whole, the ensemble was satisfactory, and was the first ambitious effort of Sol Fields, a brother of Lew Fields, as a stage manager.

It would be idle to speak of a plot. The concomitants which blend the absurdity include: a theatrical manager who has "tackled" Europe and got the worst of it; an ex-circus man; a retired pawnbroker and his ambitious wife; a ragtime prima donna; a buxom hotel landlady; a Spanish singer with a love microbe; a hotel waitress, a woman detective, two girl bell-boys, and three show girls of the Weber-Fields brand of canning.

The types in the audience are quite as interesting as those on the stage. The crowd is a thoroughly Broadway coterie, and taken altogether, a most cheerful evening may be spent under the shadow of the beautiful tower which is surmounted by the replica in bronze, of the graceful lines of Frankie Bailey's physical contour.

You to "Paris by Night" for a jolly evening.

MARGRETTA BRADFORD.

WHY SOME POLITICIANS FAIL.

THERE is probably no other business that affords so many temptations in the way of drinking as that of politics. Opportunities present themselves more frequently than in any other line and it is not uncommon that the politician often takes a drink to please his company when he would much prefer not to indulge. Drinking is, in his case, largely a matter of association, not choice. The regrettable part of the matter is that where a tendency to alcoholism exists in his make-up over-indulgence in liquor is apt to become of frequent repetition and eventually ends in the confirmed state of inebriety known as dipsomania.

The ordinary citizen has but slight conception of the many duties, social and otherwise, which are incumbent on the man actively engaged in politics and who is looked up to as a leader, whether he be foremost in his district or a lieutenant seeking promotion. He is expected to look after the interests of his constituents faithfully, to furnish work for those out of employment, to attend a marriage in the evening after having paid the last marks of respect to a member of his organization in the afternoon, to dance with the wives or daughters of his political associates at the innumerable balls or picnics, as they occur in their season, to stand sponsor in church for the little ones, to give liberally for all charitable purposes—in fact, to be "a good fellow" at all times.

THIS STRENUOUS AGE.

With horseless carriages and smokeless powder,
 We'll soon have cowless milk and clamless chowder;

And when we get to having beeless honey
 We'll probably have wifeless matrimony.



EDITH WARREN.



Helen Bonner.
Maude Wynne.

Helen Drew.
Minnie Egner.
May Guyer.

Louise Egner.
Linnett Fiske.

BEAUTIES IN "PARIS BY NIGHT."

There are seven in all, and as the Irish say, "There's luck in odd numbers." Of course they were in their real everyday gowns when this photograph was taken, and they are pretty enough. Surely their beauty could not be heightened by any artificial means. Therefore they sacrifice much for art when they condescend to wear—symmetricals.

JUDGE DUGRO'S CAREER.

JUDGE P. HENRY DUGRO, of New York, is a Democrat of the stalwart type. He was born in New York city in 1855. He matriculated at Columbia College in the class of 1876. Later he took up the study of law, graduating with honors. Having a bent for the excitement and education of politics, he went into the campaign of 1878 as a candidate for the House of Assembly, and was elected, being then of the astonishing age of twenty-three.

As a legislator, his keenness of thought and judgment attracted the attention of the leaders of the party, who quickly perceived in him exceptional qualities. Their estimate of him was confirmed when he was nominated for Congress only two years after, in 1880, when he was elected by a handsome majority.

As a member of Congress he comported himself with a dignity that won him many friends among his older colleagues. In 1887 he became a candidate for judge of the Superior Court and was elected. Seven years later, in 1894, he was transferred to the Supreme Court.

Judge Dugro's marvelous career, from college to the Supreme Court bench, is a striking example of the triumph of merit and ability. But Judge Dugro does not hesitate to say that his success was not without hard work.

A REAL POLITICIAN.

GOVERNOR-CHAIRMAN ODELL'S home organ considers the executive-politician entitled to a third term because more than \$100,000,000 of the people's money is to be expended in the construction of a thousand-ton barge canal, and the governor-chairman is a splendid spender of public funds.

For this one reason it is incumbent upon the people to bury deep any such aspirations of Odell. There are those who remember that the last account of the \$9,000,000 canal improvement was audited by a canal board that paid the price of rock for dirt excavation to a company in which Mr. Harriman, railway magnate and personal friend of the chairman-governor, was financially interested, and the allowance was made and the

State mulcted of a large sum despite the protests of the only Democratic member of the canal board.

The coming construction of the barge canal is one very excellent reason why Odell should not again be Governor of the Empire State.

THE TOURNEE OF NINA DAVID.

MR. ROBERT GRAU a few days ago received a cable from his London representative that the assisting artists for the forthcoming tour of Mme. Nina David had all been secured and that the entire personnel of the company would sail from Southampton for this country early in October. The first concert at which this great coloratura singer will appear is to be given at Carnegie Hall, New York, about the middle of October, and Mr. Grau said that he hoped to meet with such success with Mme. David as to compensate him for the misfortunes of his late tour with Mme. Patti.

Mr. Grau regards Mme. David as beyond all doubt the greatest of living coloratura singers, and he has stated that he values his contract with her far more than the one he made with Mme. Patti.

MRS. ASTOR'S SENSATION.

IF the latest London reports are correct, Mrs. John Jacob Astor has given royalty a sensation and established a new latitude for the exposure of feminine charms. The notable feature of her attire was the low cut bodice which failed to conceal to any appreciable extent, her beautifully sculptured shoulders and back, down to the waist line.

She was constantly surrounded by an admiring throng, although some critical remarks were made—but this is the penalty exceptional beauty has to pay.

The important question is, "Will Mrs. Astor's example be generally followed, and, if so, where will the statute of limitations be drawn in the competition which is sure to follow?"

NATIONAL LOVE OF MUSIC.

IN their musical appreciation the Germans are still the most cosmopolitan of all nations. During the first three years of the present century the opera houses of Germany gave 2,002 performances of living foreign and 1,890 of living German composers. Of the foreign Mascagni had 743 performances (all of "Cavalleria Rusticana"), Leoncavallo 551, Saint-Saens 228, Charpentier 179, Massenet 121, Puccini 79, Enna 66. Of the Germans, Humperdinck had 549, Zoellner 244, Kiens 197, Weiss 188, Goldmark 170, D'Albert 129, Brull 121, Kaskel 100, Blech 74, R. Strauss 59, Thuille 43, Seigfried Wagner 27, etc.

SUMMER ATTRACTIONS.

Luna Park's Durbar of Delhi is big business and the Fire and Flames is a show of great realism. The resort is as chock full of novelties as a nut is full of meat.

The Johnstown Flood, Mont Pelee, and the Galveston Flood, are three of the biggest and best outside spectacles at Coney Island.

Bostock is here and now we shall see some even greater wonders at the Animal Arena in Dreamland. The sacred tattooed bull looks like a walking picture book.

Beautiful Venice in Madison Square Garden has a cool sound and is pleasing to eye and ear. Great invention of Mr. Duss from Pennsylvania.

LEADING CHARACTERS



ALTON B. PARKER.



WILLIAM R. HEARST.

ANY political party which can boast of such a gathering of the clans as that to which the gentlemen whose pictures adorn this page belong, may be said to have sufficient vigor, brains, and patriotism to carefully guard the welfare of the great American nation. It is unnecessary to designate them by printed names. Notwithstanding their differences as to methods, they may all be depended upon to be, above all things else, American.

There is enough assurance that the aggregated wisdom will stand by safety and sanity. The harshness of years has been softened, and the individual striving for party supremacy indicates that all these men feel that there is a demand for a governmental change from the wild and unterrified demonstrations we have had under the ruling of the present Imperial and would-be Imperial Executive.

There is less nervous tension, oratory, guess-work, and suspicion than formerly. For eight years Mr. Bryan has been the dominating figure in the Democracy, but he is not so absolute as in the past, and more inclined to listen to others. There are years of fullness for him yet, and he will surely remain a factor in the political system. His earnestness cannot be doubted, but his youth may have been responsible for an ambition to stand in the limelight.

The country is to be congratulated on the fact that Former President Grover Cleveland has become so prominent once again in the councils of the party. His experience, dignity, and prestige as the twice-elected chief of the nation make him a fine figure in our history. He will always be one of the greatest Americans, even if he remains in the retirement of civic life.

Since his youth, Senator Gorman has been in the thick of political life, and his long service in the public cause has given him a place in the annals of our legislation. Had the Senator been less of a party leader, he might before this, have been the nominee of his political faith for the Presidency.

The advancement of Judge Parker has been more gently acquired. He has been out of the stress and storm of active politics, and it was his many admirable qualities as a man of peace and learning, that caused him to be deemed a fit nominee for the highest office in the country. This was all the more strongly notable because of the strenuous nature of the present Executive. No people would be in danger under his clear and deliberate government.

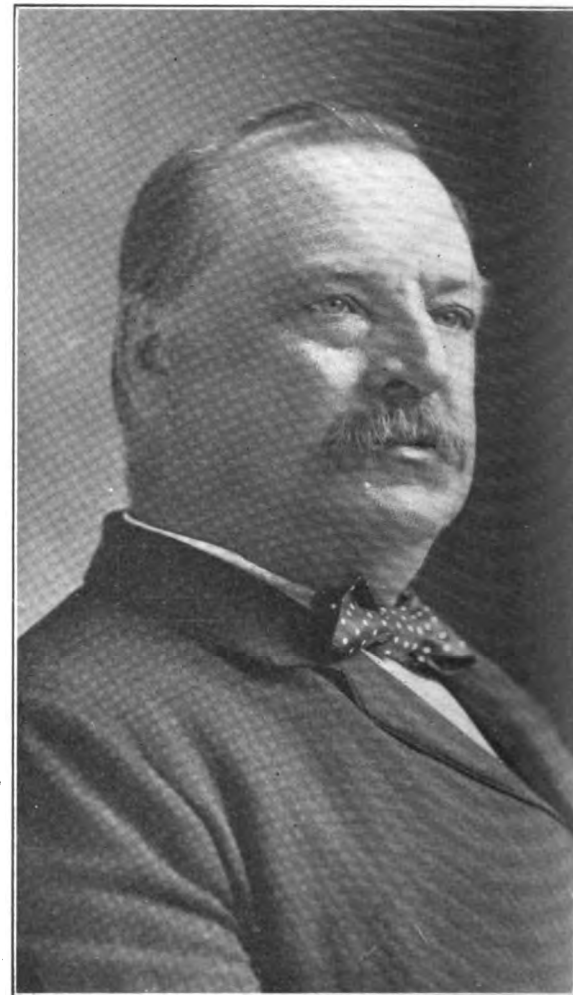
There are two younger men who have loomed up on the political horizon since the last Presidential contest, who have gained for themselves a large following: George B. McClellan and William Randolph Hearst. While there are those who do not think it advisable to entrust the reins of office to men so young in years, that these gentlemen have the welfare of their country at heart can never for a moment be doubted.

Mayor McClellan has won his spurs in Congress as a wise and able representative, and his administration of the city government of New York has been a revelation of talent and public spirit, which will place him still higher before his career of usefulness is finished. There are none who would dare say

that this young man would may be only a matter of contest for the office.

Mr. Hearst is not to be drilled into every American very severely criticised for nomination, there is no sagacity to conduct the

He has been rather radical the opinions of even his deserving of more credit know less about the govern



GROVER CLEVELAND.

about that of Iceland. Ta thankful for that the Democracy over so many candidates.

There have been some Civil War, but the present any which have gone before

For two things the Democracy orable. It met in Chicago that party held its national having been nominated in C incited by Vallandigham c who had been beaten for Go a 101,000 majority, in which war was a failure and a conv for the purpose of arrangi General McClellan was nomin and rejected this particular

McClellan carried only th 1868, the only one ever held

THE NATIONAL DRAMA.

be an ideal President, and it
ars before he is called upon to
ed for an ambition which is
by his parents. He has been
esire, but if he were given the
why he should not develop
it should be conducted.
he advocacy of reforms against
rty leaders, but he is certainly
other young millionaires who
of their country than they do

nated, but was easily beaten by Grant in the election. The
1872 convention accepted Greeley the nominee of the seceding
element of the Republican party, the Liberal Republicans, but
Grant in that year repeated his victory of 1868.

In their convention of 1876 the Democrats nominated their
strongest and ablest man Tilden, and came within one vote
in the electoral college of electing him, and in 1880, with Han-
cock as their standard-bearer, they made an active canvass,
which was decided against them by the vote of New York.

When in the convention of 1884 in Chicago the Democrats
selected Governor Cleveland, of New York, as their national
standard-bearer, they took intelligent advantage of the discord

among the Republicans, put up by
far the strongest man in their
party, and commanded success by
their intelligence and courage. The
Democratic convention of 1884 has
the distinction of breaking the
spell of the imagined Republican
invincibility, rehabilitating the
Democratic party, bringing the
Civil War era to a close, and com-
pelling a change of front by both
parties for the after time.

In 1888, in their St. Louis con-
vention, the Democratic candidate
was started out on a losing canvass,
but in 1892 their convention wisely
put up the candidate of 1884 and
1888 and elected him. The late
William C. Whitney was the domi-
nant personage in the convention
of 1892.

That convention is memorable
for destroying the superstition that
a President beaten for re-election,
as Cleveland was in 1888, is dead
politically, and for also nominating
a candidate who was rejected and
condemned by the delegation of
his own State.

The Democratic convention of
1896, like that of 1860, holds a
niche by itself in political annals.
Nothing so dramatic took place
in any other national party assem-
blage as the swift and sweeping
triumph of Bryan, from Nebraska.

Except Yancey's and Glenn's de-
fiance to their Northern antago-
nists in Charleston forty-four years
ago, nothing so audacious was ever
perpetrated in a great political
body as was the challenge to the

conservative element of the American people which was formu-
lated in that assemblage's demand for the throwing open of the
mints to silver without waiting for the aid of any other nation.

This was magnificent, but it was not politics. The canvass
made by the candidate on that platform was memorable for
the opposition which he aroused throughout the country, and
for the interest which was excited in the campaign all over the
world.

The convention which opened at St. Louis on July 6, 1904,
was the nineteenth national assemblage of the Democratic party,
while the one held recently in Chicago was only the thirteenth
Republican national gathering. But the Democratic party sur-
passes the Republican in age much more than this difference
would indicate. Born in the bank controversy of 1791, christened
by Jefferson, its founder, in 1792, extended and strengthened
in the division among the people which Washington's neutrality
proclamation at the beginning of the Anglo-French war in 1793
caused, the Democratic party passed the century mark in its
life more than a decade ago.



ARTHUR PUE GORMAN.



GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.



WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

altogether there is much to be
y can be aroused to sentiment
markable conventions since the
ditions are less sensational than
e convention of 1864 was mem-
which was the second time that
semblage in the West, Buchanan
nnati. It adopted a platform,
lio the "copperhead" leader,
rior by John Brough in 1863 by
he position was taken that the
tion of the States was demanded
a truce between the sections.
d, who, nevertheless, condemned
t of his platform.
States. In the convention of
New York, Seymour was nomi-

SOME LIVE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN COMMENT.

THERE are few men in all this broad land who as individuals wield more influence with the people who are politically hidebound, than W. Bourke Cockran. It is not to be wondered at that his consent to join the New York city delegation in Congress has been a source of inspiration to the Democratic leaders. Nor is it strange that a high Western authority has felicitated the party "upon the return of character and intellect in the person of Mr. Cockran to the Tammany organization." The mere mention of his name arouses the interest of the public in any movement in which he takes part. He has been a power for good in all the years since his magnificent oratory first set audiences aflame with enthusiasm. It will be to him more than any other leader that the masses will look to help elect a Democratic President.

There are none who can combat with him in forensic debate on the great questions of governmental reform. In the art of explaining to his hearers the cause of a campaign, he has no equal. And his intellectual force is coequal with his strict integrity and absolute independence of character. Political exigency is unknown to Mr. Cockran, and he has never hesitated to denounce any departure from principle, no matter what the cost to party. When he casts his influence to a great organization as he has done this year, it vouches for the brilliant campaign which will be waged against the wrongs which have been done the laboring and poorer classes, and the usurpation attempted by those who, entrusted with the execution of the laws administer them for the benefit of the powerful and the rich.

MR. Cockran does not mince matters in his arraignment of lawbreakers, however high and mighty they may be, and whatever part he takes in the coming battle, it will be the course that he considers patriotic, fearlessly honest, and indubitably just. The word illustrious would perhaps best describe the unique standing which Mr. Cockran occupies in the opinion of the country

at large. He has been faithful in his high ideals at various times, always on the side of those who fought to preserve the spirit of our great institutions, and the equal liberty of all the citizens.

Mr. Cockran's experience of the science of government; his utter disregard of every opportunity to seek self-advancement, and sympathy with every effort of the children of man in every clime, to pursue happiness and progressive peace, ensure him a foremost place in the affections of his fellow citizens. In or out of public life

Sullivan is such a strong power in his own Eighth district, and is thought so highly of by his neighbors of every class, that he is looked up to as an adviser in almost every contingency of daily life. He was born and brought up among those who love him for his good heart, his interest in their welfare, and the part he has taken in the redemption of the East Side, where he and others have abolished conditions which existed before he had seen the light of day. He is yet a very young man, and one of the great leaders in the University party paid him the high compliment of calling him the most muscular Christian he had ever met.

THE most statesmanlike utterance of any Democratic leader in years was that made by Richard Olney in Boston, replying to Secretary of War Taft, who had defended the Republican course in regard to the Philippine Islands.

"Upon the American lawyer," said Mr. Olney, "steeped in the doctrine and traditions of the past, the inquiry at once forces itself, what place has despotism—even the most benevolent and most intelligent—in our American political system, and where by searching shall we find it out?"

"According to him, we are rich enough and can afford it, and therefore it is our duty to sacrifice American lives and American treasure indefinitely and without stint for the education and elevation of Filipinos according to American standards. But out of any such proposition at once issues another legal puzzle for the modern American lawyer to find in the national constitution any right in the government to turn itself into a missionary to the benighted tribes of islands in the South seas 7,000 miles from our shores; or any power to tax the toiling masses of this country for the benefit of motley groups of the brown people of the tropics.

"Again, international law being part of American law and the equality of nations inter se without regard to size or strength being the very basis of all international law, still another search is needed to find in American law any right in a strong nation to appropriate the sovereignty or territory of a weak nation, either in the name of collective civilization or in any other name or on any pretext whatsoever. And, if the doctrine be vindicated is not a rule which is good for nations good also for individuals, and why may not the lives and property of weaker and inferior citizens in any community be rightfully expropriated for the benefit of the stronger and superior?"

W. Bourke Cockran will always be a national giant among the great men of the United States.

WHEN a strong Democratic champion like Florence Sullivan commands the respect and admiration from not only his political opponents, but also from earnest and enthusiastic reformers along social lines, such as the heads of the University Settlements on the East Side, he must surely be possessed of virtues and high personal character beyond the average. Mr.

This remark was called forth by Mr. Sullivan's work in the genuine reform movement, in which all of the best men of the Democratic party participated. While the ethical discussions were in progress as to what should be done to clean the East Side of abuses, Mr. Sullivan, with several of his faithful lieutenants, simply went the rounds and notified every suspicious character to get away from the district, under penalty of being thrashed. Any who offered any objection was given a taste of the punishment decreed. What the police could not do Mr. Sullivan did without any brass band accompaniment. The tall, athletic form of the leader of the Eighth is well-known throughout the East Side of the city. He is a total abstainer and has none of the vices of the ordinary political ruler. To a stranger he looks like a well-trained college man who could do his share of work on a foot ball team.

It is the good he has done which makes him so strong a factor in the politics of the city. The leaders of Tammany Hall know it better than any one, and his influence with the simple domesticated people of his bailiwick, of every class, creed, and nationality, cling to his support. He has made his section fit to live in, and he has not allowed his success to spoil his natural modesty and quiet methods.

A whole city full of Florence Sullivans would be a great blessing for New York. J. D. B.

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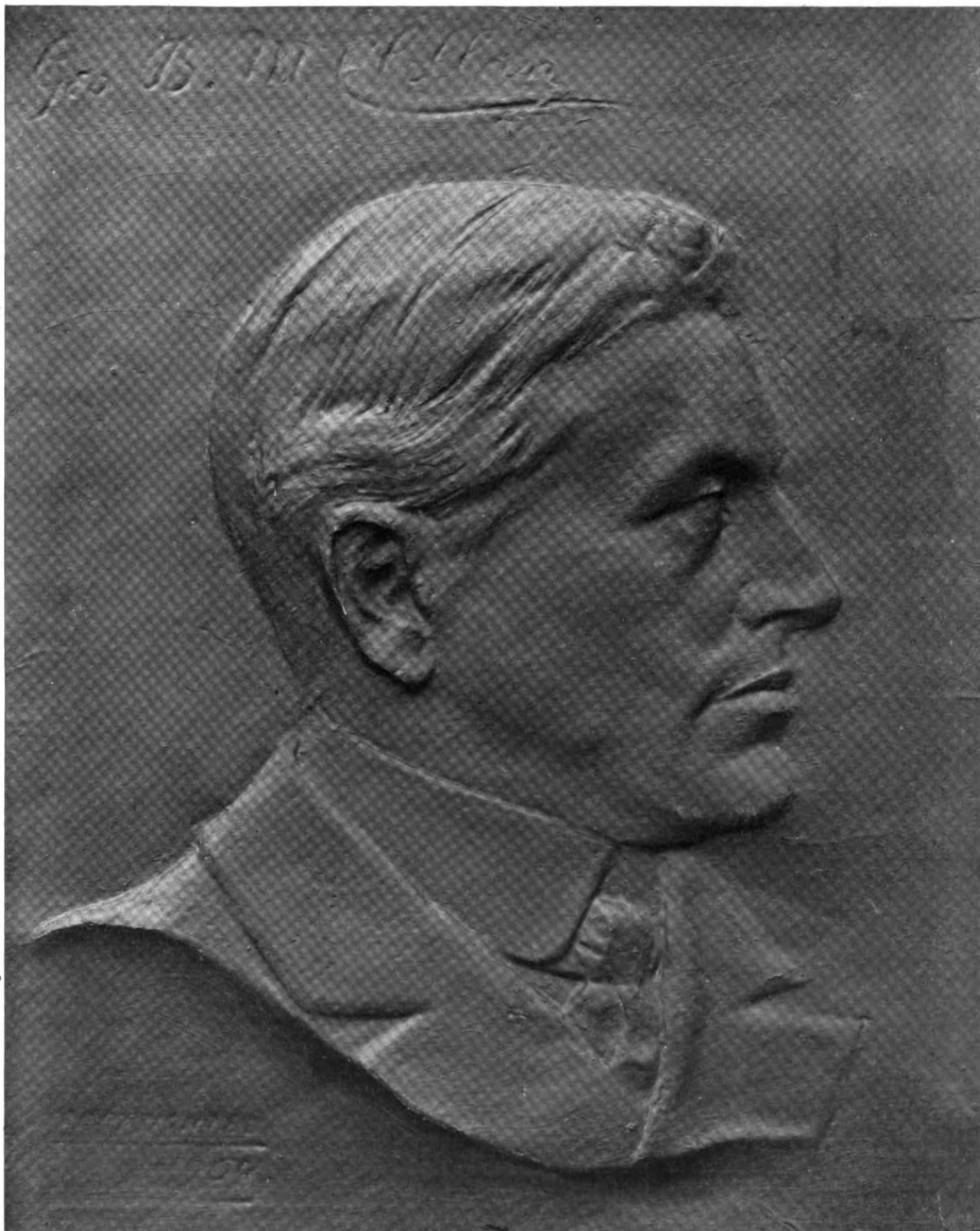
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They have a studio at No. 341 West 44th Street, and are turning out some very fine work in modelling. The invention will revolutionize present systems, and is very simple and inexpensive.

Mr. Rising is the well-known operatic star who was for so many years a favorite abroad

on the opera and concert stage, and who still appears here at the best vaudeville houses with his own company.

Mr. Plarschaert is a European artist in architecture and sculpture, and is famous for his modelling.

LILLIAN RUSSELL'S "DAUGHTY" AT NEWPORT



DOROTHY RUSSELL.

She will sing shortly before the exclusive set at the Casino in Newport, and will later make a tour all over the United States.

SOCIETY has taken up Dorothy Russell, the beautiful daughter of Lillian Russell, whose mother affectionately calls her "daughty," and she will sing before the exclusives at the Casino in Newport. The Upper Ten has always been partial to musical comedy, and never failed to support the New York productions, especially those of Weber & Fields. Naturally they have a warm spot in their hearts for the daughter of the prima donna whom they have so often applauded. But the invitation to Miss Dorothy comes as a sensation. She has been a headliner at Proctor's, and may be said to be serving her apprenticeship. There should be a leniency in every sense for any of her efforts. Those of us who remember that historic debut of the fair Lillian at Pastor's many years ago, recall the beautiful girl with the sweet natural but untrained voice, and hope to see the daughter in the fulness of her beauty and voice, repeat the triumphs of the ever beautiful mother.

The debut of Dorothy presented many advantages over that of Lillian. In truth, it must be said that vocally she did not reach the success which was accomplished by Lillian, but she offered a very attractive picture, and had a manner which will help her greatly. The years she spent in the little convent at Fort Lee have left an impress upon her face which is an added charm.

Her voice is a tender soprano, and she is best in classical selections. She sings French excerpts very daintily, and she was gracefulness itself, in all her actions on the stage. On one point Dorothy will score without doubt. She can wear gowns with *aplomb*. She has the

faculty of depicting elegance in its most desirable phase.

She has had the advantage of residence abroad and the advice of the best masters, and from now on will doubtless have a distinct following. It will be on her arrival at womanhood that she may be depended upon to demonstrate whether she has the individuality of her mother as a figure of stellar importance. Practical experience alone will compel her advancement.

That her visit to Newport will give her prestige which will save her years of effort is a foregone conclusion. Americans, whether they be wealthy or simply artistic, are loyal to favorites, and every one will be glad to hear that Miss Dorothy captures Newport.

After having been applauded by the exclusives, she will spend the summer resting until her fall tour begins. This will take her all over the United States, West, South, and North as far as Canada.

There is no reason why the girl daughter of the fair Lillian should not advance to the front rank of prima donnas, although it is understood that her fond parent did not wish her to tempt fate so soon. It was Lillian's desire that Dorothy should still further equip herself for the profession which she has chosen, and that in the course of years she might enter the department of grand opera.

The present course will probably convince the young singer that this would be a better opportunity for her to inherit her mother's claims as the American beauty prima donna, and the representative queen of the singing stage.

SULZER ON ISSUES.

SELDOM have the issues of a campaign been stated in more eloquent terms than can be found in the address of Congressman William Sulzer. Mr. Sulzer sounded the Democratic keynote. He said in part:

"The Republican record cannot be changed. On that record the Republican party will go to the country, and in the coming election the people of the land will scrutinize what has been done and what has not been done and pass judgment. We have been in session since last November, and, all things considered, very little has been accomplished for the people.

"This Republican Congress has failed to meet the just expectations of the people. It has refused to respond to their earnest demands. It has sneered at their sincere appeals and scorned their patriotic petitions. In its results it has been a Congress for the few and against the many. It has been easy to pass a corporation bill, but difficult to enact a law for the benefit of the plain people. It has been a most extravagant session in the reckless appropriations of the people's money for purposes of little value and of no lasting benefit.

"The appropriations thus far made by the Fifty-eighth Congress since it convened in last November aggregate \$781,574,629, and before it finally adjourns on the 4th day of next March it gives every prospect of being a two-billion-dollar Congress—the most extravagant by far of any Congress in the history of the government. Appropriations for needless purposes have run riot. Over 20,000 bills have been offered by members, of which about 1,200 have been passed, and of these less than 150 are of any public benefit. When it is said that all that this Congress has done during the past six months it has been in session is the enactment of Cuban reciprocity and the adjustment of the Panama Canal, it seems indeed trivial in comparison with what the Congress has failed to do—what it has left undone.

"It has 'stood pat' on high protective taxation and failed to revise the exorbitant tariff taxes; it has neglected to carry out the true reciprocity programme promised by President McKinley; it has refused to investigate the post-office corruption and the Indian Land Office scandals; it has refused to increase the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission in order to prevent discriminating railroad rates; it has failed to take any action against the criminal trusts; it has declined to pass the law to elect Senators in Congress by a direct vote of the people; it has refused all legislation in the interests of the toilers of the land. It has neglected to report the 'eight-hour bill,' the bill to establish a Department of Labor with a secretary having a seat in the Cabinet, the 'anti-injunction bill,' the letter carriers' bill, the bill against the sale of convict-made goods—all demanded by organized labor. It has spurned every effort to enact measures for true home rule and better local self-government for the Philippines, for Guam, for Hawaii, for Porto Rico."

ENGLISH THEATRES.

TO show that theatrical conditions in England are not very different from those here, the following is reproduced from the *London Athenæum*: "The comments of Mme. Guilbert, which appeared in the *Morning Post*, upon the rapidity of our playwrights and the childishness of our entertainment, are well merited. It is lamentable to have to admit that the Anglo-Saxon public is now among the most ignorant and that under existing influences acting must shortly become a lost art. The evils which afflict our stage are not, however, to be discussed or dismissed in a paragraph. They strike at the very root of histrionic and dramatic art."

ANNA HELD WILL SPARKLE AT WEBER'S THEATRE.



MISS ANNA HELD.

ANNA HELD will be with us all next season on Broadway, and will be the sparkling Ruinart in the famous dramatic punch with which Manager Joseph Weber is preparing to tickle the palate of the Manhattanese. She has spent most of one season here. Both Mr. Weber and her own manager, Florenz Ziegfeld, as well as the theatre-going public are to be congratulated.

Miss Held has a great advantage over all other French women who have come to us from Gaul,

no matter how talented they may be. She did not wait until she had reached maturity in her native land. While she was little more than a girl, she came with all the bloom and freshness of the dainty Parisian star, and she had already made a name for herself in the French capital.

That she will fill the beauty niche in the Weberian temple cannot be doubted. An artist in every sense of the word, she can win an audience without effort, and unlike others of her class, she does not tire or wear out her welcome.

Miss Held has always been noted for her excellent judgment in surrounding herself with remarkably vivacious and pretty girls, who absorb much of her style, and as this is a feature of the little theatre in which she is to shine, Mr. Weber, it is presumed, will abide by her selections.

The necessity for travel having been avoided, Miss Held will have relaxation and rest enough to give the public the very best that she can command.

LISTEN TO THE WATER-WAGON MAN'S TALK.

THE Prohibition party will add, as usual, the touch of humor and grotesqueness to the coming campaign, which relieves politics of its strain in hot weather. The convention just adjourned has placed its imperishable trademark upon an erstwhile dreary political fight. It has set the seal of superlative wit upon a dry and dreary wilderness of mediocrity. It has planted an oasis of joviality in a Sahara of discomfort which will make a rickety look like a

If correctly reported by the daily press, Mr. Stewart said: "I intend to make widows in this campaign unless you nominate bachelors." How is that for cruelty to married ladies who probably have a sufficiency of trouble on hand already? Rum could do no worse. When he braced the audience for \$100,000, in \$5,000 per capita bundles, no hands were raised, but when he came down to the \$1,000 limit Mr. Smith acceded.

We hope he won't regret it, but Poughkeepsie has always been noted for the excessive liberality of its people.

The platform pronounces Prohibition to be the paramount issue before the American people to-day, but fails to insert a plank to the effect that minding other people's business is a most important industry.

Now, as a matter of general interest to the whole country, we would like to inquire why the Prohibition party does not include in its platform a plank to exclude peek-a-booo shirtwaists on the ground of public morality, over-eating as a cause of physical distress or humidity as an objectionable adjunct to solar torridity. If the Prohibition party has grown, the booze interests have fully kept apace with it and this condition will continue long after the XVI amendment has gained its eternal rest.

Crank movements have, in the past, achieved failures which could almost be likened to success, but the Prohibition movement has for years presented such a ridiculous spectacle that we are amazed that intelligent people are willing to be identified with it. If every spirituous beverage

could be eliminated from our commercial traffic without injury to any number of our people we would welcome the day; but this is a moral question, not a political one, and has no more right to be dragged into politics than has religion.

Why collect \$100,000 to promote "the cause" when it is a certainty that no candidate can be elected—that every vote cast for the ticket will be strenuously thrown away? Why do not these intelligent voters try to do something to improve the condition of the country as they see its requirements and not devote themselves to a puerile effort to make our Constitution, the bulwark of our liberties, look like a porous plaster. We fully appreciate every effort to uplift mankind. Drunkenness is a horrid vice, and every legitimate effort should be made to suppress it; but sumptuary laws will not go in this country as long as the Eagle has a screech left. General Miles is to be congratulated on refusing the empty honor of the nomination, which would have relegated the bearer of a nation's gratitude to the unwholesome recesses of oblivion.

THE WATER WAGON MAN.

JUST WHAT YOU SEEM.

"Assume a virtue, though you have it not."
When you are cold, pretend that you are hot;
When you are hot, pretend that you are cold;
When you are broke, pretend you've lots of gold;
When you are flush, pretend that you are broke;
When you are saddest, tell a funny joke.
The world takes man for what man seems to be.
So just assume a virtue, and you'll see.

WHIMPLETS.



MADGE LAWRENCE.

This young actress plays *Mlle. Bon-Bon*, in "Paris by Night," at the Madison Square Roof Garden, and is clever and original in her work.

DENSLOW'S NEW PLAY.

"THE Pearl and the Pumpkin" is the title of a book of pictures by W. W. Denslow, the Father Goose man, and Paul West. Advance sheets of this book came under the eyes of Klaw & Erlanger and they decided to make a musical comedy of it and to produce it on an elaborate scale at a Broadway theatre next season. The first act will be in a Vermont village, which accounts for the pumpkin in the title.

The characters all go to Bermuda in the third and last act. Where they will be in the second act is a secret which neither managers nor authors will divulge, but it is said to be a funny land where wonderful things happen to them. John W. Bratton is to write the music for the new fairy extravaganza.

SOME SUMMER PHILOSOPHY.

If other people would only be as reasonable as we are, what a heaven this earth would be.

When we have the capacity of enjoying we have not the reason for enjoyment; when we do have good and sufficient grounds we no longer have the capacity.

The knowledge that virtue is its own reward is what deters many from well doing.

Tell the truth and you will shame the devil; you will also surprise him very often.

A camel may not be able to pass through the eye of a needle, but that does not deter many a lobster from trying to do so.

Women admire the gilded youth because he is a golden calf.

If we saw ourselves as others see us we should not believe our own eyes; but we should have a still lower opinion of the rest of the world than we now have.

SOUSA HONORED AGAIN.

THE French government has again honored John Philip Sousa, the March King, by conferring upon him the title of Officer de Instruction Publique. Three years ago, in recognition of his services at the Paris Exposition, Sousa received the title of Officer d'Academie Francaise. A few days ago Mr. Sousa was notified of the higher honor in a letter from M. Paul Lascombes, Secrétaire Particulier du Ministre de l'Instruction Publique et des Beaux-Arts, now at St. Louis.



FAY TEMPLETON.

In all her career of success, Miss Templeton has never been nearer the popular heart than at present. She has captured every audience which has attended the performance of "A Little of Everything," at the Aerial Gardens on top of the New Amsterdam Theatre.

double O. It has nominated Dr. Swallow for President! "One swallow doesn't make a summer," but one summer will make many swallows. The summer is the time most largely devoted to swallows, but not the kind which our Prohibition friends advocate.

We have yet to learn of any of their concoctions in which the fragrant mint blends effusively with the cooling and tonic elements which are so apparent in the julep. We fail to record a case where the acidulous and pleasing qualities of the lime have been admixed by our repressive brethren with such gratifying results as some of our palaces of iniquity provide. Not even at this late day have we found an absolutely innocuous beverage which would make a cobbler or nicely made punch hide its fruit-bedizened head in despair. The ideal purity of Ramapo has not yet forced the breweries into insolvency and human nature seems to assert its prerogative to do wrong.

The vice-presidential nominee is Mr. George W. Carroll, of Texas, presumably the only representative of his State who never indulges in snake-bite antidote. These estimable gentlemen will have the pleasure of an exciting and meteoric existence in one of the side shows of the campaign and will then gently fall into the restful slumber of obscurity. After the nominations were made the band played "Old Hundred;" why not the "De Profundis"? But it is not the Prohibition temperament to do anything logical. Mr. Stewart, who was made National Chairman, added to the ludicrousness of the occasion most competently in his speech.

THE NEW HYPNOTIC DANCE.

LONDON has a new sensation—a hypnotic dance. A late letter from London says:

"On two occasions have English audiences seen Madame Magdeleine. The first was at the opening night of the Sunday Concert Club, the second at the Garrick Theatre. Has *Trilby* become an accomplished fact? So it seems. Whether or no she is actually under hypnotic influence during her dance it is impossible for the ordinary spectator to say definitely, and we can but accept the word of eminent Continental scientists who vouch for the authenticity of the performance. Madame Magdeleine mounts the stage, clad in loose white draperies, and takes her position in a chair at the side. In an exceedingly short time she is hypnotized by M. de Magnin, a professor of the Paris School of Magnetism, and thenceforth the performance is certainly aptly described as *d'interpretations musicales dans l'hypnose*.

"From a marble statue Madame Magdeleine is roused to animation by the sound of music, and on the occasion of her appearance for nearly half an hour she danced in weird manner to the varying music that was played. It was an extraordinary performance in which the dance expressed the soul of the musician in a manner unknown before. There was no set purpose in the dance, and seemingly no forethought.

"From side to side she swayed, using but the simplest steps of the Nautch dancers, and all the time her face mirrored the meaning of the music as clearly as her dancing. From the strange notes of the Mustel organ, to a valse strain played by the Austro-Hungarian orchestra, her whole being changed from signs of agonized feeling to supreme happiness. The sight was almost uncanny, and one thought of the dances described in 'She,' of which these hypnotic gyrations are as approximate an exposition as can be imagined.

"Veritably it is the translation of music into movement, it is a perfect combination of sound and dancing where each is an integral and inalienable part of the other—a new art, in fact.

"The most curious thing is that when not under the influence of hypnotism Madame Magdeleine it not a dancer, and has no musical skill, and while the pieces played for her are changed with each performance, she has no subsequent recollection of the airs by which she has been transformed into such a wonderful artiste."

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IMAGINATION AND CHESS.

MR. MARSHALL, who recently won the big chess tournament, is a typical American. Full of fresh ideas he has comparatively revolutionized most of the canons of modern chess. The brilliancy of Morphy was succeeded by the scientific accuracy of Tarrasch and Laskar, and the consistent successes of these men had led chess players to believe that the days of brilliancy were over, and that the surest road to victory on the chessboard lay in mathematical accuracy. Mr. Marshall has, however, like the Japanese, upset a good many preconceived ideas. He has shown that in chess, as in music and literature, imagination is the most valuable quality. Marshall's victory will do a great deal to popularize chess. He has put life into the game and shown that chess is something more than an accurate science.

TRAVIS AND GOLF ART.

THE victory of Mr. Travis in the amateur championship will probably do much to restore the arts of approaching and putting to their rightful place in the practice of the game. Of late years there has been an increasing tendency to magnify the importance of driving. Holes and courses have been laid out or lengthened with no other design than to protect the long driver from the attack of the good approacher.

The ideal hole has lately been held to be one of such length that the long driver can reach the green in one, two, or three of his best full strokes, which compels the shorter driver to play another stroke before he can be in the same position.

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DRAMATIC NOTES OF JULY DAYS.

W M. WILKISON will produce in September a dramatization of S. S. P. McL. Greene's popular novel, "Cape Cod Folks," by Earl W. Mayo and Edward Marshall. The scene of the piece is in the quaint old fishing village of Sandwich, on Cape Cod.

THE floating roof garden has commenced its season on board the *Grand Republic*. The stage has been engaged. A vaudeville performance is given, among those appearing being Mitchell and Cain, May Southward, Garfield and Adams, Niblo and Spencer, and Kelly and Jack Welsh.

AST season ended early; next season will begin early. August 1 is the date agreed for the resumption of business. But the metropolis is not left without first-class amusements. There is "The Dictator," with William Collier, the Criterion, a straight comedy, that has had an extraordinary success.

THE new opera in which Fritz Scheff is to be presented next season, and which Stanislaus Stange will write the music, is to be called "The Queen of Arts" instead of "The Two Roses," as it was originally intended. The latter was that of a play in which Sir Henry Irving made his first great London success in 1870.

HARRISON GREY FISKE has engaged Charles Cartwright—an excellent and experienced English actor, who has never appeared on the American stage—as a member of the permanent company to support Mrs. Fiske at the Manhattan Theatre next season. With John Mason and George Arliss, this makes a strong combination.

THE WIZARD OF OZ will make an extended tour of the country next season. Every city of importance on the Pacific Coast will be visited and in San Francisco will enjoy a two weeks' tour of the entrancing extravaganza. The company will be as large an organization as that seen in New York during its long run when all records were broken and all previous metropolitan successes eclipsed.

SUMMER HOTELS.

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ization as that seen in New York during its long run when all records were broken and all previous metropolitan successes eclipsed.

WITH a large vaudeville offering Hurtig & Seamon opened their Arverne pier. The most prominent entertainers were Six Musical Cullys, the Watermelon Trust, a Southern rhapsody in songs and dances; May Duryea and W. A. Mortimer, in a comedy skit. "The Imposter;" Pat Rooney and Martin

Bent, in singing and dancing; Jennie Yeamans and the Everett Trio. in a European equilibristic specialty.

LONDON does not part with its old theatres without appropriate ceremonies. The famous Surrey, which was to London what the old Bowery was to New York, has closed. George Conquest—whose name has been associated with the Grecian—is now the manager and he proposes a gala week of revivals of some of the Surrey successes.

Exquisite Art For our Readers

READ every word of this article—it will interest you—it will pay you. BROADWAY WEEKLY has made arrangements with the White City Art Company for a limited number of sketches from the brushes of the greatest artists in the world, including The great Bryson.

We will give these **FREE** to our readers as long as they last, which will not be very long, so you would better write us **to-day**. There are eight in the set—they are as follows:

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AN ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

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CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear something to your advantage by addressing BROADWAY WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.

WHAT WE ARE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT.

WE have very serious business to attend to this summer and fall, and we propose to do it thoroughly. Of course, there can be no doubt but that Alton B. Parker will be the next President of these United States, but we are not going to sleep and take any chances that the Imperial enemy will capture our camp.

INDEED, we are determined to prove that it is to the best interests of all the country, to all Democrats and Republicans alike, to every citizen, to every man, woman and child, that Judge Parker should be elected. The uncertain temperament and muscular pride of the present incumbent of the White House have created a feeling of unrest and a fear of war and its dreaded consequences.

WE are a peaceful people and only fight when it is just to do so. In such contingencies we have always taken good care of ourselves, and in truth there is no other nation which is anxious to have a scrap with Uncle Sam or any of his family. It is not the financial issue, or the tariff issue, or other important domestic problems which are dominant, but the awful possibility that the men of the nation should be forced to fight for some sentimental theory or the personal ambition of the head of the nation.

BRoadway WEEKLY is better equipped with the material necessary to circumvent the defeat of the Imperialistic champion than any other weekly paper in the country. BROADWAY WEEKLY knows how to use this ammunition, and will do so until the last moment before the polls are closed on election day.



HENRY G. DAVIS.

Nominated for Vice-President by the Democrats.

THERE will be some hard knocks, and somebody may feel hurt, but it will be by the truth, and no class will be favored. The cause is a common one—for the rich and poor, the millionaire manufacturer, the storekeeper, artisan and laborer; for the wife, mother and child as well as the husband who votes.

THE audacious speech of former Governor Black in declaring that war was a necessity these times is abundant proof that the supporters of President Roosevelt believe in the Divine Right of rulers, and that an immense standing army is necessary to carry out not the natural but the absurd schemes of expansion.

IN the campaign the people will be called upon to express the highest ideal of patriotism, not with the thunder of cannon nor the sacrifice of hearts' blood, but by a constitutional battle for the peaceful pursuit of happiness.

ROOSEVELTISM DENOUNCED BY THE DEMOCRACY.

THE existing Republican administration has been spasmodic, erratic, sensational, spectacular and arbitrary. It has made itself a satire upon the Congress, the courts, and upon the settled practices and usages of national and international law.

It summoned the Congress into hasty and futile extra session and virtually adjourned it, leaving behind in its flight from Washington uncalled calendars and unaccomplished tasks.

It made war, which is the sole power of Congress, without its authority, thereby usurping one of its fundamental prerogatives. It violated a plain statute of the United States as well as plain treaty obligations, international usages and constitutional law; and has done so under pretense of executing a great public policy, which could have been more easily effected lawfully, constitutionally and with honor.

It forced strained and unnatural constructions upon statutes, usurping judicial interpretation, and substituting Congressional enactment decree.

It withdrew from Congress their customary duties of investigation which have heretofore made the representatives of the people and the States the terror of evil-doers.

It conducted a secretive investigation of its own and boasted of a few sample convicts, while it threw a broad coverlet over the bureaus which had been their chosen field of operative abuses, and kept in power the superior officers under whose administration the crimes had been committed.

It ordered assault upon some monopolies, but paralyzed by its first victory, it flung out the flag of truce and cried out that it would not "run amuck," leaving its future purposes beclouded by its vacillations.

Conducting the campaign upon this declaration of our principles and purposes, we invoke for our candidates the support not only of our great and time-honored organization, but also the active assistance of all of our fellow citizens who, disregarding past differences upon questions no longer in issue, desire the perpetuation of our constitutional government as framed and established by the Fathers of the Republic.—*National Democratic Platform.*

AERIAL GARDEN OF THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE.



NORMA THOMAS IN THE UPPER CORNER IS ONE OF THE CLEVER YOUNG WOMEN OF THE KLAU & ERLANGER FORCES, A TYPE OF THE CLEVER STAGE GIRL OF TO-DAY. THE OTHER PICTURES REPRESENT THE PALATIAL ELEVATOR HALL, AND THE FAVORITE CORNER OF THE ROOF WHICH IS THROGGED WITH SOCIETY PEOPLE EVERY NIGHT.

IT would seem as if Klaw and Erlanger had determined, without any regard to the cost, to possess the most attractive place of summer amusement when they set about constructing the Aerial Gardens over the New Amsterdam Theatre. From an architectural and artistic standpoint alone, the structure is a picture of exceptional beauty, and it is the apex of all efforts in its line in theatrical history. The expenditure in its creation was lavish, and several visits are needed to fully appreciate its delicate atmosphere.

The balance of equipment extends even to the smallest detail, and imagination need not be drawn upon in order to carry one away from the worry and noisy life of the city.

No better answer to the question as to the pre-eminence of the big firm in the world of dramatic art could be given than the other question:

"What has been left undone? Is there anything that could be suggested to make a more perfect establishment for summer performances?"

From the moment one leaves the street level until he returns to the same spot after the performance, there is little chance for cavil as to the supremacy of the Aerial Gardens over anything hitherto offered in the roof garden line.

Having gone thus far, Klaw and Erlanger



ADA KLEIN.

This clever young girl plays the part of A Little Bit of Blarney in the entertainment, and is both original and amusing.

decided to place the New York public deeper in their debt and selected the highest-priced cast obtainable for the class of entertainment they had mapped out for the summer. While "A Little of Everything" surely covers the ground, it does not in any sense exploit the clever work done by the artists who are engaged in its production. Their praise has been sounded by audiences and the press, and twice the value of a winter's performance is given. Since the opening night there have been many attractions added, until there is now enough merriment, music and marvel for three or four entertainments of a similar character.

THE girls who surround Miss Templeton are very much above the average in ability, looks, and intelligence. Indeed, some of them are very capable actresses, and throw themselves into their work with much vim and humor.

The comedian, Messrs. Peter Dail y, George Scheller, and Harry Kelly, have been known to Broadway for years in the front rank. They supply all the merriment and laughter in the masculine line, while Miss Templeton can carry the burden of the feminine humor. And she is a match for any of them either in regular business, or any impromptu quips which they may spring.



THE JOLLY PERFUMERS IN THE OFFENBACH REVIEW. IN "A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING," AT THE AERIAL GARDEN.

Some idea of the enormous extent of the enterprises of this great theatrical firm of Klaw & Erlanger may be gained by a brief résumé of their plans.

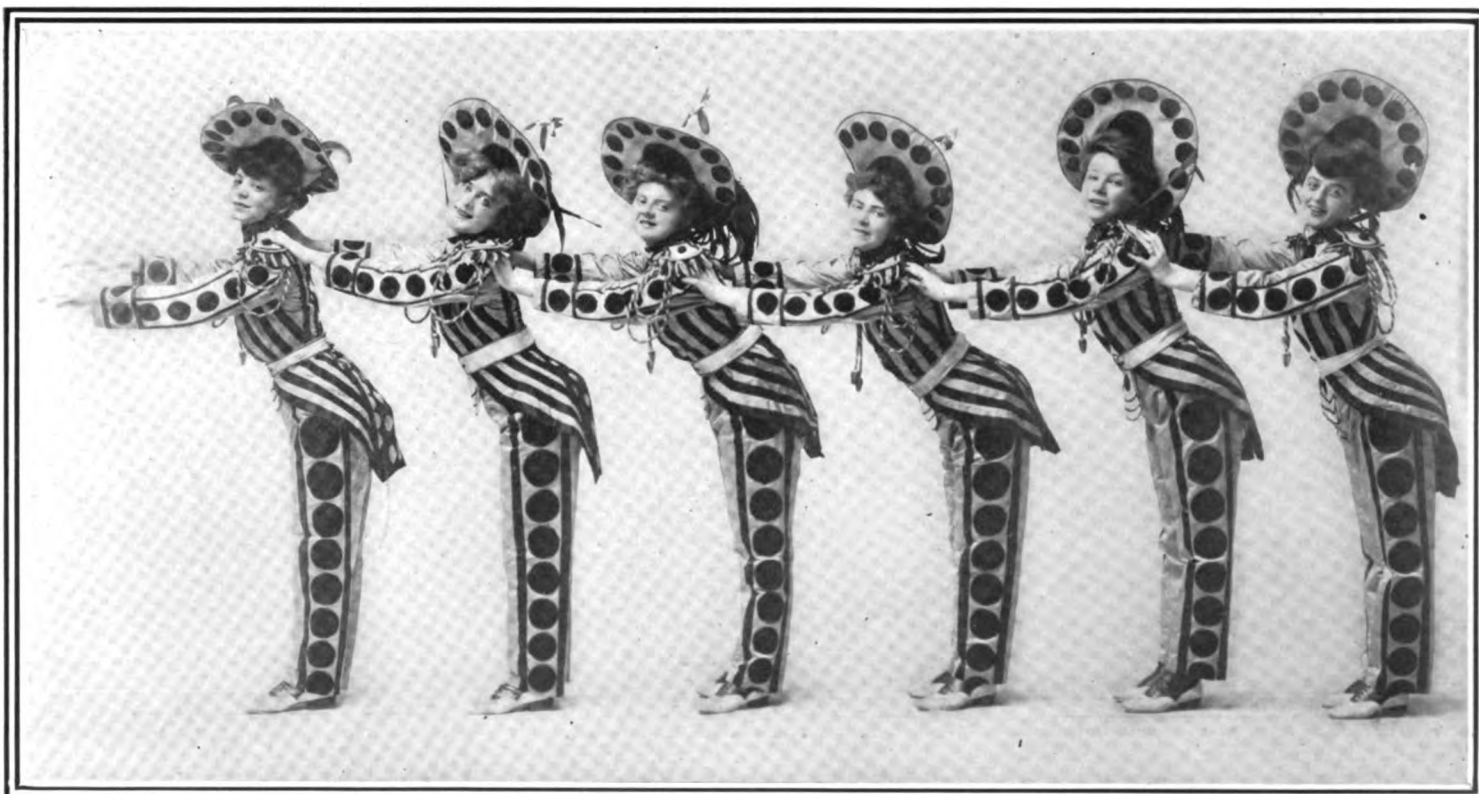
These managers are formulating plans at the present time for a series of productions that will involve fortunes. For their coming American production of the big Drury Lane pantomime, "Humpty Dumpty," they have already engaged George Conquest, the inventor of most of the trick scenery used in the Drury Lane pantomimes and acknowledged to be the most expert aerial

artist and manipulator of trick disappearing traps in the world. In "Humpty Dumpty" Conquest will play the *Mysterious Demon*. For this same production, which is to be the big fall offering at the New Amsterdam, the managers have also engaged Rice and Prevost. The latter will play the clown in the pantomime.

At the New York Theatre Klaw & Erlanger will make a great scenic production of C. T. Dazey's drama of rural life, "Home Folk." This piece is to be presented on Christmas Day and will follow the run of the big production of

Denman Thompson's "The Old Homestead." The New York will be opened in August by George W. Lederer's study in black and white, "The Southerners." It will occupy the house for four weeks and will be followed by "The Old Homestead."

The Rogers Brothers are to have the greatest production with which they have so far been surrounded in John McNally's new musical farce, "The Rogers Brothers in Paris." The attraction has been from the start the most consistent money winner on record.



"THE EVOLUTION OF RAGTIME" GIRLS IN THE SPECIALTY AT THE AERIAL GARDEN PERFORMANCE, "A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING."

LEADING MEN ON THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

THAT the Democratic party as a body politic has recovered its reason is supported by the expression of men of every section throughout the land: Manufacturers, bankers, lawyers, merchants and business men. There is no better test of the political atmosphere than the utterances of such men. Since the nomination of Judge Parker at St. Louis there has been a volume of expression in favor of his election. Some of the most notable are given below:

James L. Norris,

National Committeeman from the District of Columbia and a gold-standard man, said: "The platform is simply a recognition of existing conditions. The financial question is not an issue in this campaign. I cannot see that any harm has been done by omitting the gold plank."

Representative Bartlett,

of Georgia, said: "I think the platform says everything it should say on every question before the people, including the money question. The money question is settled, and was settled, not by either of the parties, but through agencies not within the control of the two great political parties."

Isaac N. Seligman,

of J. and W. Seligman, bankers: "Judge Parker will unquestionably be supported by all of the regular Democrats, independent Democrats and the gold Democrats. He will bring every element back into the Democratic party. The independent Democrats who supported McKinley will certainly support Parker."

Howard P. Sweetser,

of Sweetser, Pembroke & Co.: "I voted for Mr. Cleveland every time he ran, Judge Parker will certainly poll the Cleveland Democrats. As to the disaffection among Bryan Democrats, I am not enough of a politician to give an opinion. I'll have to read that question up. Come in next week and I'll tell you my opinion on this point. The independent Democrats will, I think, support Parker. I am only a business man and my views are not formed from any political knowledge."

Ex-Gov. Pattison,

of Pennsylvania, said: "The platform was completed after long and arduous debate and after many concessions had been made by both sides. I regard the outcome as a wise one, and I believe it will be satisfactory to the Democrats of the country. It is the best that could have been done at this time by reason of differences of opinion that existed on several questions. When the people come to understand the situation thoroughly it is very likely that the Democrats will be satisfied."

William B. Hornblower,

"I think sound-money Democrats should support Judge Parker notwithstanding the platform ignores the money question."

"The silver heresy is practically repudiated by the failure to reaffirm it. The candidate is sound and above reproach in every particular. The gold standard is safe beyond any question. Tariff, imperialism and other issues are the only live ones. On these all Democrats should heartily unite."

J. Edward Simmons,

"The elimination by the Democratic party of the issues that have brought the party to defeat marks the beginning of a condition of sanity in the Democratic party that can hardly fail to bring back the conservative element. Judge Parker is a citizen of unimpeachable integrity. His life is without stain. His ability has been

demonstrated by long and successful service as Chief Judge of the highest court of the State, and if he is elected President, I believe the affairs of the nation will be in safe hands."

Justice William J. Gaynor,

speaking of the nomination of Judge Parker said: "The convention has nominated a man equal to any public office or requirement. Judge Parker is fully equipped for the office of President. That will be known of all men after he comes into office. He is a remarkable man, and as self-poised as Washington."

Henry W. Cannon,

President of the Chase National Bank: "It certainly appears as if Judge Parker will reunite the Democratic party. The result at St. Louis is better for the business world than anything else."

Roger A. Pryor,

"Many gold Democrats who left the party will come back into the fold, and the strength of the party will be increased wonderfully. Judge Parker's chances are exceedingly bright."

Randolph Guggenheimer,

"In March, 1903, in an interview which was published all over the United States, I advocated the nomination of Judge Parker as the most advantageous that could be made. I have seen no reason since to change that opinion, and naturally I am delighted with the outcome of the convention."

Hoke Smith, of Georgia,

"I regard the omission of any reference to the money plank in the Chicago and Kansas City platforms as a declaration of the gold standard. It is well known that those who controlled the convention were either original gold standard men or men who have abandoned the advocacy of the free coinage of silver. They nominated Judge Parker"

Daniel J. Campau,

National Committeeman from Michigan: "There is no good reason why any man who ever claimed to be a Democrat should not support this candidate on this platform. There were many differences of opinion in the party, but they were harmoniously and unanimously adjusted in a truly Democratic manner. The platform was not dictated by anybody. The final vote on it was unanimous, for the first time in the history of Democratic conventions, so far as I am familiar with them."

Delegate-at-Large Homer S. Cummings,

of Connecticut: "The Democracy of Connecticut, which I have upon this occasion the great honor of representing, has a vital interest in the result of the coming campaign."

"Thoughtful people have begun to weary of Roosevelt's eccentric advertising methods. They are alternately amused and alarmed by his strenuous and untimely impetuosity. They decline to accept him in his favorite rôle of a mighty military captain."

"They are eager for a real American statesman, of American size, and animated by American constitutional ideas."

Senator Carmack,

"The fact that Judge Parker is being supported by men who are blessed with a larger amount of this world's goods than most of us have been able to assemble, is being strangely urged as an objection to his nomination. Sir, I deny that the Democratic party is a party for the poor man alone. It is the party for every rich man who respects the rights of the poor, and it is the party of every poor man who wants to be rich."

"The charge has been recklessly made that the evil influences of Wall Street are behind the candidacy of this upright and incorruptible Judge. I can tell the author of this that the power of Wall Street has been striving as earnestly as he to defeat the nomination of Alton B. Parker and to accomplish the nomination of quite another candidate."

Senator Cockrell,

"Parker is an affable, capable man, who is loved by all who know him. I think his nomination is the best that could have been made under the circumstances."

Mr. Wright, of Georgia,

"No one can doubt that the vast majority of the people will turn from the restlessness and uncertainty of the present administration toward Alton B. Parker with a feeling of restfulness and hope. The people, having learned of him, trust him and feel an unbounded confidence in him."

"The Empire State of the South, Mr. Chairman, seconds the nomination of the favorite son of the Empire State of the North, and prophesies victory in November, with Alton B. Parker as the standard bearer."

Thomas B. Hall, of Texas,

"Lovers of constitutional government, respecters of property rights and advocates of the just claims of labor, will have in this blameless citizen, loyal Democrat, wise and upright Judge, an Executive, when elected, who will respect the well-defined functions of the legislative, judicial and executive branches of the government."

"Judge Parker stands for a democratic republic."

"Rooseveltism is a distinct issue in American politics."

Col. George Harvey, Editor of Harper's Weekly,

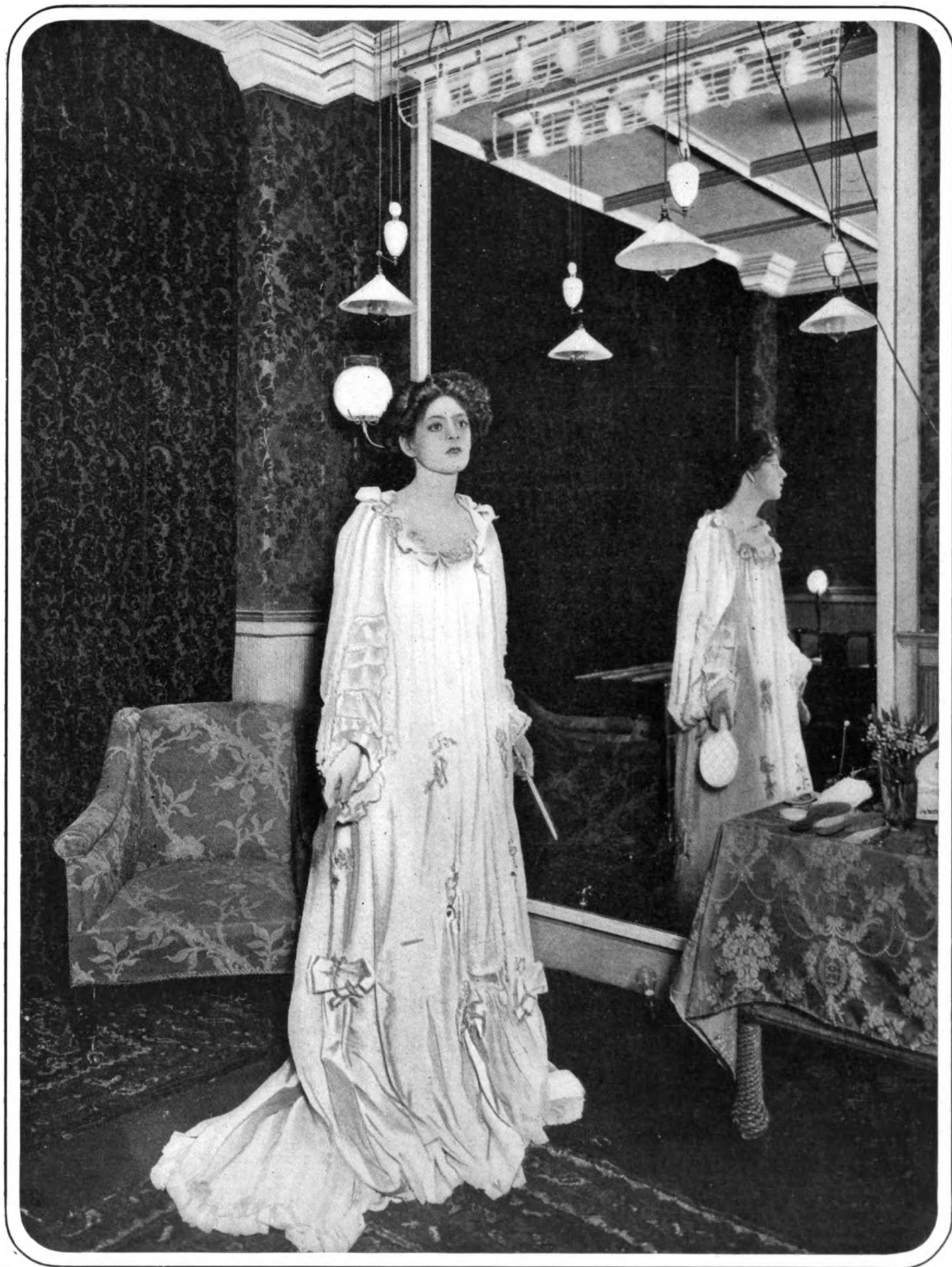
"We do not recall so much stress having been put upon the physical qualifications of a satisfactory Executive before, but whether or not they be as important relatively as Mr. Roosevelt believes, the Judge fills the bill. In the language of former Senator Edward Murphy, a shrewd estimator of true form, he is a good man. While Mr. Roosevelt has been wrestling with Japs the Judge has been pitching hay. He could not receive his call to duty after the traditional manner of Mr. Cincinnatus and Uncle Israel Putnam because, as everybody knows, this is not the ploughing season. But to true and tried Democratic eyes he certainly does present a great appealing picture standing in the meadow patch, a single suspender securely upholding his blue overalls, and the perspiration rolling down his tanned cheeks as, ever and anon, with graceful ease he tosses haycock after haycock upon the waiting cart. No effete dumbbells for the Judge. The implements of the farm are his. He may not be as handy with his fists as his rival, but, catch as catch can, in our dispassionate and unprejudiced judgment, he would win out."

Senator Tillman Said,

"It had been my intention to take no part in the canvass, for my throat is in bad condition, but now, unless the doctor forbids it, and if the party wants me, I will work as hard as I did in 1896 and 1900. Then I was a silver man; now I'll work for—well, I'll work to beat Roosevelt."

"'Anti-Roosevelt' is my platform. I am for a return to constitutional government and law. I'm tired of imperialism at home as well as abroad."

ETHEL BARRYMORE, QUEEN OF OUR HEARTS



THE LATEST PICTURE OF THE CHARLES FROHMAN STAR, TAKEN IN HER DRESSING ROOM BY A LONDON ARTIST. SHE IS NOW ON HER WAY TO CALIFORNIA, WHERE SHE WILL OPEN HER SEASON. SHE COMES OF AN ANCESTRY, THEATRICAL AND SOCIAL, WHICH IS AN HONORED ONE, TO WHICH, WITH HER BROTHERS LIONEL AND JOHN, SHE IS ADDING DISTINCTION.

JULES JAMBON, FRENCH JOURNALIST HAS ARRIVED.

ARRIVED I again have.

"Encore la," say you: ha, ha; French you speak also?

Successful so much was that before visit of me; that chef of *Le Journal Pour Parler*, the distinguished writer for which am I, he make most insistent the demand for me to come again once to *L'Amerique* of the most beautiful women the country in the world.

Bad is the ship upon which the voyage I did make. *Mal pour* that headache of the such sickness.

Of what you call the dope language of Broadway, you see not forgotten have I. One John Henry am I, of that George Hobart who so funny is.

Come I here to see those Indians what you call the political, the Red Indian of Tammany. Bah; non!



MONSIEUR JULES JAMBON.

It is for the beautiful girl to admire; that Marie Dressler, the grand tragedian, who seen have I in mood so beseeching for the song of the coon I cry.

Parbleu! grander as the Sarah divine; admiration so *parfaitment* have I. The morning of the day, Marie the superb I meet.

"Dreamland for you, *mon chérie*," she say. "I am *vivandière* of the peanuts."

My obligations I express, for adorable was the haughty *grand dame* of the *coulisses*. Understand her not do I, yet the invitation extend I for the Marie to make the voyage at this Dreamland.

Voilà tout!

At the hotel of the Grand Metropole go I, when that glass café shine so brightly as the eyes of those pickanninnies in the ragtime once.

Astonished was I for the beholding of so many of the friends of Marie.

"The bunch this is," she say, and beauty more than I see in all my life was there. Smile they all on me.

"*Mon Dieu!*" I implore; "my heart, my hand, my income! everything give I the pleasure for to be the chaperon of a bunch such."

I laugh; laugh everybody does.

"All right, are you," sing these beautiful *premieres*. "But, Alphonse! your chariot, where it is?"

"Trot it out," say one, oh! so petite a blonde.

Sad do I feel, for not that Alphonse am I, like those *Chanteau freres*. Not a chariot have I, also no *trottoir rolante* of that Exposition.

Yet I smile, and the lobster may they call me, that Jules Jambon, *distingue* of the *Journal Pour Parler* of the literature of *la belle Paris*.

Then that automobile so *magnifique* I go at the garage to procure; and once again do I appear on the *Boulevard de Broadway*, where also wait

la belle Marie, the friends who with us to go to that Dreamland.

Allons, the chauffeur act I, to the roads of the Long Island of the Coney Island. Laugh, laugh, laugh do the bunch of that Marie. So laugh everybody who us see. *Les enfants mauvais*; they salute me while so perfect do I the automobile control. Cry they out: "Good Gaston, hurry up that dear Alphonse!"

Diable! so fast go we; no *fiacre* must come at the approach of this party *splendide*.

"Beautiful is that ocean! what?" say *la prima donna* of that Elfie Fay; "soon, Monsieur Jambon, do we duck *la*."

Que est la duck of the Efi Elfie? So *drole* is she.

The highball I drink to the *limonad* of the pink, for the merry *filles* of that party. As an *empereur* enter I that Dreamland. Bow low do the *gendarmes* when the George Considine he introduce me, and say:

"Free is everything for Monsieur Jambon."

Already is that crowd so large to see me, as I cannot count. Strange those pleasures of the islanders of that Coney. For the wish of the beautiful girl in that shoot the chutes go I, where the ocean me covers as a descent we make. All, all is laugh but me. Smile I faintly. That sickness of the sea me attack, before rest we do at the *grande salle a la manger*.

Again we go for that slide as like that Alps of my dear France. For the once sorry am I not in my Paris to be. *La Marie* she take me from the hand.

"Together we will go," she say, "down that hill."

"*Allez; hoop la!*" cry they. What mean those persons?

Forget do I. To die I feel like. Me they elevate when it is the end. What you call the headache such; oh, *c'est horrible!*

After am I introduced to Messieurs Wogglebaum and also Izzy Zinsheimer. Also was one McKnight Dopey who the piano play. *Un grand musicien*. *Un physician ancien*—Monsieur le Docteur McCardell, he make the introduction.

La Belle Marie she say: "Bye-bye, Jules, the business I make now with those peanuts of mine. With the bunch go you to the Park of the Moon." Regret do I, until those girls me conduct to the Luna.

None of the memory have I of my finish. I many *magnifique* nights have had, yet none so what you call strenuous like that. Two days have they passed, but sick am I. Again never go I to that Dreamland and that Park of the Moon!

Missed it never, would I. In my heart the love of those beautiful eyes of that Marie and her friends have I. Everybody me asks the enjoyment I have with that bunch, and laugh much do they. Yet not again go I.



For mine that Exposition of the Pike at the St. Louis of that France. After come I to the New York, when so beautiful girls of the Marie sing in that opera. Once then again the lobster



THE DIVINE MARIE.

and the vintage of Longacre for my friends do I provide.

Jusque, mes amis of that BROADWAY SEMAINE; *au revoir! mais ne c'est pas adieu.*

JULES JAMBON,

Journaliste of that Le Journal Pour Parler de Paris.

A HUSBAND'S FICTION.

"What is your husband's favorite fiction?" asked the inquisitive person.

"I can hardly say at a moment's notice," said the patient wife, "whether he prefers the invalid-friend story or the detained-at-the-office-on-business narrative."

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order.

The love of justice is simply, in the majority of men, the fear of suffering injustice.

Clothes do not make the man, but our first impressions are, nevertheless, formed from his outward appearance. They may not make the man, but they give a good idea of the kind of man he is.

Life is not so short but there is always time enough for courtesy.

SPROUTING CARPETS.

"I want to see some Brussels," began the prospective customer.

"Carpets, sprouts, or point lace?" asked the universal provider, briskly.

LIFE'S CHANCES.

Behind his team of thoroughbreds
He sat before his marriage;
But things are different now, he walks—
Behind the baby's carriage.

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LEADERS ARE CERTAIN OF PARKER'S ELECTION.

THE history of the past two weeks has been indelibly written upon the history of the great American nation. After the nomination had been made, Judge Alton B. Parker vindicated the good judgment of his sponsors and endeared himself to the people of every party by his magnificent declaration that he would decline the honor if it was stipulated that he should ignore the gold standard issue.

Cromwell refused the crown of England, but never before has any American declined the nomination for President.

The splendid character of the man, his magnanimity and utter self-sacrifice was emblazoned before the nation when he declared that no honor could induce him to compromise himself even by implication.

The great leaders of the Democracy have come forward to announce that they will make a brave battle for his election.

That he will be elected President is the popular opinion everywhere.

Surely, he could have no more typical American for a comrade as Vice-President than Henry G. Davis, of Virginia.

Ex-President Cleveland Gratified.

What ex-President Cleveland had to say regarding the nomination of Judge Parker he wrote and carefully read before sending it out. He said:

"I am absolutely ignorant of any final action of the convention, except its selection of Mr. Parker as the Presidential candidate.

"With this result I am abundantly gratified, and hope the remainder of the work of the convention will add to the encouraging prospects of Democratic success.

"This is all I can possibly say at this time.

"I don't know when I shall have an opportunity to read the platform finally adopted or to learn the entire proceedings of the convention.

"In any event, it is absolutely certain that no further expression will be gained from me at present. I hope to be relieved of further importunity on this subject."

Murphy Pledges Tammany for Parker.

Charles F. Murphy, of Tammany Hall, said:

"No one need have any doubt where

Tammany stands in this Presidential canvass. It is solidly behind Alton B. Parker for President. There is never any doubt where Tammany Hall stands when a candidate is regularly nominated.

"Now that Judge Parker has received the nomination from the convention Tammany Hall is lined up solidly behind him. We were instructed by the State convention to vote as a unit for Judge Parker, and while it was not our belief that he was the strongest candidate, we obeyed the mandate of the State convention. Now that the convention has spoken and paid the high honor to Judge Parker, Tammany Hall will go to work at once in New York county and roll up for him the largest plurality ever given to the Presidential candidate of Democracy.

"If Democrats throughout the State and throughout the nation will work to secure the election of Judge Parker as the loyal Democrats of Tammany Hall will work, there can be only one result, and that is victory."

Mayor McClellan is Pledged.

The Mayor of New York, George B. McClellan, said:

"All Democrats will work enthusiastically for the election of Judge Parker. I have the greatest admiration for him as a man and a Democrat. I have the fullest confidence in his ability and his statesmanship. His nomination will unite the party, and we will surely win. New York has been greatly honored by this selection of one of its citizens for a Presidential candidate. The country will expect New York to do all in its power in view of the importance of the principles at stake, to lead in the accomplishment of victory."

James H. Eckels Praises Judge Parker.

James H. Eckels said:

"Judge Parker will do, and though sound money is ignored in platform, he is a sound-money man.

"I shall support it and his candidacy. I go further and say that no one who has anything to do with the present control of the party would ever wish to change the gold standard for the country. Every leader of

any prominence, either North or South openly declares as much. They not only do not countenance such legislation, but would as earnestly oppose and defeat any attempt to change the existing order of things."

Parker's Telegram Asserting His Adherence to the Gold Standard.

Here is the text of Judge Parker's telegram to William F. Sheehan:

"I regard the gold standard as firmly and irrevocably established, and shall act accordingly if the action of the convention to-day shall be ratified by the people.

"As the platform is silent on the subject, my views should be made known to the convention, and if it is proved to be unsatisfactory to the majority I request you to decline the nomination for me at once so that another may be nominated before adjournment."

The Convention's Answer to Judge Parker's Stand.

The convention by a vote of 774 to 191 authorized the sending of the following telegram to Judge Parker:

"The platform adopted by this convention is silent on the question of the monetary standard because it is not regarded by us as a possible issue in this campaign, and only campaign issues were mentioned in the platform.

"Therefore, there is nothing in the views expressed by you in a telegram just received which would preclude a man entertaining them from accepting a nomination on said platform."

Henry G. Davis.

"I shall support the platform completely, and I shall not be a figurehead in the campaign. I am going to the Democratic State Convention at Parkersburg on August 3, and shall be ready to talk politics in my speech. After the notification committee have seen me I may have something definite to say in the way of personal views of the campaign."

NUTSHELL BIOGRAPHIES OF THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES.

ALTON BROOKS PARKER, the nominee for President, has been the Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals of New York since January 1, 1898. He was born in Cortland, N. Y., May 14, 1852; was educated at the public schools, Cortland Academy, and Cortland Normal School, and admitted to the bar. He practised in Kingston, was surrogate of Ulster County from 1877-85, delegate to the Democratic National Convention of 1884, and was tendered the office of First Assistant Postmaster-General in 1885. He was Chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee in 1885, Judge of the Supreme Court in 1885, appointed member of the general term from 1893-96, and of the Appellate Division, 1896-7. He lives at Esopus, N. Y. Judge Parker is 52 years old, nearly 6 feet tall, broad-shouldered and muscular, reddish-haired, brown-eyed, florid; an early riser and a hard worker; temperate, prudent and thrifty; the owner of three small farms, and handy himself with the hayfork; married and a grandfather; a good churchman, and fond of singing hymns and sentimental songs.

HENRY GASSAWAY DAVIS, the nominee for Vice-President, was born in Baltimore, November 16, 1823, and was educated at county schools, but being left fatherless, he went to work when very young. Married in 1853 Kate A., daughter of Judge Gideon Bantz, Frederick, Md. He became superintendent of a plantation, then brakeman, conductor and later agent at Piedmont, W. Va., on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Later he was a merchant and a leading collier. He projected and carried on to success the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railway, of which he is President, and was also President of the Piedmont and Cumberland Railway, the Davis National Bank of Piedmont, W. Va., etc. In 1865 he was a member of the House of Delegates of West Virginia, was State Senator from 1867-9, United States Senator from 1871-83, declining re-election. He has been delegate to six National Democratic Conventions, was one of the American delegates to the Pan-American Congress, is a member of the United States Intercontinental Railway Commission. He lives at Elkins, W. Va., and has a house in Washington at No. 1725 I street.

PREPARING FOR THE POLITICAL WAR DANCE.



COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT, "DE-LIGHT-ED!" BUT IS HE?

JAMES F. LEE'S FEUILLETON—A LONELY MAN IN TOWN.

WELL, after a talk which lasted seven weeks i finnaly buncoed my wife into making her beleive she ought to take a vacation, as she was run down from the hard work she had done in the shopping line during the winter months, I put her on the train at 42 nd st station after kissing her good by I said to myself now Leander old boy Make everything 3/5 I strolled over as far as broadway and forty second st. i had on my flirting suite flannel pants white shoes and a straw hat with a blue band on it, As i passed the Metropole a sporty looking fellow officed some of his friends and said look at that guy, with that make-up, i looked back at the party and smiled and went back and mixed up in the bunch invited them all to have a drink i thought they was admiring my summer clothes and thought the young man that gave the office to his friends said I had cheap pants on, after telling them all about sending my wife away and was out for a good time, one young fellow offered to take me along and introduce me to a ladie who sang in a show on broadway this last winter, we walked down as far as the Broadway theatre and along came the young ladie we was on our way to see.,

She was a qute little thing and as she shook hands with her friend she called him Arthur and began to cry it was as toucheing thing as i ever saw, she told him she had just received bad news I asked her if it was bad news the race horse, She cried some more every body was touched as they went by with the seen,

A woman dropped one of her gloves at 36 th st and Broadway i picked it up for her and she thanked me i got in conversation with her and invited her to the Madison Square theatre roof in the evening after dinner at Minks, we called on the broken home club which was holding a short meeting and she introduced me as Leander

Every body looked me over and waved thear hands in the air as me and my friend went out. I took good thear and so did every body some one took a silk handkerchief and six dollars from me, and when i got to the Garden found i did not have ticket money, She said she could get a check cashed for me, i told her i did not have my check book then she blew me saying i ought to be locked up in the Post office, i next went down in to a rathskeller place and sat around for a little while i was in hopes to meet some one i knew from my town which by the way is Kajieker 32 miles from Yonkers and the biggest little town in the state.

We have no noise theare from the trains as the law reads steam must be blown off coming through our town the train which has three cars on it with the engine, is pulled through our town by six mules for 12 miles Well i found no body i knew so thought i would take a walk on the out side

A big Auto machine with about 30 people on top of it seeing the sights of New York went by and a man with a big horn yelled at the people and they all began to look at me. on top of it was all kinds of people the man with the horn was telling them i was Kid Me Coy, I walked around the town for nineteen hours with out meeting any body i knew, strolled down as far as Union square park and sat down fell off to sleep, woke up in about an hour and discovered my shoes was taken off me while i was asleep, and a pair of the worst things you ever saw put on me,

My straw hat was taken and an old plug hat put along side of me, This was enough for me i had fifty cents left and i run to the telegraph office and wired to send me one hundred bucks quick this was to my son in law, the hundred came the next day so i hired a room a few doors from

broadway, so as to be near the sports. I was sent theare by a young man who i stoped and asked wheare a man could get a nice room, it was the funniest place i was ever in. Every body that came in and out had a tin can they called it a growler what ever that ment, i did not like the place and after staying theare four days quitt, i was in seventeen different places in the next three days I commenced to long for my wife and wish she was back,

And was sorry that i was the cause of sending her away I sat down and wrote her a long letter i told her i had rooms at the Young Men Christian Club rooms and after telling her ten thousand lies mailed the letter to her, I forgot to tell her which Young mens Christian Club i was at, and at the end of four days theare was a big card in every Young mens Christian club in town with big letters marked on it, A letter at headquarters for Leander Heffelmire Every body in new york knew theare was a letter for me,

I thought i would spend a day at the race track so off i went to Sheephead track i was not on the grounds ten minutes when a young man stepped up and asked me if i had a pencil i passed him one an other fellow came up and they got to talking about the horses one said be sure and



LEANDER HEFFELMIRE BECOMES A BROADWAY SPORT.

put a good bet on that it will win sure, i had fifty bucks in my pocket and i mixed up in this game and i was fool enough to put the 50 on the horse at 20/1. i lost and found out afterwards that the young man who asked me for the pencil was what is called a Trout and owned his own Trout stable he lost a big bunch also so i heard, That is a funny Business i got on the train coming home and a man who looked like a preacher paid my fare after the conductor threatened to have me locked up, I arrived in New York at 6 30 with out a cent the preacher gave me 50 cents and i lamed to the telegraph place and wired for a hundred more said i was helping some poor people in New York that needed money the next morning i got the hundred and when the man passed it to me,

He Said i looked like a raving bug, i suppose he thought i was some high toned fellow from 5 th ave and was a big bug, He was a nice looking man and i liked him for thinking i was a Bug, I had not heard from my wife at least i did not get a letter from her so commenced to worry about her I wrote a letter home to my son in law and asked him if heard from her he wrote back and said she was having a good time as he had sent her seven hundred dollars since she had been away,

I threw a fit when i read this news, And said

to my self they must have her doing the same thing i am doing wheare she is stopping, I commenced to worry about our bank rool at home and after looking the dope up thought it would be a good idear to make a get away from this town and go back to Kajica as if i stayed hear much longer and my wife going the pace at that home bank rool we would not have any home on earth if the vacation lasted another week,

So i bought me a ticket and back to Kajica i went, went to bed and sent for the doctor told him i would give him 20 dolls if he would write to my wife and tell her i was a sick man and to come home at once the Doctor fell for the 20 and wrote the letter Heblith came home on the first train, Heblith that is the one name I love and she is my wife when she entred the room she kissed me and i had to rool my eyes to make it strong i was in a bad way,

After being in bed two days i got up then we commenced to count the house up and what the vacation cost for three weeks, after it was counted up Heblith and i are not on speaking terms we sat in the same pew at church last sunday and every body in Kajica had theare eyes on us both Heblith got a letter on Sataurday from a young man she met asking her if she would send him a hundred bucks he had a good thing in the 5 th race at Manassa wheare ever that is, she said the young man owned a race horse stable in that place and told her the place was 30 mile from Mexice City

i had to stand for the hundred and i was willing to bet another hundred she met the same man who run the Trout stable that i met, she sent the money and we got a letter saying the horse won, but the book makers only settled with the bettors on rainy days and he would have to waite untill the first rainy day came a long before he cashed his ticket, Heblith said she met a young man at the hotel she stoped at that had a trained mackrel and he was going to put him in the Circus the Trained mackrel would carry notes up and down the lake to people and just at present he was trying to learn the mackrel to rush the growler he was a regular Frisco mackrel that is he was caught in Frisco and trained at Benson-hurst L. I.

The mackrel lost one of his eyes and a kittens eye was put in place of the lost one, Every night when it gets dark the mackrel goes looking for mice, All the neighbors along the lake know the mackrel and no body pays any attention to him, Heblith says it is the Cunning-est thing she ever saw,

I let Heblith talk all she wanted to about the mackrel as that gave her a chance to forget to ask me about what i had done it was getting late so we had to retire for the night, I promised Heblith i would tell hear all about what i had done since she had been a way to morrow, So next week i will tell you what i told Heblith

JAMES FENELON LEE.

and his hurdle typewriter.

EVADED A REPORTER.

FOOTMAN: "A newspaper reporter wishes to interview you, sir."

GREAT MAN: "Did you not tell him I was hoarse—could hardly speak?"

FOOTMAN: "Certainly, sir. But he assured me he would only ask questions which you could answer by a nod or a shake of the head."

GREAT MAN: "Then tell him I have a stiff neck."

A MODERN LIFE SAVER.

PUFFY: "Just saved a man's life!"

GUFFY: "How was that?"

PUFFY: "Met a fellow. Said he'd kill me if I didn't give up my watch. Gave it to him."

ROSARIO GUERRERO, STAR OF SEVILLIAN DANCERS.

THE Old World has sent us many wonderful dancers of the academic and the distinct national schools, but there have been none whose youth, grace, and genius for the terpsichorean art have so overshadowed all others as Rosario Guerrero, the Sevillian beauty, who is now at the New York Theatre Roof. When Señora Rosario first appeared here, she was much appreciated; but the audience had hardly been initiated into the meaning of the depth of her pantomime, for Spain outrivals any of the Latins in the silent language of the mime.

Every movement, glance, attitude and pose has a meaning, and the art of the Señora speaks volumes during her appearance on the stage. Since she has been playing at the New York there has been an enlightenment as to her art on the part of those who witnessed her act, which has created great enthusiasm.

In her way she is as great as Madame Wiche in hers. The Danish-French woman, however, is essentially dramatic, while the rhythm of Señora Guerrero's representations combine the rarest dramatic and musical sense. Comedy, tragedy, every phase of human passion, the ardent love of Castillian woman, the hate expression of the inner Spanish heart, all are exploited to the very life with the finesse of true genius.

It is the intensity of her power of depiction that touches the marrow of her audience, and in this gift she has a possession which equals the acting strength of any man or woman star who ever came to these shores.

Guerrero's pantomimic representation of the story of "Carmen" is one of the strongly-marked hits of the summer season. Guerrero's rare physical beauty, combined with the grace and illuminative quality of her dancing, will soon be vastly popular in this country. She is unmistakably an artist to her finger tips—and the public is beginning at this late hour to recognize her charm. The remainder of the bill at the New York may be described as excellent.

In every way the New York Theatre Roof Garden has been more prosperous and more successful with attractions this year than in any since its construction.

The managers, Klaw & Erlanger, were wise in placing it in the hands of such practical men as Messrs. Wayburn & Endhorn. If they cannot succeed in catering to the public along these lines, none others can.

IN TWENTIETH CENTURY.

We always know what we should do under certain circumstances, but, unfortunately, we never find circumstances arranged so as to suit what we do.

When we grow old we walk unfeelingly over that which we, in our youth, madly chased.

Men reason; women do not. Woman has no logic, and judging from the use it is to man, is better off without it.

We are all convinced of the righteousness and reasonableness of majority rule—when we happen to belong to the majority.



SIGNORA ROSARIO GUERRERO.

However, the fact remains that the place has become a favorite resort, and the programme is one of the best-balanced offerings ever made in this city for the summer.

There is enough variety and ballet to form a framework for such stars as Guerrero and Datas, the human encyclopedia. It is a popular entertainment in the true sense of the word.

SOME CAPTIOUS CARPINGS.

The beauty of a woman's mind
Is chief among her graces;
Yet minds are not made up, we find,
So readily as faces.

Everything comes to those who wait,
And the lazy man waits to greet it;
But success comes on with a rapid gait
To the fellow who goes to meet it.

To mind your business, as wise men do,
May aid you at fortune's shrine to kneel.
The man who paddles his own canoe
May some day ride in his automobile.

Appearances do not avail
When judging of a family tree,
The dog that has the shortest tail
May have the longest pedigree.

EUROPEAN STARS TO COME.

AND just about all the big ones from the other side will try their best to entertain us next season. Mrs. Langtry is to play "Varennnes." Sarah Bernhardt is now giving it in Paris. It is of the period of Louis XVI. Mrs. Pat Campbell, the divine Sarah herself, perhaps; Rejane, and her band of players; Charles Wyndham and his company; George Alexander; Edna May, who is very English now; Forbes Robertson, and his American wife, with Ellaline Terris, Ellen Terry, Wilson Barrett and Seymour Hicks as future possibilities are promised.

UNLIMITED AMUSEMENT FOR NEW YORKERS.

"PIFF, PAFF, POUF" has demonstrated that it was the only attraction with vitality enough to run through the summer inside a Broadway theatre. A goodly share of those who go to see "Piff, Paff, Pouf" at this season are from out of town, and Mr. Whitney expects to draw these patrons throughout the hot months. Eddie Foy, the comedian, has a new verse to his "I'm So Happy" song about Roosevelt and Fairbanks and is offering a prize for a catchy hit on the Democratic nominees.

At the New York Theatre roof Guerrero continues her successful pantomime of "Carmen," and new features on the vaudeville bill for the week were Delmore and Lee, aerialists; the Damm

players below, the performance was resumed in exactly fourteen minutes.

Keith's Union Square Theatre had two important novelties for a summer theatrical show, Rose Stahl and her company in "The Chorus Lady," by James Forbes, which has been popular on the road, and a new farce entitled "Her Busy Day," by James Clarence Hyde, in which E. R. Phillips, who was the *Drummer* in "The County Chairman," was seen as a Chicago business man, and Grace Hadsell, formerly of "Are You a Mason?" as a young woman physician, with W. L. West as an irritable patient. Another star feature was the Trocadero Male Quartet. The Jack Theo Trio, Harrison Brothers, Joe Flynn,

Duss and the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra reached the eighth week of Venice at Madison Square Garden. Young Louis Edlin, a wonder-child with the violin, played a fantasia by Vieuxtemps, and Miss Margaret Adams, mezzo-soprano, who was soloist for the week, sang an aria from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," and a song by Mr. Duss. On Monday evening the Panama national anthem was played, Mr. Duss says, for the first time in the United States, and the Minister, Consul and other public officers were the guests of honor of the evening. The scenic decoration of the vast garden is an uncommonly artistic and finished spectacle, the Venetian gondolas are the real thing, and while there's water in the canals there is a dry roof over all, which has been fully appreciated in the present week of violent summer storms.

"The Rival Candidates," by I. N. Morris and C. T. Dazey, was the dramatic feature at Proctor's Fifth Avenue, the cast being led by Malcolm Williams, Ed Fowler, Lotta Linthicum and Estelle Mortimer. The vaudeville people were Gus Williams, Libbie Blondell, the Three Westons, Lawrence Crane, Myers and Rosa, the Parson Sisters and Farlardo.

Pearl Haight, in the part of the "Charity Girl," one of the best pieces in the repertoire of the late Annie Pixley, was at Proctor's 125th Street Theatre. In the cast were Augustin Balfour Wallace Erskine, Julian Reed, William Cullington and Adelaide Keim. Clarice Vance headed the entr'acte vaudeville with Walter Daniels, Till's Marionettes. Christian and Turner and others.

Luna Park has a great fire show in "Fire and Flames," which all the amusement people of Coney Island, as the guests of Messrs. Thompson & Dundy, witnessed at one o'clock Wednesday morning. In front of "A Trip to the Moon" may now be seen a model of the hippodrome that the Park's proprietors are building at Forty-fourth street and Sixth avenue, Manhattan. Nazoo Kirrabanda, the Hindoo guard who starts the chute-shooting elephants into the water at the close of every Durbar performance, now shoots the chute himself on the back of Baga, b'ggest of the herd. Behind "The War of Worlds" building a giant seesaw is soon to be added to the shows.

Coney Island's Dreamland announces a new mystery. A "living mummy" is to be encased in a glass coffin and submerged in water, where he will remain for 172 hours. He is a South American, Georges Papuss, now of Paris, and he will throw himself into a cataleptic trance and will be wrapped in 400 yards of flannel. At the end of eight days and nights Papuss will be taken from the glass coffin and unwound from his bandages.

Still popular are the submarine boat "Mocasin," the Midget City circus and theatre, and others. A big French orchestration has been placed at the "Fall of Pompeii." The newest things for the vaudeville stage at Dreamland are the Barlows, who perform on the revolving ladder. Others are the Ford Sisters, Hodges and Launchmere, the Everett Trio, the Seyons, and in the circus the Alexander Seaberts, Mike Rooney, Heinrich Smultz, Howard and Luellita, Dick Vrooman and Melville Howard.

At Frank C. Bostock's animal arena in Coney Island's Dreamland Mme. Morell has added two more jaguars to the group, making eight in all. Doctor, the clown grizzly bear in Herman Weedon's group; Bonavita and his lions, the sacred tattooed bull and the jealous baboon are other stars.

"Johnstown Flood" and "Mont Pelée" are two special shows at Coney Island that the great army of stay-at-home travelers continue to patronize with zeal.



MARY NASH, OF CHARLES FROHMAN'S COMPANIES.

brothers, acrobats, and Wincherman's performing bears. Among the stars at the Sunday night concerts were Datas, the four Lakens, Howard brothers and Rosario Guerrero.

A canine melodrama, entitled "A Faithless Woman," presented by Merian's troupe of acting dogs, was prominent among the week's novelties at Hammerstein's Paradise Roof Gardens. All the performers were dogs, no humans appearing on the stage. Several new musical numbers for "Parsifalia" were heard for the first time Monday night. Among the Sunday concert's features were Spadoni, the Gasch Sisters and Willie Zimmerman.

"Paris by Night," with the turreted roofs of Madison Square Garden on fair nights and the music hall for changing weather, still holds the fort as a summer night attraction. On one evening this week, when a storm drove audience and

Murphy and Francis, John Zimmer, Add Hoyt, Leonard and Drake, Bell and Oliver and the Biograph completed the bill.

Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre offered the vaudeville debut of Robert T. Haines and Laura Hope Crews in Genevieve Haines's "Their Honeymoon." Mr. Haines has acted with Blanche Bates and Miss Crews with Robert Edeson. The second feature was an Amish opera, "Love Will Find a Way," by Charles M. Howell and D. P. R. McNeal, the music by Hugo O. Marks, of this theatre. Fourteen principals and chorus tell a story of a worldly man in this Quaker-like community. Kizzie B. Masters, in the "Red Cross Nurse"; Gus Williams, Ford and Wilson, Elwood F. Bostwick, Dorsh and Russell, Sailor and Barbette, Gregory and Lind, Perry and Randall, Martine and Balmo and the Kalatechnoscope were others on the bill.

STARS SEEK SUMMER SIESTAS.

THE Nantucket colony of actresses is depleted this season by the absence of two of the most ardent admirers of the island and two of the women who helped to make it popular among professionals. Mary Shaw, who has for some years sought rest and recreation in the summer-time on the sands, together with Henrietta Crosman, who is another great disciple of outdoor air as a renewer of youth, are missed from their cottages at Siasconset this year.

They have both gone farther away from the maddening throng and sparkling Ruinart. Lake Winnepiseogee in New Hampshire lures them to its cool and quiet shores. The fact is, things have got so lively and cityfied on Nantucket that they both decided they had better go farther away. The New Hampshire lakes are beautiful, and the woods about are almost virgin in their original picturesqueness.

Many of the stage folk are learning that there is strength of body and vigor of mind to be had among the trees and by the lakeside where none can criticise, where the everlasting eye of the public is for a while closed, and where the curtain can be rung down for a few brief weeks. Mary Shaw has her son Arthur, who played the early part of the season in Henrietta Crosman's company, with her, and they have a rough camp by the lake.

Fishing, boating, rambles and rest fill up the day. It is early to bed and early to rise for both the Shaws and for Miss Crosman, who has a place near by. Another admirer of lake life in the fly season is Will Cressey and his wife Blanche Dayne, the vaudevillians. They own an island in Lake Sunapee, way over to the westward, and it is their summer home.

Cressey goes up every summer and rebuilds the house. Sometimes the front is on the back and sometimes the cellar is in the garret, but it is a new house every season. The squirrels climb into the windows and eat up everything they can find.

It is believed that the reason Cressey is so given to new sketches and displays such an unusual amount of originality is because the squirrels eat up all his chestnuts in the summer time, and he has, perforce, to dig up something new.

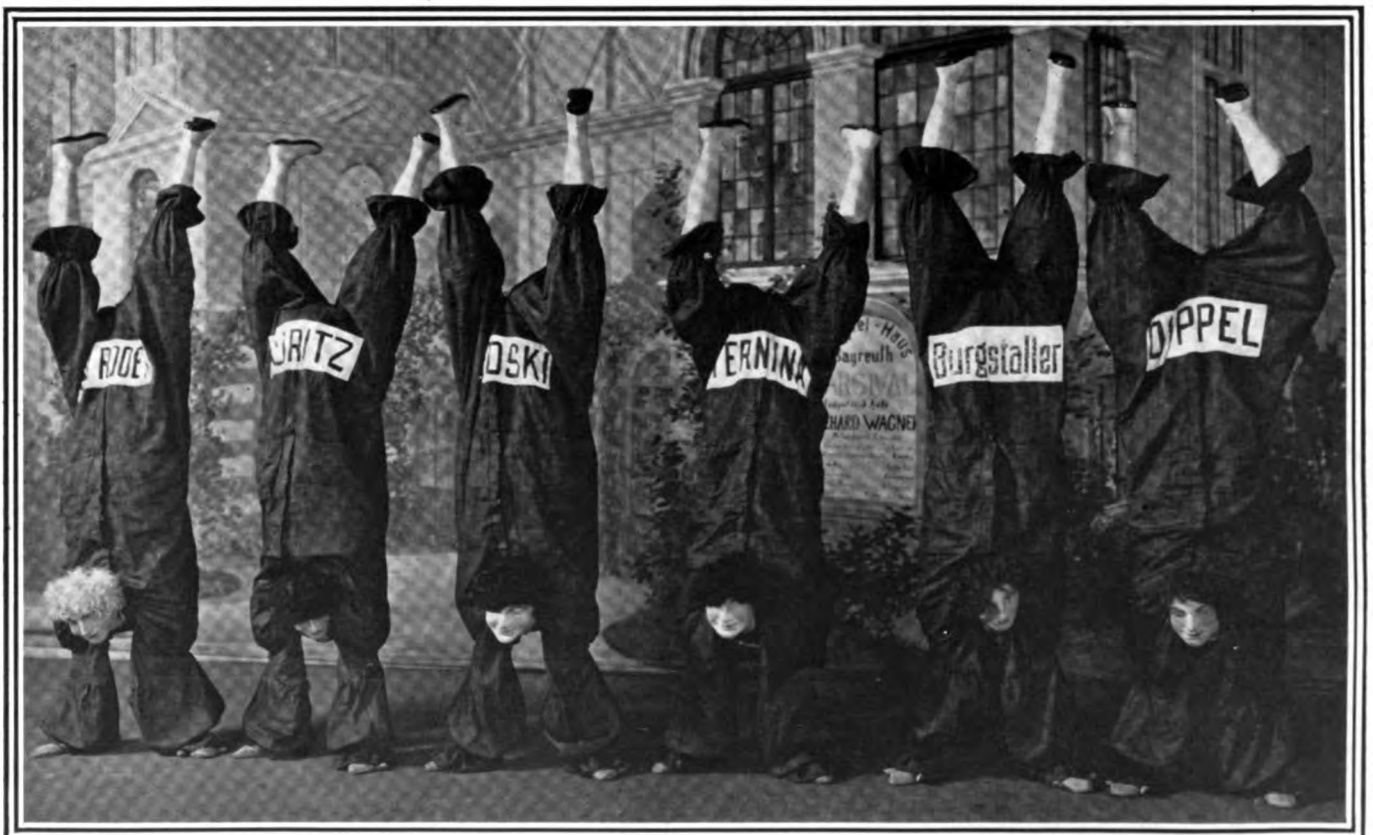
MARY SHAW FOR VAUDEVILLE.

MARY SHAW, when she has done with her summer abode on the lake, will form another of the army of vaudeville recruits. She has a contract for a season of twenty weeks at an important salary and has already secured a twenty-minute sketch. Miss Shaw is one of the most sterling of American actresses. She has had a wide experience and can play anything from Lady Macbeth to low comedy. She has a natural voice of rare beauty and expressiveness, bettered by the stage training of many years. For the past two years she has been Ibsenizing the Middle West in "Ghosts" and came back to town this year looking like a ghost herself. It has been profitable but wearing. She cannot be blamed for taking a season among the flesh-pots of vaudeville. Art is long and time is fleeting. Your nummer must make money while he may and, though Mary Shaw has always stood for art with a big A, she is not foolish enough to let big \$s go by.



ALICE J. SHAW.

MME. SHAW, the Whistler, whom the French people styled LA BELLE SIFFLEUSE, and who is regarded as the foremost whistler in the world, starts in a few weeks for a five months' tour of the far western cities, her manager, ROBERT GRAU, having arranged the trip. Mme. Shaw, whose recent trip through Russia and India was attended with great success, both in a social as well as in a pecuniary sense, has long been regarded as a favorite with the titled and the fashionable sets throughout the world, many marks of favor of rich value being presented to her by potentates in Europe and in the Far East.



THE UPSIDE DOWN BALLET IN "PARSIFALIA," AT HAMMERSTEIN'S.

MORE K. & E. COMPANIES.

IT has been the plan of Klaw & Erlanger to present Rogers Brothers in a better environment each succeeding season. Their first production cost in the neighborhood of \$12,000. "The Rogers Brothers in Harvard," their last season's offering, cost about \$45,000. So far their plays have been built along the same lines each year, but this is to be changed. "The Rogers Brothers in Paris," will be constructed upon an absolutely new plan and the brother comedians will have an opportunity to distinguish themselves in characters new to their admirers. The production will cost in the neighborhood of \$60,000. The Rogers are to open their season, as usual, at the Star Theatre in Buffalo, on August 29, and will later come to town for an indefinite run at their new theatre on Forty-second street.

Other ventures of Klaw & Erlanger's will include the all-star production of "The Two Orphans," "Ben Hur," Mother Goose," and Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott. "The Two Orphans" will make a tour of the country with the following cast: Grace George, as Louise; James O'Neil, as the Chevalier; Sarah Truax, as Henriette; Louis James, as Jacques; Mrs. Le Moyne, as the Countess, and J. E. Dodson, as Pierre.

"Ben Hur" enters its sixth year in September at St. Louis, and after a long stay there, it will go through the country, playing the larger cities. "Mother Goose," another of the Klaw & Erlanger companies, will do the same. Then Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott will come here and revive "Hamlet."

Klaw & Erlanger will produce a dramatization of General Wallace's "The Prince of India," and their new American pantomime, "The Pearl and the Pumpkin."

"THE MURDEROUS MOTOR."

(With Apologies to "The Amorous Gold Fish.")

A motor ran down a big, steep hill, as dear little motors do,

And it struck with a will and intent to kill
A gentleman old, who was promptly rolled
In the mud—though his suit was new.

His back received a painful shock,
His noble nose a dreadful knock;
His hat and cane were scattered wide,
In a way that was most undignified.

And he said, "What the dash, dash, dasher!!!
Could one think of rash, rash, rasher,
Than to race down a hill at a pace to kill,
Like this beastly smash, smash, smasher?"

"WINNITT."

SOME LONG LONDON RUNS.

"A CHINESE HONEYMOON" has stopped running in London. There have been 1,037 performances of it, making it the longest running musical play ever seen in the big city. The best musical run there previously was that of "Dorothy," which went 981 times. Only four plays have gone over 1,000 performances in London. They were "Charley's Aunt," 1,488; "Our Boys," 1,302; "The Private Secretary," more than 1,000; and "A Chinese Honeymoon," 1,037. "The County Chairman" has had the longest run this season in New York and is still running. "The Girl from Kay's," which opened, ran and closed at one theatre (the Herald Square) went 205 performances, which is pretty good for this season.

TOUCHING CRITICISM.

No matter how well we do, we are sure to be anxious to impress upon others that what we have achieved is trifling compared with that of which we are capable.

A critic is one who knows perfectly well how a thing should be done, but is unable to do it. Therefore, we are all the keenest critics in matters of which we know least.

The trouble with most reformers is that they waste their time and energy trying to reform somebody else.

HAPHAZARD PHILOSOPHY.

Our repentance sometimes is not so much regret for the ill we have done, as fear of the ill that may happen to us in consequence.

THE MAN ON HORSEBACK.

JUST like the ancient King of France
And his ten thousand men;
Brave Teddy rode up high San Juan,
And then rode down again.
The bullets flew—they always fly—
And cannons roared—they always roar—
But Teddy landed high and dry,
Still yearning for the Spanish gore.

FRENCH STAGE MORALITY.

"IT would be difficult to say for certain," says M. A. P., "without a hint from statistical authority, whether there are more deaths in the year in French plays than in English, but the impression one gets, as merely an occasional witness of the productions from Paris, is that the playwrights of the 'gay city' are sworn among themselves that the interests of the serious drama are only properly served by plays that end in murder or suicide, or both.

"The habitual playgoer of Paris is probably proof against this impression, his familiarity with the characteristics of his country's dramatists, together with his wide acquaintance with the French theatre generally, breeding in him an indifference, or rather an insensibility, to the things that strike the more watchful stranger. Judging French theatricals as we see them done over here, serious drama would not be recognized as Parisian goods if its final curtain descended upon a living hero and a living heroine. The mortality among the principal characters in French drama is simply appalling."

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MADAME SYLVAIN AT HAMMERSTEIN'S.

MUSICAL UNION TROUBLES.

THE musical union is becoming powerful and strict. The time seems to be coming when even the celebrated "flute-like tones" of Fay Templeton will get her into trouble with the band because they will want to furnish all the flute quality there is. The managers have discovered that perhaps they can get along without the orchestra regularly. Musical plays must, of course, have orchestras, but the regular 'tween acts selections, when the men go out to see a friend and the women talk gossip, are probably given but small attention. This is in Gotham. In Brooklyn, across the river, it is different to an extent, and the theatre-goers might feel as if they were being buncoed if they had no music. But there is a movement apparent on all sides to do something to the orchestra. No one can say what the actual result will be, but it is pretty sure to be something.

SOME RIALTO NOTES.

Margaret Anglin, whose *Camille* was too Puritan, is to star in "The Eternal Feminine," by Robert Misch, and the play will be given simultaneously in London, Paris and New York early in the season.

Julia Marlowe, who is to be a joint star with Edward Sothorn in Shakespearean pieces, is already walking the floor with a prompt book. Ferdinand Gottschalk has been engaged for an important rôle in a new production by Charles Frohman.

Kathryn Kidder will return to the stage in August, starring in "Salambo" with Frederick Warde as leading man under the management of Wagenhals & Kemper.

Olga Nethersole may come over and play Mrs. Craigie's "The Pipes of Pan" next season.

Duss, with his industrious band of musical gentlemen, is still piloting the sweet strains of linked sweetness over the canal so carefully that none of the half tones are ever lost in Venice.

WINSOME PAULA.

PAULA EDWARDES was the chief light among the musical comedy singers at the Manhattan Beach Theatre in "Winsome Winnie," in which she starred this season. She has for a company many of the originators of the various rôles, and, inasmuch as the show is not so familiar as either "Wang" or "A Chinese Honeymoon," that have been given so far at the beach, it is expected that the receipts will be above anything taken in so far this season. Miss Edwarde (with or without the "e" just as you like) is a bright and clever little woman of more talent than the ordinary. She made a considerable personal success in the name rôle of "Winsome Winnie" this season at the Casino and elsewhere.

PAIN'S DISPLAY.

PAIN has spoiled us for ordinary fireworks. There used to be a time when a hundred dollars' worth of rockets and Roman candles, exploded on the public square Fourth of July, furnished talk for the town for a long time. But Pain, the audacious, the fiery, the fearless, has been giving so many different kinds of solar illuminations for the past few years in his enclosure at Manhattan Beach, coupled with fire spectacles of such grandeur and completeness, that anything like the ordinary fireworks display of Independence Day simply causes an uplifting of the nose, and that is all.

This year "Decatur," the story of the blowing up of the frigate *Philadelphia* off Tripoli's rock-bound coast, offers opportunity for the celebration of an anniversary of interest from a patriotic standpoint, as well as the furnishing of a fire spectacle even above the average of the past

HENDERSON'S SUCCESS.

HENDERSON'S Music Hall at Coney Island is enlarging its already ample clientele by the length and the excellence of its vaudeville bills. There is always something new doing at Henderson's. It is cool and comfortable there, and there are a lot of folks who like to take a car down to the island of an evening and stroll into Henderson's for a while.

HOME-MADE BREAD.

HUSBAND—And so you made this bread yourself? It is remarkable.

YOUNG WIFE—It's good, isn't it? But it was such a trouble. I had to watch it constantly to keep it from burning.

HUSBAND—Was that the only trouble?

YOUNG WIFE—Of course. I got the dough from the baker's.

SHORT AND CERTAIN.

LOVER—And so your mother does not believe in long engagements? I am delighted.

MISS DE BROKER—Yes; mamma says ever so many girls' fathers have failed during long engagements, and the poor things never got married at all.

OF COURSE.

SMALL TOMMY—The teacher wanted to box my ears this morning.

GRANDMA—How do you know he did?

SMALL TOMMY—'Cause he wouldn't have boxed 'em if he hadn't wanted to.

REVENGE.

HUSBAND—You don't appear to like Mrs. Sweetie.

WIFE—The horrid thing! I hate her! Next time we meet I'll kiss her only once.

HAPPY MAN.

"Was his wife with him when he died?"
"No; he had a peaceful death."

THE WIFE'S IDEA.

"Mother, what's the 'Amalgamated Society of International Railway Servants'?"

"You must ask your father, Jim. He's a member of the committee."

"I know that. Can't you tell me they do at the meetings?"

"Oh! yes. The meetings are very important. The members drink one another beer and form quorums."

SO NATURAL.

OLD CRUSTY—Ah! Miss Nightingale's "Winter Song" was charming. It came back to the days of my childhood.

SONGSTRESS—I am so glad you like it.

OLD CRUSTY—Why, I could actually see the cattle bellowing, the old windmill creaking, and the discordant winds howling at the doors.

WIDE AWAKE.

MAMMA—Are you asleep, Bobby?

BOBBY—Why do you ask, mamma?

MAMMA—Because if you are awake you must take your medicine.

BOBBY—Oh! I'm asleep.

COMPENSATION.

DORA—How horrid it must have been for young people in Puritan days—no theatre, no music, no dances, no nice dresses, etc.

"Y-e-s; but they had kissing games."

TOO WELL.

JACK DASHING—Miss Bright—er—Edie, do you know me well enough to marry me?

ETHEL BRIGHT—On the contrary, Dashing, I know you too well.

PROOF POSITIVE.

EDIE—Belle is insanely jealous of you.

MARIE—Do you think so?

EDIE—I am positive. She is telling everyone that you will never be able to surpass Charlie.



REINA AUBREY, AN AERIAL GARDEN BEAUTY.

LATE NEWS OF THEATRICAL IMPORT.

Says *The Cast*:

In the good old summer-time when we have nothing of any weight on our minds, the subject of orchestras and bands is being forced in upon our notice, and for want of anything better to do we are giving it some thought before we know it. The assertion that Charles Frohman is considering the question gives all theatres the right to talk about it.

* * *

He is said to be pondering on the divisibility of taking the orchestra gentlemen, whether from Hamburg, Naples, Stockholm or Third Avenue, out of his theatres and no longer paying them for playing before the show, when there is no one hears or cares; after the show, when no one knows they are alive at all; and during the show, when some folks think the show were better without them.

* * *

These are the charges made by the enemies of the fiddlers and of the red-faced gentlemen who bulge out their eyes and blow into the brasses. It is not quite so bad as that in reality, but, at

any rate, Mr. Frohman is said to be seriously considering their removal.

* * *

Some even make bold to call the theatre orchestra an intolerable nuisance. They say it has many members, as a rule, who cannot play classical music, and as a whole its artistic soul revolts at giving any serious attention to popular airs.

* * *

But this is probably not what Mr. Frohman is considering at all. He, like most of the theatre-goers, has no par-

ticular quarrel with the orchestra. It has become a custom of the theatre. It is, as a rule, neither one thing nor the other, good or bad.

* * *

One takes a seat and expects to see the man with the bull-fiddle mildly perspiring over his leviathan, and one looks with rapture on the rough-and-tumble abilities of the drummer who works with his hands, feet and teeth. But the great quarrel the managers have with the orchestra is the outcome of labor troubles.

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BROADWAY WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

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CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear something to your advantage by addressing BROADWAY WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.

CONEY ISLAND, QUEEN OF ALL CARNIVALS.

IF Coney Island were situated on the Riviera, where the historic Mediterranean kisses the golden bluffs of Mentone, royalty and illustrious people would sound its praises. But there is satisfaction that our own people have awakened to the fact that it is the greatest resort for rich and poor in the whole wide world.

THERE is surely some credit due to the men who invested millions to make Coney Island what it is to-day, without the aid of political pull or favoritism. They are Captains of Industry in the true sense of the word, overcoming unheard-of difficulties, and erecting small cities of marvelous beauty out of desert waste. They should have their reward, and the great population of generous New Yorkers is giving them that patronage which they are entitled to.

SO BROADWAY WEEKLY is now offering its tribute to the men who have provided a clean and wholesome amusement resort for its monster metropolis. The vast stretch of sand dunes, dotted for nearly two centuries with wretched huts and shanties, is now a beautiful perspective of artistic structures of bright color gleaming in the sun by day, and an electric city, rising from the mighty ocean by night.

THE famed glories of Babylon and all the works of man have been eclipsed in the sky-blazoned picture under the canopy of the starry heavens.

It is now fashionable to visit Coney Island. The great people of the land,—cabinet ministers, distinguished scientists, professional men, merchants, generals, admirals, ladies whose salons are the assemblies of the most exclusive of fashionable people; the laborers, mechanic, clerk, down to the humblest, may enjoy a day for either a trifling or extravagant expense.

Everything that chef, caterer, victualler, the vineyards of the world, or the purveyors of the rarest dishes can offer, may be procured at some place on the little island.

GOOD government and good citizenship have worked a complete change for the better in the development of Coney Island. This improvement has been brought about within two years by the investment there of new capital in real estate and the building of extensive amusement enterprises.

IN the past, the suggestion of visiting Coney Island was regarded by self-respecting people like making a voyage into iniquity. This impression has changed completely, and dark clouds which once hovered over Coney Island, threatening the morals of the young and inexperienced, have been dispelled, giving place to bright rays of sunshine.



MERRY SOULS BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

TO-DAY, Coney Island is a resort for respectable people. It is a place of recreation for the masses. Thousands upon thousands of people are carried there daily by the trolley lines from New York and Brooklyn and by the two steamboat lines which start from New York.

THE development of Coney Island for the better may be attributed to the energy and confidence of such men as Thompson & Dundy, Senator Reynolds of Brooklyn, and the other proprietors of the high-class resorts of the New Coney Island.

CONEY ISLAND has always been a place of recreation for the masses; but unlike the days of old, its tone has been elevated and the masses are cared for morally in a commendable manner. The conservative class—those who have

always been particular in the selection of their amusements—have taken up Coney Island and mingle freely with the masses. The Coney Island crowd to-day is recruited from most fashionable circles. Automobiles are as common now on the roads leading to Coney Island as are trolley poles.

THE artistic and architectural pictures of the highest degree lend themselves to the calm enjoyment of those who seek repose, while everything that enterprise could suggest is provided for to suit every taste.

The sea air accelerates natural appetites and everything is obtainable that humanity could desire in the way of solid or liquid nourishment, although the dispenser of the latter is more carefully screened from observation than in the days which are now numbered with the past.

THERE is no sign of unseemliness, riot or any of the other unpleasant demonstrations which cheapened Coney in the past. Those who patronize the reputable attractions which are already in the majority, will find a clean, wholesome means of obtaining all the fun, health, excitement and pleasure that can be wrapped up in a summer day's outing—and at a cost which seems ridiculous in comparison with the results.

MAJESTIC DREAMLAND BY THE DEEP BLUE OCEAN.



SENATOR WILLIAM H. REYNOLDS, CREATOR OF DREAMLAND.

THE most striking feature of the renovated Coney Island is Dreamland, the "World's Fair of Amusement Resorts," which was conceived and materialized by ex-Senator William H. Reynolds, its President.

All through his commercially strenuous youth it was said of William H. Reynolds that there never was, nor ever would be, anything ordinary about his career. And the accomplishment of his great design, appropriately named Dreamland, is right in line with the exceptional things he has produced in the course of his brief but active career.

When less than thirty years old, Mr. Reynolds had finished building the Montauk Theatre, had served a term in the State Senate, and had converted the wilderness known as the East Side lands into a front-rank residence section. He had plunged into the serious and productive activities of life at an age not usually characterized by definiteness of purpose. He created Borough Park, an enterprise involving two million dollars; he made Bensonhurst what it is, fulfilling the destiny of the Metropolitan Jockey Club enterprise, and built palatial apartment houses in parts of Brooklyn that had appeared hopeless.

His achievements to those who know him well are little short of remarkable. When his ideas on Dreamland were first broached many were skeptical. But in the face of a severe winter he set to work and broke thirty-nine acres of ground covered with low structures and built up, as if by magic, Dreamland, of which Prince Lun, nephew of the Emperor of China, said:

"It is incomparable. I am more impressed by Dreamland than any other thing I have seen in America."

The architecture of this amusement city is on a fine broad scale; it is comparable with any of

the great expositions of the world. Solidity and stability are the predominating features of the great white buildings, each one of which is a perfect picture in itself.

A feature that no other Coney Island amusement place can boast is its ocean beach. From the ocean, breezes daily sweep through the masses of humanity enjoying themselves among the attractions, and the pleasures are therefore doubly enhanced.

Forming a centerpiece for the thirty-nine

acres of buildings, the electric tower arises to a height of 375 feet, and brilliantly lighted at night, it is the most conspicuous figure in New York or its environments and can be seen for thirty miles. On either side of the tower, with its one hundred thousand lights, open-air vaudeville of the highest class is given free, while aerial performers present on a high wire, stretched from the top of the tower to the lighthouse on the chutes, wonderful acts of daring that cannot be seen anywhere else in the world.

Dreamland attractions are numerous and costly. The Pompeian building, a grand piece of Grecian architecture, graced on the outside with massive Ionic columns, presents within an exact reproduction, electrical and scenic, of the "Fall of Pompeii."

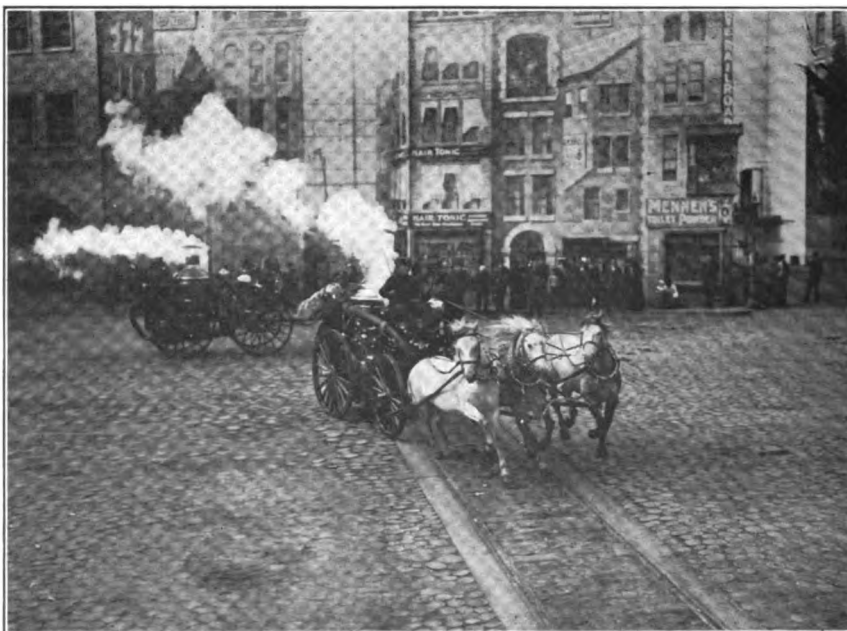
Directly facing the tower, is the Bostock building, where Frank C. Bostock, known the world over, has the greatest aggregation of trained animals in the world. Opposite, on the East Walk, the "Infant Incubator Building," devoted to the care of prematurely born infants, gains much attention from women visitors.

Perhaps one of the most interesting exhibits in Dreamland is Edward C. Boyce's submarine boat "Moccasin." It is constructed exactly like the "Moccasin" now in commission in the United States navy, and passengers have the novel experience when boarding the boat, of being submerged in thirty feet of water, and seeing through the port-holes in the side the vast, misshapen deep-sea fish and all the awful denizens of the bottom of the ocean.

When tired of being thrilled and excited, visitors to Dreamland take a trip through the "Canals of Venice." It is a peaceful and romantic journey by gondola through the remarkable and beautiful scenes in that famous old city.

The Airship Building contains Santos-Dumont Airship No. 9, and "Chilkoot Pass," also called "General Bumps;" and Andrew Mack's Fishing Pond, and the "Chutes" and the Miniature Railway are novel amusements wherein the visitors entertain themselves. Not less striking, unique and amusing are the Liliputians in the Midget Village, the unusual show in Morris's Illusion Theatre, the Haunted Swing which goes round and round, "Fighting the Flames," "Coasting through Switzerland," and the pleasures of the Dreamland Bathing Beach.

SYLVESTER SULLIVAN.



"FIGHTING THE FLAMES SCENE."



DREAMLAND THE BEAUTIFUL—CAMPANILE AND VIEW LOOKING FROM THE OCEAN.

DREAMLAND'S other attractions are numerous and most costly. The buildings in which they are shown were constructed especially in design to illustrate the form of entertainment presented within.

For instance, there is a Pompeian building—a grand piece of pure Grecian architecture with massive Ionic columns. Behind the columns is a huge painting by Charles S. Shean, a gold medalist of the Paris Salon. The picture is a reproduction of the Bay of Naples and the surrounding country as it existed at the time of the

destruction of Pompeii A. D. 79. In this building is presented the spectacle, "The Fall of Pompeii."

The Bostock building appeals to the artistic sense from every point of view. Surmounting the entrance is a large piece of statuary representing animal life, while on both sides of the entrance is an elephant trumpeting.

Frank C. Bostock is known the world over as the "Animal King." He has the greatest aggregation of trained animals ever seen. His principal animal attraction is that in which Bonavita appears with twenty-seven lions.

The "Infant Incubator building" is devoted to a philanthropic and life-giving work, whereby prematurely born infants are cultured for weeks until they are strong enough to be removed from the incubators and nourished in a natural manner. The building in which these mites of humanity are shown is designed after an old German farmhouse. In the gable is a piece of modelling showing a stork overlooking a nest of cherubs.

Next to the Incubator building is Wormwood's dog and monkey show. The animals are most clever. It is the best show of its kind and most popular with children. The scheme of decoration on the exterior of the building symbolizes what the attraction is within. The front is decorated with cocoanuts at which monkeys are tugging in play, springing from branch to branch in playful glee.

The submarine boat "Moccasin" is a fine exhibit. The boat is submerged, taking passengers upon a most interesting voyage. The building represents the broadside of a man-of-war, showing turrets with protruding guns, smokestack, lifeboats and conning tower.

The front of the Scenic Railway building is a very successful expression of "l'art nouveau." In design and decoration it typifies the best work possible in this style.

The "Canals of Venice" occupies the largest area of any attraction in Dreamland. The front of the building is an exact reproduction of the Palace in Venice. Gondolas take passengers for a sail through the canals, passing all the notable places of wonderful historical interest, such as the Plaza of St. Marks, Palace of the Doges, the Rialto Bridge, the Church of Santa Maria Della Salute, Desdemona's palace and the Bridge of Sighs.

The Airship building is a reproduction of a Japanese pagoda. Inside may be found the Santos-Dumont Airship No. 9, in which the famous aeronaut sailed over Paris and out to Longchamps.



OPEN-AIR CIRCUS AT DREAMLAND.

LUNA PARK, THE LITTLE MAGIC CITY BY THE SEA.



GENERAL VIEW OF LUNA PARK, SHOWING GREAT ELECTRICAL DISPLAY.

THE redeemed Coney Island would not have been possible—at least for many years to come—had it not been for “Fred.” Thompson and “Skip” Dundy, as they are affectionately called by their friends. When one sees Luna Park, as in a book may be read the story of the remarkable combination of brains, energy and genius for doing things, which Messrs. Thompson and Dundy brought into play in the creation of the greatest single attraction the world had ever known.

This may seem strong language, but even rival showmen will be the first to admit that it is the plain truth. Here are two young men not yet nearing thirty, who have accomplished something which would be a life-task for a man of extraordinary ability and force. If they never performed anything else during their careers, the work would be a monument of which they might be proud.

Luna Park is a world's fair all in itself. Forty acres of land in the heart of Coney Island, covered with sources of amusement on every inch, give some idea of the extent of the huge pleasure establishment. Messrs. Thompson and Dundy have solved the science of the business of pleasure and are the Pierpont Morgans in their direct line of industrial effort.

There are at least fifty different attractions combined under the main idea of Luna Park,

which could find prosperity as separate and individual drawing cards. Most of them are free of admission after the payment of ten cents, but the total cost of seeing everything, even superficially, is about \$2.15. If there ever was a thorough exposition of the Yankee enterprise, it may be found in the boundaries of Luna.

Nor is it necessary for the all-day visitor to leave the grounds to learn the news. A daily afternoon paper is published on the spot, and it is the only paper in the United States printed on Sunday afternoon. The editorial rooms, printing press, composing room with its Linotype machines, and the plant of a newspaper office including a news service may be seen in full working order. The exhibition is an educational feat, and the *Evening Star* is a bright and up-to-date newspaper gotten up by able writers, editors and practical men, who know their business.

Luna is a little magic city by the sea.

None of the exhibitions to be found at Luna Park fail to be strikingly original, and it would take many days to see them all. The clientele of this resort is afforded all the luxuries which the midways, pikes, etc., of the recent great international expositions could provide. The originality of these productions is one of their most promising features, and it is possible to see a greater number of novelties than can actually be found at any of the world's fairs.

It is possible to see a circus performance on the admission fee alone. There are three separate rings in which equestrian and acrobatic exhibitions are given, and the entertainment is on a par with the very best that can be provided.

Messrs. Johnson and Corbett who conduct the *Evening Star*, which is sold all over the island and in Brooklyn, at one cent a copy, are making a most creditable production and elicit the praise of the visitors who daily throng the place.

The most popular features of Luna Park are Fire and Flames, the Durbar of Delhi, 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, the Trip to the Moon, and the Infant Incubators. These are not by any means all of the attractions, and those who want to procure a complete list should purchase a copy of the *Evening Star*.

It is inconceivable to the mind not accustomed to these spectacular shows how so great a variety and meritorious product can be possible. Everything from animals to magic is presented to the patron who desires to invest a small amount of money for a lot of good time. One of the most comforting features of Luna Park is the protection from the elements which is afforded. No matter how severe a storm may arise, there is plenty of opportunity for amusement under cover, and cool recesses which are protected from the glare of the sun. The bands are all musical.

The Luna Park illumination is its most spec-

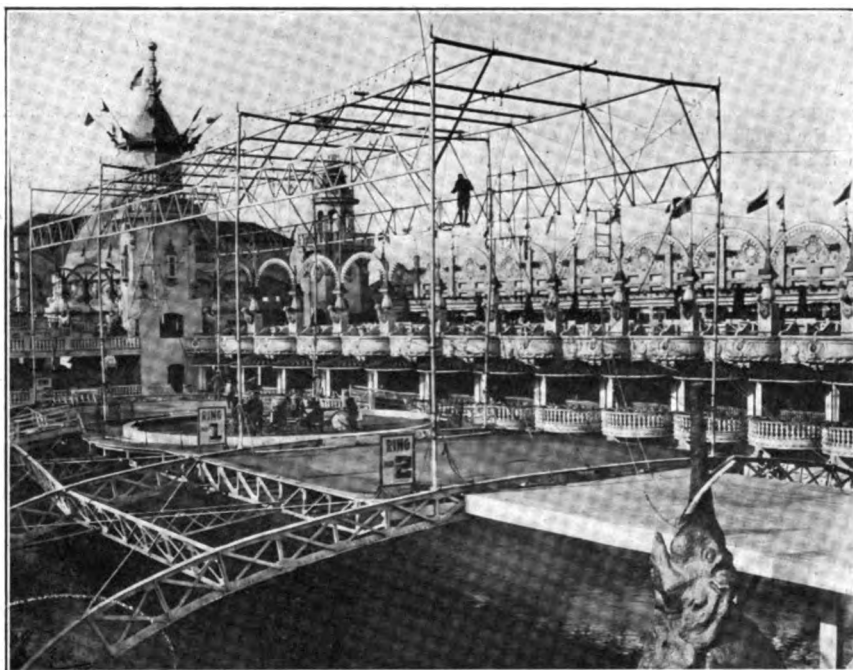
tacular feature, and must be rather costly to the management, as 420,000 electric lights and 70,000 miniature lights are required to produce an illuminative effect which closely approximates the light of day. This is a place where it is possible for the domestic economist to give his family a good time on the admission price alone.

Among the free attractions are the Japanese Roof Gardens, Hawaiian Orchestra, Submarine Boat, Babylonian Gardens, Sliding Stairs, Dancing Pavilion, Lenleim's Orchestra, and other novel pictures, in addition to the circus show referred to above. There is no question but what enterprises of this character and magnitude are most valuable in producing innocent amusement for our people. No city in the world has required just such vast sources of amusement, and no city has been so liberally provided as New York under the new Coney Island régime in which Messrs. Thompson and Dundy are leaders.

Those who through lack of time or for economical reasons have never visited any of the great world's fairs can gain a complete idea of their spectacular effects and fully as much enjoyment by a visit to Luna once in a while. One trip is inadequate, because there is too much to see, and there is no feature which would lose its interest if visited every day during the entire season.

Those who judge Coney Island by its past record are invited to a renaissance which cannot fail to afford pleasure to the most cultivated taste, including the most youthful members of the family—and Luna Park was unquestionably the first and most important factor in this great reform.

How changed it all is!



THE CIRCUS AND OPEN-AIR STAGES.

SOME LUNA PARK ATTRACTIONS.

AT the Fire and Flames exhibition firemen are under the direction of Henry W. McAdams, for twenty-one years instructor of the Fire Department of the City of New York. The actual burning of a city block, four hundred people, three engine companies, hook and ladder, water tower, etc.

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea is by the submarine boat. A trip to the North Pole. The beauty of sea plants. Fishes in

their home circle. The prismatic glories of the aurora borealis. Revelation of electrical wonders.

The Streets of India is an exact reproduction



STREETS OF DELHI DURING THE DURBAR.



HANGING GARDENS AND ORIENTAL MINARETS.



GREAT FIRE SCENE DURING THE FIRE-AND-FLAMES EXHIBITION.

of a street scene in Delhi. There are dancing dervishes, snake charmers, jugglers, acrobats and Nautch girls surrounding one. Here is the great elephant farm, the only one of its kind in America. Here is seen the Durbar of Delhi in all its sumptuousness and glitter. These two shows form one of the best and most interesting exhibits on the grounds.

War is Hell, is a thrilling presentation of war in its most interesting forms. With all the effectiveness and spectacularity of modern warfare the spectacle is one that will quicken the pulse of the most blasé veteran of many a Broadway engagement. From the Monitor-Merrimac battle to the terrific destruction wrought by Admiral Togo at Port Arthur is a far cry, but they are both seen here. The destruction of the battleship "Maine" in Havana harbor is also seen.

The Infant Incubators always attract women interested in the manner in which feeble babes are kept alive. The exhibitor of the incubators at Luna Park is the man who originally conceived the idea of such an exhibition.

Whirl the Whirl is one of the many ingenious variations of an aerial trip that was originated at Luna Park. Up and up and round and round, down and down and round and round.

The Fatal Wedding amuses and deceives. A funny optical illusion produced by a combination of electrical science and human ingenuity.

FRANK C. BOSTOCK, THE ANIMAL KING.

WITH the prestige of an ancestry which for generations has been recognized as the masters of the animal world, who from childhood has been the fearless companion of the kings of the brute creation, Frank Bostock is to-day one of the most remarkable figures in international scientific circles devoted to the study of natural history.

The public services of Mr. Bostock are "familiar in their mouths as household words," and in every land where the foot of man has trodden, from the primeval forest and jungle, to the cultivated atmosphere of European and American capitals, he is welcomed by royalty, the aristocracy and men of learning, as one who has been of great value to his fellow man in his day and generation.

His predominating quality is his indomitable courage and acute instinct, and he is as influential with the human mind as with the chiefs of the animal kingdom. Volumes have been written of his subjugation of beasts, fresh from their mother forest; and his wonderful physique and strength, coupled with an almost electric temperament, are the explanation.

Go down to Bostock's animal arena, Coney Island, see the great trained wild animal acts,

will not permit an animal to be mistreated, neither will he allow any mutilation. Kindness and firmness must rule.

In the Bonavita group are five lions, itching for a chance to kill the trainer; a single slip, and the man's life would not be worth a cent. Bonavita has been torn, bitten and clawed repeatedly, but still he keeps at his dangerous calling, to the delight of the public.

Occasionally the lions start fighting among themselves after they enter the arena, and it is then the spectators are treated to a sight they will never forget. The trainer stands cool and calm in the arena, with a buggy whip and a pole for protection. Every nerve is strung to the highest pitch, a false move would mean death.

Mme. Morelli, "the queen of the jaguars," is the most famous woman trainer in the world. New Yorkers will not forget the fight she had last season at Sea Beach Palace, in which she nearly lost her life. It was weeks before she was able to leave the hospital.

Apropos, during the recent seven months' engagement at Bostock's Paris Hippodrome, Morelli was twice attacked by her charges and severely injured. On the opening night one of the oldest French families was present in the person of Count Ferdinand de Planteros, clubman, traveler, hunter of big game, and reputed to be one of the bravest of the men of France.

Mme. Morelli received a note the day following, asking that she accept a gold-mounted revolver, and use it for protection while in the arena. Later the Count met the trainer. For six months he wooed, and Morelli consented to become the Countess de Planteros at the expiration of her contract with Bostock. All Paris watched the courtship, and when the woman was bitten through the shoulder on the closing night of the Hippodrome engagement, and the Count fainted in his seat, society had a real sensation.

Another great act is that of Weadon, who introduces in the arena, at the same time, the famous man-eating tigress, Goldie; a lion and lioness; two sloth bears, a cinnamon, a grizzly, a jaguar, puma, two hyenas and two Silesian boarhounds, also a leopard. All of these animals are natural enemies, and the wonder is that a man is able to control them.

"Doctor," the grizzly, is known as the bear with "the human brain." He is a natural clown, and fears nothing on the face of the earth, if



Photograph by Chas. Nesensohn.

FRANK BOSTOCK, THE ANIMAL KING.

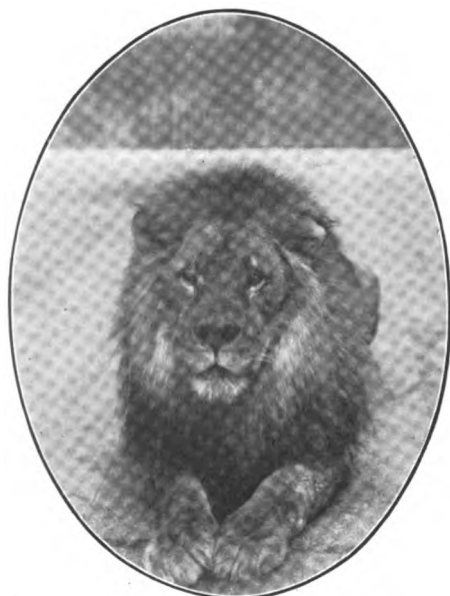
his actions are indicative of anything. The manner in which he cuffs Goldie, and the lions about, is funny, and his antics are more so. No man can tell what "Doctor" will do, and once started he has his play out.

Weadon was attacked by the puma in Paris, the beast making a leap of seventeen feet to reach the trainer. "Doctor" saved the life of his master by stepping in between him and the enraged cat.

Clyde W. Powers and his trio of performing elephants cannot be overlooked. The tricks of the huge beasts are remarkable, but what is more so is the rapidity with which they work. Imagine a seven-ton elephant doing a cakewalk and the coochee-coochee, at the same time beating a drum with his tail. That is Roger's best stunt.

The nerve of Brandu, the snake charmer, who was bitten by a rattlesnake three weeks ago and who saved his life by the presence of mind he showed, is just out of the hospital and working his snakes as though nothing had happened. Brandu is one of the few snake men who was struck by a rattlesnake and recovered to tell of his experience.

It is difficult to describe the twenty-five acts



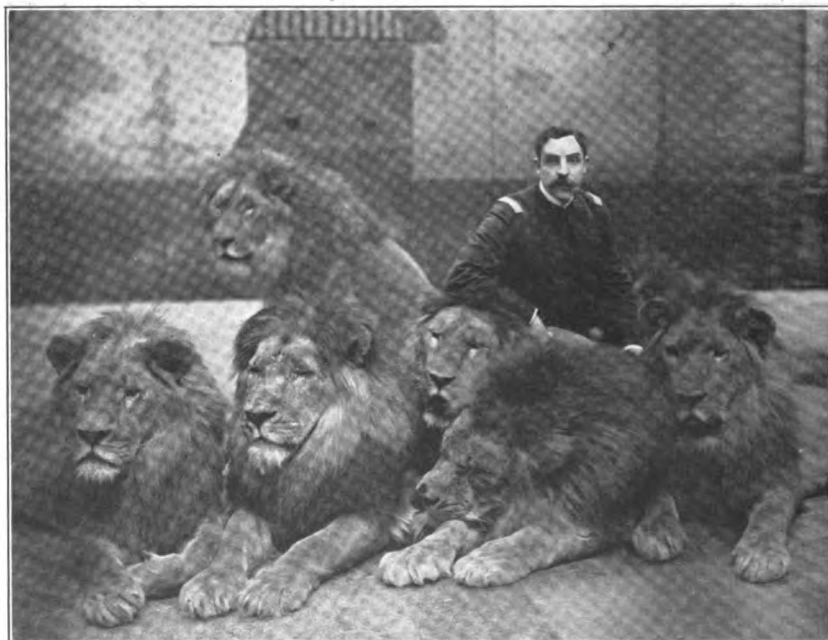
PRIDE OF THE BOSTOCK FAMILY.

and then you will realize what Frank Bostock is. Nothing like it has ever been seen before, and it will be a long time before the average ringmaster will reach the Bostock present standard.

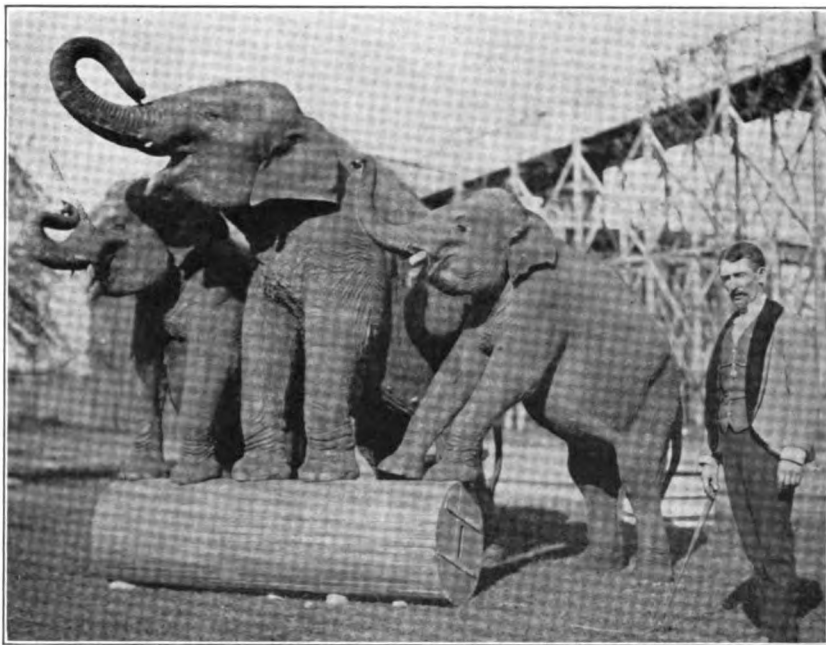
Bostock is a human dynamo and radiates energy, likewise ideas, which he imparts to the men and women composing his large staff of trainers. Another thing, Bostock is able to go into the arena or training cage and show just how a thing should be done. He inspires confidence, and the public has learned to associate his name with the spectacular and sensational in the wild-animal line.

The greatest lion act in the world, and its like may never again be seen, is that of Bonavita with his twenty-seven forest-bred African beasts. It took three years of the hardest sort of work, and sixty lions, to perfect the act. As the act now stands, it represents a money value of a quarter of a million dollars, simply because there is nothing like it.

The majority of the public has an idea that all of the trained wild animals are drugged before they enter the arena, and are cruelly treated; likewise, that the element of danger is practically eliminated. Anybody who has witnessed a performance at Bostock's knows better. The owner



BONAVITA AND HIS PETS.



EDUCATED ELEPHANTS AT WORK.

one sees at Bostock's—all are different, novel and thrilling. About the arena are the cages containing the performing animals, and all, save the tattooed sacred bull, have been trained to appear in the arena.

An enormous 800-pound royal Bengal tiger, King George, is one of the sights. Bostock is training him for a bull fight, which is due to come off in Madrid next winter. If the tiger wins, he will be added to the group of twenty-one which Charles Miller is now getting together.

Mr. Bostock figures that it will take five years and 100 animals to perfect this act before it is completed. Miller now has eleven of the man-eaters in the arena, and two more nearly ready to appear in public. While training in Paris last winter, there was a battle royal, and two of the beautiful beasts were killed. There is this difference in lion and tiger fights,—the former fight until exhausted, the latter to the death.

The enormous "wild man of the woods," which scientists are discussing, is another Bostock feature. This ape is the nearest approach to the Darwinian theory the world has yet seen. He stands five feet six inches high, and has an enormous stretch of 124 inches.

The sacred tattooed bull, from Benares, the Holy City of India, is a wonderful curiosity. He is the first animal of the kind ever out of India, and the showmen of America are all bidding for his ownership. The Barnum & Bailey, Ringling Brothers, Walter Main, Wallace, Forepaugh & Sells circuses have tried to buy him from Bostock. Last week James A. Bailey, of the Barnum & Bailey show, dropped down to Coney Island, and had a chat with Bostock about selling or renting the bull.

Before Mr. Bailey left he and Bostock had closed a deal which will have a vital influence on the wild-animal and circus business in Europe in the future. Both Bostock and the circus played at the Paris Hippodrome, now owned by the animal king. In a season of seven months the circus played to \$320,000 gross; Bostock during the same length of time took in \$240,000.

And the show which did this is at Coney Island. Go and see it.

Bostock's Arena holds one of the biggest shows on the Island. The great trainer did a good business last season, but this year he is giving a better one, having more complete accommodations, and having also the advantage of the best kind of advertising—that of a season of good work in the past. The panthers, the tigers and the

lions are putting up the liveliest show at present. That is, they are threatening to eat up a few trainers very often. The elephants are trained to the minute, and the sacred bull is probably the only animal creature on this coast that does not suffer from the flies. Not he. There is a Hindoo who, unlike the one of the limrick, does not, "for garments make his skin do," to stand on each side of his sacredness and fan away the flies. The skin of the bull is almost like a human's, and the significance of the tattoos would keep you awake for a week if you knew what they meant, the showman announces, but it slips the mind very easily.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

A newspaper editor once, on receiving his tailor's bill, returned it with this endorsement: "Declined; handwriting illegible."

A RAPID READER.

"Is your wife a rapid reader?"

"Yes; unless I'm waiting for the paper."

NEW YORK'S HIPPODROME.

THE new hippodrome that Thompson & Dundy are erecting, or about to erect, at Forty-fourth street and Sixth avenue, is creating a great deal of interest, and in view of this fact the proprietors of Luna Park have placed on exhibition a papier-mache model of the building. It has been during the first week one of the most-sought-after exhibits in the park. Mr. Thompson, who is responsible for the architecture of the park, has been abroad during the winter, and has been making an especial study of the great hippodromes of the Continent, and he says that this one in New York will combine the good features and eradicate the bad ones of all of these.

About forty thousand new incandescent lights have been added to the illumination of the park. When the clouds hang low the whole resort is mirrored in them, until from a distance it looks as if old Coney were the scene of some great conflagration.

One of the most thrilling feats seen at the Island this year is the shooting of the chute by the big Hindoo guard on the top of an elephant, Baga, the biggest of the sliding herd.

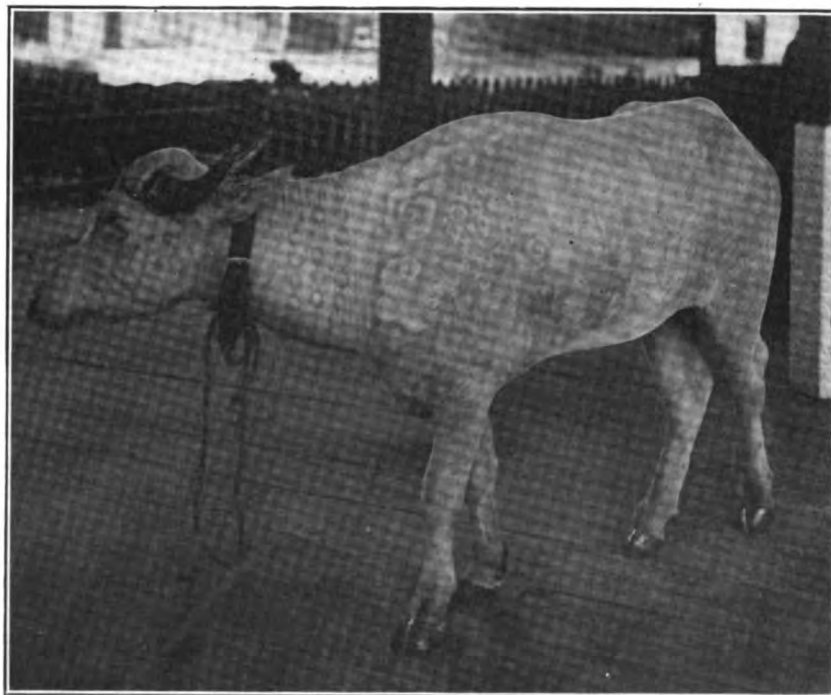
A big see-saw is being erected on the flats back of the "War of Worlds" building.

BOY'S SIREN WHISTLE.

THE replacing of the steam siren by a young man with a natural whistle has proved a great success at the Galveston Flood. There was a contest last week, and Horace Mullins, a stable boy at the Brighton Beach race track, was one of the contestants, and ultimately won. Thereupon he secured a ten-dollar-a-week job and an opportunity to whistle to his heart's content.

Now the wanderers about Coney Island are summoned to see the great Galveston Flood by the sound of a boy whistling beautifully everything from imitations of tugboats to "The Lost Chord," and ragtime. So the knell of the barker having sounded, we now behold the death of the whistle and the opening of a wide field of employment for youngsters who have a natural pucker to their lips and who love to whistle.

The Johnstown Flood and the Mt. Pelee horror are also being shown to thousands daily in other buildings, and are called two of the best electrical scenic shows on the Island.

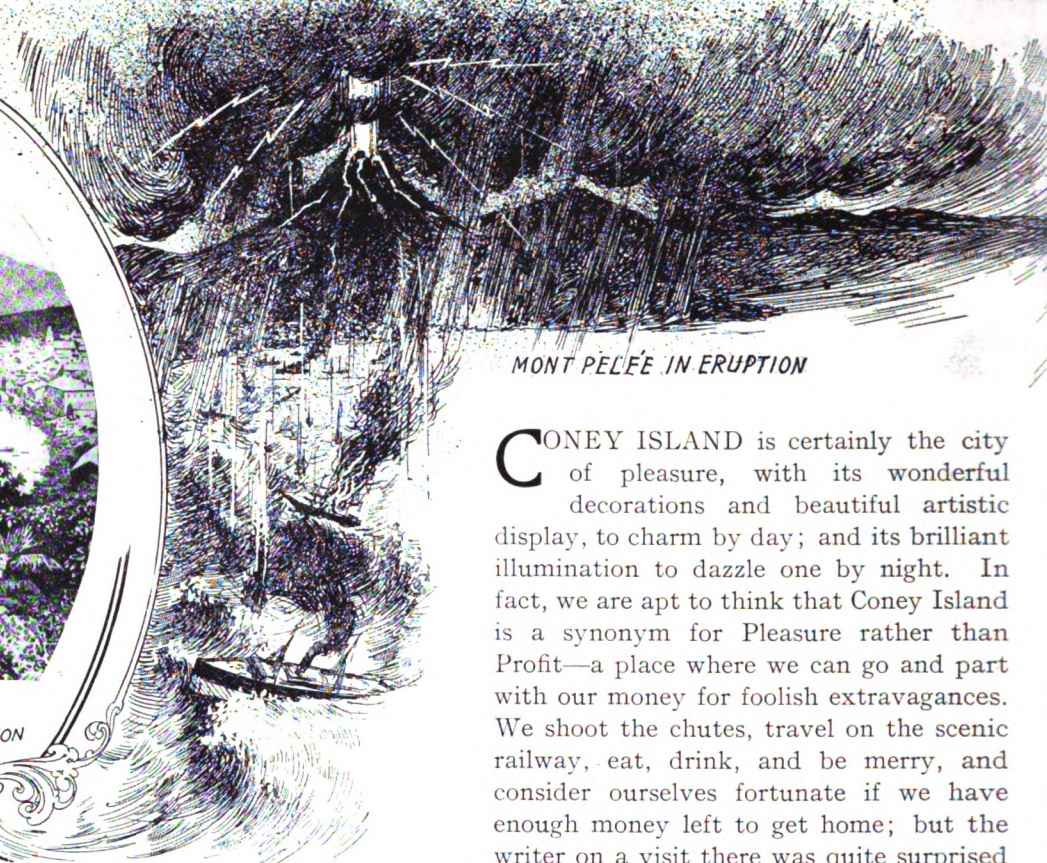


THE SACRED TATTOOED BULL.

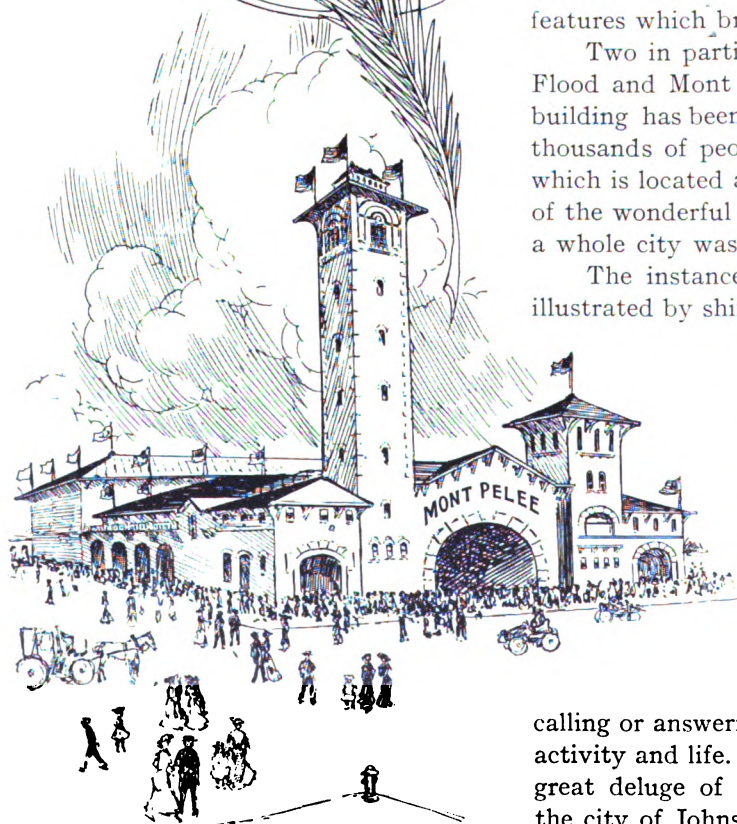
TWO GREAT EDUCATIONAL



ST. PIERRE
BEFORE THE ERUPTION
OF
MONT PELÉE



MONT PELÉE IN ERUPTION



features which bring satisfaction for the money invested.

Two in particular having valuable educational features are the Johnstown Flood and Mont Pelée, both under the same management. Johnstown Flood building has been in operation for several seasons and is the magnet that attracts thousands of people who wish to combine profit with pleasure. The building which is located at Surf avenue and 17th street, draws a goodly crowd, because of the wonderful scenic production of that dire disaster on May 31, 1889, when a whole city was swept out of existence, and thousands were hurled to death.

The instances in that great flood are graphically portrayed and vividly illustrated by shifting scenes, and the details carefully explained by the lecturer in charge. It opens with a panoramic view of Johnstown, the busy manufacturing city, situated in the Conemaugh Valley, at the foot of the western slope of the Allegheny Mountains. The great bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the mills of the great Cambria Steel Works, the dwellings of the mill people, as well as the palatial residences of others that make up the city, are carefully portrayed. As we gaze on this pretty and prosperous city, night comes and it grows dark, and the lights begin to glow, and we look upon a sleeping city—a city unconscious of the great disaster soon to fall, which will bring with it so much sorrow, pain, heartache and death.

Rosy morning dawns, and we hear the songs of the birds calling or answering each other in the neighboring hills, and soon the place is all activity and life. People go about their varied occupations, unmindful of the great deluge of water which will soon sweep down the valley and obliterate the city of Johnstown. At 4 o'clock this happens, and by means of marvelous electrical effects this is accomplished. The rain comes down in torrents—real water it is, too—flashes of lightning are seen darting through the heavens, we hear the roll of the thunder, and through the flashes we see the city a submerged wreck.

FEATURES AT CONEY ISLAND

WRITTEN BY

MELVILLE C. BARNARD

For its historical value it is unsurpassed and very instructive. To obliterate any bad impression that might arise in the minds of the lookers-on, the last scene represents Johnstown as it is restored to-day.

For an artistic electric spectacle, vivid and realistic in all of its details, one should visit the eruption of Mount Pelee, at Surf avenue and Fifth street. It is without doubt the grandest and most magnificent production ever presented in this country. Nothing has ever equaled it—a masterpiece without a counterpart, despite the rivalry of many imitators. It is a wonder for pictorial combination of scenic and electric effects depicting the terrible disaster which wiped out the picturesque old West Indian city of St. Pierre.

It may be stated with perfect truth that this attraction is the big feature of the new Coney Island, on account of its magnificence of mechanical manipulation, its beauty of electrical effects, and in the selection of a theme susceptible of all of these in the highest degree.

One can see beauty, life, action, color and realism in every scene as it unfolds itself to the patron. Such marvels of skill are only possible through the scientific handling of scenic effects and electricity by such experts as Mr. Herbert A. Bradwell, the inventor, whose ideas have created a crop of poor rivals, who have tried to appropriate them with but little success, but their attempts are much like Hamlet, with the Prince of Denmark left out.

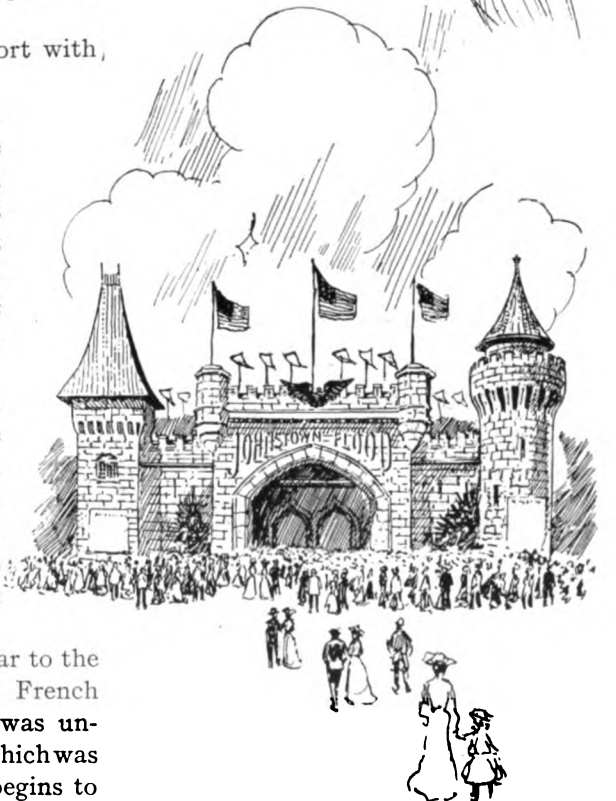
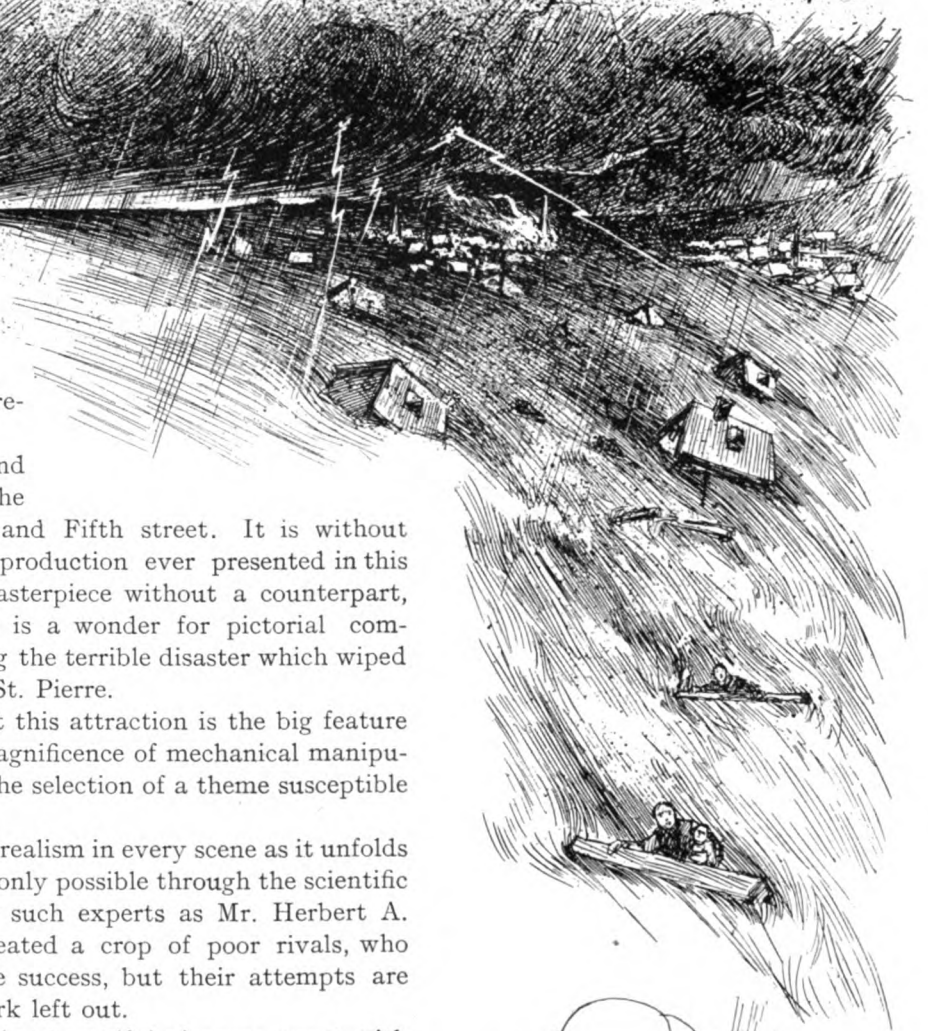
The opening scene in Tampa Bay shows that beautiful pleasure resort with, its magnificent hotel, clubrooms and recreation grounds.

The bay is full of little boats and pleasure craft sailing on its waters. Here we are shown the voyager embarking on his trip to Martinique, the gem of the Antilles. As we leave Tampa Bay night comes on, and we leave Tampa Bay at sunset, and as the sun sinks down in the west and it grows dark, the hotel illuminated in the distance makes a pleasant picture for the voyager as he looks back when leaving for his destination. The next scene shows the boat in midocean, and encountering a terrific storm at sea, and through the flashes of lightning can be seen the steamship outriding the storm.

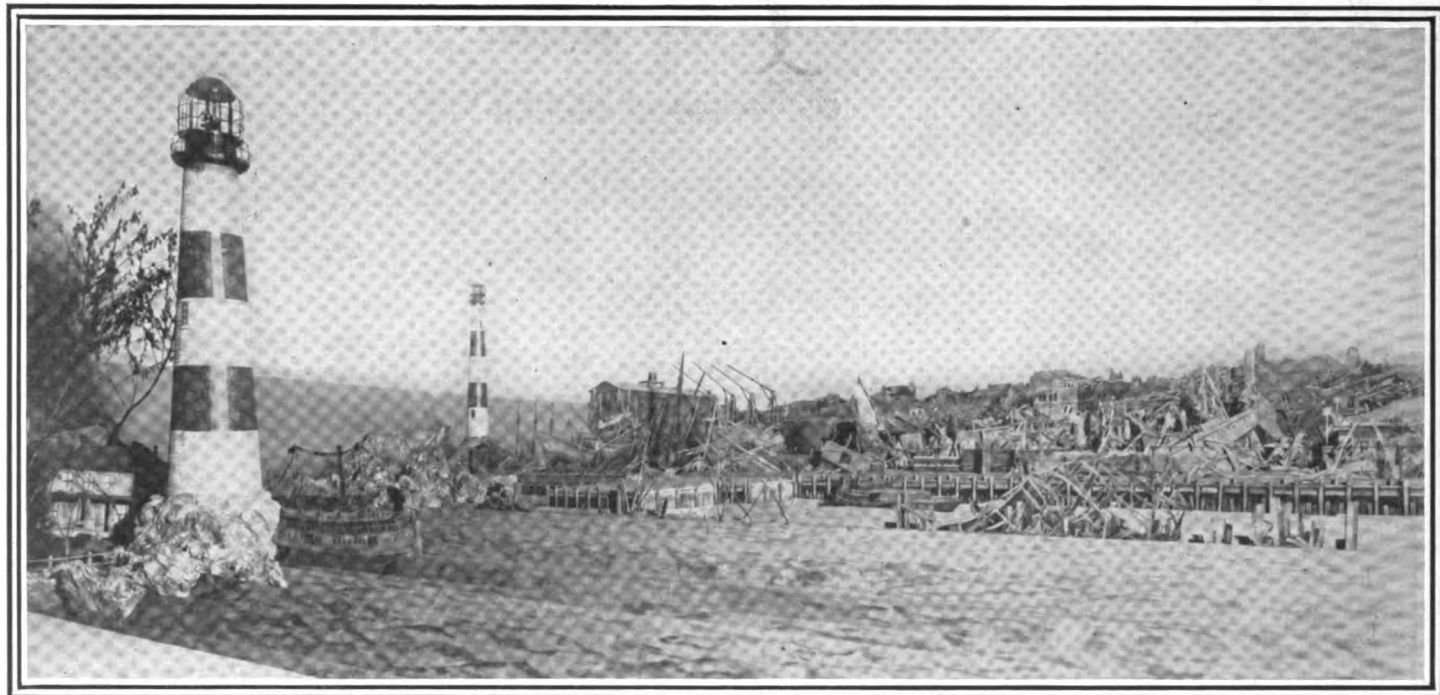
We feel sure that there is certainly a good and careful captain aboard by the way the good ship is handled. The next scene is the approach to St. Pierre early in the morning. We can see the lights in the houses which gradually fade away as the sun rises and reveals to us in all its beauty the famous city that has so many historical associations.

It was here that Josephine, the wife of the great Napoleon, was born, and it was here that our minister first sighted Cervera's squadron and flashed the intelligence to the United States.

To the extreme left is Mont Pelee, the volcano that brought no fear to the inhabitants, as it was believed to be extinct. Warning was given by a French scientist of a deluge the day before the destruction, but that warning was unheeded, and the next day Mont Pelee poured its burning lava over a city which was once beautiful and prosperous. This is very realistic. The volcano begins to smoke, then with a tremendous explosion pours down a deluge of ashes and burning liquid upon the beautiful St. Pierre.



THE GALVESTON FLOOD REALISTIC PICTURE.



IN all the years that ambitious efforts have been made to reproduce historical scenes, there has never been anything which approaches such perfection, in realization of all the harrowing details, as the Electro-Aqua Scenic-Mechanical Exhibition of the Galveston Flood, at Coney Island.

This marvelous display is not only entertaining, but most instructive, and it is small wonder that the attraction has jumped to the front place among all the many wonderful things offered to the public. It has an educational value apart from a sense of pleasure, and it is a distinctive family resort.

The building in which the exhibition may be seen was especially built for the purpose, and is located in the most advantageous part of the Island, being readily accessible from all points, opposite the great trolley depots, and adjoining the steamboat pier, at the corner of Surf avenue and Iron Pier walk.

The structure may be seen from afar, being a white elevation, and it was only recently opened by the Imperial Amusement Company of which Mr. James McKane is president. The

scenic display is a delicate and impressive combination of spectacular effect, in which fire, wind and water are predominant. The realism is thrilling and vivid, and there could be no more lifelike demonstration of disaster and death than the Galveston Flood reproduction now presented.

Great ingenuity, enterprise and high intelligence on the part of the management, were necessary to complete the effect. The destruction of the city of Galveston, which took place on the memorable eighth of September, 1900, suggested unlimited possibilities in the way of producing great dramatic and sentimental pictures.

The proprietors could not have done their work better or with more fidelity to the truth. The stage of the auditorium, measuring 125 feet wide by 90 feet deep, is the largest in the country.

The mechanical art brought into play is absolutely scientific in its arrangement, and the scene of devastation and wreckage revives in all its tremendous effectiveness the fatal end of a great commercial community.

Individual buildings, not a combination pic-

ture woven by the fantasy of an artist, but the true and real Galveston, with trains of cars, sailing and steam vessels, all throbbing with the life of the work-a-day world, are constantly appearing, until the fearful moment when the great storm advances with havoc and ruin in their train.

The atmosphere, the battle of the elements, from the downpour of the rain, until the tidal wave, cyclonic in its vengeful force, swept over the city, are most impressive and terror striking. Such a result has never before been accomplished by any scientific or artistic reproduction on any stage.

The Messrs. McKane, Lewis Potter and their associates in the enterprise are to be congratulated on their entertainment triumph. The thousands of men, women, and children who have spent an enjoyable hour at the Galveston Flood Exhibition form the strongest testimonial of the worth and superiority of the production. The Galveston Flood has proven the sensation of the Congress of Entertainment at Coney Island, and the spacious auditorium is crowded twenty and thirty times daily.

DRAMATIC SIFTINGS OF SUMMERTIME.

FRANCELEIN FRITZI SCHEFF has returned from her home, Frankfurt, and will begin rehearsals of her new opera, "Two Roses," which is to be one of the early productions of the season.

Clara Belle Jerome is to have the part in "The Office Boy" formerly played by Eva Tanguay.

Louis Mann, who is to be a Dillingham star next season, is going to make an effort to prove his ability as an actor in straight character parts in the new season. There will be no music in it.

Mr. Hammerstein, in speaking of the plans for his new Drury Lane Theatre, in Forty-fourth street, mentioned the fact that it would have more area than his present combined roofs.

Isadore Rush may join the stellar ranks next season, provided the plans of herself and John C. Fisher materialize as they are expected to.

Daniel V. Arthur will take in a partner for the projection of "Nancy Brown" next season. This piece will go upon the road without Marie Cahill, whose successor has not as yet been decided upon.

The next tour of **Frank Daniels** is to open August 21 in St. Louis. **George Bowles**, as usual, will stir up the country in advance of Mr. Daniels.

Ralph Delmore has been engaged by **George Lederer** for the rôle of a political "boss" in Charles Dickson's new American comedy, "The Spellbinder." The rôle Delmore is to play was reported to

have been modeled upon **Richard Croker**, but **Dickson** denies this. He says it is a characterization of no single person in particular.

Nance O'Neill, who, by some, is considered a great actress, and by others a well-drilled mountebank, has, it seems, worked her way thoroughly into the affections of the Bostonese.

Edna McClure, who graduated from one of the "triplets" into a real part in "The Medal and the Maid" last season, is spending the summer at Asbury Park.

Alf. Hayman's brief vacation jaunt to Europe will be undertaken as soon as **Charles Frohman** reaches New York and takes hold of the strings of management,

which, during his absence, have been in Mr. Hayman's hands.

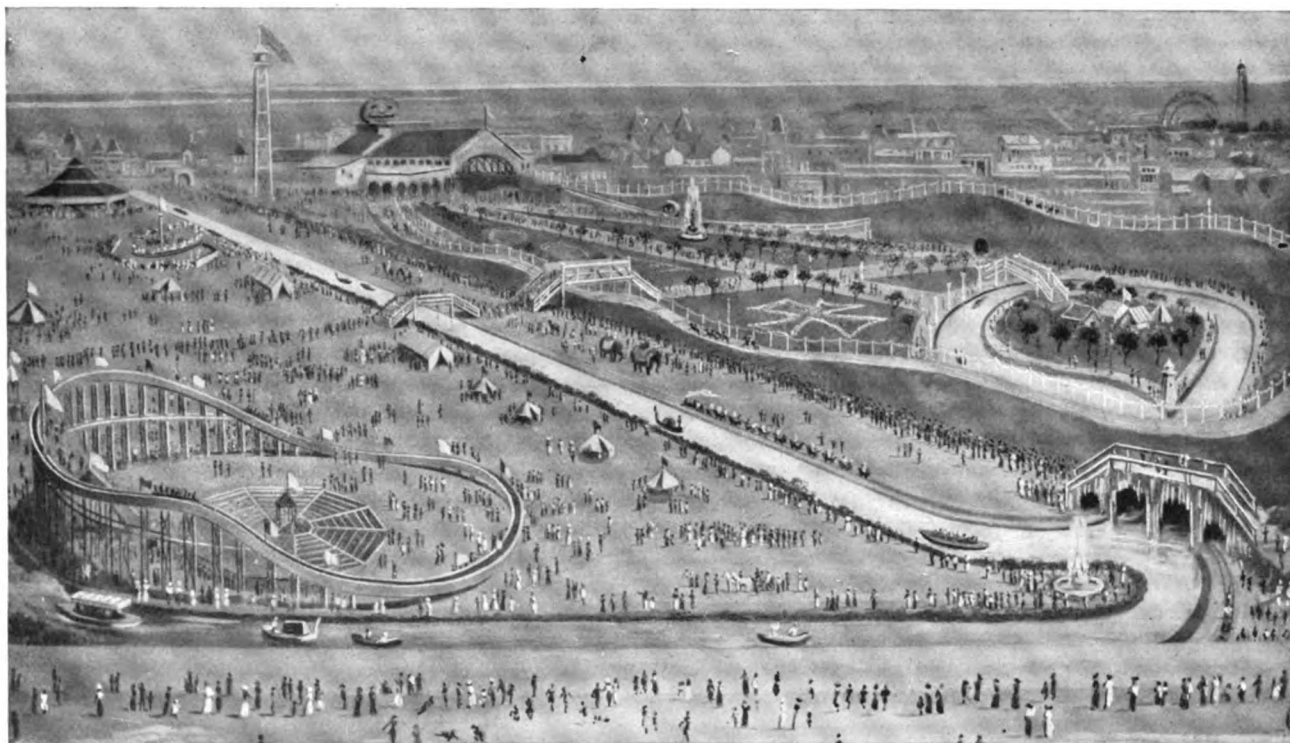
The New York Garden, of the New York Theatre, is the rendezvous of a lot of the summer town folks. There is something new each week.

"Paris by Night" on the top of the Madison Square Garden is a good show. Above the vapors of the street there's real air to breathe here.

James Lederer is booking the "Kiddy Ballet" from "The Southerners" in vaudeville for several weeks during the summer season.

William Raymond Sill has charge of the publicity promotion for the Madison Square Roof Garden. Next season he will be associated with the management of Lew Fields' Theatre.

STEEPLECHASE PARK, AN IDEAL FAMILY RESORT.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF TILLYOU'S STEEPLECHASE PARK AND ITS GREAT AREA.

WHEN the present Coney Island was yet in its primitive state the name of Tillyou was known along its coast. The family had been pioneers in that section, and invested largely in lands which have since grown to be very valuable.

George C. Tillyou from his earliest years displayed an enterprise and farsightedness much in advance of the times, but he had faith in the future of the island, and bided his time. He took no notice of the warnings of those who looked at things in a village spirit, and could see in his mind the great cosmopolitan city which has now developed on the site of the sand dunes and waste stretch of beach.

Long before any one else attempted to cater to the millions who were within reach, Mr. Tillyou began his plans for the Great Steeplechase Park which now bears his name, and he was the first to provide a resort where a family could spend an entire day, without visiting any of the other smaller and undesirable places. It was the first blow for a cleaner Coney Island.

His enterprise was rewarded; not only that, but he paved the way for all the other up-to-date attractions which tempt people from the surrounding cities and country.

"The Trip to the Moon," the immense race-course, with its fine mechanical contrivances; the large exhibition ground for open-air performances; the moving staircase, House-Upside-Down; French Naval Exhibit; wireless telegraph station, the Flat-iron Corner, miniature railway, demon serpentine canal, great ballroom, pictorial attractions, moving staircase, and thousand other large and small novelties form a combination which satisfy any person who desires a clean and high-class attraction.

The location of Steeplechase Park, right on the Atlantic Ocean, with its acres of garden spots its new pier with automobiles running out into the sea, cause visitors to linger until the last moment.

There is an admirable restaurant where anything from the rarest table delicacies to the most exclusive vintages may be procured. The ozone fresh from the waves acts like a draught of sparkling Ruinart.

Mr. Tillyou has always had but one rule in managing his resorts—to conduct purely a family park, where the strictest order should be maintained, and wholesome amusement presented for the public.

There is bathing, and there are special departments of interest to children, and a day spent at the Steeplechase will not soon be forgotten.

DE STYLE—Why do you wish they had an underground tunnel running through the suburbs?

GUNBURSTA—Because then a fellow could look out of the train window and see how the seeds he planted were getting along.



THE FAMOUS STEEPLECHASE BAND.

MY LADY AT THE SEASIDE.

THE feminine bathing gown, as that most fascinating symphony of American woman-kind is called by the modiste, is more attractive than ever, if our co respondent at Narragansett can be believed. The confections that emanate from Trouville are, of course, the models that have proved most attractive to the shapely maidens and matrons of that fashionable city by the sea.

Nowadays the bathing dress is a far more elaborate garment altogether than it used to be in times gone by. We have borrowed the ideas of our French neighbors, who have no intention of appearing in anything but becoming garments even in the water, and as a proof of the care and thought they lavish on proper attire for their daily dip. These garments are not as yet in vogue at Ocean Grove, but many designs that would have appeared too daring in the dusty past are attracting both chappies and children of a more mature growth at both Cape May and Atlantic City.

Not all of these confections are meant to be polluted by the kisses of old Father Neptune, but as promenade garments along the sun-kissed shore are stunning successes, and mere man is investing lavishly in cameras in order that the several visions along the sands may become permanent treasures of bachelor dens.

BUSINESSLIKE BEGGING.

THE LADY: "Why! Didn't I give you a quarter an hour ago down at Twenty-third street?"

THE BEGGAR: "Doubtless, lady; I've a branch office there."

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

SHE: "Do you believe in love in a cottage?"

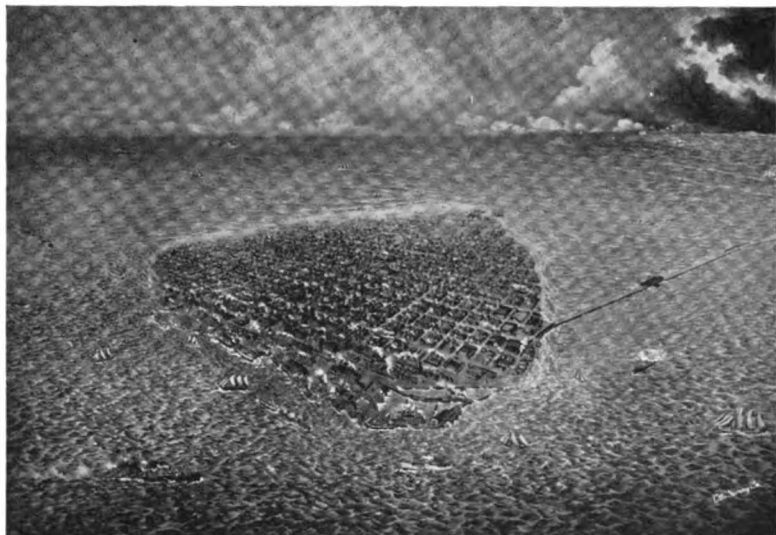
HE: "Yes, if there is plenty of room for the servants and a good, big stable."

A SILENT MOMENT.

WILLIS: "If I were to kiss you now, what would you say?"

MARIE: "Well, if it were in the right place and slightly prolonged, I probably couldn't say much of anything for the moment."

GALVESTON FLOOD AND ITS PRESIDENT.



VIEW SHOWING HOW GALVESTON IS LOCATED GEOGRAPHICALLY.



JAMES MCKANE, PRESIDENT OF THE IMPERIAL AMUSEMENT CO., OWNING GALVESTON FLOOD.

CLAYTON'S SURF AVENUE,
West 5th Street

FRANK F. CLAYTON
Proprietor

PABST LOOP

A LA CARTE

Popular Prices

Service a Feature

MUSIC

FELTMAN'S HIGH-CLASS
A LA CARTE

TRY

The Ziz-Ziz-Ziz

ALBEMARLE Table d'Hôte. A la Carte
CHOPS, STEAKS, POULTRY

TABLE D'HOTE DINNER, FIFTY CENTS



ENTRANCE TO STEEPLECHASE PARK.

VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE AND SURF AVENUE BUILDING OF TILLYOU'S STEEPLECHASE PARK.

A WHISTLER "AFTERMATH."

Mr. Spielmann, in an interesting appreciation of Whistler, in the *Magazine of Art*, tells some good stories. Here is one of them:

"I remember on one occasion, when he found he was too late for a wedding, he telegraphed to the bride to that effect, considerably adding, 'Don't wait!'"

BIRTH OF SNOWFLAKES.

The beginning of a snowflake is a particle of dust. This, if it has the good fortune to begin its career at the top of a cloud many miles above the earth and to pass through many atmospheric strata, differing in their temperature and the amount of moisture they contain, is very likely to become a notable individual among its kind. In a stratum of warm air the little flake catches moisture on its tiny spicules, and on entering a colder stratum the moisture is frozen, and so the flake grows.

An eccentric old man in Cohoes
Always bought "children's size" suits of clothes.
"I can never decide

When I'll need them," he cried,
"Second childhood comes quick—goodness knows!"
—Columbia Jester.

THE OLDEST MARRIAGE PROPOSAL.

The oldest marriage proposal of which there is definite record is 3,425 years old. This remarkable ancient record, which is in the Oriental department of the British Museum, is a small clay tablet, measuring eight inches by four inches, and contains about ninety-eight lines of very fine cuneiform writing. It is made of Nile mud, and bears upon it the marriage proposal of a Pharaoh for the hand of the daughter of the King of Babylon. It is a duplicate of a letter written about 1530 B. C.

COMFORT AT WORLD'S FAIR.

When you go to the World's Fair at St. Louis, be sure to get well located. The American Hotel, immediately adjoining the Main Entrance, is a most desirable stopping place. Rates reasonable and accommodations excellent. When tired after a long day and night of sight-seeing, you have no scramble for cars or long rides, saving you much time and energy. Mr. David Lauber, the manager, is a hotel man of high standing and long experience and gives his personal attention to the comfort and welfare of his guests. For rates, see ad. elsewhere in this issue.

THE COOLEST RESORT ON THE ATLANTIC COAST

Dreamland

WILLIAM H. REYNOLDS, President

"I say it is incomparable! In these myriad lights you have conquered the sun. Of all the great things I have seen in America, Dreamland impresses me most." *Statement of Prince Pu Lun, nephew of the Emperor of China.*

The Most Wonderful Amusement Resort in the World

A WORLD'S FAIR IN ITSELF

BOSTOCK'S ANIMAL SHOW.
ANDREW MACK'S FISH POND
SANTOS-DUMONT'S AIRSHIP
WORMWOOD'S DOG AND MONKEYS
INFANT INCUBATORS
ELECTRIC PALACE

SOME FEATURES

FIGHTING FLAMES
A city burning and a fire department in action
CHUTES
Double and longest in the world
CANALS OF VENICE
A romantic trip by gondola
GENERAL BUMPS
A laugh provoker
SCENIC RAILWAY
HAUNTED SWING
TEMPTATIONS OF ST. ANTHONY
MORRIS' ILLUSIONS
UNIQUE BOWERY
THE FALL OF POMPEII
SUBMARINE BOAT
GRAND BALL ROOM
PIER RESTAURANT

MIDGET CITY
M. PAPUSS'
LEAP FROG RAILWAY
SEWERS OF PARIS
COASTING THROUGH SWITZERLAND
BALTIMORE FIRE

Dreamland Bathing Beach

BATHING FOR 30,000

Finest Bathing Facilities on the Coast.

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GROUND AND LOFTY TUMBLING

VAUDEVILLE, CIRCUS, ETC.

Fastest Boats to Coney Island

Battery to Dreamland in 40 minutes

DREAMLAND FLEET

"Dreamland" "Grand Republic"

"St. Johns" "Rosedale"

Round trip tickets, including admission to Dreamland, 25 cents.

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BOSTOCK'S ANIMAL ARENA

Dreamland, Coney Island

EVERY ACT DIRECT FROM

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BONAVITA and 27 FOREST-BRED
LIONS

MME. MORELLI, QUEEN of
JAGUARS

CHARLES MILLER and 11 PER-
FORMING BENGAL TIGERS

HERMAN WEADON and HIS
FAMOUS MIXED GROUP I

POWERS'
PERFORMING PACHYDERMS

AURORA and HER POLAR BEARS

SIGNOR ARNOLDO and HIS
LEOPARDS

MISS ORA CECIL'S TROUPE of
PANTHERS

LA BELLE SELICA'S GREAT
LIONESSES

SACRED TATTOOED BULL

25 OTHER GREAT ACTS

400 PERFORMING WILD BEASTS

SAVAGE SIGNS SOME STARS.

EMMA CARUS has been engaged by Henry W. Savage to sing the rôle of *Lady Peacock* in "Woodland," the Pixley and Luders' fantasy of the forest, now in its twelfth week at the Tremont Theatre, Boston.

Mabel Rice, the daughter of the late "Dan" Rice, the famous circus clown, will leave "The Yankee Consul" company to become a bride. Her engagement to Michael Walsh, of the New York *Herald* staff, has been announced.

Raymond Hitchcock, the star of "The Yankee Consul," Henry W. Savage's big comic opera that recently closed a run of nineteen weeks in New York, is one of many actors who are regular attendants at the races.

George Ade's next play will be produced by Henry W. Savage and will be the opening attraction at the Garden Theatre early in September. Mr. Ade has agreed to have the manuscript ready within a few weeks for a comedy to be called "The College Widow."

"I announced when I leased the Garden Theatre that it would be a home for the works of American playwrights," said Mr. Savage last week. "Mr. Ade's new play will be the first of a number of American plays that will be produced at the Garden."

Marion Ivell, the contralto of the Savage English Grand Opera Company, whose *Carmen* last season attracted so much attention, is going in for heavy Wagnerian contralto rôles next year. She sailed for Berlin and is spending the summer in study under Lilli Lehmann.

Charles E. Evans has signed a contract with Henry W. Savage to play the leading rôle in "The Shogun," the Korean comic opera by George Ade and Gustav Luders, which will follow "The County Chairman" at Wallack's Theatre early in the fall.

Among the foreign artists engaged by Henry W. Savage for his production of "Parsifal" in English at the Garden Theatre next season will be the great German tenor, Alois Pennarini. For several years Pennarini has been a fixed favorite at the Homburg opera.

SILK-E STOCKINGS

For ladies and gentlemen. Silk like, very durable, delightful to wear. Plain and open work, black, white, gray, brown, blue, red and pink.

Price \$1.00 per three pair (Postpaid)
\$1.95 per half doz. pair (Trial pair 35 cts.)

LADIES' SILK-E RIBBED VESTS

Low neck, sleeveless. Colors: White or blue.

Price 70c. each: \$3.90 per half doz. postpaid

SILK-E UNDERSKIRTS

of excellent wearing quality and fine appearance.

Price \$2.50, express paid

Furnished in black, blue, red, pink, green, heliotrope.

Our New "Taffyta" Underskirts

Made in black only, of Silk-E material, with Taffeta silk flounces.

Price \$4.75, express paid

These skirts have immediately found much favor.

Get our illustrated catalogue of Silk-E Stockings and Underwear, Underskirts, Silk Braids Belts, Lace Curtains and LACE COLLARS (our own importation).

Goods sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination, if \$1.00 deposit accompanies the order.

Satisfaction Guaranteed Agents Wanted

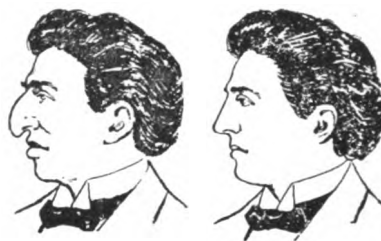
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1409 Metropolis Building
16th Street and Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

He Positively Makes Faces

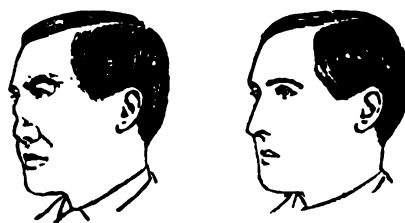
Your personal appearance counts greatly for success and happiness.

A. L. NELDEN, M.D., The Great Plastic Surgeon, can help you by giving you **Regular Features and a Healthy Skin**.



A broad nose narrowed, a Roman nose straightened, **WITHOUT DETENTION FROM WORK**; a sunken nose raised, ears are artistically shaped and set back, eyes are made larger or smaller, lips are made thicker or thinner, chins are shortened or elongated, **all wrinkles removed, birthmarks, scars, pittings eradicated**. No fear of suffering, as his work is

ABSOLUTELY PAINLESS



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Call for **FREE CONSULTATION** or send 4 cents for instructive home treatments.

N. B.—PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, ENLARGED PORES, FRECKLES, Liver Spots, Eczema, speedily and permanently cured. Warts, Moles and all Facial Blemishes positively removed, leaving no trace of former existence.

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MANHATTAN BEACH THEATRE

CHARLES BRADFORD, Manager

The Runaways

Evenings at 9.

Saturday Matinee at 3.

PAIN'S FIREWORKS

"Tripoli—1804."

SHANNON'S BAND CONCERTS

EVERY AFTERNOON and SUNDAY EVENINGS.

MANHATTAN BEACH HOTEL

European Plan

T. F. SILLECK, Manager

ORIENTAL HOTEL

American Plan

J. P. GREAVES, Manager

See time tables in New York and Brooklyn dailies for L. I. R. R. service from 34th Street and B. R. T. from Brooklyn.

BRIGHTON RACES

DAILY AT 2:30

SIX EVENTS TO-DAY.

MUSIC BY MYGRANT'S BAND

Course can be reached from New York side of Brooklyn Bridge by Special Electric Trains on Brighton Road and by Smith Street Trolley Cars. Trains on Long Island Railroad leave foot of E. 34th st. at 11 A. M., 12.10, 12.40, 1.10, 1.40, 2.10, 2.40, 3.10 P. M. Boats every 20 minutes from foot of Whitehall st., via 39th St. Ferry, connecting with Special Trolley Cars.

LOOP THE LOOP

A PRODUCER OF HEALTHFUL SAFE PLEASURABLE SURF SEA BEACH
EXCITEMENT ENJOYMENT THRILLS AVE. WALK

OTTO HUBER
BREWERY

Golden Rod Beer

On Draught at LUNA PARK

INFANT
INCUBATORS

WITH LIVING INFANTS

Don't fail to visit this most Scientific Achievement of the Century.

Next to Streets of India, LUNA PARK.

HENDERSONS'

SURF AVENUE

HENDERSON WALK

STAUCH'S

TABLE D'HOTE A LA CARTE
REGULAR DINNER. 50 CENTS

With Wine, 75 Cents.

FISH, GAME AND OYSTERS

The L. A. THOMPSON

Scenic Railway at LUNA PARK

'TIS IT—HAVE A LOOK

Iron Steamboat Co.

THE POPULAR ALL-WATER ROUTE TO

Coney Island

They cannot Burn! They cannot Sink!

LANDING at the centre of the great new and stellar Attractions.

SPECIAL TO-DAY

Leave FOOT 22d ST., North River, 10, 11.15 A. M.;
12.30, 1.45, 3.00, 4.15, 5.30, 6.45, 8.00 P. M.

LEAVE PIER (NEW) NO. 1,
NORTH RIVER, { Half hour later

Leave NEW IRON PIER, CONEY ISLAND, 11.40
A. M., 12.55, 2.10, 3.25, 4.40, 5.55, 7.10, 8.30,
10.10 P. M.

ROUND TRIP TICKETS, 25 CENTS.

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MONT—NOTHING TO
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NIGHT AT MANHATTAN.

IT is a long way over to Port Arthur, and from all accounts the pyrotechnic excitements are a bit scattered and uncertain even there. But Monsieur Pain is back in the ring again, and this week some time plans to hand out his regular summer show of zipp, boom and splutter, for the joy of all interested. As usual, it will be something entirely new. Those who have been working upon it say it will be the most realistic ever shown. The blowing up of the *Philadelphia* by Decatur, the explosion of the powder boat by Somers, and the bombardment of Tripoli, in which the *Constitution* took such a brilliant part, will be shown. The days of 1812 were lively ones and the costumes very pert. Don't remember personally, of course, but they were, according to the picture books.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

SINCE the beginning of the season there have been a great many distinguished visitors at Coney Island, and all have spoken in the highest praise of the improved conditions and splendid attractions offered to the public.

Speaking of Dreamland's buildings, Police Commissioner McAdoo said:

"This is wonderful, wonderful. These buildings have an appearance of solidity and stability that I have never seen in any amusement resort in the world.

"Such a place as Dreamland solves largely the hardest of police problems."

Senator Chauncey M. Depew said upon leaving: "I foresee the improvement of the moral tone of the public—the amusement-loving public—an ultimate great benefit to New York from this beautiful pleasure resort, Dreamland.

"Children learn by object lessons, pretty blocks and pretty pictures, and so forth, and the public is a big child, willing to be instructed if it is amused at the same time."

Dr. J. Howard Melish rector of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, preached Sunday, July 3d, in Morris's Illusion Theatre, Dreamland, and after service said:

"Recreation is the greatest adjunct to Christianity and to clean living. It is an important part of a man's life.

"I consider the proprietors of Dreamland are performing a Christian service—I would like to put it that way—Christian service as long as they provide fine amusements free from degrading influences.

"I was most interested in the ballroom and the dancing, it was so clean. People danced as decorously as in fashionable gatherings."

"LESS THAN KIND."

Mr. Ballington Booth tells a story of a woman who stood up at a Salvation Army meeting to testify to her conversion, and who with great earnestness denounced her former ways. "I was very foolish and vain," she said; "worldly pleasures, and especially fashions, were my only thought. I was fond of silks, satins, jewelry, ribbons, and laces. But, my friends, I found they were dragging me down to perdition, so I gave them all to my sister!"

REGARDING WOMEN.

An authority says that women who desire long life must have eyes round and wide rather than long and narrow, and if they are brown or hazel life will be longer than if they are black or violet.

The brow must be ample and slope back slightly from an absolute perpendicular. The head must be wide behind and over the ears.

SCIENTIFIC IDIOTS.

THE PROFESSOR (introducing his lecture): "The scientific subject I shall speak on to-day, gentlemen, is one that a hundred years ago only the highly educated could have understood. But nowadays we have advanced so much that any idiot can understand the matter, and none of you will have any difficulty in following the lecture."

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Exhibition
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Electrician,
Scenic Artists
and Genius of the
Stage Mechanic
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on a
TREMENDOUS
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by
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Book by Stanislaus Stange.
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Music by Jean Schwartz.

AERIAL GARDENS, Over the New Am-
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his 27 lions. Tourbillon and 25 other acts.

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CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear something to your advantage by addressing BROADWAY WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THERE never was a truer proverb than that the best proof of the quality of a pudding is only to be found in the eating, and the rule applies to the digestion of the contents of a newspaper in a mental sense, as well as to the good things of life offered on the menu. So we have adopted the methods of the suppressed emotional school, and will leave the expression of our merit to the silent but eloquent demonstration of printer's ink, and the artistic pictures which we humbly present to our readers.

THEREFORE, if any reader expects that BROADWAY WEEKLY, in its present dress, will be exploited after the manner of the Yellow Peril, they will be disappointed. We stand or fall by our deeds, not words, and let it go at that. We are fighting the good fight these torrid days, with pencil and brush, and are so busy reorganizing our establishment that we have no time to tell the public how clever we are. But we are not jealous, and hope that prosperity will come to all who are doing the same in the publishing business. The factory bells are ringing, and we must to work, work, work.

IN the opening of the Saratoga season, the apex of the sport of gentlemen has been reached. And the meeting promises to be the most glorious, in a technical, social, and financial sense, in the history of the greatest of American watering-places. Man, woman, and horse, the thoroughbreds of the nation in their finest strain, will be represented there, amid surroundings indescribable from the point of the picturesque. Wealth, health, and happiness, with their relative shade of contrast, will form a realistic picture beyond the power of mortal man to depict.



CHARLES F. MURPHY.

Like most silent men, the leader of Tammany Hall may be relied upon to keep his word. He said he would help to elect Judge Parker, and he will.

THE political thoroughbreds are also off on the great course, in a neck and neck struggle for supremacy. The tension nurtured by months, nay years, of hope, fear, and deep plotting, is at its highest—every participant keyed to the point of thrilling accomplishment for success or failure. The Democratic entry is a hot favorite, and it is to be hoped that the American people will witness a campaign in which lying, abuse, and unfairness will have no part. It is a most notable fact that Judge Parker, the Democratic nominee, is growing stronger with the people every day, and that while he has a united party at his back, expressions of a desire for his success have come from Republican sections, and from courageous men who look to him for the necessary reforms of a constitutional character.

WHILE these lines are being read, the yachtsmen are manning their craft on all the waters adjacent to New York, and are speeding peacefully along the coast during the balmy days of a God-given summer. The success of Mr. Morton Plant's yacht in European waters has cheered those who love the sport, and the year will be memorable for many feats of nautical enthusiasts.

AUTOMOBILING approaches its zenith, and is a medium for the demonstration of universal prosperity among business men. The crowded roads of New York and Long Island warn the authorities that something must be done to provide better waygoing for the vehicle which has come to stay. There can be no comparison between bicycling and autoing, because the latter is no fad, but a most useful institution, and is the most important point in the matter of transportation which has yet been reached.

The Summer of Political Campaigning

NOTWITHSTANDING the silly rumors that the local Democratic organization is more or less miffed because the St. Louis Convention disregarded the requests of some of the local leaders, it can be said with the fullest authority that Tammany will be quite as enthusiastic in the support of Judge Parker as any other of the party organizations. Indeed, it may be said that the hardest kind of work on the part of Tammany will be absolutely necessary to win a victory. None know this better than Judge Parker, Mr. Sheehan, Mr. Hill and the other big leaders. It cannot be pointed out in history that Tammany ever helped to defeat a National ticket.

The Chiefs may have felt bitter because the other sections of the party did not heed their advice, but once the Conventions have decided, the New York Democrats willingly fell into line and at every Presidential election did their share in electing the ticket. If it was defeated the returns proved that Tammany worked and voted for success.

THE loyalty to party on every occasion, has drawn down upon it the wrath of Republicans and others who have felt it proper to bolt the ticket; but Tammany never deserted the regular nominations. One of the most brilliant things ever said in this connection, was uttered by Senator Grady, who, appreciating the witty philosophy of the situation, even at the expense of his own organization, said:

"Tammany would rather do right than get left."

HOW Tammany happens to be indispensable to the other Democrats and Republicans who are uniting to place Judge Parker where he ought to be in the Presidential chair at Washington, and the greatest orators who have in the past been aligned with the enemy are anxious for the sympathetic aid and campaign work for the whole ticket. Those who know Mr. Charles F. Murphy, are aware that his silence is due to a desire to make no mistakes, and to act with deliberation and wisdom. He is not a man who sulks in his tent, but he dislikes brass band methods. Tammany does not talk—it acts. The great big Parker banner is already in position in front of the Fourteenth Street Headquarters.

"The sign for which the party has long been looking is at last vouchsafed to it. By a single stroke of the pen—by one message not exceeding three or four lines in length—petty politicians have become obscured and a new figure of surpassing majesty is made conspicuous in our civic life.

"We who have been contemplating the nomination of Mr. Cleveland against his own desire as our hope of deliverance from the slough of defeat suddenly find ourselves exulting in the leadership of a new and greater, or at least a more available Cleveland, with less than Cleveland's years and more than Cleveland's training; with all of Cleveland's virtues, with none of Cleveland's antagonisms.

"The final outcome is a triumphant proof that the aggregate wisdom of a Democratic body is higher than that of any individual among its members, that this Democratic republic always embraces in its citizenship the possessor of every quality necessary to guide it past any peril that may confront it, that the Democratic Party has just taken the first decisive step toward the recovery of public confidence in its leaders and its purposes for the restoration of its own authority over the Government."



HOMER S. CUMMINGS, CONNECTICUT DEMOCRATIC LEADER

FOR over a year Mr. Cummings had given much time and thought to the situation, which to some seemed hopeless, but he was not discouraged, and along with many other leaders in various sections, he came to the conclusion that Judge Parker was the most likely candidate to mold the discordant elements of the Democracy into one harmonious whole. Then he set to work, and from the very inception of the Parker movement, he

was urgent in its behalf. Nor did he rest until the Judge was nominated. The standing in the community of Mr. Cummings, attracted other men who were inclined to stand aloof again this year; and it is to be hoped that he will not rest, but throw himself into the campaign with vigor. ably do so, and his friends should insist upon him that the advice of every man like himself is necessary to victory.

WHEN the next administration takes office, it will need men—men of affairs and standing like Mr. Cummings, to represent it here and abroad. What he has done so far will not be forgotten by all who desire to see the Democratic Party in power once again.

AT the same time the rank and file of the various organizations should not be led astray by the flood of enthusiasm which has welcomed the nomination of Judge Parker. With the prospect of success, they should work all the harder to ensure it. Work night and day until the last ballot has been cast is the only way to capture the prize. No more graphic argument for the election of Judge Parker could be given than in the words of Bourke Cockran, who said after the Judge had taken his stand on the currency question:

"It has revealed him to the people of this country, almost in an instant, as a great leader—the greatest of this generation—an honest man, the most impressive in displaying that virtue that I have ever known either through experience or reading, a courageous man—of such incomparable courage that he was willing to throw away not merely the hope or prospect of a nomination, evasion but an actual nomination for the Presidency rather than stoop to an equivocation on a matter of principle.

There could be no more certain indication that the Democrats are determined to redeem the government from its present condition than the activity of such leaders as Homer S. Cummings, of Stamford, Conn. He is the State member of the Democratic National Committee, and was a prominent figure in the St. Louis Convention. His speech in the Convention, seconding the nomination of Judge Parker, was a model of fairness, and had much influence in promoting the harmony which now exists in the party ranks. It is to such solid men that the country looks for advice—he safe business and professional men of the country.

A LUNATIC'S OPINION

Some time after the new chaplain in a lunatic asylum had entered upon his duties one of the inmates came up to him and said: "I like you better than the other one." "Why?" asked the preacher. "Because you are more like us," answered the lunatic.

IN THE SPIRIT'S DOMAIN



CURRENT ATTRACTIONS

New York—"The Maid and the Mummy."
Proctor's Fifth Avenue—Stock Co. and vaudeville.
Academy of Music—"The Eternal City."
Casino—"Piff, Paff, Pouff."
Keith's—Continuous vaudeville.
Proctor's 23d Street—Continuous vaudeville.
Proctor's 125th Street—Stock Co. and vaudeville.

SUMMER AMUSEMENTS

Aerial Gardens—"A Little of Everything."
Brighton Beach Music Hall—Vaudeville.
Dreamland, Coney Island—Exposition.
Hammerstein's Paradise Gardens—Extravaganza, ballet and vaudeville.
Luna Park, Coney Island—Exposition.
Madison Square Garden—Duss in "Beautiful Venice."
Madison Square Roof—"Paris by Night."
Manhattan Beach—Pain's Fireworks.
Manhattan Beach Theatre—"The Runaways."
New York Theatre Roof Garden—Excellent vaudeville.

THE MAID AND THE MUMMY

BY GEORGE BLECKMAN.

TUNEFUL music, lyrics above the average and a book that was an artistic reminder of "The Chaperons" made up the musical melange that was produced last Monday evening at the New York Theatre, under the auspices of Klaw & Erlanger. A foot-note on the programme says frankly that it "is neither a light nor comic opera, musical nor farcical comedy, but a merry entertainment, containing some of the good points of them all and introduced for the sole purpose of presenting beauty, laughter and song."

This object is accomplished and it goes farther still, for a prettier bevy of chorus girls, a more kaleidoscopic whirlwind of swirling lingerie, or more attractive visions of silken stockings covering shapely ankles and swelling calves has never been seen on Broadway. "What more does mere man crave?" remarked a well known first nighter, as he quaffed some fizzy stuff labelled "Ruinart," and the reply came between sips of the amber fluid, "Nothin'!"

The story deals with the adventures of Washington Stubbs, an impecunious curio dealer, played by Richard F. Carroll, who proved to be a good dancer and singer. He was ably assisted by Annie Yeamans. The curio collector's shop is visited by Dr. Elisha Dobbins, a wealthy inventor, and his daughter, in search of a mummy, on which the physician wishes to try the effects of the elixir of life. Both acts are a potpourri of "turns" which are good.

"Dick" Carroll has lost none of the charm of his innocent smile, boyish voice and educated nether extremities and he danced himself into the favor of the large audience before he had an opportunity to display his other charms.

The vocal laurels of the evening went easily to

Adele Rowland who was cast for the part of Dr. Dobbins' daughter. She possesses a lyric soprano voice of pleasing quality and her song at the opening of the second act, "My Egyptian Queen," received many deserved encores. The most catchy number in the entertainment, however, was "I fell in love with Polly," sung by Mr. Carroll and the "Polly" girls. This quartette of beauties were as pretty girls as have been seen on the Great White Way in some years.

"It's Great to be Crazy," sung by Louis Wesley, ably assisted by the chorus, was one of the hits of the evening. Other parts that stood out above a really good ensemble were played by Janet Priest and Annie Yeamans.

PREPARATIONS are already under way for the next season's production of the Rogers Brothers, who this year will appear in another edition of their series. The new vehicle will be called "The Rogers Brothers in Paris," and Klaw & Erlanger their managers, have decided to expend even a larger sum in the staging of this than they did over any of the former productions.

The career of these two young comedians has been an extraordinary one; and they have never experienced other than the biggest kind of success since they first appeared in an extended effort. While the excellent management may in a sense account for much of the prosperity, the stars are undoubtedly most popular, and their work has a freshness which is absent from that of any others in their line.

The company surrounding the stars is an expensive one, and the accessories are those of a spectacular piece.

They will play their usual long engagement in New York, and a return date later in the season. Among the handsome and clever young women who are engaged for the coming production are: Bessie Devoie, Josephine Cohan and Lillian Collins, all favorably known.

Marie Dressler is to be with Joseph Weber's company this season, and her clever eccentric work will form a proper foil to the beautiesque methods of Anna Held. It is a certainty that Miss Dressler will be in her element, as she is of Broadway. With Harry Morris, Aubrey Boucicault and the other talented people, the circle will be a bright coterie.

It is the opinion that the coming season will not be such a bad one—at least that is what many managers think. The last was nothing to boast of, and great care was taken not to go too deeply into arrangements for the next. Indeed, it is a question whether there will be enough companies booked to fill the demand, and anyone having an attraction ready for the road may find good terms awaiting them later.

With the opening of "The Maid and the Mummy" at the New York, and "The Eternal City" at the Academy, it may be said that the season has been opened. From now on we shall have weekly offerings of the fare which will be ours in a theatrical sense for next year.

Rich and Harris are to present "Military Mad" at the Garrick on August 22. It is an adaptation of a German play which had success at the Irving Place Theatre last season. "Checkers" will begin its second season at the Academy of Music on the same

date, with Thomas W. Ross in his original part.

Then "The Girl from Kays" will return to the Herald Square to resume its popularity, on the same night.

The stock company which Klaw & Erlanger are getting together for the Liberty Theatre, seems to be made up of the right material, so far. Fay Templeton, Peter Dailey and Joseph Coyne are a good beginning, and of course all the other lesser lights and chorus will be up to the standard of "A Little of Everything."

The Roof Gardens have done pretty well this summer, probably because New York maintained its reputation as a fine summer resort. Many of the theatres might have kept open during the past three months, so far as the weather was concerned. Then the attractions were up to the regular season standard in every sense, indeed more so in some instances.

Two very important announcements have been made, though not exactly officially, which will have a bearing upon the shore resorts next summer. It is known that the Brighton Beach race track is to be moved more inland from its present location near the beach. On the present site, a large exposition show on the order of Luna Park and Dreamland will be erected. Then again, the space between the Oriental and Manhattan Beach Hotels is to be utilized for the construction of a similar resort. How all these big places of amusement will exist is a ques-



FRANCINE LA MARCHE,
Original Female in "Buster Brown," with
the Elinore Sisters

that there is a large class of people in this city, which will patronize a good variety and one-act plays at any time of the year.

In all probability "Macbeth" will become something of a reigning dramatic sensation the coming season, if present plans of several stars are carried out. Mrs. Leslie Carter has hinted at portraying the role of Lady Macbeth for several seasons, and it is confidently asserted that she will finally play the part this coming season. Mrs. Fiske has announced positively that she will do Lady Macbeth in New York, and Nance O'Neill is also mentioned as a candidate for the role. Nearly two years ago, Miss Bertha Galland played Lady Macbeth in Washing-

ton. Now her manager, J. Fred Zimmerman, says that Miss Galland will give a few special performances of "Macbeth" in New York in the spring, in conjunction with her spring performances of Juliet, after the close of her regular season in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

tion. but capitalists seem willing to risk their money in the ventures.

At the same time, the time honored fireworks displays to be done away with.

Duss has deserted Madison Square Garden, and gone to Asbury Park for two weeks.

Manager Whitney's "Piñ, Paff, Pouff" seems likely to run into the new season, and he will then have one of the biggest drawing cards for the road that ever left this city.

Proctor's, Keith's, and the other vaudeville houses all report good business this summer, and this proves

ton. Now her manager, J. Fred Zimmerman, says that Miss Galland will give a few special performances of "Macbeth" in New York in the spring, in conjunction with her spring performances of Juliet, after the close of her regular season in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

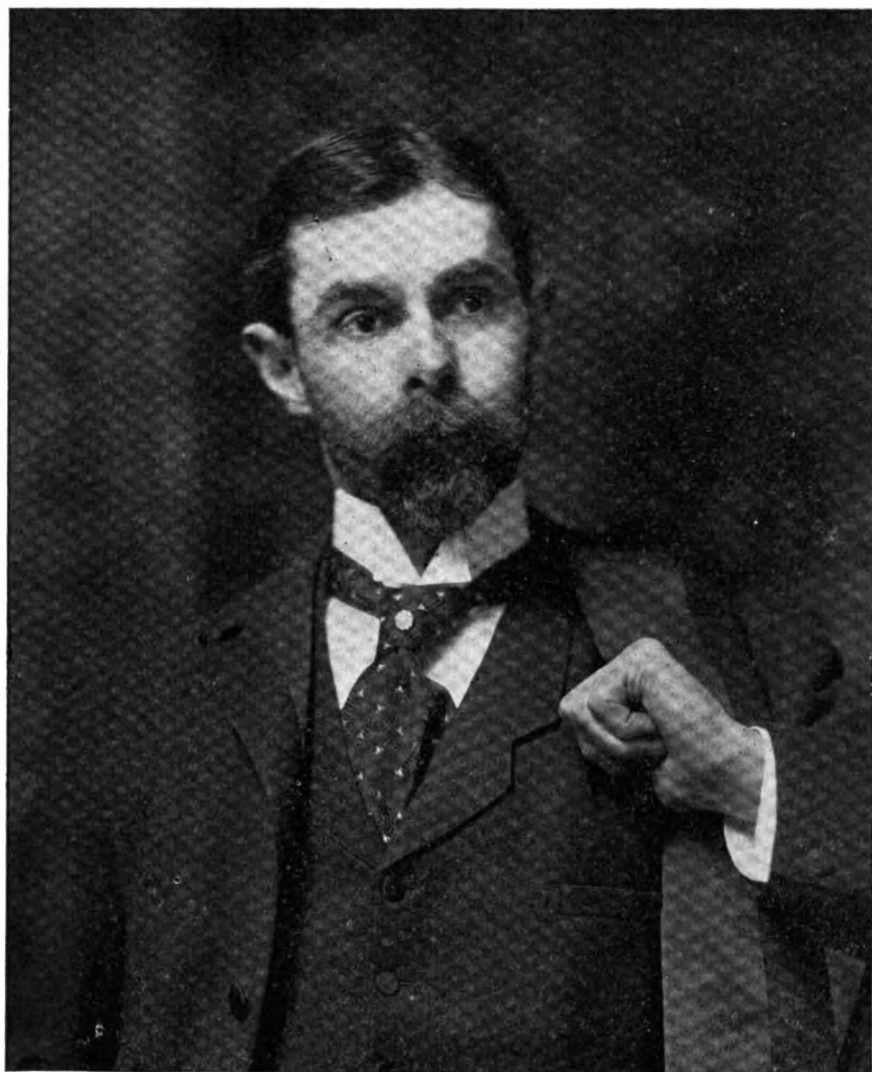
WORD comes from across the big pond that the "divine Sarah" is continuing her successes in Paris. Her latest triumph is in the newest Sardou play "La Sorciere." It is true that this most noted of modern women of the stage holds a position that is unique in the history of the drama. Indeed, if only as a miracle of energy, she would stand unparalleled. It is a tradition to say each season that her powers show no sign of abatement and at times it is apparently untrue, but this time the statement is ob-

The Sardou play will be presented in this country during the coming season and whatever its value as art, the cleverness of the concoction is quite indisputable. The element of wit, so valuable in many of his dramas, is absent, and the play has an important scene earlier than is customary in his pieces. The subject, though often handled in non-dramatic works, comes to some extent as a novelty, even if the main Act suggests Brieux's play, "The Red Robe." The history of the handsome Moorish woman, Zoraya, hailed with her lover, Don Enrique Palacios, before the Inquisition, is crammed with horrors skillfully put together and excellently suited to the taste of a bloodthirsty public; whilst the massing of physical incidents is well contrived with a view to impressing people who have but a Friday-till-Tuesday knowledge of French.



1. The "Goddess Musica," with Paradise Roof Garden. 2. Some Parsifalia Girls (Photos by Byron). 3. A Shapely Attraction at the Aerial Gardens (Photo by Hall).

W. Newton Bennington, Best Type of American



open. Mrs. Bennington has fairly surpassed the reputation at home, of her husband outside its hospitable doors. Wealth is no passport to the family circle, for the Benningtons like to be surrounded by friends in the world of science, literature and art. Of course, the thoroughbred horse and the affectionate dog have a strong hold upon the time and attention of both Mr. and Mrs. Bennington, and the mansion at Cropsey avenue and Twenty-first street is a favorite stopping place for those who delight to see the great Russian wolf hounds, blue greyhounds, collies, terriers, and imported snow white rabbits playing on the lawn which extends more than half a city block.

When he has left Wall street for the day, Mr. Bennington forgets the mad rush of the market, and is then in his glory. He is as prominent in turf circles as he is in banking, manufacturing, and in helping the poor, sick, and weak. In his stables at Bensonhurst he has a splendid team of high stepping cobs that cannot be equalled on the Speedway. There is also a pony, which he allows to be the laziest in existence; two useful saddle horses; his own pet, Indian Queen, for which he paid \$2,500, and to whom he talks when on his lonely rides.



MRS. BENNINGTON

IF it became necessary to name a typical representative man of affairs, at random, one face would dawn on the mind of those who have followed the best interests of the financial, racing, and philanthropic worlds. It is the smiling, good-natured, and practical Newton Bennington. And it is no deduction from the claim on the affection of all who know him, to say that his charming wife almost outwits him in the race in sharing their good fortune with those less favored with the world's goods.

This is one race in which Mr. Bennington does not regret defeat, for he is justly proud of Mrs. Bennington's sympathy and kindness to the poor and unfortunate. Throughout the best society—the most exclusive sets—there is not a couple who are more happily mated, their generosity, practical charity, and interest in every movement for progress and general happiness being proverbial.

Wealth has not spoiled Mr. Bennington. He never forgets the fact that at times he has been poor; that he was once a boy; that he has had the same struggles which have been experienced by some of the greatest men of the country; and that kind actions are the best reward for any good acts. He has been blessed with a sunny disposition, and having sprung from a sturdy race that made this country a power in the world, he does not require any new-rich methods to lend prestige to his standing, or any aristocratic color to his gentle and amiable personality.

First of all, he is intensely American, and in his



A Budding Ophelia—MISS BENNINGTON

domestic life he follows the principles of the splendid people who cast off European entanglements and affected superiority, and lived according to the precepts of simple elegance and intellectual converse.

The Bennington homestead is located at Bensonhurst, where all the year round he can get a glimpse of the great ocean, and where the latchet is always

The fact that Mrs. Bennington was the star of her own theatrical company until she retired eight years ago, when she was playing the leading role in "The Ensign," and was known professionally as Bessie Taylor, is a guarantee that the Bennington home is an artistic and attractive spot. It contains many curios presented to the Benningtons by their newspaper, racing and theatrical friends.

At six o'clock every morning Mr. Bennington is in the saddle on his way to Gravesend, where he and Pierre Lorillard kept forty horses under the charge of Trainer Fred Burlew.

After they have exercised he returns home to breakfast, and to dress for the city. This invariable rule was only broken when Mrs. Bennington was thrown from her horse and was so badly injured that her life was despaired of. But she recovered

providentially, and is able to devote her time to the Actors' Church Society, the Actors' Society, and the other charities in which she is deeply interested. The numerous daily appeals to her do not go unheeded.

When the blizzard of last February broke out, Mr. Bennington, without any prompting, said to his private secretary, George Waugh Arnold:

"Arnold, I see that one of the afternoon newspapers is giving coffee and sandwiches to a number of the unfortunates. These poor chaps ought to have somewhere to go for shelter this bitter night.

Mr. Arnold made a trip to the assembly place of these men, and he says the thanks given to Mr. Bennington ought to open the doors of heaven to Mr. Bennington without any cavil.

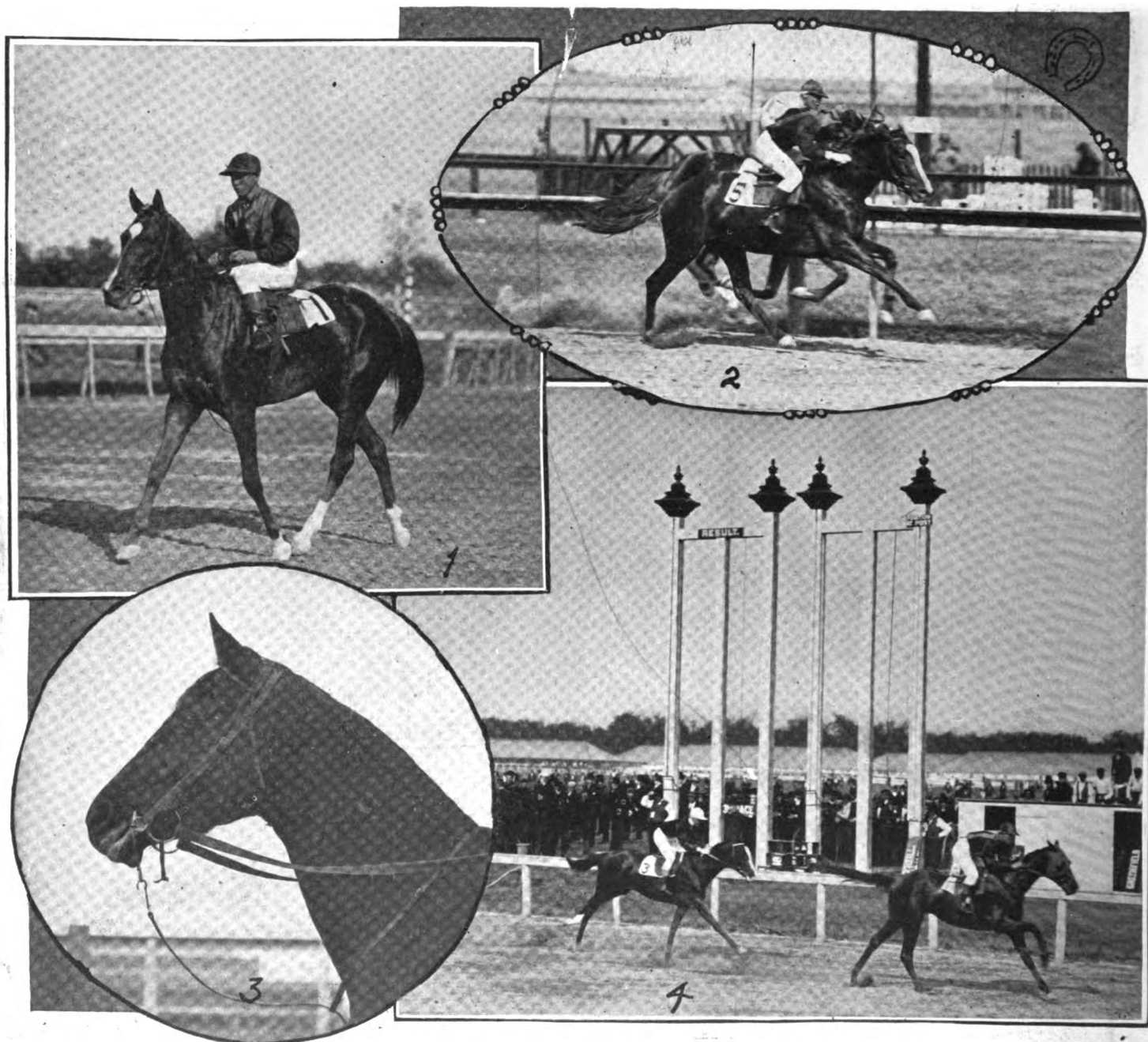
It is seldom that Mr. Bennington is imposed upon, as he is too good a judge of human nature to allow any unworthy person to hoodwink him. Not that he cares about money, but he desires to give plentifully to worthy people.

In one notable instance his friends ridiculed him for assisting an unfortunate man who had stowed away in a box to come to this country, having no

and her wolf-hound, "Irmack."

It is unnecessary to speak of Mr. Bennington in Wall street, for he is one of the leading financiers of the country. And he has done as many kind things in that section as anywhere else. Racing men regard him as highly as any man who seeks the betterment of turf conditions and the advance of the American thoroughbred.

A clever business man, a loving husband, a staunch friend, and a man of fine instincts is W. Newton Bennington, a typical American gentleman in all that it represents.



1.—Beldame after winning The Ladies' Stakes. 2.—Blandy winning at Coney Island Jockey Club.
3.—Hello. 4.—Song and Wine beating Czaraphine in the Expectation. —Photos by Hemment.

A FEW OF MR. BENNINGTON'S THOROUGHBREDS.

The paper says that the average line in front of their wagons in Madison Square has about 800 men. You go up to the bank and get eight hundred half dollars and give one to every poor chap as soon as he has received his coffee and sandwich. That will give him a bed and a breakfast if he is a sensible man, and if he isn't it will get him drunk in some saloon; where he can spend the night in the warm back room. I'd rather have them all go to a lodging house, but even those who don't go are too decent to spend this night out of doors."

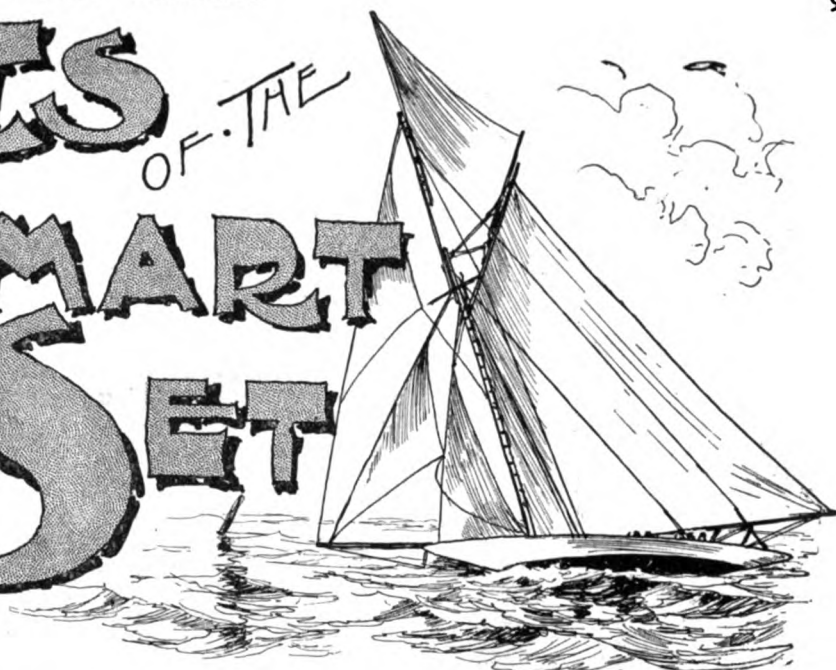
thing to eat but a few crackers. Mr. Bennington was so interested that he went to Ellis Island, saw the man, and gave bonds so that he could land and become a citizen. Then he bet a thousand dollars that the latter would turn out well within a year. And the immigrant did so, and is now earning a good living, and is married.

Mrs. Bennington owns to it that she has a fad. It is dogs. She belongs to all ladies' kennel associations, and at the New York and Boston shows won five ribbons with her greyhound, "Beppo Blues,"

Broadway Weekly Summer Specials

July 28, No. 76, Coney Island
Aug. 4, " 77, Saratoga the Glorious
" 11, " 78, Automobile Number
" 18, " 79, Along the Jersey Coast
" 25, " 80, Political Campaign Number
Sept. 1, " Star Theatrical Special

SPORTS OF THE SMART SET



YACHTING

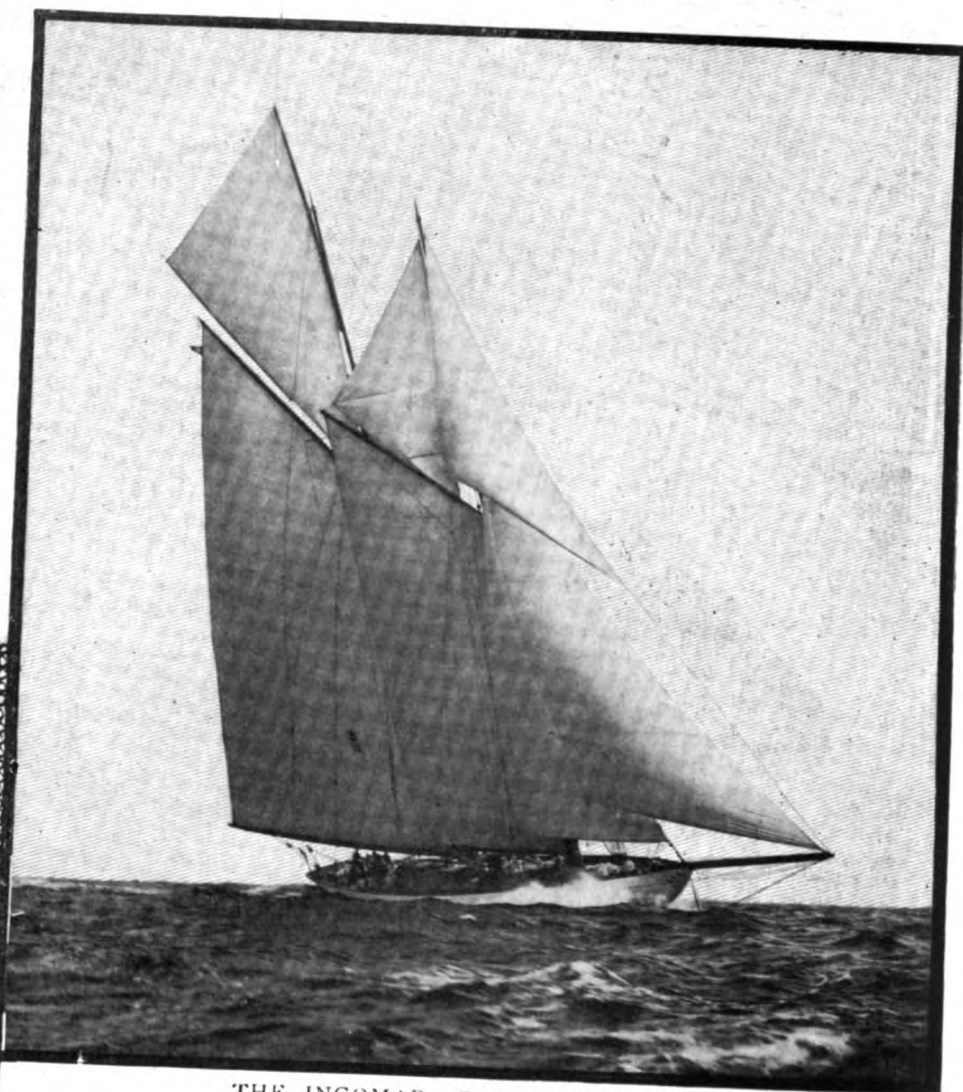
BY GEORGE BLEEKMAN.

SWELLING sails and flying spindrift are much in evidence along the shining waters of Long Island sound and the summer yachting days that failed to attract many Corinthians during June and the early weeks of July are all too short for the amateur sailors who drift along on the smooth surface or scud under close reefed sails under the more blistering breath of King Aeolus.

The Larchmont race week has ended after the most successful series of events in that club's career and the rocking chair fleet are riding calmly at anchor on the club piazza, while with its accustomed regularity the electric bell buzzes in that part of the club house galley where the second mate's nips are concocted, and whose sacred precincts are safe from the invasion of the fair sex.

Arrangements are practically completed for the New York Yacht Club's annual cruise which begins on August 11, and the following is a synopsis:

As ordered, the rendezvous will be off Glen Cove,



THE INGOMAR.—CAPT. CHARLES BARR

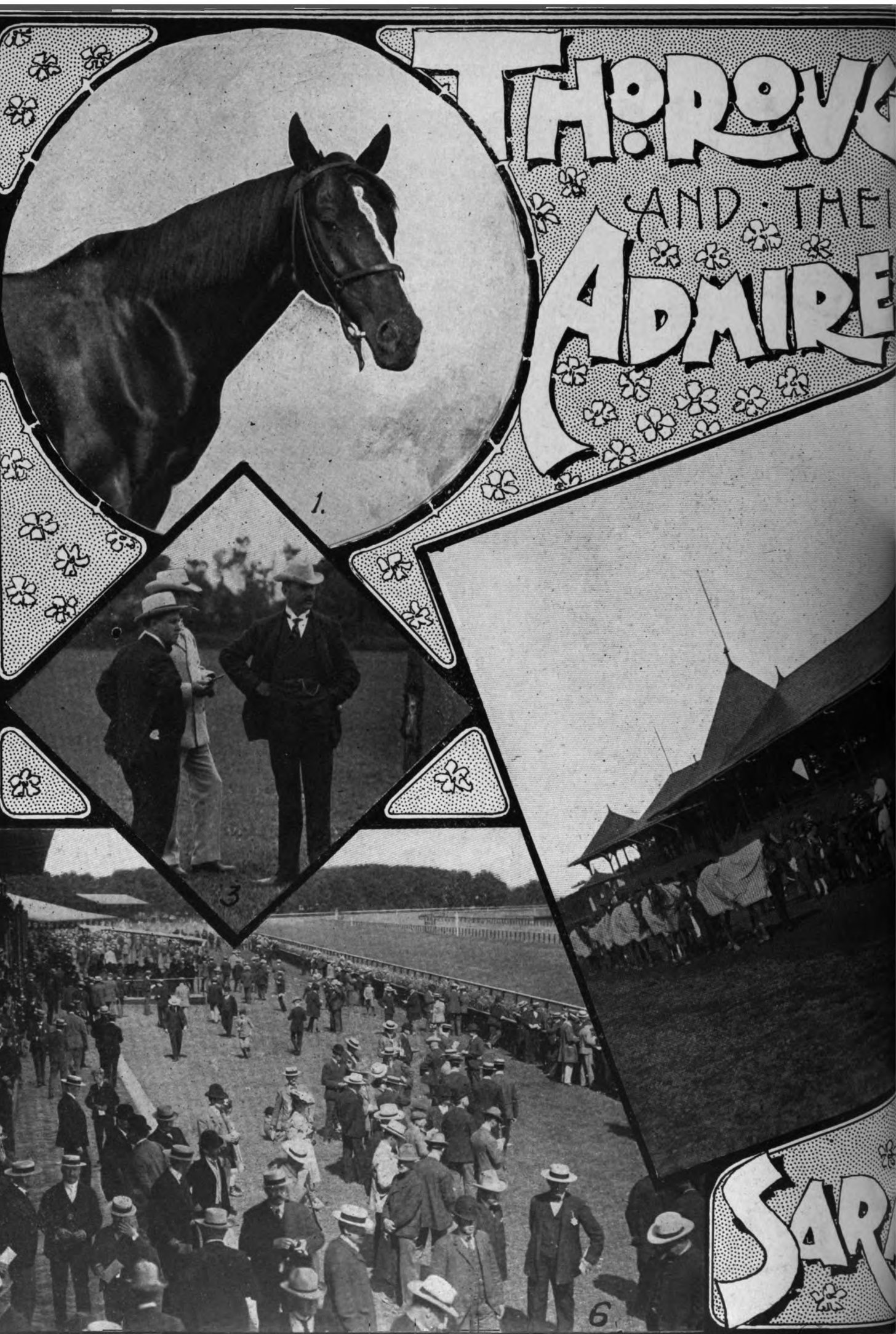
Photos Copyright by W. E. Burton



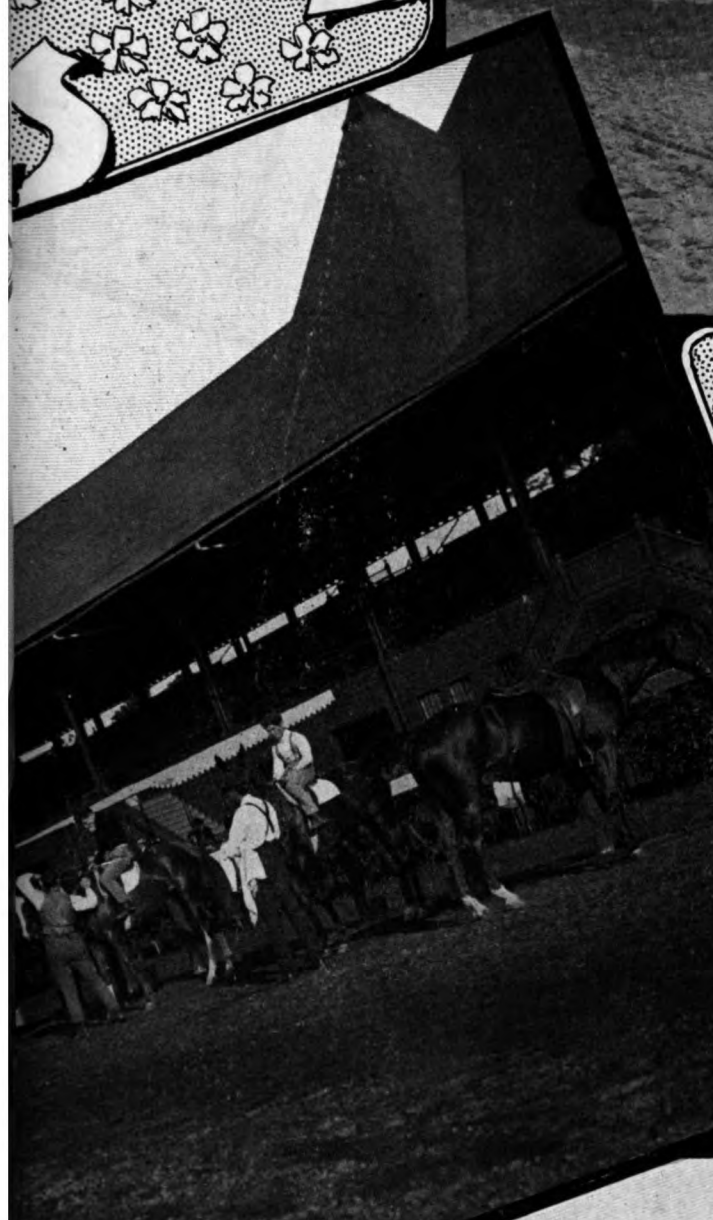
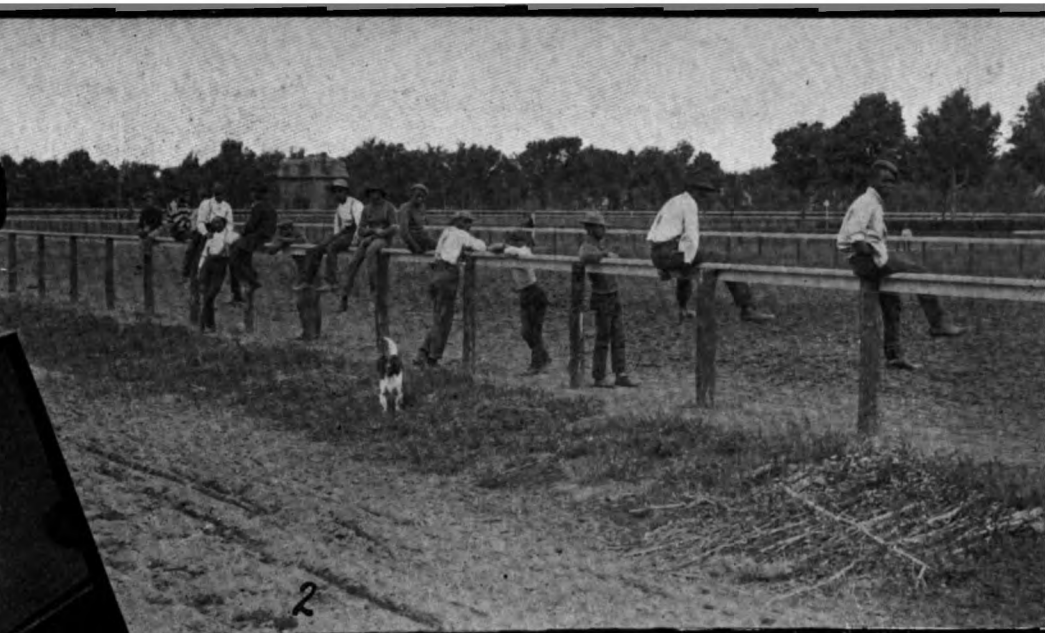
L. I., Thursday, August 11. The meetings of captains will be held on the flagship Delaware, at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon.

On Friday, August 12, from Glen Cove to Morris Cove.

(Continued on page 19)



BREDS

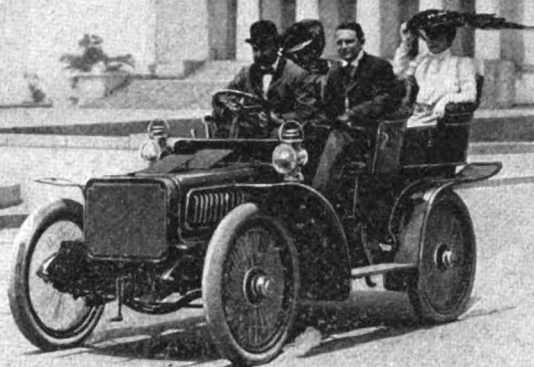


AT TOGA



Decauville

IMPORTED



1000 miles without a stop!

Did it "just happen" that a Decauville car ran without stopping from Edinburgh to London, 400 miles, without the engine requiring the slightest adjustment?

When a Decauville car ran 1000 miles without a stop, was it a case of "mere luck," or due to perfect lubrication and absolute alignment of machinery? Must there not be some momentous "reason" behind such marvelous performances? Don't they show that the Decauville car is no experiment?

As the perfect alignment of machinery in the Decauville car is wholly due to placing the engine and gear box on *one casting, a continuous, solid base* upon which the entire machinery rests, don't you see that there is no wrenching, no twisting, no strain—nothing that can possibly affect this perfect alignment of engine and shaft?

Do you realize what an advantage is this Decauville "steel pan," which not only gives absolute rigidity to the frame, but also protects the machinery from mud, water and dust, making it an ideal car for American Roads?

Was it through accident or *power* that a 10 h.p. Decauville car carried four persons up a flight of stairs, a 32 per cent. grade, at the New England Automobile show, when no other car was able to take up more than two persons?

If you are going to put several thousand dollars in an Automobile, wouldn't you rather trade your money with a company that has been manufacturing motor machinery, light locomotives; installing power systems; etc., for upwards of fifty years—the great Société Decauville, whose enormous plant at Corbeil, France, is renowned among engineers the world over?

The first mile may "demonstrate," but it's the thousandth and first that *proves* Decauville superiority. Send for the New Book

Sole American Agent,

Standard Automobile Co., New York

Salesroom: 136 West 38th Street

Garage: 146-148 West 39th Street

(Licensed Importer under Selden Patent)



MOTORING

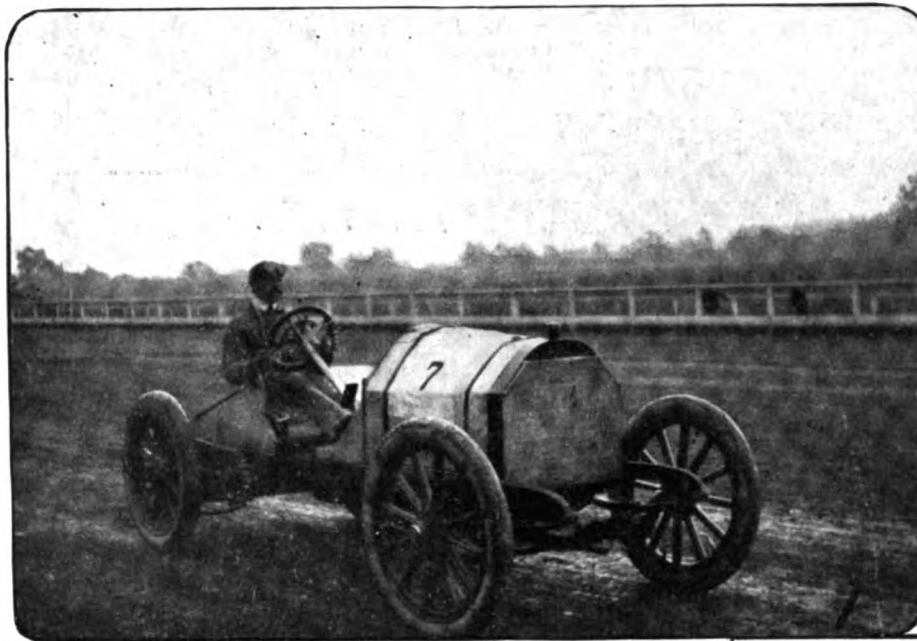
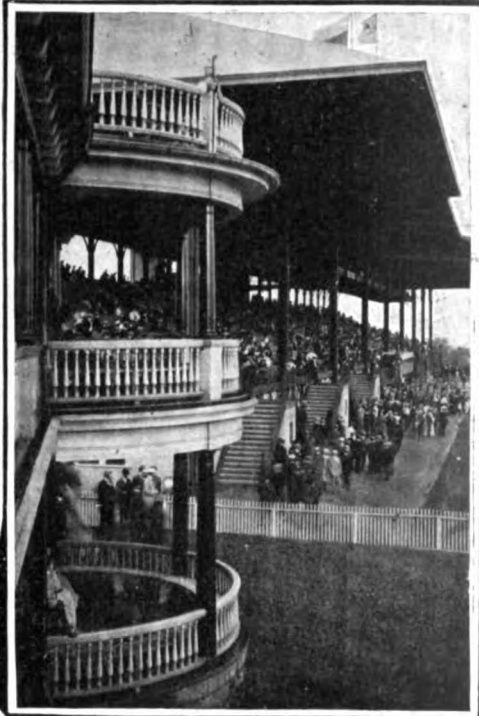
THAT the auto car is assuming its deserved place in the affections of the better class of sportsmen and sportswomen is shown by the enthusiastic devotees of the horseless cars who are this season touring the country either alone or in impressive battalions. The imposing list of mobilists who participated in the tour to St. Louis prove this beyond question, but these are only a fraction of the smart set who are interested in this mode of travel, and represent the same class as the cruising yachtsmen along the coast and great waterways of the country.

The racing automobilist is still another type and is known by green goggles, a leather costume and a worried look as he shoots through the atmosphere with the speed of a sirroco. That racing cars have

come to stay among sportsmen in this country and interest a far greater number than would have been believed a short year ago, is shown by the recent race meet at Empire City track, which more than four thousand eager spectators witnessed despite the threatening weather.

Yankee ingenuity has not as yet arrived at a position in the front rank of designers of racing machines, nor has the American mechanic given sufficient of his time to the comparatively new sport to compete on even terms with his prototype from over the western ocean.

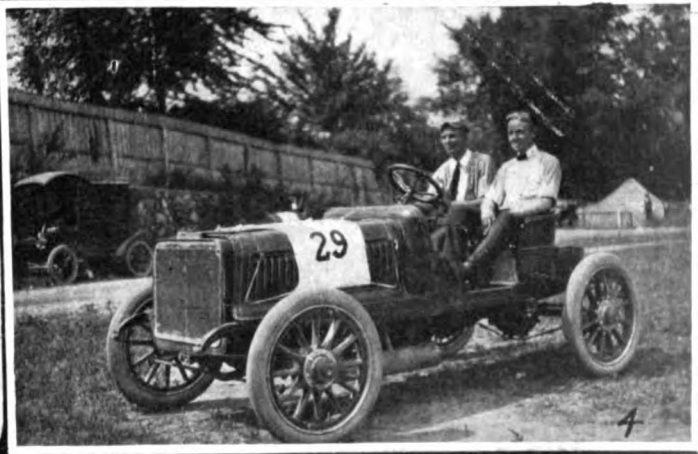
The lion's share of the laurels of the day went to Alfred G. Vanderbilt's sixty-horse power Mercedes touring car. This machine was equipped with a racing body and captured about everything in sight. W. Gould Brokaw's Renault car exhibited unusual speed in the five mile light weight class and won from the Decauville car owned by "Tod" Sloan and driven by Guy Vaughn. The Decauville car possesses some excellent points, but was outclassed by both the Mercedes and Renault symphonies. Vaughn finished third in the race won by the Vanderbilt ma-



chine, and finished with a deflated tire.

Owing to the rain which transformed the track into a sea of mud, some of the races were postponed. Of these the unfinished one was really the most important. It was the second heat of the free for all, at fifteen miles, in which the only restriction was the limitation of weight from 1,432 to 2,204 pounds. Six cars were entered, but W. F. Winchester (Franklin), A. E. Morrison (Peerless) and Walter Christie (Christie) declined the issue, leaving the field to the two Mercedes and the Decauville. The winning car, owned by Mr. Vanderbilt, marks the debut of that branch of the family in automobile racing in this city.

Among those who drove out to the track were Albert C. Bostwick and J. Dunbar Wright (Mercedes), Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Riker (locomobile), John F. Havemeyer (locomobile), Judge Blanchard (Darracq),



1. A. G. Vanderbilt's 60 H.P. Mercedes.
2. Grand Stand, from the Club-house.
3. Congratulating the winner of the Great Empire Handicap.
4. Guy Vaughn in Tod Sloan's Decauville car.

A. E. Morrison (Peerless), H. S. Harkness (Mercedes), E. B. Gallaher (Georges-Richard), with Ira A. McCormick, Edward Weston (Mors) and W. Gould Brokaw (Renault). A. A. Post (White), Mr. and Mrs. John D. Adams (locomobile), Frank de K. Huvler (locomobile), Ray D. Lillibridge (White), with H. S. Chopin, W. H. Collins and E. D. Bagley, E. C. Boyce (Decauville), Nathaniel Huggins, Sr. (Decauville), W. H. Ulrich (locomobile), Thomas Bell (locomobile), W. J. Moore (Berg), C. C. Boynton (Berg). Ernest Lorillard (Georges-Richard), T. A. Adams (Darracq).

W. D. Gash (Premier), E. T. Kimble (Mors), Peter Fogarty (Northern), A. J. Picard (Darracq), A. Le Blanc (Darracq), S. M. Jarvis (White), S. W. Brousal (White), A. G. C. Hohn (White), D. H. Gaines (locomobile), John F. Plummer, Jr. (locomobile), Dr. J. P. Thomas (White), C. L. Taylor (Darracq), Walter Gibson (Darracq), S. T. Davis Jr. (locomobile), George S. Partridge, vice president of the Standard Automobile Company, Mrs. Partridge and Miss Sadie D. Larned (Decauville), C. G. Wridgway (Peerless), "Tod" Sloan (Decauville), F. Houseman (Decauville), W. P. Shannon (White), W. A. Nash (White), and E. T. Birdsall (Decauville).

A. R. Pardington (Franklin), B. A. Jackson (Decauville), C. L. Auger (Darracq), C. L. Reiss (White), H. A. Beale (locomobile), H. M. Sill (locomobile), C. H. Page (White), R. J. White (Decauville), C. D. Cook (Darracq), J. S. Huyler (Darracq), M. M. Pelding, Jr. (Peerless), W. H. Baker (Franklin), R. H. Weaver (Decauville), J. Kranich (Darracq), H. C. Wilcox (Franklin), C. Arthur Benjamin (Franklin), F. V. Cowperthwaite (Georges-Richard), J. Untermeyer (White), J. H. Manning (White), Franklin Lorkwood (locomobile), Alden L. McMurtry (Packard), R. M. Owen (Franklin), I. Stovers (Winton), S. Bishop (White) and L. Horton (White).

The unfinished part of the programme was completed at a later date.

"THE MUFFLER."

COLONEL "JACK" ASTOR is responsible for one of the latest innovations in the equipment of the auto driver who delights in bizarre effects. The gentle genius, Colonel Jack, wore a pair of big green glass goggles with immense silver bows which made him appear like a goblin in a fairy tale. All this was sprung upon an inoffensive and long suffering public at Newport and it is said that even the horses on Bellevue avenue shied at the apparition, while a few amateur yachtsmen promenading along the by-ways were scared into Ormsby's bodega until the freak paraphernalia was housed for the night.

The Police were ordered to prevent masks being worn on the street, and at their solicitation Colonel Jack decided to relegate his goggles to the garret. Alfred and Reggie Vanderbilt emulated the example set by Mr. Astor, but when they heard that their prototype had been advised to appear like a human being, they did likewise.

Sumptuous Saratoga Home of the Thoroughbred

GLORIOUS in every sense of the word, the American people may well be proud of Saratoga, which is peerless in the galaxy of nations as the resort of the creme de la creme of high class sportsmen in all the world.

The true thoroughbred in the family of horse; the thoroughbred in men and women—in everything human, circles around the beautiful springs, and in all the history of the famous place this will be the greatest season on record. The conditions surpass in every way those of the preceding years and the great men who control racing, may rest assured that they have nearly reached their ideal; for there is nothing to mar the prospect of conducting the meeting upon the highest level of this sport of kings and gentlemen.

Wealth, beauty, honor, and the picturesque are the prevailing factors in the present assemblage of the leaders in society, racing, and all the departments of life which are represented at Saratoga from every section of the country; and the authorities are to be congratulated that at last they can provide a

month of pure enjoyment for their visitors, without any unpleasant or untoward surroundings. To the Jockey Club powers, this must be a delightful situation, for they have labored for years to bring about just such a condition as exists to-day.

Many of the stables are already on the ground, and the regular visitors of the exclusive stamp are dropping in on every train. There is also the usual crowd of rich and aristocratic visitors who have come here for generations, and the additions to the cottage colony are numerous. All the hotels have made improvements, and the accommodations are well-nigh perfect.

The prospects of good racing appear to be splendid, and the track managers have made many innovations which will prove to be very acceptable for those who regard personal comfort as indispensable to their attendance at race meetings anywhere. The moral tone of the village proper is improved, and the local population look forward to a prosperous season from a financial standpoint.

The millions that are represented in Saratoga dur-

WHERE TO STOP AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

An ideal World's Fair stopping place—AMERICAN HOTEL, St. Louis. Practically fire-proof. Five Hundred light airy rooms. Situated immediately adjoining Main Entrance, two minutes' walk to the very heart of World's Fair Ground, saving you much of the fatigue of sight-seeing. Clean, comfortable, convenient; everything new and first-class. European Plan, \$1.00 up; American Plan, \$2.00 up. SOUVENIR Map of World's Fair Grounds FREE. Address

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See time tables in New York and Brooklyn dailies for L. I. R. R. service from 34th Street and B. R. T. from Brooklyn.

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For ladies and gentlemen. Silk like, very durable, delightful to wear. Plain and open work, black, white, gray, brown, blue, red and pink.

Price \$1.00 per three pair (Postpaid)
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LADIES' SILK-E RIBBED VESTS

Low neck, sleeveless. Colors: White or blue.

Price 70c. each: \$3.90 per half doz. postpaid

SILK-E UNDERSKIRTS

of excellent wearing quality and fine appearance.

Price \$2.50, express paid

Furnished in black, blue, red, pink, green, heliotrope.

Our New "Taffyta" Underskirts

Made in black only, of Silk-E material, with Taffeta silk flounces.

Price \$4.75, express paid

These skirts have immediately found much favor.

Get our illustrated catalogue of Silk-E Stockings and Underwear, Underskirts, Silk Braid Belts, Lace Curtains and LACE COLLARS (our own importation).

Goods sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination, if \$1.00 deposit accompanies the order.

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BRIGHTON RACES

DAILY at 2:30

SIX EVENTS TO-DAY

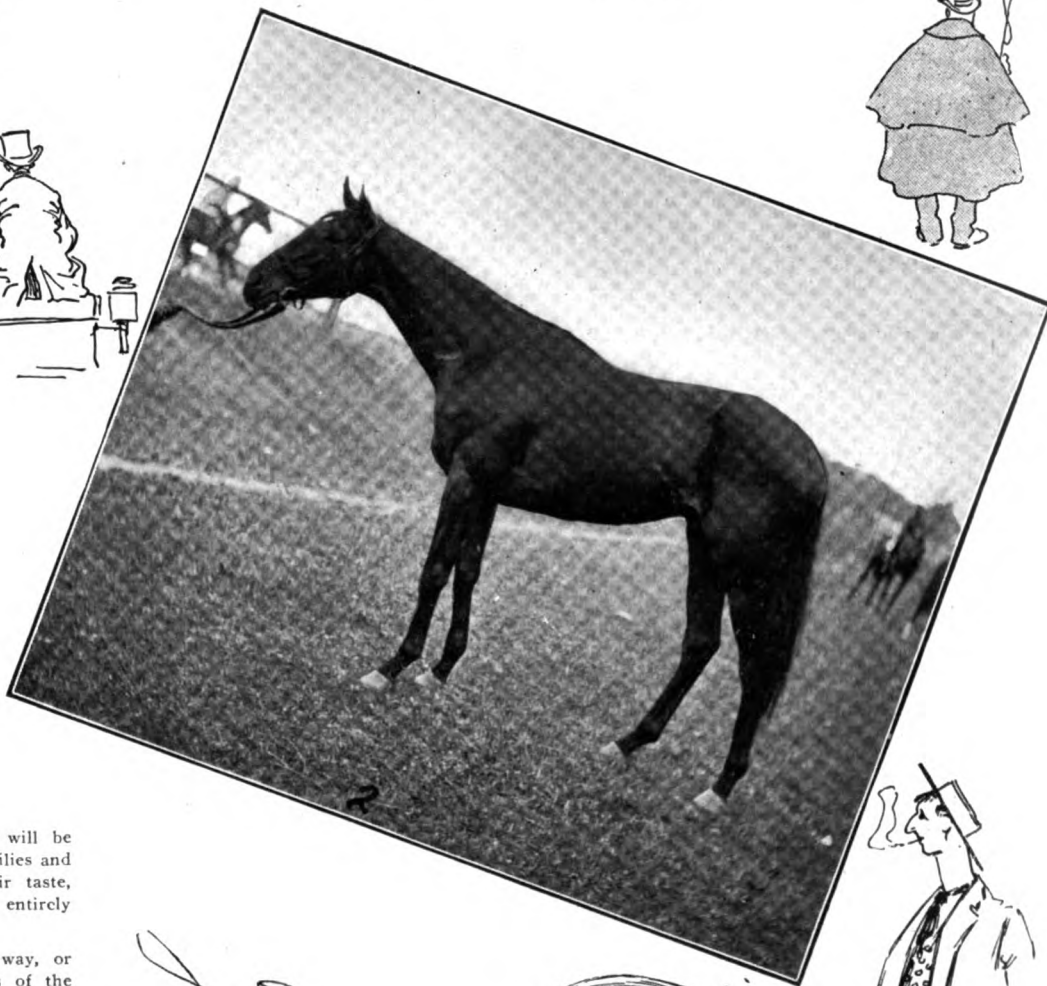
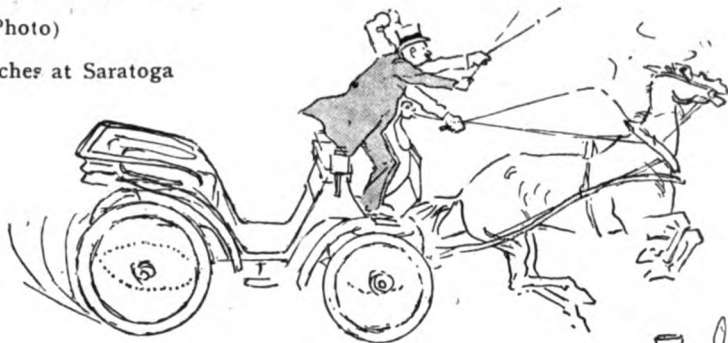
MUSIC BY MYGRANT'S BAND

Course can be reached from New York side of Brooklyn Bridge by Special Electric Trains on Brighton Road and by Smith Street Trolley Cars. Trains on Long Island Railroad leave foot of E. 34th st. at 11 a.m., 12.10, 2.40, 1.10, 1.40, 2.10, 2.40, 3.10 p.m. Boats every 20 minutes from foot of Whitehall st., via 39th St. Ferry, connecting with Special Trolley Cars.

1. August Belmont (Hement Photo)

2. Highball (Berte Photo)

Thumb Nail Sketches at Saratoga



ing the race meeting guarantee that there will be plenty of money put in circulation, if the families and individuals who attend find matters to their taste, and it may be said that they will find an entirely new Saratoga.

All that is best in horseflesh is on the way, or already installed in the stables. The kings of the turf; money kings; all who are prominent in social, professional or the artistic worlds, will participate in the festive assembly, and the scene during racing hours, in the evening, and at the springs, will eclipse any similar perspective to be found throughout the entire universe.

With the prestige of generations, the finest means of reaching the Springs, and the desire of all who love the best things in life and can afford them fulfilled, Saratoga is a blossom fragrant to the senses of all. The aged man of leisure, the dowager, the matron, belle, youth, and child who have once seen its glories and felt the sensation of its pleasures, cannot resist the opportunity to visit it again.

It is a benefit to all those who supply necessities and luxuries, to those who can spend the money to sojourn a month at the Springs, and an army of servants and attendants find pleasure and remuneration, with health, in a trip to Saratoga.

Then there is little chance of any of the abuses in the racing department, where the rules are so rigidly enforced in the conduct of the meeting. Taken altogether, Saratoga this year will arrive at the apex of its glory.





TAMMANY TIMES DEMOCRATIC YEAR BOOK.

DISTRICT GENERAL COMMITTEE—
MEN and Members of Auxiliary Committees
in Manhattan, Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and
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If you have no photograph we will be pleased to
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THEN USE
POLPASTA
Saves time, prevents brittle nails, cures
callous cuticle, and gives the nails that
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Not a Rouge, a Polishing Paste, 25 cts. per Jar

This outfit of
TRADE MARK
Manicure Goods, by
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One F. B. Flexible File.
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FORQUIGNON MFG. CO., 17 E. 16th St. New York
Samples and the book "How to Manicure" for 10 cents.



EASTERN RUNNING DATES

Saratoga, August 1 to 26.
Coney Island J. C., August 27 to September 10.
Kenilworth J. C. (Buffalo), September 3 to 10.
Brighton Beach, September 12 to 17.
Brooklyn J. C., September 19 to October 1.
Westchester J. C., (Morris Park), October 3 to 15.
Metropolitan J. C., (Jamaica), October 17 to
Nov. 2.
Queens County J. C. (Aqueduct), November 3
to 15.
Washington (Bennings), November 17 to Dec. 3.

IF JACK WAS THERE

Respectfully dedicated, sans permission,
to the genial Jack Hemment.

If Jack was there!
Where correspondents have made such a
muss

With Jap and Russ,
He'd make them both infernal hot,
For he'd give us the truth in each snapshot,
If Jack was there!

If Jack was there!
He'd take a snapshot of their submarines,
An' their fireship's machines
Around Port Arthur or elsewhere,
If Jack was there!

If Jack was there!
At the Russian with his dreaded block
With his camera he would knock—and out.
The Jap censor he would go, quickly, and
not slow.

Like his war.
I tell you there would be music in the air
If Jack was there!

If Jack was there!
Alas! he is not there, and the billiard balls
about
Are the things that he knocks out
In the Press Club Cafe,
"Big Ed" looks smiling on,
But I sigh for chances gone.
If Jack was there!

CON. A. MAHONY.

PAPER CLOTHING NOW.

THE Japanese some years ago developed a trade
in paper garments which is now booming again
and becoming very popular, chiefly owing to the
war. The expenses of ordinary wearing apparel have
increased considerably since the outbreak of the war,
so that paper clothes, which are extremely cheap,
are now generally worn by the poorer classes. These
clothes are made of a very durable grained paper
lined with linen and though they are not actually
waterproof will withstand a good deal of rain. A
paper suit costs about \$5 of our money.

MOTOR HARES AND HOUNDS.

The proposal to have a motor paper chase ought
to prove exceedingly popular. Nowadays side shows
in some form or other seem necessary for the suc-
cess of almost every business, and the motor paper
chase, just because it lacks the seriousness of the
Gordon Bennett Cup contests, is just what the motor
industry requires. A high rate of speed will not
be required, but a number of false trails will be led.
There will be one motor hare to every ten hounds,
and the hares will travel in a different direction to
distribute the traffic as much as possible. They will
all tend towards the same goal, however, and as
each hare is captured it will be conveyed thither.



FREE GOLD WATCH

This watch has SOLID GOLD LAID ENGRAVED
CASE, AMERICAN MOVEMENT, fully warranted
to keep correct time equal in appearance to SOL-
ID GOLD WATCH guaranteed 25 years. We give
it ABSOLUTELY FREE to boys and girls or any-
one selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at
10c each. Send your address and we will send
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positively send you the WATCH and CHAIN.
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uses vastly more writing
machines than any other
city on earth and the last
census shows

78%

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experience decides for the

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Made Taller without detection,
with our invisible elevators. Fit
inside any shoe. Sizes 4 to 4 in.
Thousands worn. By mail 50c.

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LUXURIOUSLY FURNISHED ROOMS for permanent and transient guests, at moderate prices.

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RESTAURANT, PALM ROOM AND CAFÉ, gems of artistic perfection. Cuisine and service really delightful.

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BILLIARD PARLOR FOR LADIES is another pleasant feature.

Our Gallery of Beautiful Paintings, valued at \$50,000, is open evenings to visitors.

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(Continued from page 9)

On Saturday, August 13, from Morris Cove to New London.

On Sunday, August 14, remain at New London.

On Monday, August 15, from New London to Newport.

On Tuesday, August 16, from Newport to Vineyard Haven.

On Wednesday, August 17, from Vineyard Haven to Newport.

On Thursday, August 18, the Owl and Gamecock Colors.

On Friday, August 19, the Astor Cups.

On August 11 there will be a race for power boats owned by members, the start to be made off Glen Cove at half-past ten o'clock. At half-past two o'clock the same day there will be a race for yachts too small for enrollment owned by members or sons of members. Entries will be received at the N. Y. Y. C. house up to nine o'clock on the evening of August 10 and up to nine o'clock on the morning of August 11 at the Glen Cove station No. 10.

The club will offer cups for the winners.

There will be the customary runs from port to port, in cruising trim. On application to the committee, special classes in cruising or racing trim will be arranged. A yacht alone in her class will sail in the class next above. (R. R. VI., section 5.) Yachts alone in their respective classes, and with the class next above not filled, will be bunched in a mixed class, difference in big being allowed for as in R. R. III. Final classification lists will be arranged at the captains' meeting on the flagship at the rendezvous and can be obtained after half-past seven P. M. on August 11, on the Regatta Committee tug.

Cruising Trim.—"Anchors at the bow and at least one cable bent; cruising complement of boats carried (launches optional); cruising deck, cabin and galley fittings and fixtures in place; topsails extending above the truck of the topmast, or beyond the end of the gaff, barred. Water can be taken into the tanks up to eighth A. M."

There are prizes galore in each class as well as special trophies presented by officers of the club and others interested in yachting. The Astor cups will be the special feature on August 19, as follows: A \$1,000 cup for schooners, and a \$500 cup for single masted vessels and yawls. The start will be off

Brenton Lightship at eleven A. M., preparatory signal at ten minutes to eleven A. M.

For the first time since 1885, when the Brenton Reef cup made a cruise across the western ocean as a trophy to the prowess of the British cutter Genesta, a race will be sailed for it on August 20. In addition to the challenge cup, a special mug will be awarded to the winning yacht.

In the small classes the Sound yachtsmen as well as those along Gravesend Bay are especially interested, and the entry lists, which, during the earlier days of the season were rather meagre, show that those popular classes are not on the wane by any means.

While yachtsmen on this side of the big pond are busy enjoying the wind and waves, Commodore Morton F. Plant of the Larchmont Yacht Club, and his big schooner Ingomar are making history in European waters. "Wee Charlie Barr" is steering the speedy Yankee yacht to victory against the fleetest of the British, French and German fleets. A brief record of the work accomplished by the Larchmont flagship in her earlier races, taken from Commodore Plant's letters to the club, follows:

"On Saturday, the 18th of June, Ingomar sailed her first race from Dover to Heligoland, being one of fourteen starters. The start was made at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and we quickly left the fleet. Wind was light, from the southwest, and our course was nearly northeast; therefore we carried spinnakers. At 7 o'clock we could only see four of the boats. The wind left us at 8 o'clock, and we drifted until 10, at which time three of the boats were on our port quarter, having brought the wind up with them. We then took a slant of wind from the west, and drew away from the boats in sight. The breeze, however, only lasted an hour and a half, when it came back southwest, and we set spinnakers again. At 8 o'clock Sunday morning we had five yachts in sight, although low on the horizon. Wind continued moderate from same quarter. At 4 o'clock the yachts could not be seen from the masthead. At 1.05 a. m. we received the gun at the finish at Heligoland, and proceeded on our way to Cuxhaven on the Elbe, where we anchored.

"The handicaps in this race were: Ingomar, scratch, while the others got from five to ten hours, so we were not disappointed in not winning, but had the satisfaction of knowing we had made the quickest time ever made over the course."

"June 21—Race at Cuxhaven—The course as described in sailing rules, was from a starting line to and around No. 3 Elbe Lightship, a distance of fifteen miles, and return. We had windward work going and a dead run before it. After a short "scrap" with Meteor, we crossed her bow. We passed No. 1 Lightship nearly half an hour ahead of her and to windward; No. 2, a mile, and to windward. When we were within three-quarters of a mile of No. 3 Lightship we saw Meteor bear away, and in about five minutes Hamburg do likewise, consequently we realized something was wrong, and we followed suit. Only after we had crossed the finishing line we found the course had been changed after we had gotten in the lead, and instead of going around No. 3 lightship, the turn was to be at No. 2. This was certainly a new condition in yachting to me, but we lost the race on this account having sailed a mile and a half further to windward and return than did any other yachts. We were, however, beaten only twelve minutes by the Meteor, who won.

"June 24—Kielforde Triangular Course, fifteen miles each leg. Finish: Ingomar first, Hamburg second, Iduna third, Meteor, fourth. Meteor gave up race. The reason therefor was we beat on windward work on second leg, and she attempted to cross our bow on port track, which Ingomar would not let her do, and as she forced us to go about or else sink her with the German emperor and many others aboard, we raised protest flag, and Meteor gave up race.

"June 26—Kielforde. Reversal of Course of 24th. Result: Ingomar first, Meteor second, Hamburg third, Iduna fourth.

"June 29—Eckernforde to Kiel. For King's Cup; handicap. Meteor allowed Ingomar and Hamburg six minutes each; Ingomar allowed Susanne 24 minutes, Iduna 30 minutes. Finish: Susanne first, Iduna second, Ingomar third. In this connection will say that we were a good thirty minutes in the lead of other boats and ten miles to go to finish when we ran out of wind and boats which were following us came up and brought a new breeze, and, although we gained on our time, there was not sufficient distance to the finish for us to win.

July 1.—Kiel to Travemunde. Ingomar first by 1 hour and 45 minutes; Hamburg second; Meteor and Iduna did not start.

"July 3.—Lubeck Bay. Ingomar first by 45 minutes; Hamburg second.

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Published every Thursday from 225 Fourth Ave., New York.

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VOL. III., No. LXXIX.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 18, 1904.

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CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear something to your advantage by addressing BROADWAY WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.

CHAIRMAN TAGGART has lost no time in getting down to business, and his selections of those who are to aid him in electing Judge Parker proves that he is a man of deeds, not words. It is gratifying to see that he has not only chosen men of high standing, but such as have the necessary political astuteness and experience gained in fierce political battles. The list cannot be called top-heavy in the interest of any political faction, but it is inestimably the ablest and most respectable campaign force ever assembled in the interest of any presidential candidate.

DEMOCRATS may, therefore, feel satisfied that no unfair methods or corrupt acts will be charged up to the campaign manager, and the high character of the latter will give an added prestige to the cause. It is evidently the intention of Judge Parker's friends to wage a battle along the line of genuine reform, and at least it is assured that safety and sanity rule in the councils of the people.

INDEED, if the Judge, as President, was selecting a cabinet, he could not have offered the portfolios to men more fitted to cope with the administration of public affairs. So Mr. Taggart may be said to have scored at the very start. The Executive Committee named comprises men who will stand no nonsense. They have all been schooled in business methods, and while every necessity in the department of literature, working force, and political machinery will be provided, there will be no squander-

ing of money in the hiring of political hacks, professional campaigners and those who expect to be paid for their loyalty to party.

IN the appointment of De Lancey Nicholl as Vice-Chairman for the East, the lightning struck as strong a man as could be found. Mr. Nicholl will have an opportunity to see his name on the slate when the next Democratic President starts out to select his advisers. We of New York know his prowess, and his administration as District Attorney stands out as a model to all prosecuting officials.

THE affairs not only of the party, but of the nation would be safe in the hands of George Foster Peabody, who is the new treasurer of the National Committee. His reputation as a citizen of the highest patriotic motives and an expert upon American finances, will attract the confidence of the thrifty and working classes in the support of Judge Parker. The record of Mr. Peabody proves that he has always been vindicated in his opinions as to the best policy for a party or government to pursue.

SINCE he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of New York, William F. Sheehan, now chairman of the Executive Committee, has been not only a popular favorite with the party, but has acquired and retained great influence with the professional business and manufacturing classes. It is to be regretted that he declined the position of National Chairman, but the party will lose nothing, as Mr. Sheehan will have more

time to devote to the real practical hard work in his present position. He is more feared by the Republican managers than any other man. Doubtless Mr. Sheehan will devote his time and thought to carrying New York, the pivotal point.

IT is quite unnecessary to speak of the qualifications of August Belmont. There is no Democrat who has been so consistently a contributor to the campaign funds; who has given his labor day and night for the success of the party ticket as Mr. Belmont. His entire family follows in the footsteps of the distinguished father, who was a Democrat of Democrats. He is thoroughly equipped for managing a campaign, and the commercial world will require no indorsement of Mr. Belmont. His magnificent work in financing the great subway of New York will be duplicated in the services he will render to the country in aiding in the election of Judge Parker.

HAVING been mentioned in the contest for Presidential nominations upon several occasions, John R. McLean, of Ohio, who will sit in the same council board in the Executive Committee, has a fine national record as a campaigner. He has kept the light of Democracy burning in the State of Hanna, McKinley, Sherman and other great Republicans, and is highly thought of in every Eastern State. Mr. McLean may be trusted to do good missionary work in Ohio, where the Republican party is now managed by the worst element in its ranks.

PORCUPINE TALKS OF THE EMPTY DINNER PAIL

IT is quite an effort for me to laugh at any time, but I simply have to smile like a horse when I think of four and eight years ago, and the full dinner pail bogie. The faces of Andrew Carnegie and some hundreds of philanthropists who like to get the workman's money and then give it back to them in the form of things they cannot eat, crowd my vision to the exclusion of all else. My eyes are very small, but they are piercing, and I do not lose much time hanging around political headquarters, I have plenty of leisure for deliberation out here in the woods.

* * *

I can only see two sides to the full dinner pail question. First, the Republican almoners say that we pay higher wages than they do in Europe. Granted. But things are dearer, and the workman gets a poorer quality of clothing, and the necessities of life, here. In a suit of clothes alone, he is mulcted sixty per cent. in shoddy before he can get the material which his English brother does. There is no question that this is the only country for a poor man, all things being equal.

* * *

THANKS to the tariff discrimination, he is slugged all along the line for the necessities of life. Such a condition would be impossible were it not for the iniquitous tariff. In a measure trusts are satisfactory as a means of saving labor and are in the line of progress, but under the present tariff they are inventions of the devil.

* * *

OF course, there will always be labor for those who are willing to work for small wages, and will gladly give back their earnings to the manufacturers upon the latter's terms. It is a positive fact that at present the British workman is more contented and comfortable than those who are bound down by the current duties here. And wages have not increased as the Republican philanthropists promised. Not alone this, but the trusts, such as the meat gorgon, have for the past four years barely paid their men enough to half fill the dinner pail. In busy times there may have been enough to give a healthy workingman a dinner when he worked overtime, but there were no crumbs left for wives and babies, not to speak of shoes, hats and clothing.

* * *

NOW the American mechanic finds that during the past seven years, since the Republican philanthropists have been in power, the cost of living has increased just forty-three per cent. How about wages? I leave it for Mr. Cortelyou to explain. Yet Colonel Carroll D. Wright, the Government Republican expert, seeks to argue that prices have been reduced and the rate of wages increased. There is no better or more temperate reply to the ridiculous mathematical attempt of Colonel Wright than the statement of Chairman Cowherd of the Democratic Congressional Committee.

IN the bulletin recently issued, says Mr. Cowherd, the methods adopted are as remarkable as the conclusions reached. Wholesale prices have always been the standard by which the rise or fall of the cost of living has been computed. Had Colonel Wright followed the customary course of using wholesale prices he would have been confronted with the excellent tables issued by Dun and Bradstreet, both recognized commercial authorities. Dun's table of prices shows that from July, 1897, the low point, to March, 1904, the highest point, the cost of living increased forty-three per cent. The most skilful juggler could not show such a rise in wages.

* * *

PARTY accessories, therefore, would not permit Mr. Wright to use this table, and he dare not refute it. So he adopts the shifting, uncertain and unknown standard of retail prices. Wholesale prices are fixed and stable, with cost of freight added. There is neither stability nor uniformity in retail prices.

* * *

THIS was the way in which the cost of living was reduced. The methods employed to raise wages were equally as questionable. Everyone knows that the greatest increase in wages is to be found in those industries where union labor is strongest and where the strength of the union has been developed during the period under investigation. These conditions are peculiarly applicable to the building trades. Out of the 3,424 establishments selected by Mr. Wright for comparison, 1,199, or more than one-third, are in the building trades. Of the remainder 1,185 are likewise in the unprotected industries.

* * *

THE greatest employers of labor in the country are the railroads, and no other industry is a better barometer of the average wage. The railroads employ all kinds of labor, skilled and unskilled, union and non-union. In no other industry are as complete and accurate statistics available. Each railroad reports to the Interstate Commerce Commission the total wages paid during each year and the total number of workmen on June 30 of that year. The average wage is therefore easily obtainable.

* * *

WHY were no railroad wages included in Mr. Wright's report? The answer is apparent. The last report of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows an increase of railroad wages of only 3 per cent. The railroads employ more than 1,300,000 men. Mr. Wright's figures cover 176,827.

* * *

MINERS, one of the next largest body of laborers, are also omitted. Mr. Wright's table does not show that any one of these 176,827 men received more wages in 1903 than in 1902, or any other year. It only claims to show that the hourly wage for these particular men has increased. In other words,

had a mill raised the wages of its employees ten per cent., and then shut down one-half the time, this would have figured in Mr. Wright's tables as an increase in wages.

* * *

HAD it not been for the tact and sound common sense of the late Senator Hanna, there would have been trouble at the last Presidential election. His adjustment of the threatened strikes and bolts smoothed things for Mr. McKinley. But even the genius of the late Senator would be unequal to present conditions. And there is but one remedy alone: the readjustment of the tariff.

* * *

THERE is no use of any of the Republican orators coming to New York to tell the voters that we have had good times. It is a notorious fact that there are few merchants and storekeepers in this city who would not rather be the employed than be the employer. High rents, excessive prices of living necessities and the recent demoralization in Wall street, owing to the corrupt grafting methods of the element which has for years raided the industries, and speculated upon the guilelessness of the wage earners and mercantile classes. Things are very bad, and no person can believe otherwise if they simply confine their observations to their own immediate domestic and commercial circles.

* * *

THEREFORE let the Democratic speakers devote as much time as possible to the tariff. The Imperialistic question will carry itself, because the personality of President Roosevelt and his record as a mild copy of Oliver Cromwell will not fail to impress the voters that under any circumstances he is an unsafe man to hold the executive power. It is of the utmost importance that the States should elect legislatures which will select Democratic Senators, and Congressmen who will have courage to tackle the tariff rates.

* * *

MY quills are still ready for business, and I may find it necessary to prod a few of those Democrats who are out for revenue only. They are of more injury to the party than good, straight Republican fighters. So more anon.

* * *

THE combinations popularly called trusts, "says Judge Parker," which aim to secure a monopoly of trade in the necessities of life as well as in those things which are employed upon the farm, in the factory and in many other fields of industry, have been encouraged and stimulated by excessive tariff duties. These operate to furnish a substantial market in the necessities of eighty millions of people by practically excluding competition.

PORCUPINE.

A GREAT SUMMER FOR RUINART.

With the political machinery getting into maximum activity, racing and sports of all kinds in full blast, and the general, natural thirst which never dies, the consumption of Ruinart, the favorite champagne among the connoisseurs, is highly gratifying to the producers and their agents.

DEMOCRATIC LEADER OF GREATER NEW YORK



From a base relief by Plavschner and Rising

IT is becoming more evident every day that Charles F. Murphy is the real leader of the Democracy of Greater New York. Fearless always in all things, he certainly has not hesitated to speak out when discussing any vital point concerning the campaign, or the personality of those who are anxious to be prominent at the expense of the party. And yet, ordinarily, Mr. Murphy is the most conservative person with his speech that the newspaper men have ever encountered. And it is to their credit that with very few exceptions, the political interviewers recognize and respect him for that very virtue.

MEN WHO WILL FIGURE IN NATIONAL CAMPAIGN



Photo by Brill, Washington

SENATOR JOHN W. DANIEL



Photo by Bell, Washington

SENATOR JAMES W. BAILEY



Photo by Alman, New York

AUGUST BELMONT



COLONEL JAMES M. GUFFEY;



WILLIAM R. HEARST

IN a few weeks the entire country will be aroused by a concerted chorus of oratory sounding the praises of Democracy and the platform and candidates on the Presidential ticket. Not since the year 1884 has there been such genuine uninspired activity on the part of the big men in all parts of the country who are anxious to see Judge Parker elected. There is much to be grateful for in the promise of those leaders who have been in retirement that they will come to the front again.

Men who are regarded in their own localities as guides, philosophers and friends of the working and manufacturing classes, have per-

sonally visited Judge Parker and assured him that the people are with him.

The vote of a poor laboring man counts as much as that of the millionaire and the absolute unanimity of all the electoral leaders after the unrestful period of the past eight years, is pleasing indeed.

Few utterances have given so much pleasure as that of Mr. Bryan who has just expressed his great admiration of Judge Parker for having the courage of his opinion in no-

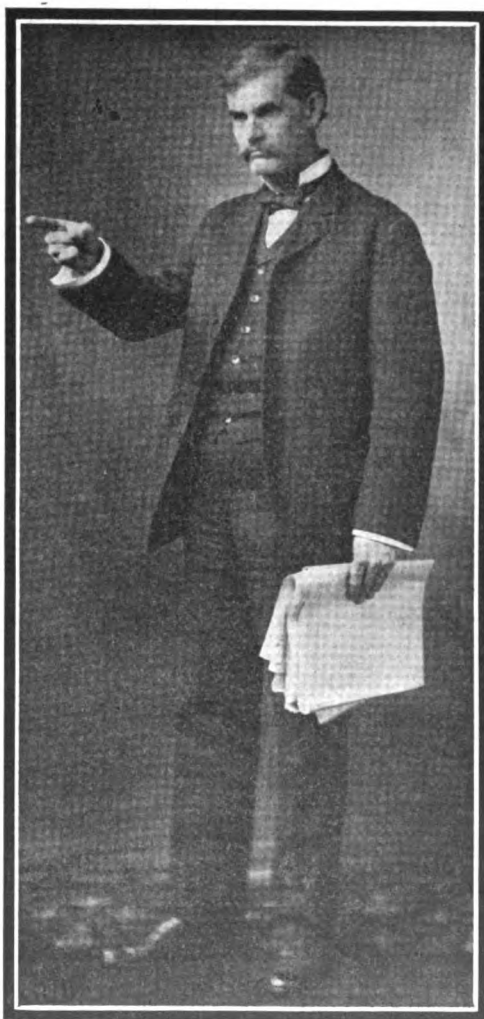


Photo by Clinedinst

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, of Missouri, delivering an address.



Photo by Damp, Brooklyn

MARTIN W. LITTLETON



Photo by Murillo, St. Louis

COLONEL JOHN J. MARTIN

tifying the Democratic National Convention that he was a staunch advocate of the gold standard.

It is natural that the people whose sympathies are with the Democratic party should become familiar with the features and appearance of those who are devoting all their time and influence to Judge Parker's election.

Those on page six are used by courtesy of "Leslie's Weekly." There is probably no doubt that the advice and following of this quartet of public men will be of more service than that of any other four men in the country.

LEADERS OF POWER IN DEMOCRATIC COUNCILS.

THE great big men of the Democratic Party to whom the entire country looks to balance the wheels of partisan government and counteract the evil which at times follows the policy of the opposite party, are powerful factors in the nation. They are

aside their own affairs to render a service to the country which can never be properly rewarded in a material sense. That so many of such leaders should have buried all their differences to work for the success of the Democratic ticket, practically ensures the election of Judge Parker. And there is not so much room for speculation as the ordinary person would imagine, for the leaders of both parties know pretty well the drift of things political as an election approaches. They do not tell, of course, but it has happened that their judgment has been so correct that they have named the probable result with great success.

The gentlemen who may be called the big five of the National Democracy in a political sense, are not all agreed upon the details of policy; but they are wonderfully unanimous upon one point: that they owe it to the country to bring about a change of administration before more harm is done. The conditions are bad enough, but four years more of the misrule we have had would plunge the nation in feuds and internal troubles which would almost cause a revolution.

Day by day Republicans are deserting their

undergo the discomforts of a hot campaign for the sake of those less fortunate. And the public of every party owes them thanks for their self-denial.

Judge Parker's conservatism will as admirably fit the thought of those who would re-



Photo by Sterry, Albany, N. Y.
DAVID B. HILL.

great not only because they are the ablest among those who believe in the Democratic faith, but because they have at times to exercise patriotism at great personal loss and much to their own discomfort.

Therefore their faces as well as their opinions are familiar to the people of the country, chiefly, however, by the medium of cartoons. At many National elections there are big men in every party who fall out of the front rank for varied reasons, often because they do not approve of a candidate or a policy; but on no occasion for many decades has there been such a unanimity upon both these points as during the present.

The happy men of the Democracy are lined up together; from the North, the East, the South and the West, and they are setting



GROVER CLEVELAND.

party on the common ground that they consider Colonel Roosevelt a dangerous person to be continued in the Executive Chair. In fact, there are leading Republicans who do not hesitate to tell their fears in plain English. Even the great politicians of his own party have expressed themselves humorously at his expense.

When David B. Hill, Grover Cleveland, William J. Bryan, Arthur Pue Gorman and James Smith, Jr., decide that they can join cause, there must be some very patriotic incentive for the union of such divergent forces.

Yet it has come to pass, and notwithstanding conflicting opinions, they all feel that it is their duty to aid Judge Parker in his campaign. Some of these leaders have wealth, happiness and all that any man could desire, and would much prefer to remain in retirement; but they have generously resolved to



ARTHUR PUE GORMAN.

duce government, as nearly as it can be reduced, to its police functions. They would disentangle it from private business—from banking and from commerce, for example, as far as may be, and from any interference with the natural laws of private affairs. This doctrine, moreover, makes a powerful appeal to half the nation.

Embodied in the character of a capable man—the man will become a better platform than the convention could frame. Judge Parker will be the Democratic platform, as Mr. Roosevelt will be the Republican platform. And the Democrats will make an effective contest for their own candidate.

He believes, for instance, in the largest possible liberty for the individual, in as little government as possible, and in a very strict interpretation of the constitution.



JAMES SMITH, JR.



WILLIAM J. BRYAN,

JUDGE PARKER IS A PLAIN AMERICAN CITIZEN

THE attitude of Judge Parker since his nomination recalls in no little degree the simple life of Thomas Jefferson. There has been no affectation in any act of little-ature President, and he has not by any little-ness sought the praise or support of a single individual of high or low degree. Indeed, his every word and movement has been typical of the ideal American citizen—the model upon which the Fathers of the Revolution were moulded.

And all through his life Judge Parker has maintained the same deportment. He has always been one of the people, whether as a boy, man or a jurist of the State Supreme Court. Brought up in an atmosphere where the good old-fashioned American domestic family spirit pervaded all things in life, the man who seems destined to be the President has throughout his career adhered to the principles he learned at his mother's knee.

Peace has been the keynote of his manhood, and now in the prime of life at fifty-two, he is called upon to realize the dream of just what every American lad hopes may come to him—the glory of perpetuating the freedom for which his ancestors fought.

The dignities which have come to him at different times have not spoiled his open and honest ways; and he is a man absolutely without fads or frivolous ideas. Healthy in mind and healthy in body, having been honored with the highest seat on the bench of the courts of his native State; beloved by his neighbors and esteemed by all his fellow-judges, Judge Parker is built on the lines of those who were destined to rule not a princely military domain, but a nation of workers, and under the fairest, best and most equable form of government yet conceived by man.

Alton Brookes Parker was born at Cortlandt, New York, on May 14, 1852, and edu-

cated in the public schools, at Cortlandt Academy and Cortlandt Normal School. He was admitted to the bar and began practice in Kingston. So popular did he become that

love with the law, the practice of which appealed to him as a student.

In 1885 he was Chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee, and in 1885 he



JUDGE PARKER

the voters of Ulster County elected him Surrogate from 1877 to 1885. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in 1884, and in 1885 President Cleveland offered him the office of First Assistant Postmaster-General, which he declined because he was in

became Judge of the Supreme Court and a member of the Court of Appeals from 1889 to 1893. From 1896 he was a member of the General Term Appellate Division, and later was chosen Chief Justice of the highest court by an overwhelming majority, in a bad year for Democrats.



Copyright by Clinton

JUDGE PARKER IN AUTOMOBILE

This is the first time Judge Parker has been photographed as an Autoist

Judge Parker's Favorite Poem "Opportunity"

BY JOHN J. INGALLS.

MASTER of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.

Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake: if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore;
I answer not, and I return no more.

SOME CHARACTERISTIC POLITICAL GROUPS

THE most interesting feature of all campaigns is the personality of any candidate or any leader of influence who has a prominent part in the struggle.

of the lumber State.

By far the best, however is that of Mr. Taggart, who is seen in the act of introducing friends. This is Mr. Taggart's strong point, and

posed pictures of statesmen in their best suit of jeans. The demand of the times is for action.

On the occasion of the visit of the Notifi-



Photo by T. C. Muller.

Senator Tillman of South Carolina talking with B. Layton, Assist. Sergeant-at-Arms, U. S. Senate

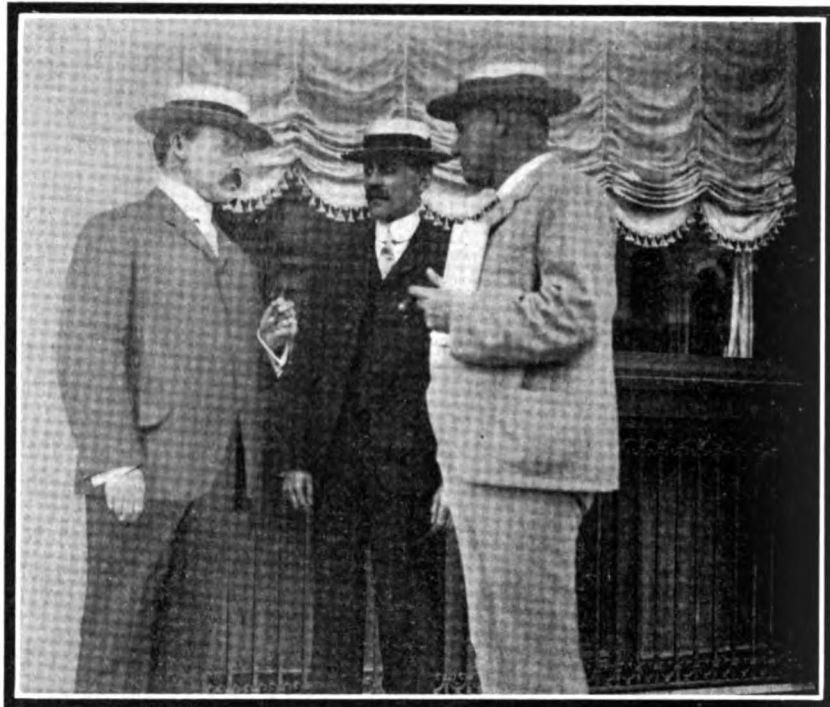


Photo by Mrs. C. R. Miller.

DANIEL J. CAMPAU, of Detroit (at night)

it was the principal means of bringing him to the front in National politics.

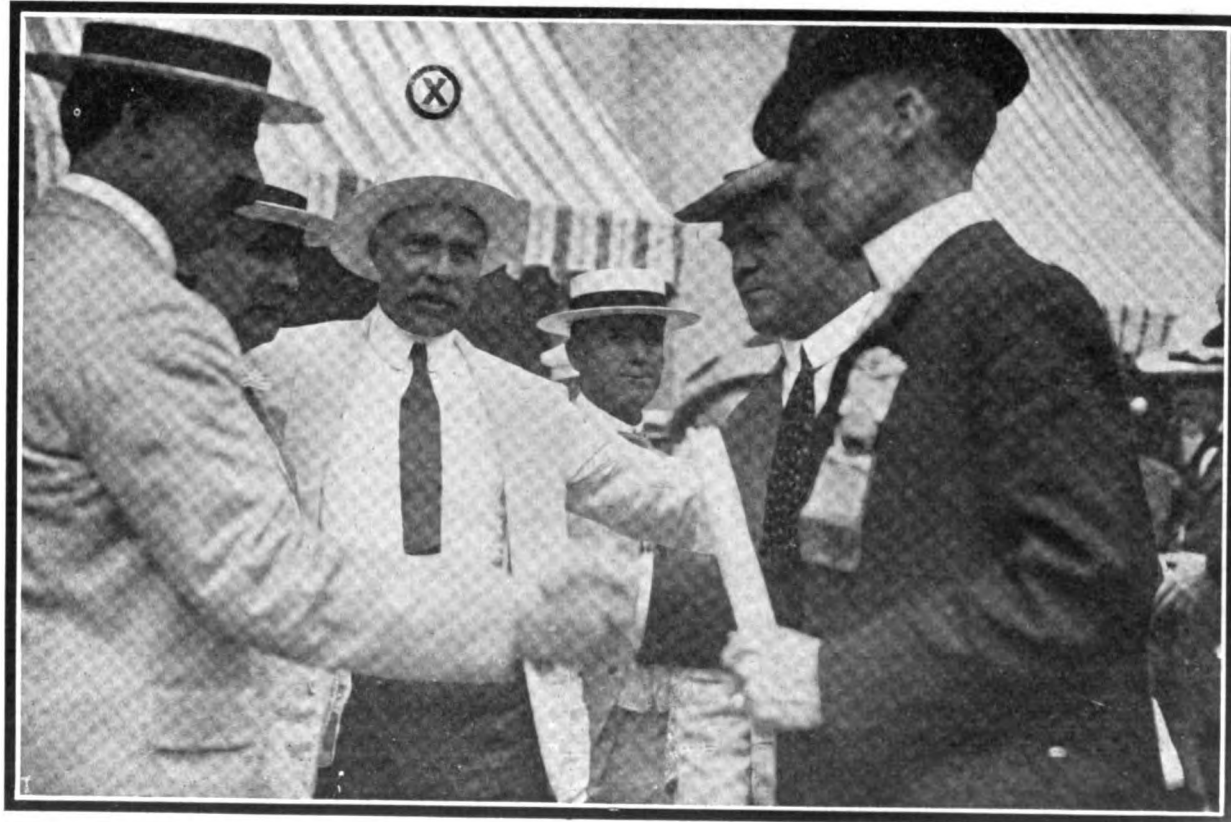
This is a great advance in the art of political photography. People nowadays desire to see something else than the carefully

cation Committee to Judge Parker's home at Esopus, Mr. Taggart was the hero of the hour. His geniality and good humor became infectious and it was a veritable trip of harmony. He will be an admirable contrast to the solemn and thoughtful William F. Sheehan, but they will make a team that will win out if it is possible.

The present season promises much in this direction, not the least picturesque figure being the Man from Indiana, Thomas Taggart, now the great central figure, as Chairman of the National Democratic Committee.

The pictures on this page which were taken by "Leslie's Weekly" are the best published so far. That of Senator Tillman is thoroughly characteristic, and depicts the Southern leader in his favorite pose.

Daniel Campau, from far off Michigan, is a type of the well-to-do man of business



THOMAS TAGGART INTRODUCING FRIENDS.
These photographs are published by courtesy of Leslie's Weekly.

THE PUBLIC INFLUENCE OF JOHN D. CRIMMINS

IT is to be doubted whether any other single citizen, who is not a politician, exercises more influence in this city than John D. Crimmins. He has always refused nominations for office, yet he is a most enthusiastic Democrat. When he does support any candidate, he does it with no doubt as to his earnestness. Mr. Crimmins may be called the original Parker man, because two years ago nearly, he said that the Judge would be the next Presidential nominee.

Having proved his judgment good in this, Mr. Crimmins has voluntarily come forward with the opinion that Mayor McClellan will be the next Democratic candidate for Governor. Surely the fact that Mr. Crimmins with his vast interests and influence is satisfied that Mayor McClellan would make an ideal Governor, will have its effect.

A large employer of labor, the working man and artisan of whom he has had long experience, will place much worth upon all his advice and utterances, and the employers and business men have the fullest confidence in him.

Mr. Crimmins is a native of New York, having been born here May 18, 1844. He was educated at the Public Schools and at the College of St. Francis Xavier, and after a preliminary business training, became a partner of his father's in the contracting business. Had he chosen his own profession, it would doubtless have been that of an artistic or literary nature, for Mr. Crimmins is a man of fine and sympathetic build, and his literary stores and curios are the finest in their department in this country. His celtic collection is one of the rarest in the world and is the result of many years of research in the old countries.

In 1873, after nine years, he became the head of the Crimmins firm, and ever since he has been in constant touch with every



JOHN D. CRIMMINS

public movement in the city, and has become known in a national sense better than any other private citizen of New York. He has

built many public structures here and elsewhere, and has often employed as many as 12,000 men. On one occasion, at the urgent request of many leaders, he accepted the office of Park Commissioner, because the city needed a man who was interested in the beautification of the parks, to advise upon the subject.

He has also been a Democratic Elector at a Presidential election, and on many occasions has been chosen arbitrator to settle strikes. It is in his support of charities and every public effort to improve the condition of his native city that Mr. Crimmins has done work that will live after him. His own nomination for the Governorship would be a graceful tribute to his services in city, State, and nation. He seems, however, to have a repugnance to holding office, and certainly his influence for good outside the machine is almost incalculable.

The private list of Mr. Crimmins' charities will never be published. He is specially interested in the aid of women, the poor and the helpless. Hardly a subscription list in New York has passed him, and institutions of international character do not fail to call upon him for assistance. There one kind of giving that Mr. Crimmins does not believe in. He thinks that no healthy, able-bodied American should ever ask charity. But the unfortunate may always get a hearing from him.

That he has been fearless and outspoken there are plenty of instances to prove. He has never considered political pull, influence or revenge when he thought it proper to denounce any act and on many occasions has turned away chances of small fortunes in contracts because he had commented upon those who had the awarding of them.

The city of New York may well be proud of this model citizen.

ABOUT WOMEN

MISS GERALDINE FARRAR, daughter of Sydney Farrar, one of our most famous baseball players, has sprung to the place of highest musical honors in Germany. Her charming personality and artistic merit have secured her an engagement at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, for three years, at an annual salary of \$10,000.

The Mayor of Binghamton, New York, will be gratefully appreciated by elopers in general and Cupid in particular—anybody, in fact, who is interested in speedy matrimony. It consists in the employment of a bridesmaid and groomsman, always on hand and warranted to fit every couple in need of such an outfit.

Divorce is very easy in Turkey, and does

not require a judge and jury to settle matrimonial troubles. All that is necessary is for the injured party to say, "I divorce you," three times, and the deed is done. The husband has to make the wife a proper allowance and all is over.

A bill forbidding the wearing of corsets by women under thirty years of age is under consideration in France. The practice is denounced as unhealthy, and it is proposed to make the penalty three months' imprisonment.

Miss Bessie Abbott, a new American debutante, made her first appearance in the latter part of December at the Grand Opera House in Paris. She is said to have a beautiful, fresh, young voice, and scored a success.

Susan B. Anthony, now eighty-two years of age, and who ought to know what she is talking about, says: "What this world needs is fewer children and those better taken care of and better born and bred."

An Italian woman graduated from a French university is to conduct an American course in medicine at the University of Chicago. She is Lisi Carlotta Cipriani, first of her sex to take a doctor's degree in Paris.

A WALL STREET PAEAN

AND this is the song of the black sheep,
And the song of the white sheep, too,
And the auk and the armadillo

And the crocodile know it's true:

"Have I wool?" said the baa, baa, black sheep,
"You ask me have I wool!"

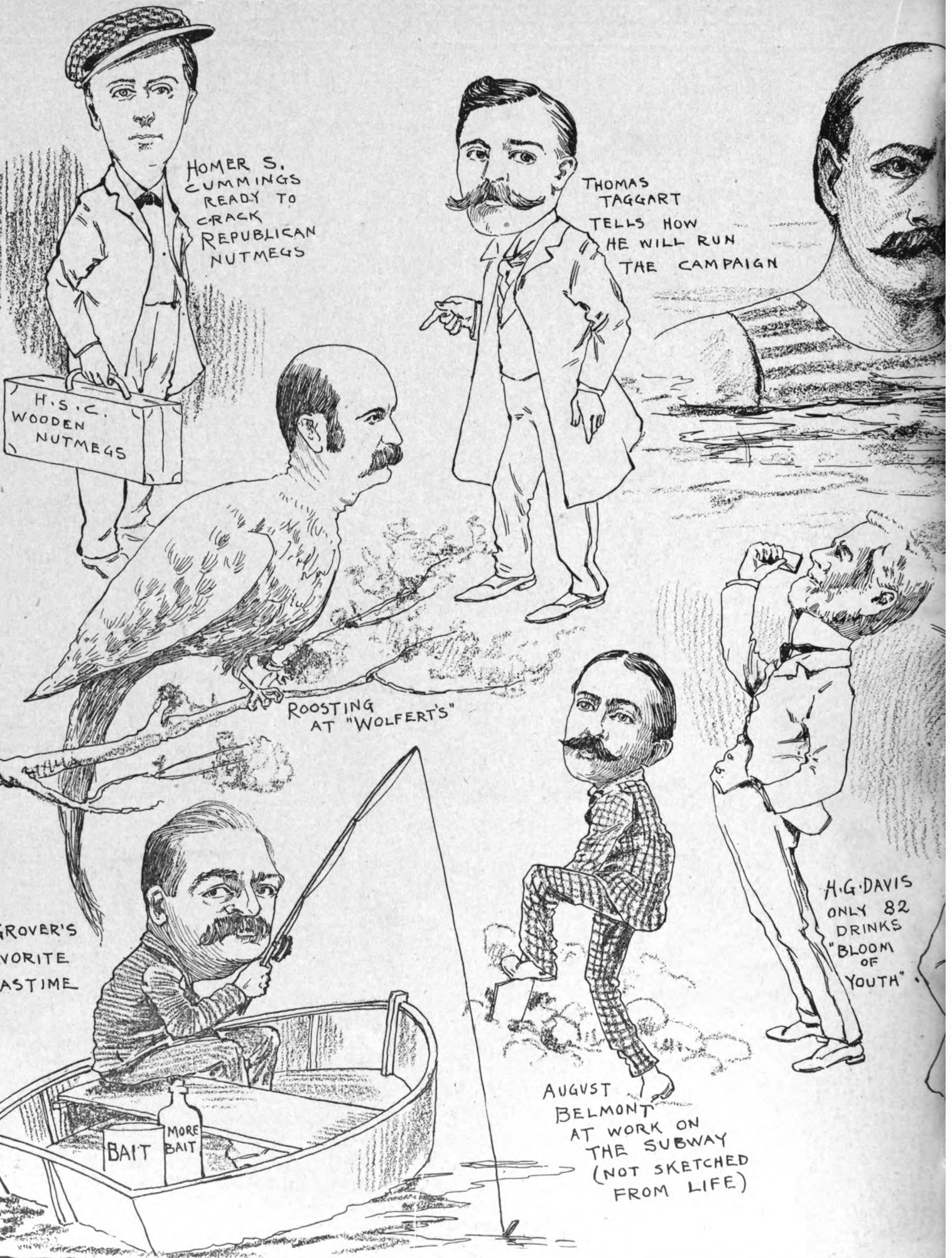
When I yield each year to the shepherd's shear
Have I wool?" said the baa, baa, black sheep;

"It is found in the sailor's socks,
Retaining their heat through the driving sleet
And the gale of the equinox!"

SOCIAL LEADERS AT THE NEWPORT AUTO RACES



Photo by James Burton
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney Driving to the Races on their Coach



BROADWAY WEEKLYS ARTIST'S IDEA OF

JUDGE PARKER
SPENDS HOURS
EACH DAY
IN THE WATER



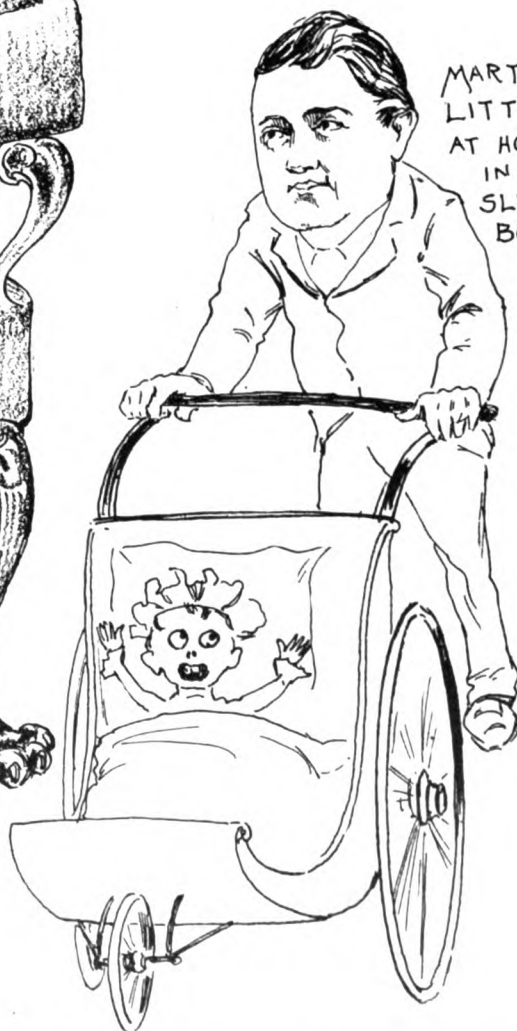
JOHN SHARP
WILLIAMS
"YOU MUST
SHOW ME."

G. H. Peekman

MAYOR McCLELLAN
ENJOYS HIS
AUTO CAR



MARTIN
LITTLEJOHN
AT HOME
IN THE
SLEEPY
BOROUGH



OW STATESMEN PREPARE FOR BATTLE

"The Stage Manager Rules the Roost These Days"

WHEN the general public witnesses a play very little thought is given to the production except as a whole, or the prominence or good work of some individual player. But the person to whom so much credit is due seldom gets a thought—the unhappy, patient and hard working stage director. Perhaps the owner of the production may pat him on the back and suggest some revivifying draught, but the majority of proprietors, actors and stage hands are glad when he turns the company over to the tender mercies of the critics. There are some managers, however, who show every deference to the man who is chiefly responsible for half the success of the day. It is not invidious to mention such firms as Klaw & Erlanger, F. C. Whitney, Charles Frohman, Henry W. Savage, Kirke La Shelle and Joseph Weber. Some producing managers like David Belasco stage their own productions and drill their companies.

LAST week David Warfield began rehearsals of the new play "The Music Master," which Charles Klein has written for him, and which Mr. Belasco has added to. It will be produced at the Belasco Theatre on September 12, following the Henrietta Crossman engagement in "Sweet Kitty Belairs." The principal role is that of an Italian type familiar on the East Side of this city. Minnie Dupre, Antoinette Walker, Sybil Klein, Campbell Gollan, Archie Boyd and William Boog are to have the other leading parts. The departure of Mr. Warfield from his familiar Hebrew characters will be watched with concern.

THE unfortunate man soon learns what he has to surmount and concludes he would be better off if he were to write a play, hire a lot of amateurs, drill them, paint the scenery himself and let it go at that. First, the star lady or gentleman star is all the same. Mr. Stage Manager knows that the star with a capital S has ideas of his or her own, but that he will not attend a rehearsal until all the "small people" have been perfected in the lines and business of the play. And when he or she does condescend to appear, they will proceed to undo all the work. Some of the company the stage manager knows from experience to be hopelessly incompetent, but as they may be friends of the stage manager, author or other person of influence, he cannot dispense with them. He is up against a mass of material and a horde of people with a play which has never been seen, and is expected to turn out a howling hit. Constant prayer and belief that there is a golden crown, a silver harp, and a damp cloud awaiting his patient soul in the Heavenly choir, is the only thing that saves him from the sanitarium. As it is, several of the best known stage directors have during the past few years been compelled to take a trip to Europe or to some restful place to regain the vitality they have lost in the performance of their duties.

WHEN other people are beginning to enjoy their vacations, the stage manager begins to acquire a long drawn out headache. Called into the proprietor's office, the news that a new piece is to be staged for the following season is broken to him, not in any gentle way. He is given a manuscript, a stage plan drawn by the inexperienced playwright, and a bundle of hieroglyphics which look like Sanscrit, and a volley of verbal instructions. The owner of the production sails for Europe or goes to some spot where there are no mosquitos.

EDWARD J. MORGAN and a fairly competent company opened the season at the Academy of Music with "The Eternal City." The occasion was also notable because it was the first appearance here of Miss Janet Waldorf, an Australian actress, in the

the company of the actorial person helped to attract the fervid people to the said resort, is hard to tell, but there was much comment by those who observe the ethical conventions of their profession, which was not at all complimentary to the persons named. All of these are paid good salaries during the season, and it is a duty they owe to the public to devote some of their spare time to the study of the work which they will have to perform the following season. If they do not, they will be outstripped in the race, for there are some very studious aspirants for advancement on the stage these strenuous times. A bright young actress in criticising such methods said: "Oh, well, they were only variety people anyway, and they simply went back to first principles. It's all in the menagerie, don't you know."

AGAIN has Mr. Thomas Quigley Seabrooke been heard from. This actor, who is a very good comedian when he likes, has had a disagreement with the Shubert management over some little objection they made to his reading of the part and the business which he took it into his head to use on different occasions. Robert E. Graham, who is a very consistent and reliable comedian along legitimate lines, which means that he is an actor, has taken the place left vacant by the departure of Mr. Seabrooke. Mrs. Alice Fischer, since the change, has improved in her work. It seemed to the audiences that Mr. Seabrooke had been hired to amuse Mrs. Fischer, which, judging by her continual giggling, he succeeded in doing. Seabrooke's best work was done in "The Isle of Champagne."



MARIE DRESSLER

part of Donna Roma played formerly by Viola Allen. While the young woman filled the demands of the part, it cannot be said that she is any more talented than dozens of the young women of our own stage who are playing smaller parts. Frederick de Belleville always excellent, resumed his role of the Baron Bonnell with great success. The Pope of Frank C. Bangs, otherwise a clever actor, was impossible from a point of character study.

WHEN the summer opened the public was attracted by the announcement that several stars of more or less magnitude, chiefly known here because of their camaradie of Broadway, had decided to manage departments of an amusement resort of importance at the shore. Whether the craving to be in

ERNEST D'AUBAN, the ballet master of the Drury Lane Theatre in London, arrived in New York last Wednesday to begin the rehearsals of the ballets for "Ben-Hur" and "Mother Goose" and the latest Drury Lane spectacle, "Humpty-Dumpty," which Klaw & Erlanger will put on at the New Amsterdam Theatre early in the season. "Humpty Dumpty" created a sensation at its premiere in London last Christmas time. Each Drury Lane spectacle excels its predecessors in magnificence of scenery and gorgeousness of costuming, as it is the policy of the directorate of Drury Lane to spend \$15,000 more each season in the development of the artistic beauties of these attractions.

As in past seasons Klaw & Erlanger will use the scenery, costumes and effects brought from Drury Lane only as a background to an original story written by John J. McNally. Frederick Solomon will provide an original musical score. Klaw & Erlanger have engaged a notable company for this production, which will be presented by the largest organization that has ever been seen in this country in spectacle. This attraction will, in itself, represent Klaw & Erlanger's ideas in planning amusements for their patrons, not only in New York, but in all parts of the country.

SOME STAGE BEAUTIES OF THE COMING SEASON

1. Paula Edwards, in "Winsome Winnie," (*Sarony Photo*).3. Edith St. Clair, in "Mother Goose," (*Sarony Photo*).2. Virginia Reynolds, in "The Isle of Spice," (*Armstrong Photo*).

4. Myra Lorena and Ivy Williams, in "The Isle of Spice."



Notes and Comments of the Auto

WHILE scores of devotees at the shrine of the auto car are touring this country, principally with St. Louis as their Mecca, many Americans are sweeping through France and other countries on the other side of the big pond in their machines. This method of seeing Europe is growing in favor with the smart set who do not care to rub elbows with their less fortunate brothers and sisters who are compelled to use the railway trains or walk from one city to another.

The European correspondent of BROADWAY WEEKLY has met a number of Americans who are touring the continent in automobiles, among whom are Messrs S. W. and Howard C. Heinz, with Miss Heinz of Pittsburgh, who have been touring in Germany and Switzerland, stopped for several days at Geneva, and have now left there for Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thomson arrived at the Hotel Schweizerhof at Lucerne, in a Panhard, after a tour in Southern France, during which they ran 320 kilometres (200 miles) from Monte Carlo to Avignon, in 9 hours 50 minutes.

Others traveling about France in automobiles are Mr. and Mrs. Havemeyer, Miss Sand, and Mr. Charles W. Gould. Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., and friends have left Paris to tour Northern France and Germany in an eighteen horse power Mors. They left Paris at five in the morning, running to St. Desir, where they passed the night, and arriving at Strassbourg next day.

With Mr. Ziegfeld are Mr. George Graham, formerly District Attorney of Philadelphia; Mr. A. L. Shields, Mrs. Graham and Miss Anna Held.

Few American cars are employed during these tours, the great majority, no matter how patriotic, believing that the better-equipped and more reliable foreign autos are preferable, at least until the American makers produce cars that will equal the French and German machines.

Mr. E. Clarence Jones of New York left the Hotel Ritz this week for a long tour in a new forty horse power Mercedes. He went to Tours the first day, arriving at Aix-les-Bains the second. After ten days at Aix-les-Bains he will leave for Baden-Baden, and then, returning to France, will go to the southwestern part of the country. His new machine is painted a deep red, has a tonneau body and was purchased from Lamberjack.

Mr. Louis Stern, who left Paris on an automobile tour over the continent, was unexpectedly stopped on the Dutch frontier. His wife and family had been at Frankfort and left for Scheveningen, where he was to meet them. Traveling in haste, he had no time to procure a permit from the Dutch government and his automobile was detained. The owner arrived at Scheveningen by train.

A thirty-five horse power automobile belonging to Colonel John Jacob Astor will be shipped for New York. At the moment it is at Labourdette's, being redecorated after a month of running about Paris. This powerfully built machine, with its handsome touring body, should give satisfaction on American roads.

Mr. Ellis Wainwright of St. Louis has bought a twenty-eight horse power Mercedes. Mr. Wainwright will utilize his new purchase for a run in the south of France, where he will spend the winter.

Americans purchasing automobiles this week include Mr. J. Jackson of Boston, a twenty horse power Hotchkiss with a phaeton body, and Mr. Hickox of the American colony in Paris, who will drive a similar machine. Mr. W. R. Hearst has ordered another Hotchkiss for the 19th. Mr. W. S. Dalliba has purchased a twenty horse power Hotchkiss with a "chassis allonge." Messrs. A. E. Cottier, George Kessler and V. Wilbern of Cincinnati are all owners of twenty horse power Hotchkiss machines.

Mr. H. McK. Twombly, who has just left Paris for a tour with two forty horse power Mercedes purchased from M. Charley, has arrived at Aix-les-Bains, whence he will continue his journey in a few days.

Many of these machines will be shipped to

this country before next spring, and high class autos of the most improved type will be more of a feature than ever in all the larger cities.

The new home and garage of the Worthington Automobile Company, which is being erected, will surpass anything in this line heretofore constructed. It is located between Broadway and Sixth avenue and runs through from Forty-ninth street to Fiftieth street. It is to be a seven-story structure and is being built by the architects Eidlitz & McKenzie. The first six stories are to be used for the storing of machines, the seventh being reserved as a repair shop. All cars are to be stored in separate partitioned spaces, and each space is to have its own private door under lock, making it impossible for neighbors to borrow tools. Private lockers, baths, showers, etc., in fact, everything that will add to the comfort of patrons, will be installed in this new home for the automobile.

The effort of Messrs. Ellis and Schmidt with a forty-five horse power Apperson car to establish a new record between Chicago and New York City, was the fifth unsuccessful attempt to break the record of seventy-six hours elapsed time made last fall by Bert Holcomb and Lawrence Duffie with a twenty-four horse power Columbia. The Apperson drivers made excellent time as far as Buffalo, when they ran into a series of thunder storms which set them back beyond the possibility of record time for the entire trip. Mr. Holcomb thinks that his record is likely to hold through this season anyway. As he modestly puts it, none of the hundred and one things liable to put a car out of record business happened in his case. From start to finish he had good weather and good roads, which was remarkable, considering the wide extent of territory covered. He was also favored by a complete absence of tire troubles and other small annoyances. All these conditions, he thinks, would have enabled him to put the record where it would have stayed for years, had he not dropped several hours by getting lost between Kingston and New York. As it is, he believes the chances good for his figures standing for some time yet.

KLAW AND ERLANGER ARE WELL PREPARED

A. M. PALMER'S all star cast revival of "The Two Orphans" will open its season at the Colonial Theatre in Boston, September 12.

The cast of Klaw & Erlanger's production of "Ben-Hur," which will open its season in Milwaukee September 5, will include Alphonse Ethier, James J. Ryan, Robert McWade, Jr., Harry Weaver, Charles Riegel, Leopold Lane, Charles Canfield, William Averell, Frederick Seates, Augustine McHugh, Walter Markham, Thomas J. Tracey, George Wilkes, Rose J. Anthon, Ellen Mortimer, May Burgess, Stella Boniface Weaver and Zaidee Appleton.

The cast of Klaw & Erlanger's production of the Drury Lane spectacle, "Mother Goose," which will open at the Olympic Theatre in St. Louis September 4, will present a quartette of noted comedians—Joseph Cawthorne, Harry Kelly, William McCart and Clifton Crawford. Leila McIntyre, Neva Aymar, Edith St. Clair and Edith Hutchins will be the leading women.

Klaw & Erlanger have engaged Joe Coyne as one of the principal comedians of their permanent musical stock company, which follows the Rogers Brothers at the new Liberty Theatre in October.

A little of everything has proved such a big hit it will be moved to the Broadway Theatre September 5, when "The Rogers Brothers in Paris" opens the season at the New Amsterdam, and will later be seen in Boston and Philadelphia.

Walter Gale, who created the part of "Happy Jack" the tramp, in Denman Thompson's original production of "The Old Homestead," sixteen years ago, will return to this character when Mr. Thompson makes his revival of this play at the New York Theatre, Labor Day, September 5.

Klaw & Erlanger's enterprise will be represented the coming season by the direction of three of the principal New York theatres—the New Amsterdam, New York and Liberty—and eight traveling attractions. They are now completing the new Liberty Theatre, in which the Rogers Brothers are interested, situated on Forty-second street, ten doors west of the New Amsterdam. In addition to these amusement enterprises, which represent an enormous investment of capital, Klaw & Erlanger have in preparation three notable attractions which will not be seen till very late in the season.

Klaw & Erlanger have decided to keep the Aerial Theatre, on top the New Amsterdam, open the year round. During the summer season it will be used by their permanent stock company, and from September till spring it will be semi-public and utilized for lectures, musical recitals, etc. The acoustics are so fine it will prove an especially popular theatre with musicians.

Ensemble rehearsals of the entire company of the Rogers Brothers were begun a week ago, which is much earlier than in previous seasons. The company does not open until the 29th instant, but notwithstanding this fact the work of rehearsals has been pressed with even more vigor than in past seasons.

When "The Rogers Brothers in Paris" opens at the Star Theatre in Buffalo, the entire production will move with the regularity of clock work.



CHANNING POLLOCK has severed his connection in the publicity sense with Mr. Brady. He takes C. T. K. Miller's place with the Shubert's, taking up a work that Mr. Miller performed with great zeal and intelligence and remarkable success.

Datas, the young English coalheaver who has been surprising us on this side of the water by his remarkable memory, has ended his term at the New York roof garden and returned to his own land.

F. F. Proctor has laid large sized plans for a new stock company in his Fifth Avenue Theatre, to be headed by Charles Richman and Amelia Bingham, to both of whom overtures have been made. The rest of the company is to be proportionately strong.

Percy Williams has secured the theatre now in process of erection by Meyer Bimberg, otherwise known as "Bim the Button Man," in the Yorkville section on the East Side, and it will be conducted in conjunction with his other three vaudeville houses in Greater New York, giving him a metropolitan circuit of four theatres. William Morris will do the booking also for this as for the others.

Henry E. Dixey is debating with himself whether to become a star next season or remain in vaudeville. He has an extravaganza entitled Hamlet the Sane.

Robert T. Haines, Francis Carlyle, William Franum and William Pascoe are spoken of in connection with the leading part in Daniel Frohman's new stock company.

Joseph Jefferson's son-in-law, the late R. L. Farjeon, left a complete story in manuscript, *The Amblers*, a narrative of theatrical life, which is soon to be published.

Francis Wilson will desert musical comedy the coming season and appear in a straight comedy part late in November. The play selected has not been announced.

Sir Henry Irving, who completed his season in London last week, has made known his intention of reviving the old tragi-comic melodrama, *Robert Macaire*, next season.

It is announced that B. F. Keith is to add Cleveland, O., to his circuit. It is reported that if he fails in his attempt to get a house he will build a new one.

Tim Murphy has decided upon his plays for next season, and will open his annual starring tour early in the autumn. The two plays selected for the production are "Two Men and a Girl," a three-act comedy, by Frederick

Paulding, and "The Spice of Life," a four-act comedy, by A. C. Bishop.

Ada Rehan's next season will cover a period of sixteen weeks, commencing in October, and she will play in only the large cities. The repertoire will include Twelfth Night, The Country Girl and The Taming of the Shrew. When William A. Brady and Joseph Grismer revive Bartley Campbell's *Siberia* in October, all the spectacular features of the original representation of that play are to be restored. The first two acts will be laid in Kishineff and Mr. Brady will manage a new stage mob portraying the massacre of the Jews.

Mr. Edward Terry has completed the arrangements for his American tour under the direction of Messrs. Shubert Brothers, and will appear at the Princess's Theatre, New York, January 9, 1905, in "The House of Burnside," his season extending over eight weeks.

Mrs. G. H. Gilbert is spending the summer near New York, so she may run into town every day or so to prepare for the new play in which she is to be starred the coming season by Charles Frohman.

The new play by Zangwill which Maude Adams will use next season is one of rural England in four acts. Mr. Frohman controls both the English and American rights and Miss Adams may create the part in London.

After extensive alterations which will make it conform to the new fire ordinances, McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, will be reopened, September 3, with Channing Pollock's dramatization of Frank Norris' novel "The Pit."

The Belgian Court of Appeals has confirmed a judgment given recently by a justice of the peace condemning a Parisian phonograph company to pay M. Sardou, the French playwright, compensation and damages for the manufacture of phonographic records reproducing fragments of Mme. Sans-Gene.

Jessie Millward is so well pleased with the sketch, "A Queen's Messenger," which she is now playing in vaudeville, that she has commissioned the author, Hartley Manners, to elaborate it into a four-act play, which she will produce later on.

Harry Woodruff is to play juvenile roles with Henry Miller, taking the part originated by Orrin Johnson in "Mice and Men."

May Robson has returned from abroad with a new play written around a cockneyslavey and called "The Lucky Number." Miss Robson may change the name before she appears in the play in the fall.

Mme. Emma Calve has founded a sanitarium at Camieres, near her residence in the Aveyron. There are nearly sixty young girls in need of pure air and medical attendance is received every summer, all the expenses being borne by the great singer.

A burlesque on Hamlet is to be produced in London. It is by W. S. Gilbert and is entitled "Rosencranz Guildenstern." Mr. Gilbert himself is to be the King, while Madeline Lucette Ryley, Lady Colin Campbell, Henry Arthur Jones, Captain Robert Marshall, J. M. Barrie and Bernard Shaw are to take other roles.

MOTOR NOTES

THE man who gets the most enjoyment out of his car is the owner of a moderate horse-powered vehicle, understanding every bit of its anatomy and physiology, keeping no chauffeur, guarding and caring for his auto as the apple of his eye.

THERE is little doubt that racing cars for international events will be shortly built by syndicates or auto clubs since the cost is colossal. Nevertheless, by ten a.m. on the morning of the day following the Gordon Bennett race Mr. Edge and Mr. Napier had laid down and settled the exact lines on which the Napier car for the 1905 Gordon Bennett contest is to be built.

AN enterprising motorist hired two of New York's best prize-fighters, put them aboard his car, and went into the heart of the car-attacking slums. In a few minutes the "bruisers" put thirty or forty hooligans out of action, cleared the street, and after this had happened two or three times this particular car could go safely through the worst quarters of the city.

ONE of the Pipe Gordon Bennett racers is entered for the Ardennes event. The admirable performance of the Pipes, which were the first heavy horse-powered cars Belgium produced, in the Gordon Bennett race and the fact of winning a sixth place at the finish has still further augmented the reputation of these cars celebrated for cheapness, reliability and silence.

VERY novel holiday scheme, in which the ubiquitous motor car plays an important part, has just been devised. It includes a commodious caravan capable of accommodating from fifteen to twenty passengers and fitted with a 24-h.p. engine. This is left in the entire charge of an experienced mecanicien, whilst the comfort of the tourists is placed in the hands of a capable captain, who with his wife takes each party in charge. A courier, mounted on a motor bicycle, is in-

valuable in the matter of despatching and collecting letters and parcels, finding suitable camping ground for the night and fetching fresh supplies of food.

THE caravan is fitted with revolving saloon steamer chairs, a few seats being arranged also on the fore part of the roof. Behind these is stowed the luggage as well as the canvas tent beneath which the gentlemen of the party sleep at night. Berths are arranged in the interior for lady passengers. In the rear is a small galley in which the cook conducts his culinary operations. The inside of the caravan is provided with a table to be utilized for meals when the weather is unfavorable for picnicking, but is so contrived that it can be drawn up to the roof by pulleys when it is not in use.

THUS hotel life is quite avoided and no strict running to a time table need be enforced, for should a slight detour from the suggested route be desired in order to visit some ancient ruin or spot of historical interest the change in the programme can be easily made without upsetting any arrangements with regard to board and lodging.

ASKING TOO MUCH

(The sizes of ladies' gloves are said to have increased, though nominally remaining the same, on account of women's hands having grown through athletic exercises.)

Phyllis, I am in a fix,
For your gloves appear to me,
Though they still are "No. 6,"
Larger than they used to be.

Manly games I understand
(Tennis, hockey, golf, no doubt),
Each has influenced your hand,
Though you have not found it out.

As that hand has grown, my love,
Still you found old sizes fit,
For the measure of your glove
Artfully kept pace with it.

Once that prize which seemed so dear
I had coveted, 'tis true;
Now I dare not speak for fear
I should "ask too much" of you.

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VANDERBILTS SUCCEED TO THE ASTOR PRESTIGE

THE accident to the Duchess of Marlborough last week, and the return to this country of the Cornelius Vanderbilts after their great social success abroad, has called attention to the fact that the Vanderbilt family now occupies the leading position as a social arbiter, which the Astor family claimed ten or more years ago.

At the latter time, the Vanderbilts were not acknowledged unanimously as exclusives pure and simple. The elder members were still very actively associated with railroads and other business enterprises; and the grandfathers of the present representatives rather ignored society.

The late Cornelius and his brother William K. Vanderbilt cut away somewhat from the daily routine of business, and their children have done so altogether. The present Cornelius as a matter of scientific research delves into matters of a mechanical nature, but the influence of his clever wife is seen in their frequent visits abroad and the fashionable character of their menage. The attention which they displayed towards Prince Henry of Germany and other notabilities here, made them representative leaders in the eyes of European persons of rank; and now Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., receives more letters of introduction from foreign aristocrats than any other lady in this country.

Mrs. Astor seems to have allowed the claim to the title of society leader to go by default.

Anyhow Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has assumed the mantle. William Waldorf Astor no longer maintains any relations with his native country other than as a source of financial supply. The Alfred Gwynnes take

old fashioned way of doing things and is almost the very opposite in disposition to the young matron Mrs. Cornelius. That the latter has proved a very brilliant woman and clever hostess, is admired by all, and she has won her way by tact and entertaining.

So nowadays the prestige of the Vanderbilts is quite the highest in this land. And the very friendly relations which the Cornelius Vanderbilts have formed with the royalty of Germany, ensures them the entree everywhere in Europe.

This condition of things is taken very seriously abroad where the acquisition of our new colonies is looked upon after the manner that the English do. The increasing importance of the United States as a world power benefits American families who seek a standing abroad.

It is a curious thing, however that the reigning aristocratic families do not look with favor upon the imperialistic tendencies of President Roosevelt. The evolution of their want of sympathy may be due to the fact that they have nearly all a regard to the danger that their fortunes may be at stake every time there is an attempt to change the safe and sane American way of taking care of the dollars.

And the aristocracy of every land needs money to uphold its dignity and power.

Otherwise there would be no aristocracy. What would be the use?



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH
Latest picture of the popular American who married the descendant Duke of the original General Churchill, who was ennobled by Queen Anne of England.

but little interest in society either here or abroad, chiefly because Mrs. Alfred is still girlish in her notions. She adheres to the

Augustus T. Docharty

THE articles of incorporation have been filed at Trenton, N. J., incorporating the New York Newspaper Corporation. The capital stock of the new company is \$1,000,000. The officers have been elected as follows: President, Augustus T. Docharty; vice president Henri Rogowski; secretary, Judson C. Perkins; treasurer, Walter Scott. The New York Newspaper Corporation was formed for the purpose of taking over the New York Morning News, the daily paper for a dollar a year, published by Walter Scott for the last year and a half, a paper which has been very successful throughout the country outside of the metropolitan district.

Mr. Walter Scott is the recording secretary of the New York Press Club and the editor of the Tammany Times. Mr. Docharty was formerly register of the City of New York, secretary of the Dock Board, and more recently secretary of the New York Fire Department. Mr. Rogowski is the owner of the largest independent printing press plant in the country. Mr. Perkins is very well known in manufacturing circles.

Associated with these men is a Board of Directors consisting of several of the most prominent public men and business men in the West and South. It is the intention of Mr. Scott and his associates to push the daily paper at a dollar a year proposition actively during the coming campaign. Mr. Scott says that he is after a circulation of a million and that he expects to get it before the close of the presidential campaign.

What Zangwill Says

THAT these struggles did not pass without leaving a drop or two of bitterness behind may be judged from the following from an autobiographical article written by Mr. Zangwill. "If you are blessed," he says, "with some talent, a great deal of industry, and an amount of conceit mighty enough to enable you to disregard superiors, equals and critics, as well as the fancied demands of the public, it is possible, without friends, or introductions, or bothering celebrities to read your manuscripts, or cultivating the camp of the log-rollers, to attain, by dint of slaving day and night for years during the flower of your youth, to a fame infinitely less widespread than a prize-fighter's, and a pecuniary position which you might with far less trouble have been born to."

THE financiers and Napoleons of Wall street had best make the most of these "dollar-drum" days wherever they are fortunate enough to be passing them. Let them crowd all the pleasure they can into the few remaining weeks of the hot season and they may perhaps spend a little extra cash without serious concern—for the call back to duty will soon be sounding and this time will mean more activity than we have seen for a good many months, and better times—if not actual prosperity—and money is going to change hands once more.

Our reasons for such predictions are drawn from the firm undertone of the market which has been maintained throughout the past week, at a time when the reverse is usually to be looked for, on the continued excellent crop reports, especially King Cotton, which is striving to make a new high record this year, and, by no means least in importance, the quiet feeling of confidence expressed by merchants and manufacturers in general that this fall is going to give them something to attend to.

WE cannot look for a "boom." Indeed, let us hope not. Not for the present at any rate. What we do want is good and healthy buying on conservative lines, causing prices to regain normal values. This means of course that the public has got to come in, the daily prayer of the stock broker for some time past. And the public is going to come in. The straws point that way.

Events of the financial world seem to re-occur in cycles, and these cycles, while ever varying, appear to roll around about every twenty years.

TO the student of financial history the present situation resembles very much that of 1885. In that year stagnation in the market had prevailed until late in the summer—money in the banks was plentiful and cheap, the reserve then reaching to nearly \$65,000,000 as compared with \$56,000,000 at the present time. In that year, too, the crops were unusually abundant, with the notable exception of wheat—and the bears are making the most of that again this year for their side of the story. There is no cloud of despondency hanging over the business world, the only troublesome features in evidence against it being a few labor strikes, which look as if they may soon be under the control of cooler heads,—and the same general conditions and feeling prevailed in 1885. We are now only waiting and waiting, too, with a feeling of intense confidence.

IN 1885 there was no such call upon us from abroad for our products; in 1904 the demand is enormous. That must mean money, the oil necessary for the motive force of the wheels of commerce. *Vive tout!* Get ready, then, and be prepared. What to buy? We advised you last week on this subject. We can, however, name some good ones on the list. Erie, Southern Railway, American Cotton Oil, Pennsylvania, and for those more speculatively inclined, Sugar and Metropolitan. There must be something under foot

FINANCIAL

in the latter, the way it is holding its price in spite of adverse reports. But consult your broker. He will be glad to see you, in the first place, and has had opportunity now to become an authority on the subject of relative merits and values of the "gilt edges."

THE old theory of supply and demand stands as good as ever, and it does look as if those professionals, said to be the Gates' following, who are willing to unload the moment a market presents itself, are again to win the smiles of Dame Fortune and dispose of their wares at a profit in spite of the strenuous efforts of the bear faction, which latter is as often in the wrong as in the right, and just now has a shade the worst of it.

TOM TICKER.

Mining Notes

K. F.—The Camp Bird mine, located in San Miguel County, Colorado, has declared the regular quarterly dividend of 18 cents a share—making a total of \$47,600. This brings the company's total in paid earnings to \$1,607,304 in two years.

The St. John Del Rey has earned about \$15,000,000 for its lucky owners.

One-third of the Mary McKinley Mine was given for a \$49 grocery bill, and that stock is now worth \$2,000,000, and provides an income of \$250,000 a year.

The Comstock Lode of Virginia City, Nev., within an area of 600 by 1,500 feet, has produced \$316,680,435 in twenty years.

Crown Point has yielded dividends amounting to over \$12,000,000.

The Belcher Mine has produced about \$16,000,000.

The Alaska Treadwell Gold Mining Co. reports officially that for ten years the dividends were \$5,600,665 on ore which only averaged \$2.78 per ton.

San Juan County made one of the remarkable records of the year—23 per cent. increase in mineral output, a total of \$3,785,434.

Answers to Correspondents

A. R. T.—We are not at liberty to refer you to any particular broker in our columns. It is obvious that we cannot show favoritism.

A. P.—It is unfortunate that you paid such a price for your Steel common. The only advice we can give now is to take the first opportunity to sell on any slight advance and reinvest in other securities that are more likely to appreciate in value.

J. R.—The high price of September wheat is due to apparently creditable reports that the crop is badly injured by rust in a territory which is rapidly widening, and not through a corner.

The Opportunity of Your Life IS NOW OFFERED YOU

YOU have some money that is lying idle, possibly in some bank earning 3 or 3½ per cent. or possibly under your pillow for safe keeping. A life's opportunity is now offered you for investing this money, however small, and earn 50 per cent. and possibly 500 per cent., which may make you independent for life. Do you know that the richest men in the world have made their millions in mining? Do you know that mining is the best paying business on earth? Do you know that the mines of the United States are earning larger dividends than all the Railroads in this country combined, capitalized at more than one billion dollars? We are not offering a get-rich-quick scheme but a legitimate mining proposition—We are seeking people who desire a safe, honest and profitable means of investing their money. The Narragansett Gold Mining & Milling Company owns five [5] gold mines, patented and free and clear from all possible litigation. The mines are located near Telluride, in San Miguel County, Colorado—the heart of the San Juan, the richest gold mining district in the world. This Company is incorporated under the laws of the State of Colorado, with a capital stock of \$1,500,000.00. It has done all the preliminary work on its mines. It has opened up 5 gold bearing veins running from 2½ to 5 feet wide. All the tools and cars for moving the ore are on the grounds. To increase the amount of available cash quickly, so that no interruption may be possible, the directors have decided to offer a limited amount of treasury stock considerably below its par value. To those interested in investing a small amount in an honest business venture we suggest investigating these properties. We will be glad to give details as to the company and its officers that will satisfy the most skeptical as to the honesty of our statements. Space does not permit of telling all in detail but we desire to send to every reader of BROADWAY WEEKLY our booklet entitled "A Judicious Investment," which tells all and gives Bank references, showing full reliability and responsibility of this Company.

If you are looking for a wild speculation don't write us but if you have a FEW DOLLARS to invest that may be worth thousands then don't overlook this opportunity.

Only a small sum of money is needed for development purposes. When this sum is subscribed, the stock will be withdrawn from the market; we therefore advise you to act at once.

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Bishop Potter Stirs Up the Animals

Bishop Potter has again exemplified the Divine Parentage and human fraternity by giving the professional religionists and prohibitionists a jolt from which it is to be hoped they will never recover. A number of clericals of many denominations who would not know a golden fizz from a bi-chloride of mercury cocktail, and some hysterical W. C. T. U. ladies lend their dyspeptic efforts to aid in the fusillade started by the Bishop of Wisconsin whose future residence in the Kingdom of Heaven would be more fully secured if he learned to be as temperate in language as he professes to be in liquidation.

Microscopic minds and microbes have their respective places in the grand economy of nature, but they are not always essential factors in the cosmic scheme.

Science assumes that there are good microbes and bad microbes, and the virility of the latter is an absolute fact as any undertaker will testify.

But when the mental functions commune together in an ecstasy of mutual admiration and become oblivious to all external conditions which affect humanity in its battle for existence, such sanctified complacency should be effectively guarded from public contact.

Can it be possible that the clericals and estimable ladies referred to have ever "chased the duck" in any of our overcrowded tenement wards and are familiar, by personal observation, with the conditions which exist in the characteristic resorts.

Are they of their own knowledge fully informed as to the doings from 5 a. m. to 1 a. m., and very often without any suspension, in the filthy and unmentionable resorts which feed on poverty, breed criminal stories for the newspapers and degrade manhood to its lowest besotted ebb?

Those expansively humane ladies, if they inject their charming personalities into such a horrible slough of vice should all have husbands who are able to exert a peremptory and permanent veto on their future endeavors in this direction.

The clerical embryotics who employ their fructifying abilities on similar lines should have wives who would exercise a similarly restraining influence.

Wickedness is seldom weak and incipient intellectuality is either incompetent to eradicate it or finally yields to its diabolical fascination.

As Don Quixote rather broadly remarked, "The Devil lurks behind the Cross." The whole cause of this moral earthquake is Bishop Potter's personal endorsement of the Subway Tavern, a clean, honest and intelligently conducted emporium of liquid refreshment in a locality where dirt and immorality have flourished in a degree highly profitable to the enemies of Christianity.

The poor, sweltering and over-worked masses are given in proper measure what they pay

for and an idea of luxury which would heavily discount that enjoyed by our millionaires in the most exclusive hotels and cafes.

It is probable that most of our moneyed men would gladly invest all of their resources so as to obtain ten per cent. interest per annum net.

Do the carping critics of Bishop Potter who, it is to be hoped, derive their information concerning the habitations of the vicious from publications whose editorial expressions denote neither sex nor sapience, realize their ludicrous position between the hereditary enemy of mankind and the ultramine and fathomless ocean?

If the movement endorsed by Bishop Potter fails in ninety per cent. of its anticipated beneficence and gains ten per cent. in rational temperance reform is it not a greater measure of accomplishment than the blatant warriors in words, with vituperation as their heaviest ammunition, have ever yet presented to mankind?

Intemperate talk is somewhat in the category with intemperate drinking and the ministers who are firing molten language with Gatling-like rapidity at Bishop Potter are sacrificing a good deal of their self-respect, or, at least, the respect of their parishioners for an ephemeral notoriety which lifts them for a brief interval above the obscurity they have heretofore enjoyed.

The natural and sane enemies of the Subway Tavern are the proprietors of cheap saloons and dives in the neighborhood whose income has been depleted considerably by this new law-abiding form of competition.

But they do not seek notoriety.

It is a fact known to all who are competent to judge the exigencies of metropolitan life that the substitution of decent, honestly conducted drinking places where immorality is not the principal asset, where sanitary conditions prevail and where excessive indulgence is discouraged, have exerted a beneficial influence on the community.

Our Philippines.

OUR total losses since we began the conquest of the Philippine Islands have been 115 officers and 3,378 men killed, 2,828 officers and men wounded—a grand total of 6,321 casualties, not counting our losses by disease. Approximately \$450,000,000 of American money will have been spent by the close of the next fiscal year in connection with the islands, and an army of 40,000 men is still indispensable to hold down our incomplete conquest.

The Prolific Edison.

THOMAS A. EDISON is not adding to the list as many ideas nowadays as he did some years ago. Up to 1895 he had taken out 711 patents. Since then he has added to the list from three to twenty-three patents each year. Last year he took out nineteen. This year, so far, he has received six. In ordinary fees for patents Mr. Edison has spent over \$51,000.

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For Health and Beauty this large four-storied building has departments of Dermatology, Plastic Surgery, Osteopathy, Electricity and all kinds of Baths, X-Ray, Radium and Ultra Violet Ray Apparatus, and the Wonderful Violet Ray Baths for making the skin soft and white, also a new Hot Air Bath for reducing flesh.

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The Great Plastic surgeon, A. L. Nelden, M.D., by his painless, scientific methods in correcting and removing all irregularities or deformities of the face GUARANTEES you perfect results. He can reproduce the natural contour of the face, raise the flabby, drooping cheeks, obliterate all wrinkles, imparting the semblance of early youth; a broad nose narrowed, a hump painlessly removed from a nose, a sunken nose raised, ears are artistically shaped and set back properly. Eyes are made larger or smaller, lips are made thicker or thinner, chins are shortened or elongated; birth marks, scars, pittings eradicated. You are cordially invited to call and witness the wonderful work accomplished. The Doctor's methods are the product of eighteen years, practice in this one department of his profession. His operations are speedy and entirely painless. They do not keep the patient indoors. The same watchful care given to the patient which his family doctor would give. Dr. Nelden is the inventor of "the French Ointment" for peeling off the skin—for home use.

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N. B. — PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, Enlarged Pores, Freckles, liver spots, moth patches, warts, moles, red veins and all blemishes speedily and permanently removed. Superfluous hair removed by the French Method.

Splashing of the Skulls.

The New York Bay Association has disallowed the protest made in the junior double event at its recent regatta and awarded the medals to the New York Athletic Club's crew. In the case of the junior eight race the committee has awarded it to the Harlems, the winning crew, after an affidavit had been received from Captain J. E. Nagle that his name appears on the entry list as coxswain. It appears that the original entry has been lost.

Several of the clubs are getting ready for the octopeded race of the Middle States Regatta. No special boats are to be built for the Labor Day regatta; eight-oared shells are to be rigged over and if the race is the suc-

cess it is expected to be boat builders will have plenty of work during the winter building special shells for this class of rowing.

The Potomac River Association has been organized and its first regatta will be held on the Potomac, Washington, D. C., on Saturday, August 13.

The Regatta Committee of the New York Bay Association has disallowed protests in the junior eight race of its recent regatta and awarded it to the Harlem Rowing Club's crew. It was claimed that the name of the coxswain, Captain J. E. Nagle, was not on the entry list (the original entry cannot be found) and he promptly furnished an affidavit refuting the charge. In the junior double event the New York Athletic Club's crew was awarded the race.

Manhattan Beach

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BROADWAY WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL
OF METROPOLITAN LIFE



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NEW YORK, AUGUST 25, 1904.

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CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

In every town and city where there are live people who want to learn of live things, we want a correspondent—an up-to-date, responsible, reliable and earnest worker who appreciates right treatment. It may be you who reads this. If so, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, when you will hear something to your advantage by addressing BROADWAY WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE criticisms from the Republican camp, following Judge Parker's admirable speech of acceptance at Esopus on August 10, can only be regarded as the sincerest kind of flattery. Naturally, something had to be said, and their point of attack was aimed principally at what Judge Parker didn't say—although no mention was made regarding the Race Problem.

Governor Odell certainly covered himself with glory when he descended to the threadbare calumny of attributing the speech to the brain of another man—Senator Hill. And then proceeds to stir up the mud-puddle by a dissertation on Jeffersonian Democracy.

* * *

WE do not know for a certainty whether finger-bowls adorn the table of the Odell mansion—if they do they must be a comparatively recent addition—but Mr. Odell must certainly be enlightened enough to know that Democracy in the true interpretation of the word does not necessarily mean that people should eat with their fingers or dispense entirely with any of the forms that go to raise man into a cultured being.

* * *

GOVERNOR ODELL and Thomas Jefferson, were he alive, would most likely disagree on many points in a discussion on the ideal of Democracy—if indeed the former bothers himself with any ideals. That Jefferson was a Democrat and worked hard for establishing democratic

principles into the young government, every school-boy knows as well as anyone who has read any of his masterpieces.

The kind of politics presented by Governor Odell is coarser than "peanut poli-



UREY WOODSON
Secretary of the Democratic National Committee.

tics"—we might term it "peanut brittle politics."

* * *

JUDGE PARKER is a man by nature calculated to puzzle the average politician. That he has the Republicans guess-

ing, is only too apparent from their frantic attempts to discredit an intelligence above the ordinary and a true American spirit. The Democratic nominee, always loyal to both his country and his party, came forward at this critical time because he believed it was his duty to both to do so.

* * *

A MAN of wide experience and for thought, he knew what was in store for him, but he never wavered. The conservatism and the silence on certain issues displayed by him in no way indicate lack of courage or understanding, on the other hand they are in this instance the very essence of power.

* * *

SHREWD men have not failed to notice that Governor Odell, who may be said to represent the same kind of element in the Republican party as the suspected Brooklyn leaders do in the Democratic party, has been in frequent communion with the latter at a resort in which they are interested. There seems to have been a spirit of comradeship between these worthies and the Prince of Republican politicians. To say the least, such fraternization is hardly seemly so close to a bitter campaign. All sorts of mysterious hints have been given out by Republican workers that "Odell has fixed things all right in Brooklyn." If the discredited leaders do not give some early assurance that they do not mean to sell out Judge Parker, they may arouse the just anger of the honest Democrats of New York.

PORCUPINE TALKS OF POLITICAL TREACHERY

I WILL be regarded as hateful anyhow, as all of my family has been ever since we walked down the gang-plank from the Ark and the elephant kicked because I stretched myself. But I am a Democrat, and am still bucking the elephant. Now the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee and all else whom it may concern may as well take warning: I know that the very persons who proclaim so loudly that they are heart and soul for Judge Parker are not to be trusted. There are unfortunately some leaders who look at everything political simply from a revenue standpoint. When a man has for nearly a generation through his whole political career been a boddler; who has made money out of every office he ever held, and who is intimately associated with the trusts as a common lobbyist, seeks to be trusted with the running of a State campaign, then I would like to stick my quills into those who permit him to be so honored.

* * *

BBETTER to face the possibilities now than the realities on the night of election. Tammany never fails, and if Judge Parker, felt that the great organization was lukewarm in his behalf, he would quickly know it. But I'd rather like to bet the entire supply of my winter's fodder, which I have

buried safely in the ground, that there is no man who is better satisfied that Leader Murphy and the Democratic organization of New York will work hard to elect him than the Judge himself. Were there the slightest doubt in Leader Murphy's mind that he could not honestly support the Judge, he would speak out. Nor would he hold his office as



JOHN H. O'BRIEN
The able Secretary of Mayor McClellan

Leader one hour if he did not intend to be a sterling Democrat. His whole life gives the lie to any insinuation that he has ever been even lukewarm. Stubbornness is not one of Mr. Murphy's weaknesses. He has an intense idea of fairness, and he has been known to yield quickly when convinced that he was in the wrong.

* * *

THE most perfect machinery of the entire Tammany organization has been in motion for at least two weeks preparing for the campaign, and there never was an occasion upon which so much effort will be made to carry an election as the present. If the leaders who are criticising Mr. Murphy can show as clean a sheet and as good results the night of election he will be first to congratulate them. It must be remembered that Mr. Murphy speaks not for himself but for the great united Democracy of New York, which includes men of the highest standing. They have determined that the pledges made at the last election must be kept and that men of bad record shall be driven from leadership. Messrs. McAdoo, McClellan, J. Edward Simmons, Burton Harrison, and persons of healthy mind are not to be wavered in their opinion of what is right by a set of professional politicians who now control the State machine.

PORCUPINE.

THAT FOOLISH GOELET PRESS AGENT

BY COLONEL AXE.

AND it came to pass that the Goelet jewels were not lost after all, and the astute Mrs. Ogden Goelet finally "discovered" the \$200,000 worth of gems in a safe deposit vault in this city. True, the daily papers bit at the yarn of the Goelet press agent and column after column was printed by the credulous editors while the publicity promoter of the Goelet family smiled serenely as each enthusiastic reporter jotted down the alleged facts and proceeded to pull on his rubber shoes and search in his own appointed way for the "missing" jewels.

Is it not just a trifle old-fashioned for a press agent, especially one who makes news of the Four Hundred, to concoct a diamond robbery. This has been tabooed by up-to-date press agents in the theatrical field for years and no self-respecting editor would be hoodwinked by such an ancient device. The prima donna whose press agent attempted such a threadbare scheme would discharge the youth without a moment's hesitation. Even the poisoned basket of fruit is new compared to the theft of jewels. Why should the Goelet employee be permitted to work such a moth-eaten device.

The story about young Mr. Goelet and Miss Eleanor Anderson had the merit of novelty at least, but that young man was compelled to carry the joke much further than was originally intended and has almost become a boomerang. The youthful Mr. Abeel has received the worst of the bargain, if such a bargain really existed, and Mr. Goelet has

posed in the limelight of public opinion as a worthy young man whose only thought was for the good name of a young girl he had never seen. So far everything went smoothly, and when Abeel was a fugitive from the strong arm of the law, young Goelet, believing his double to be safely hidden from prying eyes, offered a big reward for his capture.

The reward was sufficiently tempting to interest a real detective in the search and the breezy Mr. Abeel was located in a house not far from Manasquan, New Jersey. When thoroughly satisfied that his man was practically within his grasp the detective wired to New York that his quarry was cornered and asked for instructions. The instructions came. They were for the real detective to return to New York, that other clues would be followed, and Mr. Goelet had withdrawn the reward previously offered for the capture of Abeel.

Clever, wasn't it? But then Abeel was almost captured and but for wiring for final instructions the Goelet press agent would have spent a goodly slice of the Goelet wealth, probably a greater amount than that astute young man receives for a year's salary.

Chief of Police Richards of Newport is somewhat bewildered as to the exact status of the jewel robbery, for it is not a daily occurrence in the life of a country policeman that 200,000, or is it 300,000 dollars figures in the records. He is not quite certain where the gems were found, and on the whole his varied statements show conclusively that he and the press agent lacked rehearsals of the details.

Meanwhile Mrs. Goelet deceives herself into the belief that the public really believes the jewels were actually mislaid and the gullible editors were really taken in by the silly yarn. Oh, fudge, Mrs. Goelet. The only pity is that a descendant of good old Peter, even if it is by the accident of marriage, should stoop to such a device, or foolishly believe that anyone, except herself and her amateur press agent, considers the matter at all seriously.



AUGUSTUS T. DOCHARTY

Mr. Docharty was formerly County Register, Secretary of the Dock Department and the Fire Department. He is now President of the New York Newspaper Corporation.

EDNA MAY IS NOW A STAR OF TWO CONTINENTS

BELLE OF AMERICA'S STAGE.

EDNA MAY.

The Girl who
won
recognition first
in
"The Belle of New York"
is now a
cherished favorite
of the
British Public.



THE GREAT CAMPAIGN IS NOW OPENED

THE regular organizations of the party may be assured of one fact beyond the peradventure of a doubt. It is that Tammany Hall and the Democracy of New York will do their duty by Judge Parker, and those people of this land who wish to see a sensible management of affairs once more installed in Washington. New York city has always done the right thing by the party, even if the Democrats upstate failed in their faith.

Mr. Murphy, they should take a leaf out of his book and get to work at once.

Every vote in the State of New York will be needed when Benjamin Odell and his group of professional politicians join hands with those of the Quay gang of Pennsylvania. The Republican leader has a big prize at stake; and if he is defeated this year, Benjamin Odell will lose more than any other man in it.

never failed to win. Charles W. Dayton is a veteran in political life, and he has been honored with nominations and office. He was Postmaster of the City under President Cleveland, and will be in great demand as a speaker. He is very effective on the stump. Lewis Nixon has the confidence of the people, and is exceptionally popular with the working classes as an employer. He is clean cut and has a fine record as a public man.



CHARLES W. DAYTON



LEWIS NIXON



CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM SULZER



VICTOR J. DOWLING



THOMAS C. CRAIN



STEWART M. BRICE

The big leader of Tammany does not indulge in empty speech. He has the reputation of being a man whose word is his very life, and when he said that his organization would get out the biggest vote for Judge Parker that was ever known at a Presidential election, he meant every syllable he uttered. If the men who are boasting so loudly that Brooklyn and upstate will go for the distinguished jurist of Esopus, are as anxious for success as

The portraits given here, are those of men who have undertaken to see that the Democrats of New York rally around Judge Parker, and carry the city by such a majority as will offset any possible deficiency in other sections of the State.

All of those leaders are familiar to those who have watched the many hard fought campaigns locally; and it is a matter of history that whenever they were united, they

William Sulzer, one of the Congressmen from New York, has been chosen by large majorities several times to represent his City at Washington. He is almost idolized by his own constituents. His every vote in Congress has been upon the popular side, and he has labored day and night in the interests of his fellow citizens to secure a new post office and other important improvements.

One of the most influential leaders is Victor

J. Dowling, who although a young man, has made his mark as a public man of much independence of character. He is a lawyer far above the average in ability and learning. His advice has been much sought for by the older leaders.

The people of New York know Thomas C. Crain very well. He made an excellent City Chamberlain, and in every duty he has accepted has proved worthy of public commendation.

There are very few who do not know Congressman Timothy D. Sullivan. He has stood by the party nobly at all the trying periods of its existence since he entered politics. His personal following is larger than that of any leader in New York, and he has declared that his district must give Judge Parker every vote than can be polled.

Randolph Guggenheimer, who is one of the most prominent lawyers in the country, is a

a student and a lawyer than as a politician. Mitchell Erlanger is a strong Democrat, however, and proved to be a vote getter at the last election. He stands well with his own profession and has the esteem of the business people of the city.

For years, past the memory of the present generation, George Washington Plunkitt has been a leader and a power in the State Senate. He has served the city well and guarded



CONGRESSMAN T. D. SULLIVAN



RANDOLPH GUGGENHEIMER



SHERIFF MITCHELL ERLANGER



JOHN T. OAKLEY



SENATOR G. W. PLUNKITT



WARLEY PLATZECK

tion. Mr. Crain is quite an effective speaker, because he is always armed with innumerable facts to support his claims.

Among the younger men who will attack the Republican policy and administration is Stewart M. Brice, who is spoken of for Congress. His father, the late Calvin S. Brice, who was a United States Senator, and one of the big national Democratic leaders. He wields an influence with the clubmen and college graduates. Very democratic in his ways, Mr. Brice is known to the rank and file of the party, and if he should be nominated for Congress he would be elected.

millionaire, and he has been spoken of many times for the mayoralty and governorship. He is known for his charities and the fidelity to the cause of Democracy. This year he will give particular attention to the battle, because he is a sincere admirer of the Judge.

As a district leader and a public official, there are none so popular with the working Democrats as John T. Oakley, who ranks as a leader with Congressman Sullivan. He is young, and has sacrificed a great deal for the cause. Now he is being honored for his self-denial.

The Sheriff of New York is better known as

its interests at Albany when Republicans attempted to pass legislation in the interest of the farmers at the expense of New York. He may be relied upon to do his share of the work. And the Senator's language is picturesque and emphatic.

Some day Warley Platzeck, one of the most faithful and useful men in the party, will get his reward. He has kept the light of Democracy burning when other fair weather friends were out of sight at critical or stormy times. He is an able, a wise, and a thoroughly honest man, and is extremely popular with the leaders and workers.

MANY THEATRICAL NOVELTIES THIS SEASON

CURRENT ATTRACTIONS

Academy of Music—"The Eternal City."
Casino—"Piff, Paff, Pouff."
Keith's—Continuous vaudeville.
New York—"The Maid and the Mummy"
Proctor's Fifth Avenue—Stock Company
and vaudeville.
Proctor's Twenty-third Street—Continu-
ous vaudeville.
Proctor's 125th Street—Stock Company
and vaudeville.

SUMMER AMUSEMENTS

Aerial Gardens—"A Little of Everything."
Brighton Beach Music Hall—Vaudeville.
Dreamland, Coney Island—Exposition.
Hammerstein's Paradise Garden's—Extra-
vaganza, ballet and vaudeville.
Luna Park, Coney Island—Exposition.
Madison Square Roof—"Paris by Night."
Manhattan Beach—Pain's Fireworks.
Manhattan Beach Theatre—"The Silver
Slipper."
New York Theatre Roof Garden—Excel-
lent vaudeville.

IN the eve of a new theatrical season the prospects are most encouraging. The watchword of the managers is care and conservatism in booking attractions, and the lesson of last season has apparently born fruit. Business conditions generally are more settled than in many presidential years past.

The real conditions depend on the crops—on the cotton crop in the South, and on the wheat and corn crops in the North, for industrial conditions are subordinate to the agricultural.

Reports from all sections of the country demonstrate that money will be plentiful. With the exception of the Colorado mining trouble and the meat strike in Chicago, industrial conditions are equally promising. So far as amusements in the cities are concerned, there is no real or immediate occasion for the imminent slump.

When prominent managers announce that they have made unusual arrangements for foreign and native attractions, the lesser lights may take courage. Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, Frohman, and Savage, the most notable producing managers, have not only drawn in their lines, but have mapped out a more extensive scope of operation for the coming season.

The plans of Klaw & Erlanger were recently published in BROADWAY WEEKLY. Now the other firms have come forward with amusements.

CHARLES FROHMAN'S ENTERPRISES.

Charles Frohman announces that he will have built the finest theatre in London for the exclusive production of his own plays next season. With his new London theatre and his Empire Theatre in New York City he says he will have control of the two lead-

ing theatres for original dramatic productions in America and England.

Augustus Thomas will deliver to Mr. Frohman in September a new comedy for autumn production in New York and will complete during the winter a new play for John Drew. Clyde Fitch has finished the two plays he has been at work on for the last six months. Sidney Rosenfeld has completed his work on the comedy, "The Mountain Climbers"; Henry Guy Carleton is at work on a romantic play and he has secured William Gillette's new play, in which that actor will appear after his tour in "The Admirable Crichton." Paul Potter has finished a new comedy and will shortly reach New York for its production, and the successful manager is to have a new four act play by Madeleine Lucette Ryley.

A BATCH OF STARS.

John Drew will open the Empire Theatre season in "The Duke of Killierankie," which is still running in London. Annie Russell will play at the Garrick Theatre in "Brother Jacques." William Faversham goes to the Hudson Theatre in Pinero's play, "Letty." Virginia Harned will go to the Criterion after William Crane appears there in "Business is Business," the success of the Comedie Francaise. Miss Harned's appearance will be in a new comedy. Ethel Barrymore, after her California tour, will go to the Hudson Theatre in "Sunday," following William Faversham. A new comedy is also being written for Miss Barrymore for America and England by H. V. Esmond. Mrs. Bloodgood goes to the Garrick Theatre in Clyde Fitch's play "The Cornet of a Duchess," and Mrs. Gilbert will appear in a new play by Fitch, called "Granny." Mr. Frohman will begin Francis Wilson's season probably in November in a new modern comedy without music. Henry Miller will go to the Garrick Theatre later in the season with Henry Arthur Jones' play "Joseph Entangled." Miss Fay Davis will reappear in America this season in R. C. Carton's play "The Rich Mrs. Repton." William Collier will tour in "The Dictator" and then go to London to play this piece and "On the Quiet" at Wyndham's Theatre there.

SOME AMERICAN FAVORITES.

Maude Adams begins her season in October. Miss Adams will also appear in a new four act play called "Jenny" and a fifty minute character play called "Op O' Me Thumb."

Much of Mr. Frohman's time is employed in arranging the Sothern-Marlowe tour. Mr. Frohman secured a new play by J. M. Barrie that he will first produce in London, a new play by Pinero, which he will also give a London production, a new comedy by Robert Marshall and a new play by Henry Arthur Jones. He has also secured a new comedy by Haddon Chambers. From the German he has "The Blind Passenger," which will be produced at once in New York. Another new comedy is now in rehearsal at the Haymarket Theatre, London, by Louis N. Parker and

U. N. Jacobs, the novelist. His new production in September at the vaudeville theatre in London is a musical play called "The Catch of the Season." This will also be given an American presentation. Mr. Frohman also has an interest in the American tour of Vecsey, the child violinist.

During his sojourn in Paris Mr. Frohman secured a new play by Bataille, the dramatizer of "The Resurrection"; also "La Montansier," and the Chinese comedy, "The Third Moon." Others were "The Gallant King," a play by Triston Bernard called "Daisy."

THE FOREIGN STARS.

He also has a dramatization of Kipling's Story of the Gadsbys and Gordon Lennox's Indiscretion of Mr. Kingsley and has arranged for some important stars to visit this country, and has secured a great number of English players. Charles Wyndham and his company, including Mary Moore, come under his management to the Lyceum Theatre, New York, on November 16, producing "David Garrick," "Mrs. Goring's Necklace," by the author of "Cousin Kate," and a new play. Sir Charles Wyndham's engagement in this country is for three months.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell will be under his management for twenty-eight weeks in "The Sorceress." His own English musical company, headed by Edna May and consisting of seventy people, will go to Daly's Theatre early in September to produce "The School Girl." He has also arranged with Mr. George Edwards for "La Poupel" and also "Veronique." He will open the Duke of York's Theatre in London with "Merely Mary Ann."

Wilson Barrett, whose death was announced in the last issue of "The Billboard," was to have come to this country under Mr. Frohman's management, but his demise will cause a change in the manager's plans in regard to this proposed tour.

Miss Ellen Terry will be under Mr. Frohman's management. Ellaline Terriss and Seymour Hicks continue under his management. Marie Tempest has also contracted and Mr. Frohman will have an interest in the production of "The Garden of Lus," which George Alexander will produce at the St. James' Theatre in London, September 1.

PAUL POTTER'S RETURN.

Paul M. Potter, the dramatist, who lives at Lausanne, Switzerland, and who has not been here for more than a year, came back on the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse."

"I have been looking after anything that was happening in the theatrical world," said he, "but while I have brought over several French manuscripts for Charles Frohman, I am not Mr. Frohman's agent, business representative or sentinel. I am simply a friend of his who has called to his attention various European successes, and in that way Mr. Frohman has been able to select for American production many of his best imported plays."

THREE STAR BEAUTIES IN "WIZARD OF OZ"

It needs a clever girl to play a part which has already been created by another and make a success; but this season we shall see little Isabelle D'Armond playing the star part of Dorothy Gale in "The Wizard of Oz," as it has never yet been presented. She has been signed to head the company this season, and her work in the past justifies the expectation that she will make a really new character out of the part.

It must be remembered that Miss D'Ar-

mond securing Miss D'Armond for the title role, afterwards created by Paula Edwardes, but she was under contract to the Daly manage-



The photo of Miss D'Armond is by Baker of Columbus, O., and is an excellent picture. Those of the other young women are very convincing, at least their friends say so. All are the prettiest girls who have yet appeared in the musical piece.

mond is not a vaudeville actress or an ordinary musical play artist. She is a prima donna, and those who have seen her in repertoire can testify that she is a young woman of intense magnetism; of finesse as a dramatic singer, and that she can sing. She is a most finished type of the best operatic school, and is mistress of expression and

every detail of her art.

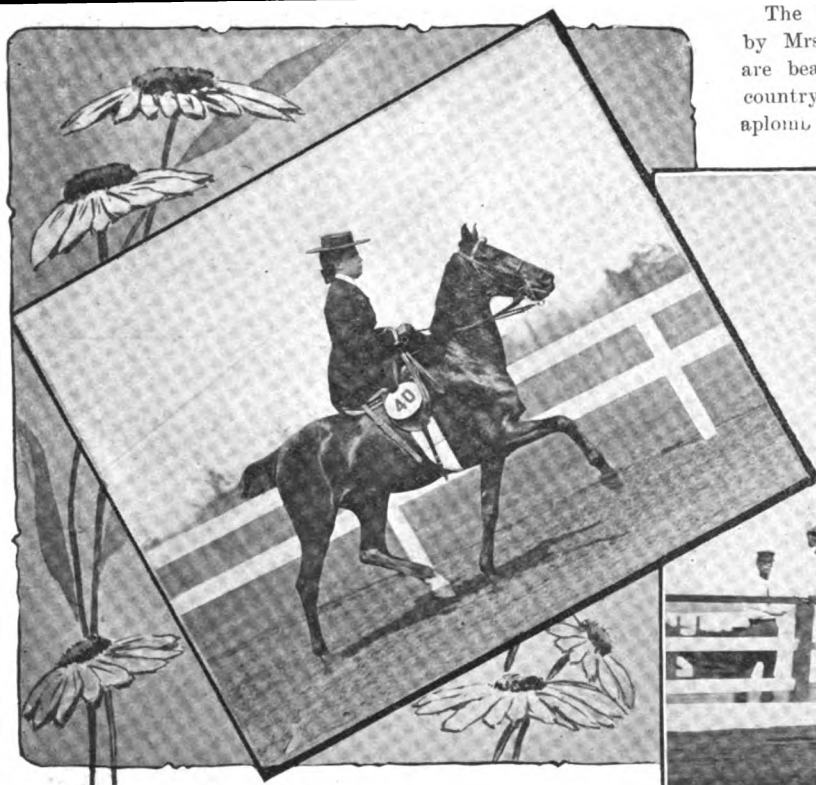
Miss D'Armond has not jumped to the front pyrotechnically. She has gone through the hard and unfeeling school of experience, and from her first appearance in this city in comic opera, it was predicted by the critics that she would yet be a Broadway star.

When Edward E. Rice was about to produce "The Show Girl," he was desirous of

ment. Mr. Rice considers her one of the coming young stars.

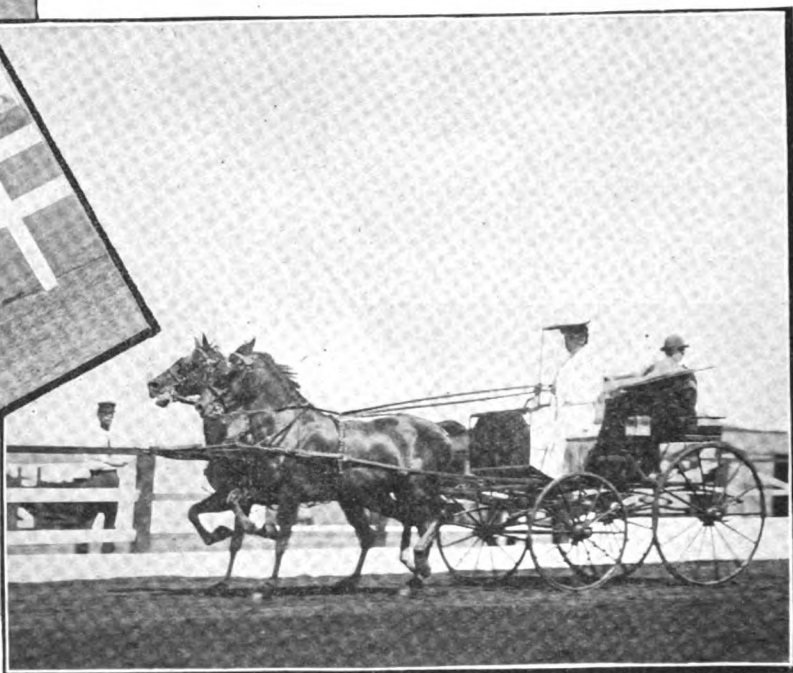
In the company supporting Miss D'Armond will be Miss Mae Taylor, whose picture is at the bottom left-hand corner, and who will play Cynthia, and Miss Helene Miller in the lower right-hand corner, who will be the Bardo of the production. They are both clever young women.

MRS. JOHN GERKEN, SOCIETY'S HORSEWOMAN



La Contributor, winner of two championships, thirty ribbons and other prizes, ridden by Mrs. Gerken in view of thousands of applauding spectators.

The picture beneath is that of Towthorpe Queen and Algy as driven by Mrs. Gerken. They always command applause when exhibited and are beautifully matched. There is no more stylish equine outfit in the country, and no little of their success as prize winners is due to the aplomb of their driver. Photograph by Stanger.



BY MARGARETTA BRADFORD.

THE privilege of a visit to Gerkendale, a glorious homestead with all sorts of happy memories of early Long Island, is a treat to be envied by those who have never been delighted guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Gerken. It is located at the historical King's Highway, celebrated in the days when George the Third was king, and his proudest possession was the fair land in Colonial America.

But while it is now known as Gerkendale, the old family name clings to it still, and it is affectionately called Ridley's Place, as it was in the times of Mrs. Gerken's grandfather. Mrs. Gerken's mother was a Ridley, also a great horsewoman in her time.

Now, with her husband and their three interesting children, the Gerkens live a happy life with the surroundings of an English estate. Clarence John Gerken, the thirteen-year-old heir to the fortune, is a thoroughly American boy, full of the love of outdoor life, and a Gerken all through. Edward Ridley Gerken comes next, not a whit less lusty. Little Miss Carolyn Virginia will soon celebrate her fifth birthday, and is the autocrat of the household. This little American queen is as enthusiastic about the horse as any of the family. When she makes her debut as a society belle, the accomplishments of this little lady as a horsewoman will astonish many a beauty of the Four Hundred.

The entire domestic menage of the Gerkens breathes health and elegance. Mrs. Gerken is quite as punctilious about the management of her home as she is about the conduct of

her stable. The establishment is a most complete and modernly equipped one.

She drives to market herself, and takes an interest in the affairs of every member of the household; sees that the servants are well cared for, and looks after their welfare in every way. The artists of the newspapers, photographers and reporters have taken more snapshots of Mrs. Gerken than of any other known in a generation.

Yet Mrs. Gerken does not either ask or desire any publicity. It is because of the deep interest that she has evinced in horses since childhood that Mrs. Gerken has become so well known to society and the public. With the exclusives she is a great favorite, and the applause which greets her when she trots along the tanbark at a horse show proves that the public has a warm spot in its heart for such a good friend of the horse.

The equine possessions of Mr. and Mrs. Gerken are unlike those of any other family which makes an especial feature of their stable. All the Gerken horses are pets, and there would be more heartburning over the parting of the least valuable of the favorites than any happening which could take place in the entire Gerken entourage.

Just at present Mrs. Gerken's Newsboy is a star of the staff. Having won the Lawson Cup three times in succession for his owner, the trophy has been added permanently to the Gerken long list of treasures. This fine horse has won 160 ribbons, including ten championships and six reserves, in less than two and one-half years.

Elsa, Mr. Gerken's riding horse, is one of

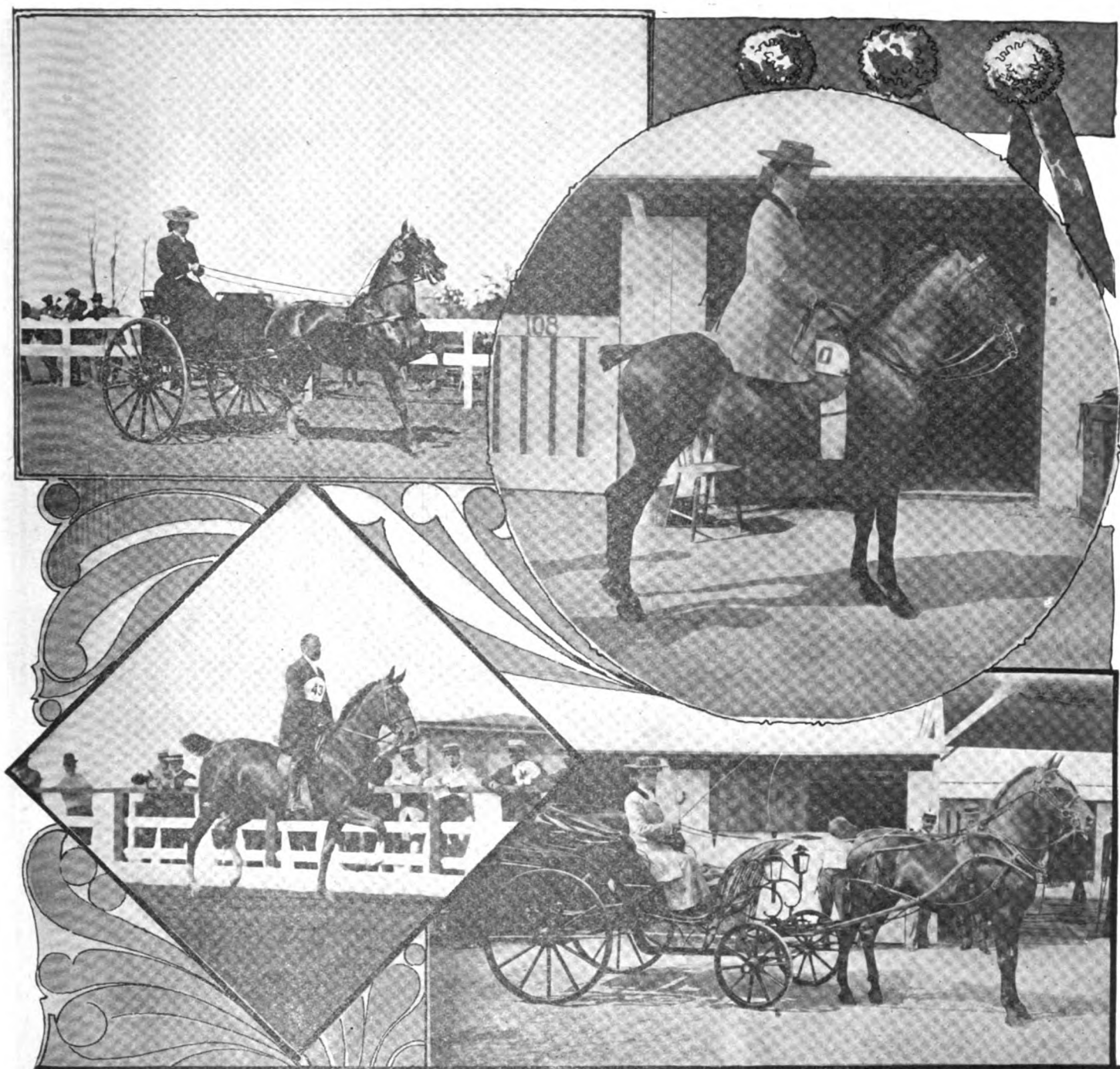
the privileged members of the stable. He is closer to his master than any of the others because he takes part in the conversation when Mr. Gerken goes on long lonely rides. But he is never without company when accompanied by Elsa.

La Contributor, the winner of two championships and thirty-six ribbons, in not quite a year and a half, is a welcome companion with both Mr. and Mrs. Gerken. Towthorpe Queen and Algy were winners at Philadelphia's show, as well as in all exhibitions. Belmar is a beautiful lady's single turnout, and Towthorpe Queen is a pleasing horse.

The Gerken children drive every day with their governess back of the favorite English pony, which has won many prizes. In all the Gerken family own thirty-five horses, quite a stable, even in these multi-millionaire days.

The domestic circle of the Gerkens is an ideal home. Both Mr. and Mrs. Gerken are very devoted to their children and have taught them to love horses and take an interest in every kind of dumb animal. Indeed, the affection for man's best friends in the animal world is surely inherited, for Mrs. Gerken's ancestors have been noted horsewomen, and she was brought up with many good horses at her disposal.

It is not to be wondered at that all her life she has lavished so much time and attention on the improvement of the American thoroughbred, but she is still more to be praised for the progress she has secured in style. Formerly, many good horsewomen mastered their animals cleverly, but their school of riding was neither graceful nor com-



In the upper left picture (photo by Stanger) Mrs. Gerken is seen driving Newsboy, winner of 160 ribbons, 10 championships, and 6 reserve championships. In the upper right corner she appears mounted on Tonthorpe Queen (photo by Stanger), and on the lower left is Mr. Gerken riding Elsa (photo by Hess), and on the lower right Mrs. Gerken is seen driving Belmar (photo by Stanger).

fortable. Mrs. Gerken has, in a measure, been the chief cause of an improvement all around, because other women have adopted her methods, which are not only attractive to observers, but give dignity and pleasure to the modern society school of women riders.

Whenever it is announced that Mrs. Gerken is to ride her own horse at any of the fashionable exhibitions or horse shows, there is always a demand for invitations or tickets. She seems to be a natural part of the picture as she rides or gallops around the circle in front of an audience. It would be well if the professional riding masters could have all their pupils see Mrs. Gerken when she is on her morning gallop. They would learn more than in a year of riding school work. It is a known fact that Mrs. Gerken is pointed out as a correct model by the leading professors of the art in New York.

BERNHARDT DIED OFTEN.

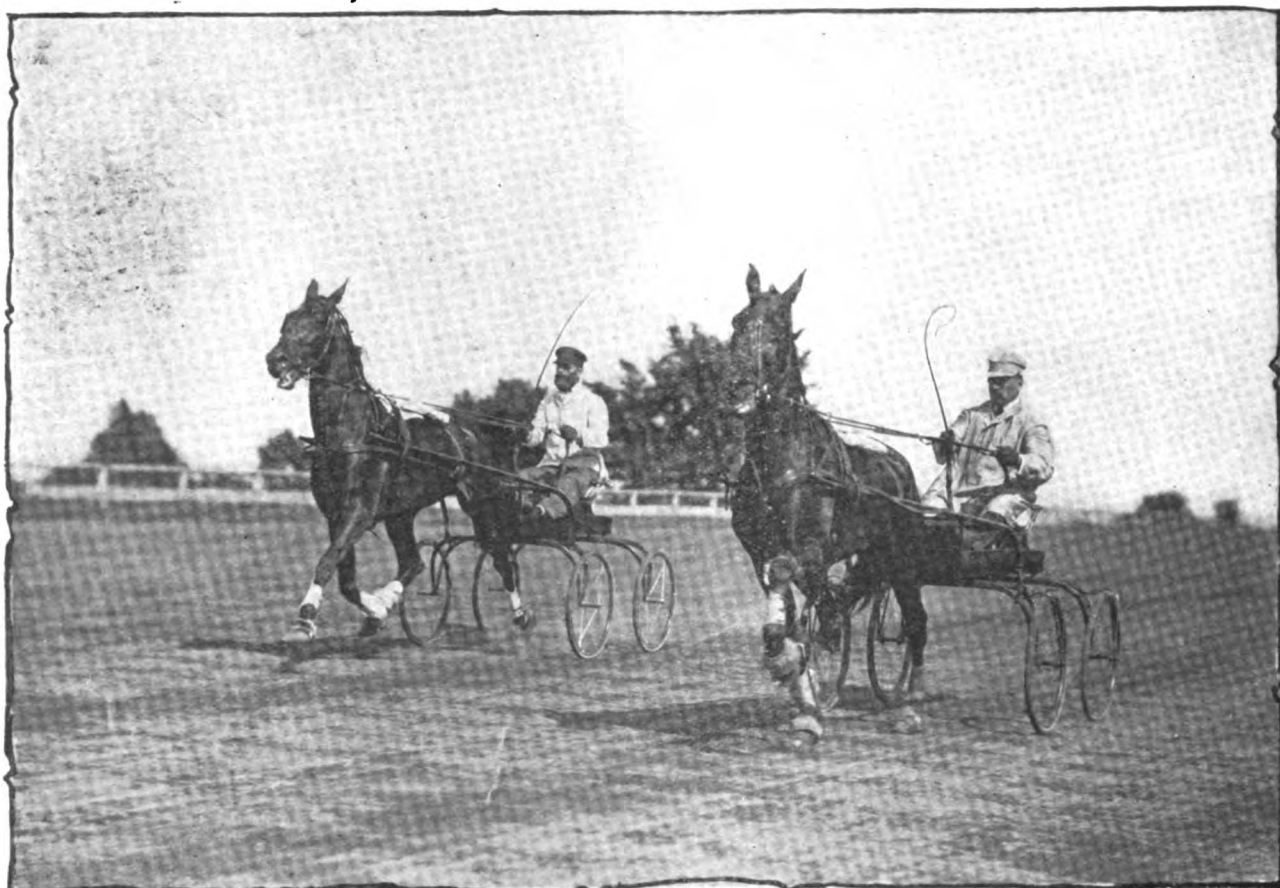
MME. BERNHARDT has had what is probably the greatest experience of all tragediennes in the simulation of suicide. Her deaths by self-administered poison total up roughly to ten thousand; she has jumped into the scenic artist's Seine over seven thousand times; she has sent over five thousand bullets into her head from a revolver; and nearly the same number of daggers has the great actress, to the inexpressible sorrow of intemperately sympathetic spectators, plunged deep down into the chiffon at the side of her bodice. At a reception one night at Mr. Leopold Rothschild's a lady asked Mme. Bernhardt if she really kept a coffin at her home in Paris. "Certainly," answered the actress, with a smile, "and so you would if you were the Morgue's most constant customer!"

ANOTHER PEPY'S VOLUME

JOHAN LANE is preparing to issue shortly the correspondence of Sir William Weller Pepys, Bart., 1758-1825, a kinsman of the great diarist. The book is edited, with preface and notes, by Alice C. C. Gaussen, and contains forty-seven illustrations, comprising portraits and miniatures in photogravure, reproductions from rare prints, facsimiles of interesting documents, including a page of the MS. of the diary of Samuel Pepys and a reproduction of an estimate of the same made before publication.

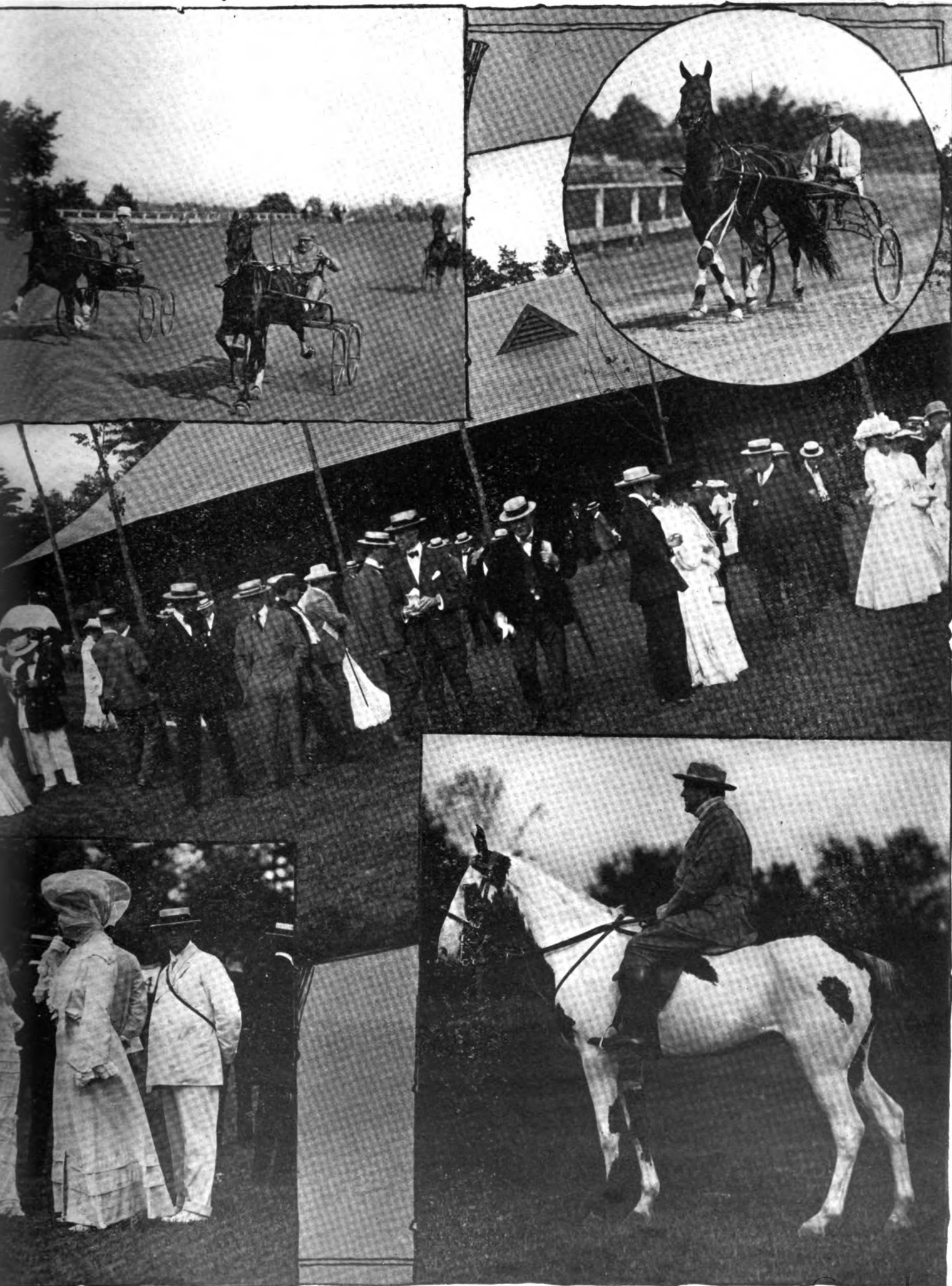
"I don't believe there's a single man in all this town," said the lecturer, "who can give a reasonable excuse for the existence of the present divorce laws."

MID-SUMMER DAYS AT SARATOGA



From right to left at top of picture: Monte Bay and Annie Little; Edgewood leading Jolly Bachelor; and Malybar. In the center so

S AND IN THE TROTTING WORLD



ctured in the Saratoga Paddock just before Great Republic starts. At the bottom: August Belmont and Sons; Mr. Joyner and

TALES OF THE CITIES--NO. 1: PHILADELPHIA

Philadelphia's Social Singularities: Some of them now first accounted for.—Discovery of a Chinese Element in the early population of the City of the Clam and the Quay Hog.

JUST now when a certain measure of public attention has been attracted to Philadelphia by the action of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in relegating it to the rank of a way station, it may not be without interest to antiquarians, ethnologists and historians, and the lovers of the quaint and curious generally to glance at some of the unique features in its foundation which account for the peculiarities it exhibits at the present day. And one truly great historical discovery of which the writer here gives absolutely the first intimation, will surely interest the public. It may even astound some readers, but it is so in accordance with long existing and present sociological phenomena that it will find ready acceptance in the minds of all who have closely viewed Philadelphia's moral and social status.

But, first, for the benefit of the average reader let us state that Philadelphia is a town on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad—in fact, near the junction of the main line and the Southern—about ninety miles southwest of New York, and immediately opposite Camden on the Delaware. Until recently all trains were run into the town, and even now it may be reached by way of West Philadelphia (and, of course, via Camden). It has heretofore been noted for its large output and consumption of scrapple, for the exclusiveness of its society and a certain celestial, of Chinese, conservativeness of its people in all things whatsoever they do—or don't.

And now as to the really important and, in one sense, confirmatory discovery, to which allusion has been made. It throws a fresh light upon the early, or, in fact, the very earliest, history of the town. It may seem incredible that it really reveals an earlier epoch than that with which historians have heretofore begun, and deals not with a mere disconnected episode, but with beginnings and causes which have sent some of their sequelae down through the centuries to the present day. The credit for this achievement is due to the well-known Judge Dollarbehrer, of the so-called Quaker City, the leading authority on matters of local lore.

Simply stated his somewhat startling discovery is this, viz:

That Philadelphia was not originally settled, as all past historians have had it, by the Dutch and Swedes, the good Quakers and the Germans, but by the—Chinese.

Iconoclastic as this statement may at first appear it bears the momentous weight of Judge Dollarbehrer's unqualified proclamation, and as has been said it has the contributory support of conditions otherwise unexplainable.

It is a matter of general knowledge and en-

tirely undisputed, that the Quakers and Germans were quite early settlers at Philadelphia.

Similarly, though less widely, it is conceded that the ancient Philistines and the Laodaeans (the latter the same people who, by their lukewarmness, according to Holy Writ, caused the Angel of the Lord to experience an attack of acute nausea accompanied by severest symptoms) came also to the settlement: and these people likewise, in the opinion of the observing and reflecting, had no small agency in the conformation of the general character of the people.

But now comes Judge Dollarbehrer and shows not only that the Chinese were an element of the people from the beginning, but, so to speak, from before the beginning—that is that they were before either of the other and more generally exploited elements of the population.

The learned author has definitely traced to this spot a colony of the Chinese who came to Mexico in prehistorical times, as is now fully established both by Celestial archives and Aztec hieroglyphics.

This early Philadelphia Chinese colony, called in the Mongolian language by a term which is translated "The Sleeping Klam," not only existed, but was never—like most of the others that penetrated the lands in centuries to become the United States—withdrawn into the main body of ancient Chinese immigrants in Mexico.

Further, the astute author, being of a philosophical as well as a historical turn of mind and a deep observer, has deduced much from present ethnic peculiarities of the genus Philadelphia to support his great historical discovery of the Chinese origin of Philadelphia. He even contends upon the basis of the extreme persistence and almost universal diffusion of manners and customs that the colony of Chinese that settled here and eventually mingled its blood with the Quaker and German, the Philistine and Laodaeon elements, must have been a very considerable one.

In illustration, he points to the well-known Philadelphia peculiarity of ancestor worship, which, indeed, here takes unto itself not the form of a mild social pride that characterizes other communities, but is imbued with a profound and indeed almost awe inspiring austerity and has all the compelling forces of a religious observance.

He alludes, too, with much plausibility, it must be confessed, to the well-known Philadelphia traits of imitateness and extreme centuries enduring conservatism and the excessive love of fireworks as a celebrant feature—particularly noticeable existing, as it does, among an otherwise extremely joyless and even gloomy people.

The Chinese Klam, equivalent for the word Clam, which ever since the earliest days hitherto known to history, has been commonly applied both by themselves, in some degree, and outsiders, generally, to residents of this curious town, the learned and deeply delving Judge Dollarbehrer finds to have been in common use as a kind of a tribal appella-

tion. He has found, too, in the hieroglyphical inscriptions that the clam itself was used as the totem or insignia of the branch of the Chinese people who, pushing northward and eastward from Mexico, became the first human residents on the soil of the city and eventually was fused forever with the composite people who now occupy the city and has continued a factor in its extremely conservative, yet, speaking scientifically, appreciable development.

The appellation "Clam" as applied to the typical Philadelphian, it may be noted as partly a digression—though a pardonable one, perhaps—from the main subject here considered, has never been resented nor repelled by the people as a whole. Nor have they ever sought with any concerted action to render it inapplicable.

And yet one Philadelphia resident, who was probably not native born, as is well remembered, spent an enormous sum of money—probably upwards of half a million—in a long-continued appeal to the people to rise in revolt against the conditions which, if not responsible for what now looks like the origin of the term in its local application, at least gave provocation for its continuance.

"Don't be a Clam" was the laconic line which this unselfish propagandist for years set before the people in every public print in the town—but in vain. Incidentally, he advertized a commodity he had for sale, but there is no doubt that he did this merely to make his propaganda in the interests of the people and the fair name of the city self-supporting. He realized the super-Philadelphian difficulties that beset the path of the revolution he so unselfishly and nobly—and pathetically—sought to bring about, but it was years before, as a saddened, subdued, baffled man, he gave up his aggressive appeal and desisted from the fight.

The people, it is necessary to say, were wholly unmoved and continued to be Clams. That is, for the greater part Clams, or Quay-hogs, and the Quay-hog is, of course, only a variety of the Clam—less supine and, therefore, less in the soup—but a Clam all the same.

M. DERFLA.

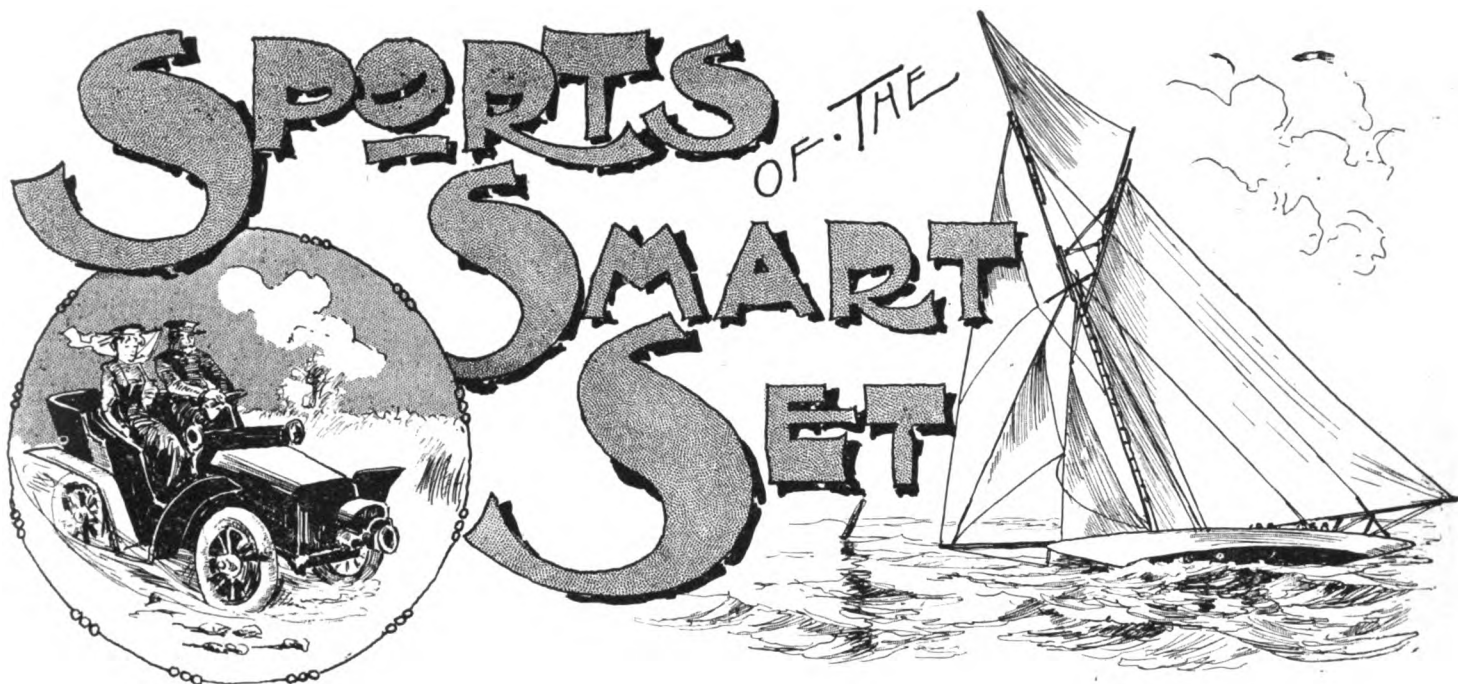
BELASCO LEGAL STATUS

A PARAGRAPH has been circulated in all parts of the country to the effect that through a decision of the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court, David Belasco had recovered a verdict of \$50,000 against Klaw & Erlanger. Mr. Belasco sued Klaw & Erlanger for \$50,000 in connection with the booking of the "Heart of Maryland." When suit was brought Klaw & Erlanger endeavored to have this claim defined in detail by moving that Mr. Belasco file a bill of particulars. This order was granted by the court. Mr. Belasco appealed to the Appellate Division, which sustained his appeal. This sent the suit back to where it originally began and means nothing more than that both sides gained a point in legal sparring.

SARAH BERNHARDT LEAVING THE STAGE DOOR



The most recent characteristic photograph of the Actress taken at the Vaudeville Theatre, London.



RACING

RACING AT SARATOGA.

Saratoga, for years the most luxurious and rapid home of the sporting set, the place that throughout the entire circuit where the thoroughbred is king, is in the zenith of its glory at present. That is, it is the middle of August, and the racing at the spa has never been upon a higher plane, both in quality and quantity.

Yet the spa is sadly lacking in its old time brilliancy and tinsel and those who have journeyed to the noted village every August for a generation are wondering whether or not its glories are departing with the non-appearance of the gambling element, headed by Richard Canfield and men of his type. Whether this is so or whether the historic spot is failing in other attractive features is a question, yet the fact remains that where formerly at this period thousands of visitors strolled up and down Broadway, the main thoroughfare, only hundreds may be seen now. The hotels are scarcely more than one-third filled. The old-time gayety of the Spa is missing.

Many visitors stoutly deny that the altered conditions can be credited to gambling, but it is a curious fact that unless gambling is permitted the season here is a failure. There is a sad lack of opportunity this year to wager a fortune on the turn of a card or the whirl of the roulette wheel. The club house, famous the world over, owned by Richard Canfield, stands shrouded in darkness, with curtains drawn and doors locked. Not even the restaurant, where the tidbits of the table could always be secured, is now open. Only a solitary gardener is to be seen in the whole place, either day or night.

In former years the club house has been the citadel of attack from reformers. But, like Gibraltar, it withstood all assaults, and while

it seemingly was closed to the public, the many friends of the proprietor were accorded the opportunity to spend their money as they willed on either faro or roulette in the private rooms of the house. Now it is closed as tight as a drum. So much for William Travers Jerome and his crusade against Canfield.

There is not a total absence of gambling in the community, however. There are a few places running on the "quiet," but you have to be well known and vouched for by members of the sporting fraternity in order to pass within the doors. The proprietors of the Manhattan Club and the Chicago Club have taken chances by opening up their houses. Here it is possible to place money on such games of chance as faro, roulette and red and black. The play is small, however, and where formerly there was practically no limit except the roof the plunger is now liable to have his stack called down.

The reason for this change from the old order is not so much the lack of funds as because the proprietors do not care to have any sensational winnings made that would attract publicity.

The racing, once only an auxiliary in Saratoga, is now the paramount game. It is only during the month of August, with the advent of the thoroughbred, that Saratoga shows anything like her wonted glory. For the last seven years it is the thoroughbred that has kept the place prominently before the public. Only now and then one sees a man or woman who comes here for the waters. Now even the waters are discredited.

"I used to drink the waters until I was a traveling reservoir, and I was always sick and languid," says a horseman. "This year I have stuck to whiskey and beer and I feel like a two-year-old. No more water for mine."

The lack of gambling spirit is apparent even at the race track. In the betting ring here nearly a million dollars was bet on six races last year. This season not half this amount has been bet during an afternoon's sport, although the attendance each day has been nearly as large. Nevertheless, there are more

than one-third more bookmakers doing business than ever before. Last year the bookmakers had such great luck that it attracted an unusual number of the pencilers this year. But where formerly they handled thousands of dollars to each race they now take in scarcely hundreds.

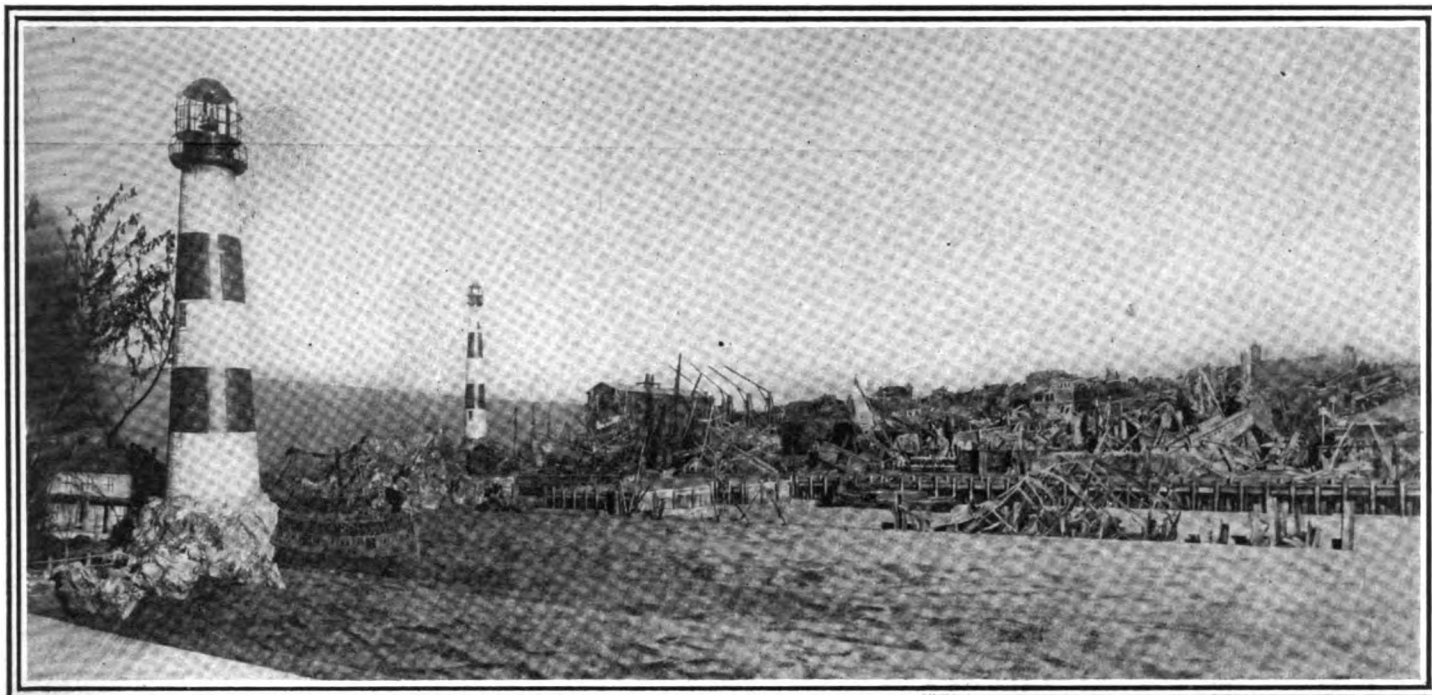
There are not more than one-third the number of heavy turf speculators operating here that were here last season. The big Western turf operators that made things hum last summer are in Chicago. If it were not that John W. Gates, John A. Drake, David Gideon, Jessie Lewishohn, George E. Smith ("Pittsburg Phil") and Joe Yeager are here, men who have attended the races in the great metropolis all season, there would scarcely be a dollar bet. These men, with the exception of Gates, Drake and Lewishohn, have cut a small figure in the sport. "Pittsburg Phil" bet scarcely more than a couple of hundred dollars to a race.

THAT SEAWANHAKA CUP.

Fully as much a will-o'-the-wisp for American yachtsmen as is the "Blue Ribbon of the Sea" that has proved such a puzzle for British designers and corinthians is the challenge trophy for small yachts that was captured by the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club's Glencairn some years ago in the dim astern of memory. The latest aspirant for international honors and incidentally the treasured trophy is the White Bear, representing the White Bear Yacht Club of St. Paul, Minn.

At the present writing, the Yankee cup hunter has won a single race and the mug appears to be as safely anchored at Montreal as ever before. Clubs in the east have practically admitted that they cannot successfully compete against the Canadian genius in small boats and have given the Western men an opportunity to sail against the little flyer from Lachine. This craft, the Noorna, has proved better in both windward work and down the wind, while the Yankee has developed marvelous speed in reaching.

THE GALVESTON FLOOD—A REAL SENSATION



CONEY ISLAND has a new sensation each summer in the amusement line. The sensation of the present season has been the startling reproduction of the great tidal wave, The Galveston Flood, which Mr. James McKane and his associates have produced at an enormous cost in a specially designed and built building of picturesque white material on Surf avenue, at the end of the Iron Pier Walk, opposite the Culver Depot.

It is universal verdict with the several managerial persons whose enterprises along Surf avenue have been the wonder of the amusement world that the success of The Galveston Flood has been nothing short of sensational. It is claimed that it has played to more people and money than any single attraction on the little island that is the pride of all New Yorkers.

It is another proof of the proverb that "Progress and Improvement" is the watchword of the world. There was a time when Coney Island frequenters thought that the various electrical shows given at Coney, Bergen Beach, Bowery Bay, etc., were remarkable in their way, but styles change and progress is eternal. The artists who had

the producing of The Galveston Flood seemed to have mastered the very elements themselves.

The story of the destruction and of the rebuilding of the city of Galveston, Texas, constitutes one of the most harrowing and at the same time bravest chapters in American history. There are but few instances in history where a community was so sorely stricken. There are still fewer cases where a rally has been effected from such overpowering calamity. The recovery of the citizens and the wonderful rehabilitation of the beautiful city from what seemed the grave is but another proof of the indomitable purpose and magnificent courage of the American people when confronted by an energetic emergency, no matter how dire.

The awful details of the terrible hurricane which so completely wrecked the fair island city are still fresh in the minds of all Americans and the soothing hands of time has not yet made glad the thousands of aching hearts still mourning the loved ones snatched from them in such a ruthless manner by the cruel and relentless clutch of the dreaded storm king; but despite aching hearts, despite the

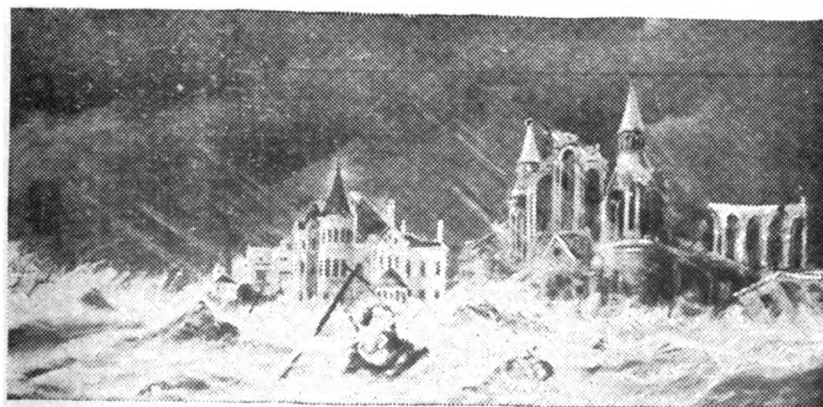
ruined homes and the great financial loss, the bereaved but brave and gallant-hearted men of Galveston have, with unceasing and unflagging energy, toiled and labored over the very graves as if it were of their dead in erecting a monument to those lost loved ones a newer and grander Galveston, forever protected by the ingenuity of modern engineering from a recurrence of such a disaster as overwhelmed their city but a few years since.

In presenting their wonderful reproduction of the Galveston Flood, Adams & McKane Amusement Company, while showing in a most thrilling and intensifying manner the terrible destructive power of the elements, have eliminated all of those horrible and gruesome details of death



MR. JAMES MCKANE

He originated the idea of reproducing the great Galveston Flood Disaster at Coney Island, and is President of the Adams-McKane Amusement Company.



BROADWAY WEEKLY'S DROLL STORY NO. 3

IN the merrie days of King Theodosius I., there was alive in the land an Actress who was so beautiful that she was the cause of much disturbance in the minds of all the Johnnies of that time. The King, hearing of her fame through the learned discussions that took place about the palace among the male members of the Court—the Court Ladies never having chanced upon her as a topic of conversation—was desirous that she should become a member of the Royal colony with which it was fashionable in those days for a court to be provided.

But the young Actress had no desire to become a Court Lady, albeit that the attractions there were enough to turn the heads of most ladies, there being more fetes and fashions; intrigues and dainty morsels of scandal, fluffy trinkets and baubles that go to delight the feminine heart, than in any previous reign. She was, as she drolly expressed it, "wedded to her art," and wished to remain in that happy state. Therefore, when one day this Actress received a Royal Summons, brought by a Royal Messenger, from the King, she was sore put to it to know how to remain faithful to her chosen spouse. She knew that to disobey a Royal Invitation of this kind might be followed by another Royal Invitation to a certain Tower, which latter was in no way as attractive as the first, except to those ladies of the kingdom who placed virtue above everything else; and once at the Tower, it would in all probability be a long wait before her cue to appear again in the outside world. The hours thus spent promised to be long and tedious, for although the guests of the Tower were generally decently provided with luxuries and allowed to read all the daily and Sunday journals they were entirely cut off from the world and in most cases from each other.

As the Messenger had arrived on a Friday and the summons was for the next Monday, a First Night, by the way, in which the Actress was to open in "The Cigarette Girl," she was, therefore, obliged to bring all her wits into play in order to continue "wedded to her art" and appear before her audience on the opening night.

Now it happened that this magnificent lady had a maid, whose Christian name was Laura and who was devoted to the interests of her mistress and served her most faithfully. She was a graceful girl, withal, and possessed a comely face, rather well adapted to make-up, and a very sprightly manner and being interested likewise in the art, oftentimes amused herself in taking small parts in the dressing room while her mistress was before the foot-lights. She was moreover so well liked by the young Actress that she often enjoyed her confidences and was frequently consulted upon the many difficult problems that continue to arise in life.

It was therefore not unnatural that she should turn to Laura after duly pondering over the present invitation and manifesting considerable concern which the bright little maid was only too quick to perceive.

"Laura," said she, "we must hit upon some

plan to thwart this ridiculous object of the King. It is very gracious of his Majesty, to be sure, to recognize me thus, and I am bound to feel honored, but I am wedded to my art and care nothing for the life at the Court."

"Let me think it over, my dear mistress," replied the maid thoughtfully, "perhaps I can help you."

Now it happened also that Laura was known at the Court, by one prominent member at least—the King's Fool, called Shakesides—and was secretly in love with him, although they had little opportunity of meeting. She, therefore, the next morning, sent to him and arranged a rendezvous. The Court Jester was delighted to be again with one he so much admired and responded with no unfeigned ardor. Laura, after telling him the cause of her concern for her mistress, inquired of him the King's greatest weakness. "His vanity," replied the Fool. "As I suspected," said the maid. "We must give him a chance to use it and it may be necessary that you assist me." The Fool promised her everything, even though it might cost him his head, for what lover would not, under the enchantment of so sprightly a girl.

Then at Laura's command they sat themselves on a rock, the better for her to compose a message in writing to be delivered to King Theodosius—the gist of which was in this wise: That the happy recipient of the Royal Invitation was most honored and grateful to have such favor bestowed upon her and only could wish—although in the most humble spirit—that the day of her felicity might not be made so distant. In fact, though very humbly, indeed, she would be on hand the next evening, if she might, out of admiration and respect for his Majesty.

"But," ejaculated the Buffoon, coming suddenly out of a reverie of admiration, "on the night you speak of Theodosius gives a grand fete in honor of the Ladies of the Palace." "So I have been informed," responded his fair companion. "Now, all that I require of you is to see that this message reaches our noble King and you shall have the pleasure of again seeing your Laura one day earlier than you had reckoned upon." And with that she bestowed upon the Fool a kiss and skipped back merrily to her mistress.

* * * * *

The grand fete in honor of the distinguished ladies of quality was at its height. In splendor and magnificence it was without comparison. The wonderful gardens in which it was held presented a scene that would delight the senses of the greatest connoisseur of luxury that ever lived.

Over and above the gay throng sat King Theodosius. He sat alone, for his good Queen Theodora, whose seat by his side was vacant, was unhappily indisposed on this great occasion. She had retired with one of her nervous headaches. Proudly he sat in view of all and accepted with becoming dignity their salutations and obeisances. He was one keenly susceptible to Beauty and of a truth was well accommodated in this particular on this occasion, for every variety of beauty pre-

sented itself to his view and each lady in her heart believed that she eclipsed every other lady in beauty, in figure and in the magnificence of her costume and the jewels that adorned her.

But was his Majesty wholly content, surrounded thus with so much splendor and charm? Not he, a ruler though he was. These beautiful and fascinating creatures, bowing and complimenting him, always appealing to his vanity, failed to overcome a discernible uneasiness on his part that some might have called expectancy.

At last a page approached, and it was announced to the King that another guest had arrived. The Lord Chamberlain himself was sent as usher to this newly announced guest, and in a few moments reappeared with a lady on his arm, who approached the throne with graceful mein and courtesied low before the King.

He advanced to meet her, although pausing on the way a moment to inquire of his Royal Messenger if it were indeed the Beauty. There could be no doubt of it. He had seen her himself.

So the King bade her welcome in courtly style and himself conducted her to his own table for the banquet about to begin.

Who was this stranger? All eyes were fastened upon her as everyone stood waiting for the King to be seated. But none could give the slightest explanation. She was a woman apparently in favor with the King and a woman apparently of great beauty, although they could only surmise the latter, for with her rich costume she wore a head-dress of the Egyptian style with a veil that covered the upper half of her face. But among all the curious gazers there was one who could not take his eyes off the pair.

This was Shakesides the Jester who, if you had observed him closely, was trembling in every limb.

And so the feast began, and the viands served were of the rarest variety and delicacy. Many a bottle of Ruinart gave up its effervescent soul in pledges of long life to his gracious Majesty.

But withal the mirth and gaiety was not as great as it should have been. The presence of this mysterious woman, holding the seat of honor, had a strange influence over the spirits of all the Ladies of the Court, and the men were in turn affected by so much indifference to revelry on their part. She, on the contrary, was quite at her ease, and laughed gaily at every wise speech that fell from the King's lips, and ate and drank everything before her with evident relish and satisfaction.

No one noticed Shakesides the Jester, but his appetite was assuredly impaired and he was shaking like unto an aspen leaf. He perceived the deep interest the King displayed in his fair companion, and she, on her part, appeared no less delighted in such agreeable company.

At length the tables were removed and all walked about the gardens, and games and

(Continued on page 21)

DENMAN THOMPSON'S GREAT AMERICAN ROLE

THE character of "Joshua Whitcomb" was an inspiration to Denman Thompson, but the scheme and scope of "The Old Homestead" was the development of an idea that had been long dormant in the comedian's mind.

For many years Mr. Thompson had been convinced that his talent was confined to the portrayal of Irish and Negro characters. He had made a tremendous success as "Uncle Tom" as far back as 1857. A very clever dancer and the possessor of one of the richest of brogues, he had played dozens of Irish characters to the delight of thousands of people.

An unfortunate attack of rheumatism sent him to bed, and while in bed, racked with pain, the character of "Joshua Whitcomb" came to him. The idea of placing the simple, kindly old man on the stage, as rugged as the granite boulders of the New Hampshire farms: quaint and shrewd, with honesty stamped through every fiber of his being.

The character as finally formed, was not an imitation of any particular person, but it assembled and combined the traits of several whom Mr. Thompson had known and studied in his earlier years. The plays of "Joshua Whitcomb" and "The Old Homestead" grew around this dramatic creation.

There was no attempt at thrilling stage effects, no striving for strained attitude of players in well-nigh impossible situations, but in place of all these, there was translated to the theatre the life of the New England farmer as it actually exists.

Thousands upon thousands have witnessed this play again and again, and many more thousands will see it at the New York theatre Sept. 5th, where it will be presented on a scale of unusual scenic magnitude.

Every engagement of the "The Old Homestead" attracts many of this class for its purity of purpose and ennobling influence and it has received the enthusiastic praise, not only of the religious press, but of many of the clergy who have strongly advised their parishioners to witness the play.



DENMAN THOMPSON

He has created the ideal character in American pastoral life and it will be a classic of the future.



SUMMER LAUREATE CARPS ABOUT THE ETERNAL FEMININE

Then do not, prithee, run such risks,
When beauty dares the ocean
On board a mighty ship,
It may be that the motion
Will blanch her cheek and lip.
But though they treat her kindly
The officers aboard
Do not adore her blindly;
Her charms are quite ignored.
And yet the men on duty
Are mortals at the best;
How can they be to beauty
More callous than the rest?
It needs no Eastern cad
To give the answer true:
"The liner she's a lady,"
A jealous lady, too.

Oh, Phyllis dear, I beg of you
To take a friend's advice,
If this I hear be really true
About your keeping mice.
The dangers of the sport attract,
Or so some writers say,
But have you thought how you would
act
If mouseie got away?
How if some caller unawares
Should meet a gruesome sight.
A rampant mouse upon the stairs
And Phyllis dead of fright?
Then do not, prithee, run such risks,
Recall your sex, my own.
Keep tigers, cobras, basilisks,
But leave the mice alone.

ALTHOUGH the market is now almost entirely professional, the fact that it remains generally firm is significant. It has, too, to present the novel feature of a rise in stocks along with heavy advances in the grain and cotton markets. Heretofore, it has almost invariably been the other way; when the natural products went up, railroads and other stocks reacted, and it is a very hard problem now for the old conservative died-in-the-wool operators to accustom themselves to any such new regulations as the law of supply and demand has ordered at this time.

The reason is plain enough, although comparatively few seem able to comprehend the enormous vantage ground this country now enjoys. Our crops in nearly every department promise to be larger than the average and the demand abroad for them is assured.

Meanwhile, as we have pointed out before, there is every indication of an increase in business, at any rate no falling off—and how can good stocks go even temporarily to a lower market. True it is, that while in professional hands a raid may be successfully operated from time to time, but it can only be momentary at the most. If such occurs, we regard it as safe to buy.

The public now enjoying itself at the mountains and seashore, is soon coming back to town with some renewal of confidence. They have had scares and lessons "a-plenty" in the last year or two, but the spirit to make money easily and display one's sagacity in buying and selling is the predominating one, although it may lie dormant for a time.

And with growing confidence the public will, before election even, take a decided hand and give good support where it rightfully belongs.

Another curious feature is that there is reported an actual scarcity of stock. It was said last week that no Smelter preferred was to be found on the street and the Guggenheims could practically put the stock where they pleased.

Also Reading is another stock that is being carefully salted away.

Altogether, conditions seem to favor the continuance of bullish operations on conservative lines, especially for a long pull, and this is chiefly owing to big crops being assured.

There may be a collapse in wheat before long, but it would have a good effect on the market if such were the case. False enthusiasm and overbuying are invariably harmful and just now should be quickly ruled out to maintain the confidence of legitimate buyers.

But cotton is a purchase on any reaction. It is worth to-day at the mills 10 cents a pound on actual demand. Atchison appears strong and has recently been bought in quantity by Kuhn, Loeb & Co. U. P. and L. & N. are not to be neglected, while "Mop." in which there is said to be a Wormser interest, seems really low in proportion to other stocks in the same class. B. R. T. has been tipped for a false rise, but this is spectacular. Pennsylvania is good for a long pull, but will probably experience a reaction first.

It may be wise to wait and come in later

FINANCIAL

after the market has determined more fully its strength, but we do not see how, if conservatively bought now, good securities can fail to yield you a profit before the snow flies.

ON THE STREET.

The Standard Oil Company has declared a quarterly dividend of \$5 a share on the 975,000 shares of capital stock issued. This payment is the same as for the corresponding period last year, but the three dividends of this year aggregate only 38 per cent., as compared with 32 per cent. up to this time last year.

The Grand Trunk dividend for the past half year has been announced. The company will pay in full on the 4 per cent. guaranteed stock, carrying forward £4,300.

A sharp rise in the price of Interborough Rapid Transit yesterday caused a revival of the rumor that a closer relationship was pending between that company and Metropolitan. Interborough closed last week at 135 and yesterday touched 143½, its high record price.

The stockholders' committee of the New York, Ontario and Western Railroad held a meeting yesterday and sent out a notice to all the stockholders of the road that a suit would be begun to compel the dissolution of the voting trust. The committee has fought the voting trust before with little success. The committee alleges that the voting trust,

which elects eight of the thirteen directors, controls only forty shares of preferred stock.

The last three days have been the hottest of the year, and corn is immensely benefited. No reports have come of any damage anywhere in the State. There has been much moisture and the corn can stand a week of hot weather.

TOM TICKER.

Answers to Correspondents

M. S. S.—No, we cannot advise you on a risk such as you are considering.

H. B.—We regret that it is impossible to violate our rule of not giving the names of brokerage houses in this column.

C. S.—The failure of the Stock Exchange concern to which you refer was indicative only of injudicious management and does not show any radical change in the market.

W. D.—Atchison common is now selling lighter than the preferred on a percentage basis.

LOOKING AHEAD.

First Mosquito—Why are you biting that man. He isn't bald.

Second Mosquito—No, but I want to worry him bald for next year.

ITS LIGHT FICTION.

Blithers was found by his wife reading his gas bills.

"What are you doing, Blithy?" she asked.

"Only perusing light fiction," was the reply.



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(Continued from page 18)

dancing were introduced. But the spirit that should have predominated was lacking. The ladies persisted in gathering in little groups and there was great shaking of heads and much shrugging of shoulders and still none of them were the wiser or the better pleased.

This change in the atmosphere could not remain long unnoticed by the King, and he was inclined to show his displeasure that all should not be in equal vein with himself.

Meanwhile Shakesides was wandering mournfully in and out the crowd with a face like a deathhead. His eyes always wandered back to the mysterious woman. And now he sees her gazing earnestly into the eyes of the King and her face is very close to his. The Clown felt like sinking into the earth. Can it be possible he is conducting her now to the throne to place her beside him as his Queen! What sacrilege! Shakesides was beside himself. And now He was attracted by the laughter of ridicule that was plainly audible from the various groups. This then was too much for mortal woman to stand.

By an unknown force he was drawn to the throne. The lights were swimming before his eyes. When was this woman to display her boasted wit and fool the King? How long this farce to last.

"Ah! Now to a merrie jest," cried the King. "What do you know, Shakesides."

"Nothing," replies the fool wearily.

"That is neither a quip nor a jest," said the King. "What am I paying you for?"

"This good man seems to have pledged your health quite frequently to-night," demurely remarked the lady at his side.

"Good man, indeed!" spoke up the fool.

"What now!" said the King, "show our distinguished guest how wit may change a fool into a sage."

But Shakesides could only wag his head.

"What evil spirit possesses my people this night?" roared the King. "I'll put a stop to this! Here, my Lord," calling to his Lord Chamberlain, "I call enough! Show our guest to the apartments in which she is to reside and announce to this noble assemblage that she will be formally presented at court on the morrow. My orders have been obeyed?"

"Yes, Sire,"



She was turning to go; a look of supreme pleasure on her countenance.

"No, Sire," almost groaned the Jester, thus butting in; "your orders have not been obeyed. She whom you seek is not here. She," pointing, "dare not life her veil!"

"What hoax is this!" thundered the King.

"Now has my wit returned," spoke the Fool, who, now that the ice was broken, appeared to take heart, "for here we have a joke that you, Sire, can well appreciate and laugh

with all of us. This grand and noble lady is a serving maid. An actress, I will admit, and one right clever, a match for even the King himself in wit. Let me now show her to her lodgings, not apartments. 'Tis most becoming duty for a Fool."

The King's countenance was a sight to behold. In spite of his august presence, the Court, and especially the ladies, were in almost an uproar at the words of the Fool, and at this turn of affairs it looked as if the little Maid was going to fare the worst of all. After hurling a stinging "Idiot" in undertone at the emboldened Jester, she turned to the King and lifted her veil, but kept her eyes down-cast.



"Sire," said she, "the good man speaks true. Do with me what you like. I have won my wager that to-night I would sit at table with the King. But I have not succeeded in making my escape at the same time. I humbly ask your Majesty's pardon—I can do no more, unless you would take me into your service."

She looked very pathetic and bewitching standing there to receive the judgment of the mighty Monarch in the presence of the expectant crowd. A silence fell over the scene. All waited for the King to speak. What could a sovereign say in such a position.

There was but one thing to do. Take the Fool's advice.

"Yes," said the King, "you have won your wager and at the same time have rendered a pleasant evening to your Sovereign, and a service. Your little sojourn here has been the means of showing to me my friends in their true colors. Your pardon is granted, girl; now run along and never again be a foolish maid."

So Laura, escorted by the King's Jester, instead of the Chamberlain, left the Palace.

And the Actress appeared the following night in "The Cigarette Girl;" for the King had had enough of actresses to bother his head more about them, but thereafter diligently applied himself to affairs of State. And her name became famous throughout the land.

So she remained "wedded to her art," until one day she changed her mind, as every woman does, and became wedded to a man.

But it still remains an open question what Laura would have done had it not been for the Court Jester whom she did not marry.

BALZAC, JR.

EVART'S WIT.

The late William M. Evarts, sometime leader of the American bar, had a farm in Vermont where swine were bred with especial care. He once sent a barrel of pickled pork to the historian, George Bancroft, with this letter: "I am glad to send you two products of my pen to-day—a barrel of pickled pork and my eulogy on Chief Justice Chase."

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Lee Shubert's Adventure

Lee Shubert of the Casino, who brought over the manuscript of "Taps," the new musical comedy for that playhouse, arrived on the "Kaiser Wilhelm." He was arrested when about to leave Germany for having in his possession plans of military fortifications on the frontier, which are to be used in the staging of the new play, but was subsequently liberated.

Walter Henry Rothwell, who comes from Bayreuth to be the musical director of Colonel Henry W. Savage's production of "Par-

sifal," in English, also was a passenger on the "Kaiser Wilhelm.

A CITY GRADUATE.

Miss Skeen—Where did you graduate from, Mr. Gill.

Mr. Gill—From the school of pharmacy.

Miss Skeen (with surprise)—Is it possible. What a strange choice for a young man brought up in the city! But if I remember rightly, your grandfather was a farmer, too.

In many of the hotels in Switzerland there are two wine lists—one priced for the English and the other for the Germans. The German list is thirty-three per cent. cheaper than the English.

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THESE particular August days in the olden time used to be known as the "dog days." And for Mr. Lowlman and other New Yorkers who have felt obliged to remain in town they may be known as anything that signifies a lull in proceedings and an anticipation of coming events. We are looking forward perhaps, first of all, from a local standpoint to what the amusement Kings are going to bring forth for our entertainment and intellectual delight. The season in a week or two will be upon us and Broadway will again awaken to the tread of the boulevardier and the siren and blase countenances of those who must be amused in order to taste the true joys of life. Rehearsals have been in progress for some time and during the past week some of the playhouses have opened their doors. Mention is given of these in another column. For next week BROADWAY WEEKLY announces a special Theatrical number in honor of the opening of the season of 1904.

ANOTHER EVENT of even greater importance—since it includes this group of the populace merely as a matter of detail—is the approaching election of a President of the country. Preparations for this are likewise in progress, and both sides, we believe, expect a close and warmly contested campaign.

Our petulant contributor, The Porcupine, has expressed some rather forcible truths in connection with this ever since his quills began to spatter ink over our columns—and by no means the least of which is the Democrats have certainly some work cut out for them and duties to be performed this year that cannot be handled in any way but with good judgment and intelligence. This is a truth, indeed, and truth, after all, is that which the majority is always seeking and which, when found, is, of all aims, the most satisfying.

And yet we fully believe we cannot repeat the Porcupine's warning too often before election—if we desire the well-merited victory for the Democratic candidates.

ALREADY we have heard the cry go up of a lethargy and a not-knowing-what-to-do on the part of the Democratic forces. There is also a rumor gaining ground—because it is not quickly rooted out—that the South and West are sulking because of patronizing tendencies on the part of the Eastern Democrats. If any germ of this sort does exist let them quickly be anathematized! The Democratic party, we regret to record, registers in its historical career, some political blunders which can be attributed only to the sheerest stupidity. But surely it has profited by experience by this time.

THIS is an investigating and truth-seeking age. The rank and file to-day are reading more, investigating more, and are anxious to learn more than ever before, and many of them are becoming as enlightened on many subjects as some of their so-called leaders in the political world. In such a fertile field as this it would be painful if the husbandman failed to reap a harvest because he failed to get in his planting early. These should be golden days—days of opportunity. The seeds of instruction and enlightenment should now be in the ground if we are to count the necessary number of ballots next November to elect Judge Alton B. Parker to the Presidency.

APPARENTLY with a full realization of the needs of the country, the whole Democratic party, with past differences forgotten, came together and selected a candidate for their President, such as any American could name with becoming pride as the Executive Head of our

nation. A man by intelligence and training fitted to alone harmonize with the utmost fairness all factions of the party into the one general idea of government by the people. The Democrats want still further than this. As we have pointed out already the selections made for the important offices of the National Committee were admirable—all men of known ability. The Democratic party has done this much. Is it now going to rest on its laurels and expect that the campaign button and the increasing ranks of the Lawyers' Parker and Davis associations are going to seat Judge Parker in the White House on March 4?

HE is a man of courage, yet prudent; of high ideals, yet without pretense; of the most wholesome respect for the Constitution and the majesty of the laws under it; and a sacred regard for their limitations; of the keenest sense of justice, which would rebel against compounding a wrong to an individual or to a nation; positive in conviction, yet of few words; strong in mental and moral attributes, and yet, withal, modest and reserved; possessed of a sturdy constitution and magnificent manhood, and yet temperate in his actions and dignified in his demeanor.

THESE are terms in which Mr. Davis spoke of Judge Parker in his powerful speech of acceptance last week. In point of fact, can any words point out more effectively the character of the man?

With so much that is at hand for liberal instruction to the public, the dangers of imperialism, of the growing and life-absorbing power of the trusts, of the gradual but surely turning of this country into a plutocracy—all these things are of the utmost importance and the Literary Committee should know how to handle the situation or appoint those who do know. Let the people know the facts.

IT would be well for the managers of the Democratic campaign if they would bear in mind the fact that, while they have been highly honored by the party which has entrusted the fate of the Presidential candidates in their hands, that they also owe a duty to the party. It matters not that they do not get any immediate or material reward for their service, but they are expected to carry on the work of campaigning as if it were their own business alone. They have candidates of great personal worth, and their election is the hope of the party—indeed, the latter may be said to be on trial for its very life.

AFTER another defeat—then the deluge. For the great body of workers who have formed the heart and soul of Democracy since its birth, cannot be expected to bear up any longer with the conditions. For many years the laboring classes and common people have been practically without representation, owing to the inability of the leaders of the Democratic party to get together and formulate issues which would appeal to the independent voters. If defeat comes again, then it means the arrival of another party. What will it be?

JUDGING by the silence of some of the men who were anxious to have Judge

Parker elected, it looks as if they should be called to account sharply. What is the redoubtable Hopkins of Illinois doing? The same question might be asked by Chairman Taggart of several other enthusiastic ante-convention spirits. Indeed, the men who were at first opposed to the nomination of the Esopus jurist seem to be working hard, which makes the indifference of others all the more marked. It must be said with all due respect to the clever men who are in charge of headquarters that they should forget that they come from the West. If they intend to win the East, they must remember that all trains here run on schedule time, and that minutes are accounted more valuable here than hours in the glorious and sun-kissed West.

IF even at this late date the State Committee would arouse from its dreamy condition and begin a fusillade upon Prince Odell and all his works, it could carry the National and State ticket to victory. It has become apparent to those who know the present methods of the State Committee, that the entire organization should be overhauled. It has got into a rut. For some years the Democratic members from the up-State districts have merely looked upon their membership of the body for an

excuse to run down to New York, take in the sights, and spend pleasant hours in the lobbies and cafes of the Hoffman House.

THEY should examine the hustling Tammany methods of running a campaign, and take a few hints from Thomas F. Smith, Warley Platzek and the real workers who are seldom heard of but who do yeoman work for victory. In June, 1904, Tammany began literary and preliminary preparation for the election of a mayor, although no one had been decided upon for the nomination. They started in on Prince Odell and his gang, who had used the State as a mere source of personal gain.

AND, gentlemen, the rank and file of the party in New York will not stand it much longer. The City has been fighting the cause of up-State Democrats for years and winning victories. When the offices are given out, the up-State men get the lion's share. Now they must do something to help out, or get out of the running in favor of younger men from their own districts. A visit to the State headquarters, until William S. Rodie became the head of the establishment with the support of Judge Parker, would throw a laughing hyena into paroxysms of despair.

HENRY G. DAVIS' GREAT SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE

THE following excerpt from the speech of acceptance of the nomination for Vice President should be scattered throughout the land. These are grains of wisdom from a statement noted for its brevity, common sense and truth:

"In the campaign preceding the last election much stress was laid by Republican speakers upon the prosperous condition of the country, and forebodings were heard of the ill results, especially to the laboring man, which would follow any change in the political complexion of the Government. It is true that the times then were good, but it is no less a fact that, while there has been no change in the party in power, many of the evils prophesied have come under Republican rule. Four years ago factories, mills, mines and furnaces were in active operation, unable to supply the demand, but now many are closed, and those that are open are being operated with reduced force on short hours. Then wages were high, labor was scarce and there was work for all. Now work is scarce, many wage-earners unemployed and wages reduced. The apprehension which now prevails in business circles and the present unsatisfactory industrial conditions of the country seem to demand a political change.

help which produce the finest private characters and form the base of the best possible government.

"The receipts of the Government for the year ending June 30, 1902, the first fiscal year of the present administration, showed a surplus over expenditures of \$91,000,000, but for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1904, instead of a surplus there was a deficit of \$41,000,000. From the 1st of July, 1904, to August 10, or for about a month and a third of the present fiscal year, the expenditures of the Government have exceeded the receipts by \$21,715,000. There could be no stronger evidence of the extravagance into which the Republican party has fallen, and no more potent argument in behalf of a change to the party whose tenets have always embraced prudence and economy in administering the people's affairs.

"Our Republican friends are prone to refer to the great commercial growth of the country under their rule, and yet the census reports show that from 1850 to 1860, under Democratic rule and the Walker tariff, the percentage of increase was greater in population, wealth, manufactures and railroad mileage, the factors which affect most largely the prosperity of the country, than in any decade since.

"The cost of Government has largely increased under Republican rule. The expenditures per capita for the last years respectively of the administrations given, taken from the reports of the Secretary of the Treasury, were as follows: In 1860, under Buchanan, \$2.01; in 1893, under Harrison, \$5.77; in 1897, under Cleveland, \$5.10; in 1901, under McKinley, \$6.56; in 1901, under Roosevelt, \$7.10.

"The Republicans now claim great consistency in their attitude upon the currency question, and the President, in his recent speech of acceptance, said that they know what they mean when they speak of a stable currency, 'the same thing from year to year,' and yet in the platforms of their party in

1884, 1888 and 1892 they favored the double standard value. In the platform of 1888 they said: 'The Republican party is in favor of the use of both gold and silver as money, and standard of value. In the platform of 1888 they condemn the policy of the Democratic administration in its efforts to demonetize silver.'

"I congratulate your committee and the constituency it represents in the selection by the delegates to the National Convention of the nominee for the Presidency. He is a man of courage, yet prudent; of high ideals, yet without pretense; of the most wholesome respect for the Constitution and the majesty of the laws under it, and a sacred regard for their limitations; of the keenest sense of justice, which would rebel against compounding a wrong to an individual or to a nation; positive in conviction, yet of few words; strong in mental and moral attributes, and yet, withal, modest and reserved; possessed of a sturdy constitution and magnificent manhood, and yet temperate in his actions and dignified in his demeanor.

"It is not the orator or man of letters, but the man of reserve force, of sound judgment, of conservative method and steadiness of purpose whom the people have called to the office of the Presidency, notably in the contests between Jefferson and Burr, Jackson and Clay, Lincoln and Douglas, Grant and Greeley, and Cleveland and Blaine.

"With a candidate whose personality appeals to the good sense and sound judgment of the American people, a platform whose principles are for the greatest good to the greatest number, and a reunited party earnest for the restoration of good and economical government, we should succeed and the principles of Democracy again triumph.

"I beg my countrymen, as they value their liberty, to guard with great care the sacred right to local self-government, and to watch with a jealous eye the tendency of the times to centralize power in the hands of the few."

CHATTER ALONG THE GREAT WHITE BOULEVARD

BY THE BOLOMAN.

AM I glad to finish with summer snaps in the city by the sea and drift along the Great White Way trapping dolls again? Well, I should emit a top "C." Yet, why all the managers are fighting shy of us chorus men just now looks serious for the few of us who are compelled to stay up stage and make daffy motions with our hands while we fill in the harmonies that are always missing in the front row of show girls.

"You, of course, find a few freaks from the last century among the chorus men," continued this youth whose ambition to become a primo tenor had long faded into the mists of the dim and dusty past, "but you can find about the same brand of freaks among the flaxen flashes who elevate satin gowns at intervals and exhibit to the bald-headed Johnnies an occasional view of silken stocking. Besides, we sing or are compelled to get off the band wagon. Do the so-called show girls or even their less lucky sisters who only wear short skirts and caper about as a sort of middle distance between the footlights and the back drop? Not by the memory of good old Pinafore.

"There is not a real voice in the entire collective outfit, and without the chorus man the fizzy buyers would rather listen to a Chinese band than hear them howling." And the young man who never reaches near enough to the calcium to cast a shadow strutted out into the night.

Isn't it almost time for some of the publicity promoters along the line to arrange a yarn about one of the front row fairies becoming engaged to a millionaire? Even horse-whipping a cabman for abusing his thoroughbred or a rumored divorce would be better than this dull silence.

"Thank heaven, the subway is completed and we can speed our automobiles along Broadway again," remarked the blonde chorus girl, as she tripped across the narrow sidewalk into the white glare of Nectar's lobster caravansary. "What will I have? Oh, nothing very much. Just a quart of Ruinart and a broiled lobster. As I was saying, I am very tired of that kindergarten of college kids who wear spectacles and talk about Nantasket beach just as if there was no Coney Island on the map.

"Say, I was engaged to one of those young fellows and he really had no more sense than one of Frank Bostock's dopey lions. He only bought me two rings and a cheap automobile all summer and me trying to be a mother—no, I mean a sister to him. But then, he was only a child, anyway. I met another at Atlantic City. One of the good old fatherly kind. You know, the kind that Ed. Rice told us ought to be encouraged. He wanted to squeeze my hand about eight hours a day and fill me with hot air instead of champagne cup—say, that's a great summer dampness, I could die drinking that fizzy stuff—and when his son came over from Philadelphia, the old

guy refused to introduce me. I wonder what he would have thought if he knew his innocent son followed me as far as Chicago when I was with Florodora. All right, another bottle and then I must get over to rehearsal.

A Philadelphia newspaper announces that the Rev. Cyrus C. Machado has made a flying trip to New York.

Now, where can the Reverend Cyrus have gone? We have watched the heavens for a sight of his flying machine and have searched the Tenderloin nightly until our goodly helpmeet threatens divorce and other dread and humiliating punishment, but the sky pilot has not been discovered. We are going to the Bishop Potter bodega in search of him next week if he does not reach Broadway by that time.

it would be delayed until the little difficulty in the Far East assumed a more peaceful aspect, but the "White Tigress of Japan" is upon us and will exhibit some sensational details of the "Yellow Peril." It appears to us that the self-styled "animal king" at good old Coney should catch this tigress before she has an opportunity of touring the yap towns.

The press agent says: "Franz von Vecsey, the boy violinist who is to be heard in this country during the coming season, is regarded as the greatest musical prodigy the world has seen in years. He is a Hungarian and is now only eleven." Oh, Fudge!!!! You should not class this child with our bright boy. Only two years old and has a voice that the entire neighborhood agrees is phenomenal.



FLORENCE THORNTON

She is playing a leading role in "Military Mad," at the Garrick Theatre, and is a beautiful and gifted young actress.

Speaking of the very Reverend Bishop's saloon, it might be interesting if Joe Johnson would explain just what he has on the bishop. He may say that Dr. Parkhurst and "Sunbeam" Erving control a monopoly on interviews that should not be printed, but we are "from Missouri."

We knew it would come soon, but thought

What is the matter with Alice Roosevelt? Surely the strenuous and versatile young woman must be ill, for nothing of importance to either herself or her overworked press representative has been unloaded on the glib editors for at least a week. She must be writing a book. If not, this idea is given to her gratuitously.

PORCUPINE'S PERTINENT POLITICAL GOSSIP

THROUGHOUT the land Democratic leaders are ready for the fray. The political battle is on, and the Republican warriors may as well prepare for a bitter struggle. There will be some hard blows struck, but the Democratic party is determined to have some say in the government of the country. Victory is in the air, and the redemption of the nation from the throes of hypocrisy, corruption and despair has been begun.

The giants of the party in the North, East, South and West are aligned in an aggressive and courageous attitude and their political swords are drawn.

PENNSYLVANIA Democrats and those Republicans who are trying to stamp out Quayism, are enrolled under the banner of Col. James M. Guffey, of Pittsburg, another member of the Executive Committee. In his own State the Colonel is known for his luck as a manager. Which means that he will fight no matter what the odds are against him if his cause is just. When he consented to take up arms this year, there was a bracing up all along the line, because the public had watched Colonel Guffey in former campaigns.

UNITED States Senator Martin, of Virginia, and Timothy G. Ryan, of Wisconsin, are two more practical men named. They will devote much time to their own States and Mr. Ryan seems to be confident that he can win out in Wisconsin because of factional differences in the Republican party and the native enthusiasm of the Democrats under the leadership of E. C. Wall, the latter having personally assured Judge Parker that he will carry the State.

NOW, without any disparagement to any of the gentlemen named, it may be said that Chairman Taggart placed at the bottom of his list that of the man who is likely to be more active, more diplomatic and strategic than all the others—former United States Senator James Smith, Jr., of New Jersey, who is better known in his native lair as James the Second. Since his retirement from the Senate, Mr. Smith, who is in the prime of life, has devoted his time to his extensive business interests and family. The exception was his appointment as receiver of the Shipbuilding Trust. Mr. Smith is no ordinary man, and he proved to be no ordinary receiver. There was nothing perfunctory about his official acts, and the commercial world marveled when he incurred the wrath of J. Pierpont Morgan. Politically, the Senator held New Jersey in the hollow of his hand until the McKinley cyclone. When the Democratic party discarded his advice, he just stepped aside. One of the great sources of his strength is the most absolute confidence which the

manufacturing and financial classes place in his judgment. In normal times, Mr. Smith simply beckons and thousands of the Republican voters support the Democratic ticket.

NEW JERSEY, for thirty years after the War, with one exception, was rock-ribbed in its Democracy. Senator Smith had hoped that if Mr. Cleveland was nominated, the State would again be the star in the firmament of States, and he now considers that by careful management it will do so. His opinion is that the deciding factor in New Jersey and the rank and file have answered the roll call readily. With a good candidate for Governor, the ticket should sweep the State and elect a United States Senator to succeed John Kean.

THE most potent issues which may be charged against the Strenuous One are: Imperialism; enmity to the basic Constitution of the United States; favoritism to those who indulge in hero worship; an absolute indifference to the great economic questions of the day; the condonation of corruption by those in office; truculency to the trusts and financial powers for the sake of reelection to office, and an almost childish love of rocking-horse chivalry.

ALREADY there are rumblings of discontent over the management of the State campaign. Judge Parker's friends are justified in their complaints. In an ordinary year the neglect would simply fall upon those who deserved it, but in this Presidential struggle the National ticket should not be endangered by the trickiness of any professional politician who rules a section. It is greatly to be feared that Judge Parker's chances will be seriously hurt by the condition of things in Brooklyn.

NOW Brooklyn cannot be relied upon absolutely. It is a very treacherous quantity in a political contest. The actions of Brooklyn leaders have on more than one occasion defeated the State and National tickets. It will need the united efforts of every district leader and worker in the City of Churches to see that Judge Parker's vote is fairly counted. Coney Island is now a part of Brooklyn Borough, and it is a matter of history that several leaders were sent to jail because of their treachery to the Cleveland ticket many years ago. Such a lesson ought not to be lost upon those who are now stumbling blocks in the way of Judge Parker's path.

THERE is nothing ornamental about Chairman Taggart of the Democratic National Committee, and he has proved so far to be the most easily approachable Chairman the Committee ever had. A genius for detail is one of his qualities, and it may be admitted that there is little

likelihood of anything going on during the campaign that he does not know about. The virtue may be called a wireless politicoscope. He carries it with him everywhere and needs no operators. His telepathic power controls, but is not controlled. So that Mr. Taggart may be able to find out what is going on all over the country without the objects under treatment knowing anything whatever about it.

THERE are people working in Judge Parker's behalf who were never associated with any political organization before; and they may be able to do more effective service than any of the regular workers. It is to be hoped that all such will keep on with the good office. One man not connected with any party machine can do more than a quartette who are tied to it. These volunteers are the men who elect Presidents, because their enthusiasm is honest and from a patriotic source.

THE Democratic National Committee should have the speech delivered by Henry Gassaway Davis, the Vice Presidential candidate, sent broadcast throughout the land. It is the best statement of practical Democracy which has been issued so far. It is but natural that a man of the sagacity acquired in years of active life—more strenuous than the present President will ever experience—should be able to make such a clear and sensible analysis of what the Democratic party stands for. Although it does not contain more than 1300 words, they are full of fact and wisdom. The party could have used it as a platform, and Mr. Davis has proved that the Spartans were right in the attitude they assumed towards old age. Indeed, he would have made a Presidential nominee of great strength. On another page will be found extracts from Mr. Davis's utterance to the Committee which waited upon him in West Virginia.

IF there was any doubt of Theodore Roosevelt's proclivities as a Man of Destiny, the unprejudiced opinion of Israel Zangwill, the great English author, would dispel it. It speaks for itself: "Already Roosevelt has a following of adorers in every country greater than any man has commanded since Napoleon, while his more impersonal ambition and his unfaltering devotion to ideals of righteousness and justice have put him on a far higher plane than the arch-warrior. Who can say that posterity is not destined to witness his apotheosis?" Now, will you be good! This utterance should be published everywhere throughout the land. Mr. Zangwill takes care to include "every country." The admiration of monarchially ruled people may lean towards Roosevelt, but on this issue there should be a definite and everlasting reply from the American people.

PORCUPINE.

MISS EVA TANGUAY'S REMARKABLE POSES



This series of photographs depicts Miss Tanguay's remarkable talent for striking and featurisque poses. If the face is the index of the mind, Miss Tanguay is a most cheerful person. No successful picture of this

clever soubrette can be taken except by a moving picture equipment. The movements are electric like in their rapidity and she is never in repose.

By hard work alone has she earned her claim

to popularity, with a large following, and they will be greatly pleased to learn that she is to star this season in a new play by Harry B. Smith, called "My Sambo Girl." It will be produced on Broadway this season.

CHICOT'S CAUSTIC COMMENT ON VAUDEVILLE

AMONG other light literature for summer reading is to be heartily commended that diverting document rejoicing in the some



what bald title of "No. 1846, or an Act to Regulate the Keeping of Employment Agencies in Cities of the First and Second Class Where Fees are Charged for Procuring Employment or Situations."

The author, a gentleman by the name of Finch, upon the title page gives credit to the Committee on Affairs of Cities for valuable assistance, but it is evident that the major portion of the credit is due him—providing he knew what he was about—for some side splitting bits of comedy.

Perhaps, after all, he builded better than he knew and permitted a desire to be known as the Servant Girls' Champion and the True Friend of Labor—excellent lines for campaign purposes—to lead him too far afield. In his anxiety to permit no employment agency to escape his net he has dragged within its measures a surprising catch.

In the language of the bill the term "employment agency," as comprehended in the act, "includes the business of keeping an intelligence office, employment bureau or other agency or office for procuring work or employment for persons seeking employment where a fee or privilege is exacted, charged or received" for the service. The only exception specified is agencies exclusively for the engagement of school teachers.

Under the law all places designated in this act are required to make application for a license for which an annual fee of twenty-five dollars is charged and furnish a bond in the sum of one thousand dollars to guarantee the fulfillment of the requirements of the act. The bond is subject to forfeiture to unsatisfied judgments obtained through violations of the statute. Doubtless this is a wise and necessary measure as applied to the institutions contemplated in the spirit of the law, but in his eagerness to prevent any dodging of the issue, Mr. Finch has unwittingly dragged into the matter several classes of business not known, apparently, by the drawer, and certainly not to be classed in the same category as an institution for the supply of servant girls on the instalment plan. Surely Mr. Finch could have no idea of the vaudeville business when he provides that "if an employee furnished fails to remain one week in the situation, or if the employer discharge the employed within that time," other employee or employment shall be furnished or three-fifths of the fee returned."

The proud and haughty vaudeviller who

throws up his job after the Monday matinee because the hour of his appearance is not of sufficient importance, is a sufficiently unpleasant figure of vaudeville as it is; but fancy the result under the new condition of affairs when the disgruntled actor canters around to the agency to insist upon a job of equal importance, while over the telephone comes a request from the manager that a sane person be sent to replace the striker. Surely Mr. Finch could conjure up no picture of a desperate vaudeville agent vainly seeking to ascertain the sum of three-fifths of five per cent. of a week's salary for one performance, else he would have included the vaudeville agents with the school teachers' employment store.

Another body blow is struck when another provision of this ingenious humoresque decrees that the agent shall furnish two certificates of good character from responsible persons. Surely the provision of a thousand dollars bond is hardship enough without requiring the impossible of certain agents.

At least one agency will be driven to strange devices by the declaration that "no such licensed person shall send or cause to be sent any female help as servants or inmates to any questionable place . . . or to any house or place of amusement kept for immoral purposes." That practice known as "working the wine room" is generally required at this agency of its "artist," and here, at least, the bill serves a good purpose, but on the other hand more reputable concerns will be sorely hit by the clause which prohibits any agent from dividing fees with contractors or other employers to whom applicants are sent. Clearly the bill was framed during the life of the late Vaudeville Managers' Association.

Another clause which may or may not reflect the famous Lamkin-Moore war in Detroit when each was trying to secure the other's acts, declares that no such person shall induce or attempt to induce any employee to leave his employment for the purpose of obtaining other employment through the agent. It is such bits as these which leave the reader in doubt as to whether the author unconsciously dragged the vaudeville agents into the complication or did so knowingly and willfully.

He may, at least, prove an alibi through other sections which declare that every agent must keep a register in which shall be entered the date of application for employment, the name and address of the applicant, and whenever possible the names of previous employers. A similar register is kept of employers who apply and a double check system of receipts is also required to be given while bi-monthly inspections are provided for, save in the case of agencies exclusively for the employment of those holding clerical or technical positions where men only are employed. Toward the end of the volume the author began to show a glimmer of sense and qualify a too

sweeping classification; but he still leaves the agents in the employment agency class and, for instance, places Charles Frohman in the unpleasant position of being subject to the bi-monthly intrusion of an inspector keen upon knowing whether or not the Napoleon of the Drama is keeping his promise to pay Maude Adams her salary regularly. Of a truth, this Mr. Finch is a rare humorist.

The bill seems to be the product of an uninformed person who is seeking to effect certain reforms and has unwittingly included in his list of victims persons and branches not contemplated and even unthought of. No reputable vaudeville agent or manager would find the twenty-five dollar fee a hardship nor will he object to the imposition of a tax or the furnishing of a bond provided such things be legal. But he does seriously object being placed in the same class as the employment agency, and it is surprising that some concerted action has not yet been taken by the theatrical managers and agents to upset this foolish and uncalled for legislation.

A well-known lawyer expressed the belief that no court would sustain an appeal taken from this law in so far as its application to the theatrical business is concerned, and a theatrical lawyer, such as William Grossman, would probably secure the release of the vaudeville agents from this provision. The city authorities have no resource but to enforce the law as it stands and under this ruling the Commissioner of Licenses has already begun to round up the delinquents. There are more than one hundred vaudeville and variety theatrical agents in this city alone and a moderate tax upon each for legal defense would speedily undo the damage the illuminated Mr. Finch has wrought. Vaudeville agents are not clubby as a rule, but this is an instance where all should stand together.

The trouble seems to be that an obscure person with a pinhead cranial development has assumed himself to be master of a subject of which he knows little or nothing. That there are certain roads to evil existing in the agencies for the supplying of domestic help and other forms of unskilled labor is readily granted, but having come into possession of this self-evident fact, the framer of the bill should have confined himself to matters whereof he had knowledge. Excepting, specifically, agencies for the employment of school teachers and waiving the bi-monthly inspections in the cases of agencies employing only skilled men, he evidently imagines that he has exempted from hardship all save those institutions he has sought to reach. Instead of this he has blunderingly entangled agencies for the employment of skilled and special labor and persons of acknowledged artistic standing in the same category with the employment agency as he, in the limited light of his intellect, understands the matter.

(Continued on page 17)

THE MARRIED SOUBRETTE HOME ON BROADWAY

NO, I haven't been to Saratoga, and you know that I don't travel on any false pretense any more than I sport false hair or ivory made molars.

I'm not ashamed that I was lucky enough to be able to pay my way at Sheepshead for the summer. I notice that Edna Wallace and a lot of other stars did a turn at Will Grover's continuous on days that I would not leave my hammock for the best front row that ever came down to Pike, and I don't forget "Florodora" either.

It would need a book to tell all my troubles, but everybody along the line was so de-light-ed to see my sunburnt face that I won't dwell upon them here. I had not been in town an hour before I had five offers, including two from George Lederer and Ed Rice, both for parts. Reggie says he won't mind me working this season, for things are awful bad on the curb, and even such society people as Mrs. Woodend have to go on the stage to help out with the flat expenses.

MAY ALL WEAR TIGHTS.

TALKING about Mrs. Woodend, I wouldn't be surprised to see some of the Astors, Vanderbilts, Gateses, Lewisohns, Schwabs or Freddie Eddie McKays having to do stage stunts if the bad times keep up.

They tell me the swell society boys around the Metropole and Rossmore are all broke. So why should I be too proud to wear tights when the Newport crowd takes chances.

Anyhow, I'm back from the woods to dear old Broadway, which I love quite as much as Edna May, the other Edna, or any in my line of business.

MAY IS QUITE LITERARY.

MAY MCKENZIE was the first my eyes set upon as I ran into the Knickerbocker soda fountain to get some make-up; and I never saw such a change in my life in any girl. May affects to be real literary now; and the report got around that she was Marion the Maid until I squelched it. A friend of mine who used to room with Billy Sill, and who works on the Telegraph, told me Marion's real name.

Why, the girl never uses anything unless it is real English. You ought to see her note paper! Just like what the Hampton Court dowagers use.

THE DEAR NEWSPAPER BOYS.

WE all had quite a shock when we heard of the changes which some managers had made in their press arrangements for next season, or rather this. You know, the good wishes of the men who jolly the newspapers is half the battle with a poor girl who has to fight her own way in this world.

Well, when I was told that Gus Lane would not be with either Weber or Fields I nearly wept. I revived, however, when Max S. Weber told me that Rennie Wolf was to be the autocrat of the picture gallery.

Now dear Billy Sill has the whole Lew Fields outfit all to his lonelies. Maybe the

girls won't be happy. Billy is a true friend and he is the Darling of the Chaperon Alumni. We do not come much under the eye of Channing Pollock yet, but he is to be the uncle of all the Shubert sisters, cousins and aunts. He looks all right, but you can never tell by looks nowadays.

IS MAZIE A DUCHESS?

I GOT a letter from Mazie Follette from London last week. She is with the Savage "Prince of Pilsen" company and says if her dreams come true she will not see old Broadway for many years. She is likely to rub shoulders or elbows with the Duchess of Roxburgh and her of Marlborough.

Mazie did not get justice here and she is only coming to her own in King Edward's

Williams and Walker Here

WILLIAMS AND WALKER, the colored comedians, are at the Grand Opera House for two weeks, and those who love the coon song in its glory will be delighted with the native abandon of the cakewalk, and will find amusement and diversion without end. Jessie A. Shipp and Will Marion Cook have written a play for these two comedians of originality, which they call "In the New In Dahomey," and this is the medium by which Williams and Walker are raising storm after storm of uproarious laughter.

There are those who contend that a colored



AURIE DAGWELL

Known as "The Girl of '61," whose singing of old time songs has won great popularity for her.

England. I won't say whether it will be Lady Mazie Montmorency or Lady Mazie Vere de Vere, but it will be something quite as blue blooded.

Sincerely,
MRS. REGGIE MORNINGSIDE.

Newlywed—I don't understand your extravagance!

Mrs. Newlywed (sweetly)—But you forget, dear, that before we were married I didn't have the money.

man does not make a good comedian because he is so prone to sink his own naturalness and individuality into an effort to be studied and precise. In other words, he would rather speak lines than sing or dance in the genuinely inimitable manner of the real Southern darkey. Williams and Walker are an exception to the rule, and that explains their success. They do not pretend to act, but depend for their living upon good singing and originality in musical effects and costumes. Williams is the chief fun maker of the duo.

TALE OF THE CITIES—NO. 2. BOSTON

BY ETHEL B. MACKAY.

YOU have heard of those college boys that shout "Raw! Raw! Raw! Raw! Raw!" along Commonwealth avenue, and in the prescribed precincts of the only Back Bay just to show the visitors to the "Hub" that they are followers of John Harvard and only half baked. To me this kindergarten of students who scream about the city streets at night about the "Crimson" and other foolishness are almost ready for the funny factory where they train on Hasty Pudding and baked beans. Yet they are a part of Boston, and the natives are proud in their artless New England way of the men who crowd the best athletes out of the 'varsity boat race, while the men from the first families, whose ancestors participated in that famous tea party something more than a century in the dusty past fills space in the boat. A sample of the brains that is found among the rowing enthusiasts at Cambridge is shown by the following conversation between two sophomores.

Cholly Commonwealth (viewing the start of one of the scrub races)—They're off.

Billie Beacon Street—Naw, they ain't, they are all sitting backwards,—and one of the football coaches fainted just as the fact that is patent to everyone outside of Harvard splashed across his cerebrum in a moment of almost human intelligence.

"Why does not Harvard put the best material obtainable in the 'varsity teams?" is the question that is asked scores of times during the athletic season, and "Because they ain't belonging to Boston" is the correct, yet ungrammatical, reply. Is it any wonder that Yale outclasses the intellectual pygmies at the seat of learning in Boston.

This same spirit of local supremacy domi-

nates every act of the native Bostonian, from Thomas J. Lawson, the speculator-yachtsman-writer to the humblest resident of Nahant or Marblehead.

If you cannot trace your ancestors back to the never-to-be-forgotten days, when boys played soldiers on the Common and administered that historic twist to the tail of the British Lion, you are an interloper.

Lawson of Boston says so, and the man who tried to break into the New York Yacht Club with a jimmy, a badly written book, and an equally ineffective scow, designed by a Bostonese, surely ought to know what constitutes good society at the Hub.

And that yacht of Lawson's, that product of the haughty and conceited Crowninshield, was indeed a wonder. Surely, if that energetic man, he of the three thousand dollar pink (or was it three millions), really intended in all seriousness to build a vessel worthy of defending the America's cup, he would have gone to a naval architect of prominence and received in return for his outlay, a craft that would not sail like an old female crab, which the Independence certainly did, even under the master hand of Hank Haff. But Lawson was impregnated with the importance of that hamlet that lies the other side of Cape Cod and wanted everything about the craft to be Bostonian. Well, he got it, and the Independence exhibited all the excellent qualities of a hay-stack in the races off Newport, where she was permitted by courtesy to sail against the Columbia. Yet—she was all Bostonese from the gilded truck to the bottom of her bronze fin that flirted with flounders some twenty feet below the surface of the sea.

A wonderful city is Boston. It is said that

a stranger traveling upon any street of the city in either direction will finally reach the Common and strange as this may appear, it is a fact. As in the days of old when all roads lead to Rome, every by-way and cow-path in the town of Boston leads to that patch of green appropriately named the Common. This wonderful place, which, by the way, is one of the sights of the village, is almost as large as Paradise park or, possibly, with a stretch on the imagination, covers nearly the area of Bryant Park. To the native of the Metropolis of Massachusetts, this bit of withered grass is fully as important as is Broadway to the civilized community. Yet no one who has viewed both places makes a comparison between them. Even the little cow-paths that lead to the Common are narrow, dark and necessarily crooked streets.

Occasional visitors to Boston have averred that they can shake hands across Tremont street, and by actual measurement the famed Washington street, the local environment of Old South Church, is still narrower. Other streets in Boston that bear imposing names and are considered among the great business streets of this self-conscious village, strongly remind a New Yorker of Baxter street or the Five Points, and yet the superior Bostonese, with a sublime indifference to the rest of the universe, proudly poises his or her spectacles on the top of his or her upturned nose and drifts through life as though scorning all earthly things outside of Boston.

This is the home of the patriots who show you Bunker Hill monument, Old South Church, the Common, and exhibits to the world the method of training college athletes that lose in nine-tenths of the competitions in which they enter.



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BROADWAY WEEKLY
225 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

AN AMERICAN GIRL'S TRIUMPH IN LONDON



MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT (MRS. FORBES-ROBERTSON.)

THERE has not been any instance of earnest and lasting success on the part of any American artist who has gone abroad in years to compare from the viewpoint of success which has fallen to the lot of Gertrude Elliott, now the wife of Forbes Robertson, one of England's foremost dramatic stars.

Miss Elliott was a modest, painstaking and

studious actress until she left these shores, but she had not reached the star's goal.

In England she continued her work, and when she appeared in the leading role in "The Light that Failed," or Ophelia in "Hamlet," and other difficult parts, she achieved an undoubted success.

The American actress has chosen well to

all the physical and mental qualifications, and has developed temperament to a high degree.

She will be seen here again with her husband shortly. The picture reproduced here is a summer study of Miss Elliott. It was taken by Lizzie Casinall Smith of Oxford street, London, of which city Miss Robertson is now a resident.

PLENTY OF GUBERNATORIAL TIMBER FOR



WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME



DANIEL S. LAMONT



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.



COLONEL JACOB RUPPERT.



JAMES

MOCRATS TO SELECT A CANDIDATE FROM



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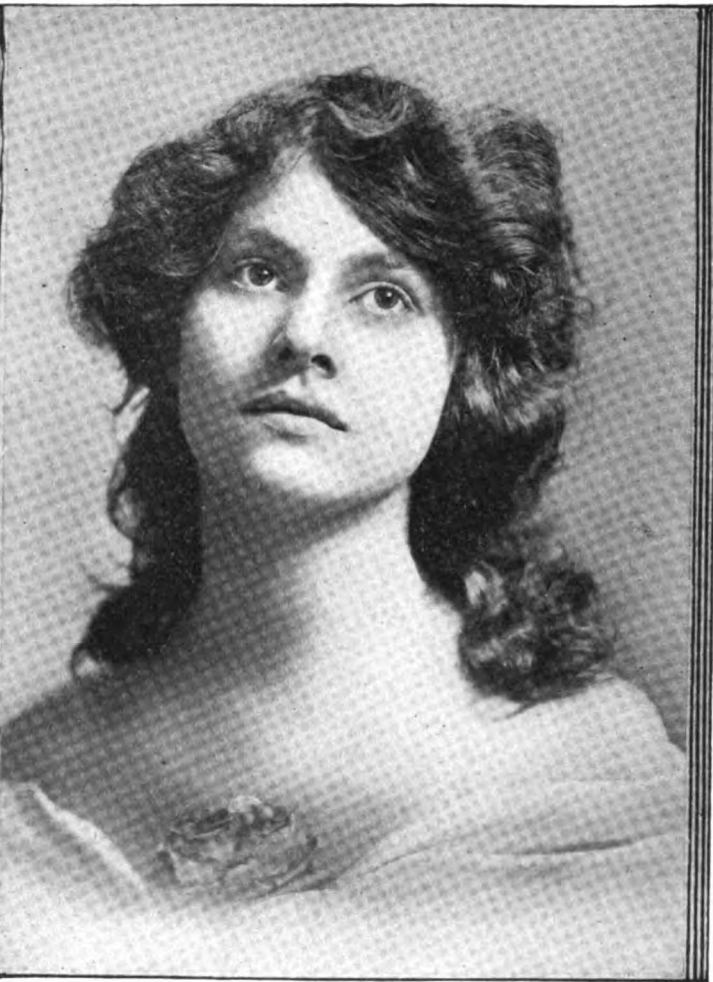


JOHN D. CRIMMINS.



EDWARD M. GROUT.

PHOTOS OF HELEN MILLER AND IDA EVOR



Two of Klaw and Erlanger's clever young women.

THE young woman to the left is Helen Miller, who is a member of the forces of Klaw & Erlanger. She has done some good work under this management and is very ambitious. Ida Evor, the young woman on the right is to appear with the Roger Brothers in "The Rogers' Brothers in Paris." Both photographs are by White. It means much nowadays to be a member of Klaw & Erlanger's companies, because a girl must be thoroughly equipped in every way: be a good single and dance; know something of dramatic effect and also—be handsome.

HERE IS "THE GIRL FROM KAY'S" AGAIN

THE attendance at the Herald Square Theatre since the opening of its season with "The Girl from Kays," demonstrates that the adaptation is still as powerful a drawing card as it was last season. The original company play with a vim and freshness which augurs well for its good fortune on the road, where it will now proceed to make a tour of the large cities.

The company is evenly balanced, and the attraction is a happy combination of a funny play, witty dialogue, clever artists, and cheerful music. Sam Bernard with his quaint personality; Hattie S. Williams, one of the best soubrettes of our stage, and a chorus and scenic equipment of merit, will assure large patronage for the play on tour.

AS a preliminary test of its effectiveness the new piece of the Rogers Brothers is being produced in Buffalo. It is only fair to withhold comment until the formal opening

of the present season of this remarkable couple occurs in New York. The judgment of those who have seen it, is to the effect that it is even more picturesque and attractive than any of the series. "Rogers Brothers in Paris" is almost certain to be a financial success, because of the excellent company, and the pick of the best dates, which the company always secures through the powerful management.

This will be the seventh annual tour of the Rogers Brothers, and there has never been a ruffle on the path of their continued and extraordinary luck. It is known that Mr. Erlanger personally keeps his watchful eye upon the fortunes of this attraction, and as he is an unusually vigorous and versatile man, the largest meed of praise must be awarded to him.

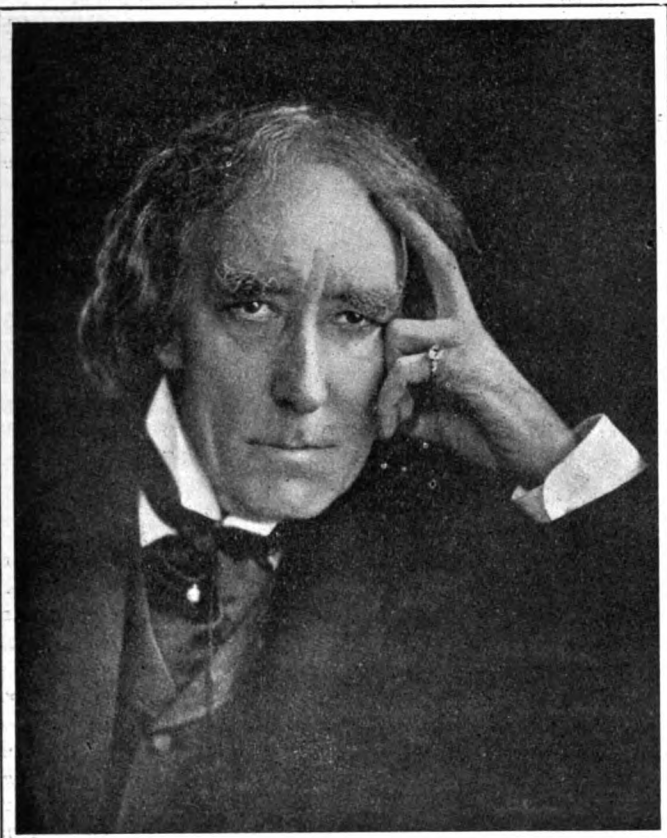
The company numbers 125 people. The larger part is made up of the prettiest girls

yet seen with this company. The following is the cast of leading principals:

Rudolph Cahn.....	Gus Rogers
Adolph Finkleiner.....	Max Rogers
George Hamilton Dodge.....	George Austin Moore
P. Sarshfield Kallher.....	John Conroy
Walter Lee Leonard.....	Fred Niblo
Justin Little.....	Joseph Kaine
Leo, the Lion Tamer.....	Louis B. Foley
Pierre Gorot.....	Frank Young
Marjorie Kelliber.....	Josephine Cohan
Emilie Lamson.....	Dorothy Hunting
Rene Renaud.....	Emily Nice
Clairette Soulo.....	Bessie De Voie
Francis.....	William Torpey

The first two acts are laid in Paris and the third in St. Louis. The scene of the first represents the famous Bal Bullier in the Latin quarter. In this scene a remarkably faithful reproduction of a students' ball is presented. The scenes of the second act represent the gardens of the Tuileries, the Rue de Rivoli and the Place de la Concorde. The third act scene is a great stage picture of the Hagenbach Zoo at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

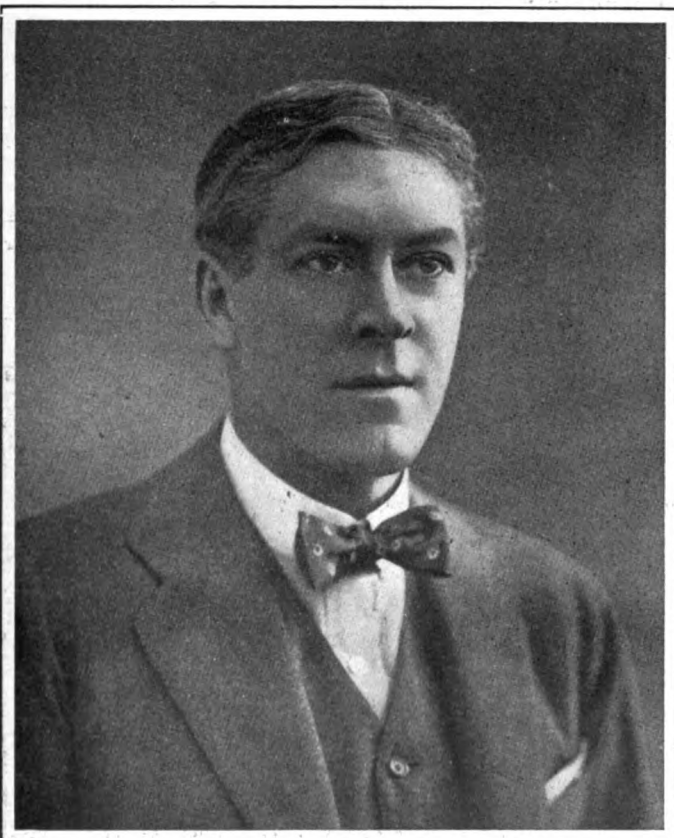
FOUR GREAT ACTOR-MANAGERS OF LONDON



SIR HENRY IRVING.



LEWIS WALLER.



GEORGE ALEXANDER.



FRED. TERRY.

These men are the most prominent men in the theatrical profession in all England. All but Alexander and Terry have visited this country. It is expected, however, that the latter will be seen here soon. They are eminent as actors and successful as managers and have a large following.

EARLY GALLOPS OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON

AMUSEMENTS

Academy of Music—"Checkers."—August 22.
 American—"The White Tigress of Japan."—August 27.
 Belasco—"Sweet Kitty Bellairs."—September 3.
 Broadway—"A Little of Everything."—September 5.
 Casino—"Piff, Paff, Pouff."—
 Criterion—"The Dictator."—August 29.
 Daly's—"The School Girl."—September 1.
 Empire—"The Duke of Kilicrankie."—September 5.
 Fourteenth Street—"Girls will be Girls."—August 27.
 Garrick—"Military Mad."—August 22.
 Grand Opera House—"In Dahomey."—August 27.
 Harlem Opera House—"The Little Prince."—September 5.
 Herald Square—"The Girl from Kay's."—August 20.
 Hudson—"The Lesson."—September 12.
 Knickerbocker—"The Madcap Princess."—September 5.
 Lyric—"The Royal Chef."—September 7.
 Majestic—"The Isle of Spice."—August 23.
 New York—"The Maid and the Mummy."—
 Princess—"Jack's Little Surprise."—September 1.
 Savoy—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."—September 3.

THE WAR BROUGHT HOME.

THE struggle between Russia and Japan, now deluging Manchuria with blood, and creating intense interest and amazement in the entire world, affords abundant material for spectacular effects and dramatic situations, of which Mr. Charles A. Taylor would seem to have taken unusual sensational and picturesque advantage in his new melodrama of love and war, entitled "The White Tigress of Japan," which was presented for the first time at the American Theatre, Saturday evening, August 27.

The play is produced by manager Wm. T. Keogh and is divided into five acts, which are successively located in Japan, China, Corea, Manchuria and St. Petersburg, and a skilled and hertofore unusually successful hand has made its effort to sensationally fill the wide stage and scope of the plot with the most impressive and realistic spectacular effects, accompanied by thrilling melodramatic situations and climaxes, action of the rapid fire order, and strong characterization of markedly distinctive and racial individuality.

"CHECKERS" AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THANKS to the common sense management, the Academy of Music bids fair to be as profitable a combination theatre as the Grand Opera House. All the attractions are of the popular order, and after a good season on Broadway, any lively and dramatic offering can make a supplementary run at the downtown house.

"Checkers," which was one of the sensational successes of the last season, has returned to the Academy of Music, and Thomas W. Ross, who becomes a star with the production of the play, is again at the head of

the company. With its celebrated race scene, it is a play of contemporaneous human interest. In this day of popular priced houses, the old Academy is likely to get its full share of patronage this year.

END OF THE ROOF GARDEN SEASON.

MANAGERS of the roof garden and open air resorts have good reason to be congratulated with their success this year. The roof garden form of entertainment had fallen in popular favor, but the managers have overcome this by arranging their auditoriums so that rain or shine—moonshine—they can make their patrons comfortable. With the evident satisfaction of so many persons to remain in town during the summer, there may always be a certainty of enough people to fill everyone of the roof gardens.

Concerning the places at the nearby shore, it is hard to say whether they resulted in great profit. The increasing opposition and competition, and the enormous expense of conducting such resorts make them a very uncertain proposition. Before the Ides of March, we are to have several more of these immense expositions. They afford employment to hundreds of second and third rate performers, on the staff, and they are thus kept off Broadway.

EXPERT SUICIDES.

"But do you think you can support a wife?"
 "Of course. Why, we've been engaged for two years."

"Well?"

"Well, if I can buy flowers and chocolate for a fiancée for two years and not go broke I can surely support a wife!"

"MILITARY MAD" A HIT.

"MILITARY MAD," another of Leo Dietrichstein's adaptations from the German, produced on Monday night, was a hit. It is of the cleverly constructed continental farce type and proved to be an opportunity for Ida Conquest to dominate the performance. Henry Donnelly played a burger part with unction and the adapter himself was amusing as a gay officer flirt. Thomas Wise, generally good, had a part which did not suit him. The remainder of the cast was equal to the demand made upon it.



SCENE FROM "GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS"

Al. Leech and the "Three Rosebuds," (Roma Snyder, Gladys Claire and Christine Cook), in an effective scene at the Fourteenth Street Theatre

Chicot's Caustic Comment on Vaudeville.

(Continued from page 8)

The Keith people appear to have a peculiar faculty for getting into trouble. Having been relieved of the incubus of the Vaudeville Managers' Association through the refusal of the vaudeville managers to associate, an extension of the Keith Circuit has been arranged to the end that the Keith offering of time might loom respectably beside the opposition. Buffalo, Cleveland and Pittsburg are cities in which Keith theatres are to be located and performers who have been accustomed to receiving an increase of some twenty-five per cent. in salary for their Western engagements are being bluntly told that in future they must accept contracts at the same salary paid in New York and Boston. Quite a number are now holding out for proper terms and if the Keith Circuit grows much more extensive without growing more liberal, it may mean the formation of a new White Rats organization, and the White Rat is not an emblem of good luck to the Keith Circuit. Of course, some of the Keith theatres may be like the Princess Theatre in London, "in process of reconstruction," but if Mr. Keith accepts Horace Greeley's advice to go West, he must be prepared to pay an increased salary to the same quality of talent. If Morris Meyerfield sought to engage performers for the San Francisco Orpheum at the prevailing Keith figure, that prosperous venture would promptly go out of business. The Orpheum's liberality to its patrons and performers has been the secret of its success; therein lies a lesson and a moral.

The Mansfield-Wilbur sketch, "The Shadow," at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre, marked a new departure in American vaudeville. The sketch, like the Davis-McCauley sketch "Pals," is pure melodrama, but unlike the earlier offering, is an original effort and not a copy of John Lawson's earlier success. It involves no breakage of an entire stage setting which renders it more easily handled on a vaudeville bill, and it offers an absolute change and novelty from the mistaken identity sketches which formed so large a part of the vaudeville farces. There have been other attempts to introduce melodramatic offerings in vaudeville, but these two are the first to gain establishment as recognized vaudeville successes, and of the two the Mansfield-Wilbur offering promises to work the greater reform.

It is purposed in the succeeding issues of THE BROADWAY WEEKLY to present reports of new acts in vaudeville and other matters of critical and news import of interest to vaudeville readers. THE BROADWAY WEEKLY in its new form enjoys independence not always possessed and every effort will be made to treat vaudeville conditions fully and fairly. Performers are invited to send in items of real interest other than the announcement of their weekly engagements.

EPES W. SARGENT,
(CHICOT.)

Several New Productions

Two new productions will be brought to New York at an early date. They are "Woodland, the Pixley and Luders' forest fantasy, and "The Sho-Gun," the Korean comic opera by George Ade and Gustav Luders. Charles E. Evans has been engaged to play the leading role in "The Sho-Gun," and Harry Bulger is now playing the principal comedy part in "Woodland." The "Sultan of Sulu" and "Peggy from Paris" will both start the season in August in Brooklyn. There will be two "Prince of Pilsen" companies. One is now playing in the Shaftesbury Theatre in London, where it will remain indefinitely; the other will tour the United States, opening in Brooklyn early in September. Wallack's Theatre, New York, where "The County Chairman," George Ade's quaint comedy, played last season, will be reopened September 1 with the same attraction.

The Western "County Chairman" company will be headed by Theodore Roberts, who will play the title role, and George Thatcher, the veteran minstrel, who will play the role of Sassafras Livingston. Mr. Savage will make several new productions during this coming season, the titles of which have not yet been made public. William P. Carleton, one of the best-known baritones on the stage, has been engaged to sing the role of Leopoldo in "The Yankee Consul." Carrie Perkins has been engaged to sing the role of Hi-Falot in the George Ade-Gustav Luders comic opera "The Sho-Gun." The Korean opera will open the

season in Boston and will then go to Wallack's Theatre, Manhattan, for an indefinite engagement.

Henry W. Savage's Tasks

Mr. Henry W. Savage's part in theatricals the coming season promises to be strenuous. The season of 1904-'05 will be a busy one for him. He will have at the beginning of the season eleven traveling companies in addition to the Garden Theatre at New York City, the Studebaker at Chicago and the Shaftesbury at London.

The first new production this manager will make will be George Ade's newest comedy, "The College Widow," a satire, without music, on modern college life. This will be produced at the Garden Theatre, New York, September 5. Mr. Savage's magnificent production of "Parsifal" in England will be offered to the public for the first time in Boston, October 17. Wagner's great masterpiece will be given in English exactly as at the Metropolitan Opera House where it was sung in German. The first company to open the season will be "The Yankee Consul," the Blossom-Robyn opera, in which Raymond Hitchcock is starring. This piece will open in Chicago at the Studebaker Theatre, August 8. Mr. Savage's famous English Grand Opera company will go to the Pacific coast this season and will open the season early in October in Brooklyn.



Queen Louise Face Massage Cream

FOR SALE by all prominent Department Stores, Drug Stores and Barber Supply Houses in the United States. If your dealer cannot supply you with The Queen Louise Cream, order direct from us giving his name, and upon receipt of 50 cents for a 3-oz. jar, or \$1.00 for the 6-oz. beautiful crystal jar, we will send you by express prepaid, The Queen Louise Cream, together with a beautiful illustrated book giving full directions how to use the Cream for Facial and Body Massage.

BEAUTIFIES, soothes, invigorates, refreshes and cleanses. Will remove wrinkles, blackheads, tan, sunburn and other facial blemishes. It produces a velvety, clear complexion. It is used by all the leading society ladies and prominent actresses.

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N. LOPARD & CO., Inc.
NUMBER 705 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY



JOSEPH WEBER
is ready for the opening of his first season in sole management.



SCAR HAMMERSTEIN is consistently maintaining his reputation for offering the best vaudeville talent that can be procured for money. An unusually good programme for him is being presented at the Paradise Roof Garden. Now a mechanical novelty called Enigmarelle is being shown. It is a life-sized figure which is said to do everything but talk. Frederick Ireland is the inventor.

Miss Della Fox will appear on the stage under her old management—that of Sam S. Shurt. The articles of agreement have been executed to that effect. Miss Fox will appear at the Princess Theatre late in September in the musical piece, "The West Point Cadet." According to letters received from London, Elvira Nilson will not be compelled to play authors' matinees or in the queer performances of the Ibsen plays, for at least a year. It has been decided by Charles Frohman that she will play the title role in "Letty," the A. Pinero play when that piece is brought forth at the Hudson Theatre on Monday, September 12, with William Faversham as the hero, supported by his wife, Julie Opp.

Indications seem to point to the fact that Joseph Weber and Mr. Ziegfeld intend to elect Broadway next season with dazzling chorus costumes. At least letters received

from Mr. F. Ziegfeld, who is now in Europe, say that the patrons of the Broadway Music Hall will have the privilege of gazing upon some startling innovations in choral costuming.

Will S. Rising, the well-known actor-singer, aside from his artistic career in opera and drama, is interested in an artistic venture of bas relief portraits in papier mache, and has associated himself with a sculptor and painter of rare talent, Sig. Fiorella. They have a studio at No. 34 West Forty-fourth street and exhibit many objects of art in sculpture as well as in paintings from the brush of this clever Italian artist.

Another important engagement has been made by Klaw & Erlanger for their musical comedy stock company, which is to be permanently located in New York at the new Liberty Theatre in the autumn. The latest acquisition is Miss Virginia Earle who will play opposite parts to Miss Fay Templeton.

An entirely new vaudeville bill is being presented at the New York Roof Garden. Mme. Schell and her performing lions give a highly interesting entertainment. Zimmerman, an expert juggler; the elder Lukons, and Frazier's international dancers, complete the programme. Guerrero continues in "Carmen."

Flo Irwin, a sister of May Irwin, has been engaged by Henry W. Savage for the "Sultan

last season, will play the role of Colin, the principal boy, in Klaw & Erlanger's Drury Lane spectacle "Mother Goose" the coming season.

Miss Mable Taliaferre, who has made such a hit in the cast of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," has been selected for a prominent role in support of the Italian tragedian, Signor Ermete Novelli, for his American tour next season.

E. S. Willard, whose autumn tour commences August 22, has made arrangements with Messrs. Howard and Wyndham, Limited, to open the New King's Theatre, Glasgow, Monday, September 12.

Burt Dasher, for many years identified with the late Charles H. Hoyt, and a beneficiary in the latter's will to the extent of \$10,000, is at present very ill at a sanitarium in Indianapolis.

Contracts have been signed between Charles Frohman and J. C. Williamson whereby Annie Russell goes to Australia for a fourteen weeks' engagement next spring.

Blanche Walsh will make her second appearance in "Resurrection" in New York early in September. This will be followed by a brief eight weeks' tour. "Resurrection" has probably evoked more comment than any other serious drama in many years.

George Thatcher, the veteran minstrel, will play the role of Sassafras Livingston, in the western company, presenting George Ade's quaint comedy, "The County Chairman."

"The Prince of Pilsen" has met with such a cordial reception at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, that its run is continued for an indefinite period.

Fritzi Scheff has begun rehearsals in "The Two Roses," the new comic opera in which she will appear next season under Mr. Dillingham's management.



TRIXIE FRIGANZA
She has just returned from London where she made a big hit in "The Prince of Pilsen"

Neva Aymar, the comedienne, singer and dancer, with the Rogers Brothers' company of "Sulu" company for this season.

Sibyl Carlisle will join William Gillette's company again this season in "The Admirable Crichton." Since playing here last season she has been appearing with Sir Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore in London.

The Sothern-Marlowe combination has begun rehearsals for "Romeo and Juliet" and "Mush Ado about Nothing."



LEW FIELDS
He is about to achieve a long cherished ambition and be a lonely star

FRANCES ROCKEFELLER KING

Miss Frances Rockefeller King is one of the few talented girls of the stage who can always be seen in a Broadway production, and is not of necessity compelled to undergo the inconveniences of one night stands that many of her less talented and beautiful co-workers are obliged to do. Miss King is pretty and has an unusually good voice and a face and figure that stage door chappies have worshipped—from a distance, of course.

Miss King who, by the way, is entitled to the name of Rockefeller for the reason that she is the grandniece of the noted millionaire, William Teal Rockefeller, of Albany, has filled every important position on the sunny side of the footlights, from chasing a spear in the "merry merry" to the proud distinction of prima donna, with a mortgage on the star dressing room. Her well cultivated voice and unusually handsome presence is a potent attraction that draws many dollars to the front of the house and incidentally various cart-loads of flowers to Frankie's boudoir that adjoins the mimic world and calcium section.

With all of these attractions Frankie is thoroughly in touch with the moulders of the public opinion, and although she employs no press agent, is almost certain of flattering notices, no matter what part she is cast for.

The accompanying photograph was taken in principal parts in "The Runaways," in which production she entertained Broadway theatregoers in its earlier productions. The other photograph shows Miss King in the costume of her part in "A Man from China." These photographs, which are really excellent reproductions of Frankie's classic features, clearly exhibit one reason for her popularity among the well-groomed men and handsomely gowned women who alike patronize Broadway



Miss King is now greatly praised for her ability in character parts, and is studying very hard to advance herself in her profession.

FRANCES ROCKEFELLER KING

places of amusement.

Miss King has again accepted a position in a production on the "Great White Way" for the coming season. During the summer months she has been recuperating at Atlantic

City and Cape May, although it is said that she has, through her brokers, taken an occasional flyer to the market and is even now holding some desirable options in Metropolitan.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Mme. Calve suffered a sunstroke last week in London which would have resulted seriously had not medical aid been immediately had.

Joseph Brooks' production of C. T. Dazey's new play, "Home Folk," whose theme is taken from James Whitcomb Riley's poem of the same name, will be presented in New York on Christmas Day, after two weeks at Philadelphia. The production and cast will be notable ones.

Zeffie Tilbury will continue with Viola Allen next season and will have an important part in "A Winter's Tale."

Klaw & Erlanger's "Ben-Hur" will open an eight week's run at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., the first week in October.

William Gillette's new play may be called "Clarice." He may play only ten weeks in this country next season in "The Admirable Crichton."

Miss Ethel Barrymore is ill with tonsillitis in California. It is expected that she will be able to resume her tour in two weeks, opening in Denver.

Charles B. Jefferson is arranging to send out "Shadows of a Great City," because it did so well last season, and has re-engaged some of his former company.

Charles Dalton, an English actor, whose American reputation is identified with "The Sign of the Cross," and Louis F. Massen have been engaged to support Nance O'Neil next season. A. M. Porter will stage the productions.

Among the players engaged to support Cecilia Loftus in her new play by Zangwill, "The Serio-Comic Governess," are her sister (Katherine Loftus), Julia Dean, Earl Ryder,

Charles Standing, Kate Patison Selton and Eva Vincent.

Arnold Daly has been so encouraged by his success last season with "Candida" that he is now making preparations for George Bernard Shaw's play, "You Can Never Tell."

Joseph Jefferson, Jr., and William Winter Jefferson are planning a tour to the Pacific Coast for next season. It will be their first venture as stars in that territory.

Klaw & Erlanger will bring out next season, a fairy extravaganza entitled "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," whose scenes are laid in a Vermont village and in Bermuda.

The company supporting Miss Amelia Bingham on her tour through the south and middle West, will be practically the same as won such high encomium last season. In addition John E. Kellard and Jos. Kilgour have been engaged. It is Miss Bingham's intention to inaugurate a new era in the South so far as stupendous productions are concerned.

FINANCIAL

IF you sell short of the market now, you may possibly strike the favorable moment of the expected September reaction. If you stay long you are likely to score more points in the end—if you keep your margins protected and do not allow yourself to be frightened by the set back of 3 or 4 points in price. It is at all events the safest side to be upon and the pessimists have experienced trouble enough in trying to locate the "top" during these early days of another general rise in the price of securities. For several weeks we have been endeavoring to demonstrate our reasons for a belief in a better market and higher prices. The latter have been steadily maintained. Even the most conservative minds on this all important subject are admitting it as an assured fact. The "talent" is going to take a hand at demonstrating and in a very few weeks, too. And the "talent" usually buys—be it remarked—out of habit, perhaps, but in the present case it would be decidedly "lamb-like" to go short of the market. Stocks are now and have been for some time in the strong boxes of strong hands. In a general advance of this kind and especially at the beginning of it, all the stocks do not move up uniformly—some of the best, in fact, may not receive their proper attention until later, while the first favorites may score an advance of many points. Such seems to be the situation of the market at the present time. Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, Metropolitan and some others have taken the lead, and if conservatism is to govern your operations these must be looked upon now as uncertain quantities—but good enough to be bought on any marked decline. There seems to be a feeling in regard to Southern Pacific and Union Pacific that certain prominent interests in the street have recently profited greatly by already foisting a boomlet of indigestible securities on an unsuspecting public. However, the advance in both these stocks may be, as far as relative consistency goes, is a matter better known to the insiders. It is a fact, however, especially in Southern Pacific, that vast sums have had to be spent in improvements and that a really wonderful development of order has been established out of the chaos of one of the most intricate of railroad systems. The road can now be said to be in a greatly benefited condition and it is even stated that stockholders may look for dividends in about a year from this time.

Our advice just now is not to dream of nor attempt to become a Morgan—a Gates—a Keene—or a Harriman. These men are too advantageously equipped with all the sinews of this particular kind of warfare—but you may share in a natural appreciation of values if you will look well into the good specialties and play conservatively.

TOM TICKER.

NOTES.

There seems to be a desire on the part of Governor Odell to want his money back from his gamble in the Shipbuilding Trust.

Interborough Rapid Transit may be regarded as a rising young favorite. In the past six months it has scored an advance of over 50

points, which is decidedly phenomenal and perhaps rather too "rapid."

Erie first preferred offers one of the best investments on the list. At present quotations it yields above 6 per cent. on the investment and is certainly well secured.

There continues to be increasing rumours about great damage to the wheat crop, and while no doubt these are in many cases exaggerated the present price of wheat and the many confirmations are enough to show that this crop is not to be a record breaker for 1904.

Cotton holds firm and is likely to advance.

MINING NOTES.

It is well known that Colorado is one of the richest depositories of the precious metals of the world and now we hear of a discovery of gold in the Red Mountain district through E. S. De Golyer, a practical miner and mining engineer of many years' experience, who has recently returned from a prospecting tour there in the interests of a syndicate of Boston capitalists. He reports that "This mountain is simply a storehouse of wealth," and predicts that in a short time, through the locating of such fabulous bonanzas, that Colorado is again to experience a mining boom such as has not been witnessed there in years.

Conservative estimates declare that the monthly production of \$2,000,000 from the Cripple Creek district is "in sight" for at least ten years.

The continued finding of radium bearing deposits of pitchblende in various mining districts of Colorado is resulting in an added interest to mining speculation in that already prosperous State.

Neglected a la Mode

IN a corner quite neglected,
In a corner cool and shady,
Very weary and dejected,
Sat a fashionable lady;
While the giddy crowd around her,
And above her, and below her,
Always left her where they found her,
For they really didn't know her.
And they frivelled and they flirted,
Which, of course, extremely nice is,
And, it likewise is asserted,
They consumed no end of ices.
And they danced their gay cotillions
Mid a wilderness of flowers,
And that lady, worth her millions,
Sat and counted up the hours.
Johnnies looked, and asked each other,
Where she came from, what her name was.
If no chaperoning mother,
What the deuce her little game was.
When one thought she was a ghostess,
How they shook with laughter hearty.
But of course she was the hostess
Who was paying for the party.

The Opportunity of Your Life IS NOW OFFERED YOU

YOU have some money that is lying idle, possibly in some bank earning 3 or 3½ per cent. or possibly under your pillow for safe keeping. A life's opportunity is now offered you for investing this money, however small, and earn 50 per cent. and possibly 500 per cent., which may make you independent for life. Do you know that the richest men in the world have made their millions in mining? Do you know that mining is the best paying business on earth? Do you know that the mines of the United States are earning larger dividends than all the Railroads in this country combined, capitalized at more than one billion dollars? We are not offering a get-rich-quick scheme but a legitimate mining proposition—We are seeking people who desire a safe, honest and profitable means of investing their money. The Narragansett Gold Mining & Milling Company owns five [5] gold mines, patented and free and clear from all possible litigation. The mines are located near Telluride, in San Miguel County, Colorado—the heart of the San Juan, the richest gold mining district in the world. This Company is incorporated under the laws of the State of Colorado, with a capital stock of \$1,500,000.00. It has done all the preliminary work on its mines. It has opened up 5 gold bearing veins running from 2½ to 5 feet wide. All the tools and cars for moving the ore are on the grounds. To increase the amount of available cash quickly, so that no interruption may be possible, the directors have decided to offer a limited amount of treasury stock considerably below its par value. To those interested in investing a small amount in an honest business venture we suggest investigating these properties. We will be glad to give details as to the company and its officers that will satisfy the most skeptical as to the honesty of our statements. Space does not permit of telling all in detail but we desire to send to every reader of BROADWAY WEEKLY our booklet entitled "A Judicious Investment," which tells all and gives Bank references, showing full reliability and responsibility of this Company.

If you are looking for a wild speculation don't write us but if you have a FEW DOLLARS to invest that may be worth thousands then don't overlook this opportunity.

Only a small sum of money is needed for development purposes. When this sum is subscribed, the stock will be withdrawn from the market; we therefore advise you to act at once.

Address the
Eastern
Office

Narragansett Gold Mining and Milling Co.

MILLER & WILSON, Fiscal Agents

227 Fourth Ave., New York City

Absurd Convention

THAT evening dress, that evening dress,
The artist's hatred and distress,
Shall this be ever banished?
And shall the manly form unfold
The gleam of velvet, silk, and gold
As in the ages vanished?
It may be so, and yet we fear
(Such little taste endows us here)
Some revel weirdly shocking,
When through the dance a dandy goes
In purple doublet, scarlet hose,
Gilt shoe, and crimson stocking.

Charles Frohman's Ready Wit

A WRITER in London "Tid-Bits" tells the following interesting story about Charles Frohman. It is characteristic of the latter:

Charles Frohman, lessee of sixty theatres in England and the United States and "boss" of over 700 players, is the greatest of American theatrical managers. He was recently at the Carlton, and I called up that hotel on the telephone, asking the management to get Mr. Frohman "on the wire."

"Halloa! That you, Mr. Frohman. Can you make an appointment for an interview?"

"Can't; I'm sailing for New York to-morrow. Every minute taken. What do you want?"

"Got anything to say about English humor?"

"Heaps. They gave me a dinner the other night. Someone proposed a toast to me as 'the biggest American at present in London.' Now, I'm not exactly a six-footer; five feet is about my limit. But one of the English guests present assumed that the man who proposed the toast referred to my physical being. 'Why,' said he, 'how can Frohman be called the biggest American when he's really the littlest American we've ever seen?'"

"Good!" I exclaimed into the receiver. "What else?"

"Last night," he replied, "Mr. W. S. Gilbert called me up on the 'phone. 'Halloa, Frohman!' he said. 'How are you?'"

"First rate," I said. "But you won't see as much of me as you used to."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Lost a tooth this morning, Mr. Gilbert."

"Well, what do you suppose the wittiest man in England did? Laugh? Not a bit. He simply said: 'That's too bad. How'd you lose it?'"

"What else?" I again exclaimed into the receiver.

"Let's see. Oh! Mr. Gilbert told me a story of an American and an Englishman who were riding together along a country road. They came to a sign-post which read: 'Two miles to Leeds—if you can't read ask the Blacksmith.' Whereupon the American broke into uproarious laughter. Well, good-bye."

"Stop a moment, Mr. Frohman, please. What did the Englishman do?"

"Oh, about an hour afterward the Englishman nearly broke a blood-vessel laughing, and said to the American: 'I say, I know what you saw to laugh at in that sign-post. You were thinking, Suppose the blacksmith were not in.' Good-bye!"

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BANCROFT'S AMERICANS IN LONDON for 1904, which has just been issued, is produced with all its well-known elegance as a high-class directory, and offers something more than its usual completeness to its patrons. It gives a complete alphabetical list of American residents in London,

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"A Little of Everything"

KLAW & ERLANGERS production of John J. McNally's musical farce, "A Little of Everything," will close its run at the New Amsterdam Aerial Theatre Saturday evening, September 3. On the 5th it will open a four weeks' stay at the Broadway Theatre, which will give it a continuous run of eighteen weeks in New York during the hot weather period.

After its Broadway Theatre run "A Little of Everything" will play in the Colonial Theatre in Boston October 3 for two weeks; the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, October 17, for two weeks; the Grand Opera House in Cincinnati, October 31, for one

week, and the Illinois Theatre in Chicago, November 1, for three weeks.

The cast, headed by Peter F. Dailey and Fay Templeton, will continue unchanged. At the conclusion of the Chicago engagement, this organization will be installed at the new Liberty Theatre in New York as Klaw & Erlanger's permanent musical comedy company. A large number of widely known entertainers will then be added to the company, including Virginia Earle, Joe Coyne and Lee Harrison.

From the time this company goes to the Liberty Theatre it will not be sent on tour, but will play the entire year at this house and the New Amsterdam Aerial Theatre, in the former in the winter season and in the latter during the summer.

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"Where Angels Fear to Tread"

THERE are a number of writers who, in their lucid moments, are pretty fair musical, dramatic, sporting, golfing or automobiling experts, who let themselves loose in campaign times, and really convince editors that they also know all about politics. Two of these, James W. Creelman, an explorer who knows more about the current of African streams than he does about domestic political currents, and Gustav Kobbé, a boulevardier writer on dramatic, musical and geographical subjects, have been permitted to vent their opinions as tipsters and mind readers.

The news comes from Boston that a peculiar orchid, named the Angulea Clamcati, or the Cradle of Venus, forms an important part of the exhibition at Horticultural ball. Looks like another opportunity for Thomas W. Lawson to break into print.

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BROADWAY WEEKLY

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THIS

IS

NORMA WHALLEY

who divorced
J. Sherrie Matthews
the American
comedian
to marry
Percival,
the son of

SIR EDWARD
CLARKE

an English
Baronet

(She appeared here for
some years in musical
comedy.)



EDITORIAL

AS this issue of BROADWAY WEEKLY appears, which is devoted especially to theatrical attractions, already a number of our play-houses have passed their first nights, and the remaining ones will quickly follow. The old stars and favorites of the stage are with us again and with them some new ones—just appearing above the horizon surrounding this particular zenith of fame BROADWAY WEEKLY extends a warm welcome to them all and predicts a successful season in spite of Presidential year.

STILL the managers will have to enter upon their plans of this season conservatively. The production of a new play now-days, like everything else, has assumed enormous proportions. A failure to-day means a big one, and some method of "high finance" may soon have to be brought into force to engineer these great works unless the play writers come to the rescue with a display of extraordinary brilliancy and intuitive conception of the needs of the public and the profits thereby. To insure safety, the theatres ought to be conducted by standard Oil with the assistance of the National City Bank and the New York Life Insurance Co.

THUS all things seem to be pointing the way towards one serious climax for this country—a plutocracy. This state of affairs we are surely coming to. That it is highly dangerous to the welfare of the State and the people, any student of economics or philosophy will affirm. Under the influence of days of great prosperity, the building up of the trusts under a high protective tariff and the dazzling contemplation of being a world-power, this evil has been subtly and uncompromisingly at work. It is time that the people were getting their eyes opened. If we are to continue on the original line laid down for this great nation "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," we shall have soon to give some serious thought to what is becoming of this noble conception for a country's welfare and how to regain what is already lost or now in jeopardy.

ONE strong means of assistance is already offering itself to us. The election of Judge Parker to the Presidency in November would open the way to a return to the principles of Jefferson and Democracy, and this is first of all necessary to check the evils that are growing up fast around us. Nor are these evils perceived by the mass of the people composing both of the great parties. Our country is so great, so prosperous, so powerful in their eyes that nothing can happen to it. And so it is, but it is to themselves the harm is coming. Their liberty and very life are daily being more and more encroached upon by the greed of an unscrupulous, insatiable and unnecessary plutocracy. So deep-seated is it already that even were Judge Parker elected he would find a most difficult problem to face in this power against the wel-

fare of the Republic, but at all events the tide could be turned.

IT would be a grievous disappointment for the great body of Democrats who were encouraged by the nomination of Judge Parker, if there should be any neglect in the matter of the management of his campaign. Everything in politics as in business depends upon organization, and the smallest detail is important. The Democratic National Committee was late in getting down to work, but it is to be hoped that now the able men who are in control, will see that the big staff engaged to prepare campaign material does its work. On the occasion of every Presidential campaign, a regiment of persons all over the country flocks to headquarters, and are billeted upon the managers for several months. They are willing workers only because they are paid. Many of these worthies do very little else during the four years, unless they get some appointment under the government.



JOSEPH PULITZER

The personal editorials of the Editor of the New York World are the sensation of the campaign.

OF course, there are many very estimable fellows whose party loyalty and enthusiasm guarantee that they will do yeoman work, and it is on these that all the work falls. It is to be doubted if even the humblest employee of Democratic Headquarters is as enthusiastic or industrious as either Mr. Belmont, Mr. Sheehan or Mr. Taggart. They are on duty early and late. This is a very extensive country, and while we of New York are hourly posted upon the great issues, it is necessary to let the villagers and mountaineers of Indiana, Kentucky and the wild woolly sections, know that an election is at hand.

WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud? Because a man is paid a good salary at political headquarters why, oh, why, should he maintain the attitude of a Rockefeller towards the rest of humanity. As it is, Messrs. Belmont, Sheehan and the other gentlemen who are devoting their time, brains and money for the benefit of the party are entitled to the deepest gratitude from the party. In the words of the Bowery laureate, they are "up against it." The committees of every State seem to be waiting for them to send large consignments of campaign material ready printed, and a check whose cyphers would stagger humanity, with the exception of the hardened political grafter.

THERE are evidences that the public is tiring of the old time methods of running a campaign, and that the personality of the candidate, and the clearly defined issues upheld by any party, are the sole factors in a Presidential contest. In the light of this condition, all that a National Committee can do is to see that every voter is given a chance to understand the opinions of a candidate, and what the party as a whole is prepared to do in the event of its accession to power. If this is done conscientiously, then the gentlemen who have taken up the cause may rest assured that they have done their duty. The party convention of the entire country, amid the glare and excitement of conflicting interests, rushes through the arrangements for the conduct of a campaign, neither knowing or caring as to whether those whom it appoints are fit to conduct a great battle. Men who have never met before are expected to get together and lay out a comprehensive plan of work. The mix up is far from satisfactory. Every man is not cut out to be a general, and when it is too late the discovery is made that mistakes have been made. In the present instance the party is fortunate in having the splendid services of August Belmont.

THERE is one writer more distinguished than either, however, whose words upon most problems dealing with economics are always worth attention. The political article which has been a weekly feature of Harpers of late, written by its able editor Colonel George B. McClellan Harvey, has attracted attention from people of importance. Not that a reader should take all the Colonel says as gospel. He has in the past held briefs from those he is now criticising. It must be said that he is as well posted as to the true inwardness of the What as any man in the nation. Therefore, when he says that New Jersey will go Republican, it means that he has good reasons for knowing that certain people are determined that it shall not go Democratic. If this is the case, then Judge Parker's cause is lost, and we might as well face the music.

KLAW AND ERLANGER'S MANY NOVELTIES

THE greatest pantomime exceeding anything this country has ever witnessed in stage effects and trick scenery will soon be in our midst.

William C. Schrode, the clever clown and pantomimist, has been engaged by Klaw & Erlanger for their coming production of the latest Drury Lane spectacle, "Humpty Dumpty," which will be given its premiere at the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York early in the season. It will be a larger production than any of its predecessors from Drury Lane, both in scenic effects and company. Mr. Schrode will play the title role and Mr. Rice, of the comedy acrobatic team of Rice & Prevost, will play "Humpty's brother." This will be the first production made in many years in which clowns have been a center of interest, and will revive memories of the famous George L. Fox, a favorite of past generations. George Conquest, the aerialist and stage-trap performer from the London Drury Lane Theatre, cast as the Mysterious Demon, a part which takes the place of the harlequin of the old days, will prove another feature of interest. Trick scenery of a most ingenious and complicated character will be introduced.

N. C. Goodwin will sail from England September 7, and will begin rehearsals of his new comedy, "The Usurper," by I. N. Morris, on Thursday, the 15th instant. He will open his season at Power's Theatre, Chicago, Monday, October 3. His New York engagement will be played at the Knickerbocker

Theatre, beginning November 28. After his New York run he will tour the principal cities, playing the Pacific coast late in the spring, ending his season the latter part of June.

The scenes are laid partly in America and partly in England. Maxine Elliott, his wife, after reading the manuscript, wrote him that had this piece fallen into their hands a year

A London antiquarian has been engaged by Klaw & Erlanger to seek authorities for designs of costumes and armor for their coming production of General Lew Wallace's "A Prince of India." A large amount of money will be expended in the mounting of this play. All the scenes of this story are laid in and about Constantinople at the time of its conquest by Mohammed.



FAY TEMPLETON SUPERB AND INIMITABLE

earlier, she would not have ventured on her independent starring tour, as there are roles in it exactly fitting each of them. The difficulty of securing plays with parts of equal importance caused their professional separation.

Theatre in New York.

The picture on this page of Miss Templeton is from the very latest photograph and shows a very striking pose and costume of this ever popular actress.

Marcus R. Mayer will be the manager of A. M. Palmer's all-star cast revival of "The Two Orphans" the coming season. Not only will the cast be all stars, but the managers will also. Both Mr. Palmer and Mr. Mayer have been stars in their field many years. "The Two Orphans" will open the season at the Colonial Theatre in Boston, September 12. On 26 it will play at the Chestnut Street Opera House in Philadelphia for two weeks, with a week in Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, New Haven, Bridgeport and Trenton, N.J., between Boston and Philadelphia. October 10 it will be seen in Cleveland, October 17 in Pittsburg and October 24 in Chicago.

Fay Templeton, leading woman of Klaw & Erlanger's "A Little of Everything" company, with Peter F. Dailey, will head their new permanent musical stock company at the Liberty

ALONG THE GREAT WHITE WAY

THERE was a new bunch of imported chorus girls along the line this week. They are the "merry merry" that will support our own little Edna May in "The School Girl" and they have gathered wisdom in a few days that will prove cruel indeed to the gay chappies who support Nector's and Grandly's in the wee sma' hours. Their first sight of Broadway was from the hurricane deck of the big rubber-neck wagons chaperoned by a crimson faced youth and a megaphone.

"This distinguished and dignified building from which you start is known familiarly as the Flatiron," remarked he of the megaphone, as the topheavy vehicle lurched up Fifth Avenue heading northeast by north.

"Bli' me, Mary McCann," remarked a junoesque brunette, "if the bleeder ain't tellin' the truth, but we don't want to see no flatirons no more, young feller. Show us some of them young millionaires what always marries chorus ladies, an' wareinell is them places where they keep some of them old papa guys? We want them, we do." The youth with the megaphone must have given the desired information, for a score of these damsels, mostly with Irish dialects, combined with the affected drawl of good old Lunnon, you know, are largely in evidence in the several hostelryes along the Rialto. When shall we look for wedding announcements? Wait until the press agent really begins to work.

In the office of a theatrical manager who employs many chorus girls is kept an account of these young women as accurate and detailed as if it were modeled on the Bertillon system. Every one who applies for a place and seems fitted to the work is required to leave her name and address, her age, height, weight, complexion and color of eyes and hair. This information is carefully filed away for reference. The great convenience of this method is shown when there is a sudden call for six tall blondes or four short brunettes. They are all to be found in the desk, carefully described and tabulated, and the scientific manager of this department is able to get them in a few minutes. That is, he thinks he is until he discovers that Gladys Greene and Dottie Footlites are still at Atlantic City, while Tottie Coughdrop, Daisie Ravenscroft and their two friends cannot by any possibility leave Broadway and the stock market. They can save some of their fifteen per in the city.

Charles E. Evans, who has the leading role in the "Sho-Gun," the new comic opera by George Ade and Gustav Luders, has enjoyed a reputation for repartee for a number of years. During his entire career Mr. Evans has had an aversion for the conceited actor. A short time ago an actor who had headed a one-night stand company for a few months, approached Mr. Evans in the lobby of a New York hotel.

"My dear Evans, I am surprised to see you speaking to members of your company. I do not think it is dignified for a star to converse with his associates in a theatrical company,

and their transportation will add thousands to railroad earnings. Besides these, Klaw & Erlanger will have six other big companies en tour. Klaw & Erlanger's companies are the largest touring organizations in this country.

Edwin Holt, who has been engaged to play one of the leading roles in George Ade's new comedy, "The College Widow," had just signed the contract when he met a stranger, who rushed toward the actor and shook hands with him.

"Isn't this Edwin Holt?" asked the stranger. "I am so glad to see you again. I saw you play Dick Deadeye in 'Pinafore' at an open-air performance at Washington Park Lake near Kansas City. You were a poor actor, but the way you swam ashore from the good ship Pinafore at every performance was the finest feat of swimming I ever saw."

Mr. Holt thanked the stranger, but neglected to inform him that the man who swam from the ship to the shore of the lake was a professional swimmer hired for the purpose. Mr. Holt gave a realistic performance of Dick Deadeye but was compelled to hire a substitute when the management insisted on throwing Deadeye overboard every night.

Summer weather usually tests the temper of a Broadway show, and it is a formidable attraction indeed that can stand the test without showing any diminution in attractiveness to the public. It has been demonstrated that "Piff, Paff, Pouf" thrives on summer weather. The present week is brimming with wit and up-to-date travesty, which is as lively as a three-ring circus, as full of music as a military band, as any performance of the kind ever seen at the famous old Casino.

Sam S. Shubert took his pen in hand as a librettist for the first time when he collaborated with Robert Smith and Raymond Hubell in writing "Fantana." This work is an Oriental musical comedy, and in it Jefferson de Angelis will begin a fresh starring tour on September 19 at the Garrick Theatre, Chicago. Mr. de Angelis' supporting company is to include Adele Ritchie, Katie Barry and Julia Sanderson.

SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS.

"SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS" reopened at the Belasco Theatre for the new season. The play, which is a dramatization by Mr. Belasco, of Agnes and Egerton Castle's novel, is too well known to render description and it was too popular last season to need further commendation now.

Henrietta Crosman, who plays the pert lady of Bath, is still at the head of the cast, which insures a repetition of the cleverest comedy acting of last year. Edwin Stevens, Charles Hammond, Peyton Carter, Alfred Cahill, Fancou Campbell and Lillian and Estelle Coffin are still retained in the cast.



Here are three beauties of the Rialto. The girl in the hat is Violet Pearl, sister of Katherine Pearl, whose photo comes next. The latter is Mrs. Eddie Redwan. The last picture is that of Fannie Dupree, who will be one of the Weber & Ziegfeld beauties this season.

except on matters of business. Do you always speak to members of your organizations?"

"Yes, I speak to members of my company," replied Mr. Evans, drolly. "But if I had the people in your company I would not speak to them, either. I think you are quite right."

Klaw & Erlanger will be the most important theatrical patrons of the railroads the coming season. When their "Mother Goose" company left for St. Louis, where they opened at the Olympic Theatre Sept. 4th, they required seven sixty-five-foot long special baggage cars and accommodations for 388 people. When the "Ben-Hur" company left for Milwaukee, where it opened Sept. 5th, they required nine baggage cars and transportation for 225 people. The tours of both these companies during the season will be very extended

Scenes from the London Success "SER'G'T. BRUE."



Arthur Williams.

Willie Edouin.



"Daisy, my chest."



"I'm only a young man in the shop."



Zoological Party.

CHICOT'S CAUSTIC COMMENT ABOUT VAUDEVILLE

EVER since the opening last May, many of the Coney Island amusement purveyors have been grumbling at a business which has not increased in ratio to the growing importance of the Island attractions.

Several of those holding important concessions have contended that a division of the patronage would not aggregate a decent profit to each showman, and this theory seems to be upheld by the growing dissatisfaction of the concessionaries at one of the big amusement places. Several of those operating shows in Dreamland Park declare that it is not possible to obtain their full share of the money due them and that the company operating that place of amusement is indebted to several concerns to the extent of from three to eight or ten thousand dollars apiece.

* * *

Under the system obtaining, all fees are collected by Dreamland employees and turned into the main office where the concessionaire's share is determined and turned back to him. According to statements made there is no attempt made to falsify the figures, but it is impossible to obtain full payment of sums due.

Several times last season there were rumors of internal troubles in the Dreamland company due to money matters, and it is evident that the park opened for the season was but illy prepared to stand a poor summer. There has been a woeful lack of showmanship shown. Of the directors, not one is qualified by experience to handle big enterprises and their manager, Sam Gumpertz, has had association only with a smaller class of summer parks. As an example of the enterprise shown the recent Shrine night may be mentioned. Hassan Ben Ali of the Indian Durbar arranged for a visit of the Mystic Shrine to his show at Luna Park. There are many more Shriners at Dreamland than are concerned with the management at Luna Park and yet not a single effort was made to induce the Shrine officials to make it a joint event and divert some of the money to Dreamland. Other opportunities have been overlooked, and even their shows are, in part, copies of those at the older establishment. There is nothing else possessing direct appeal with the possible exception of the Bostock Show, where the press agents have been earning their salaries.

* * *

Luna Park, too, has not been so prosperous this season. Whoever is guilty of the double deck about the court should be executed for an artistic crime. At best they could not vie with Dreamland in the appearance of the place (the Dreamland plaza is rarely beautiful) and to make matters worse they constructed an architectural monstrosity wherein the top floor is devoid of entertainment and the lower second cousin to a Turkish bath.

* * *

At both places there are too many expensive shows and too much free show. One either spends much once and stays away or else

pays only an admission fee and gives no profit. In either instance the true aim is overshot. There will have to be a changed condition



BLANCHE SIEBERT.

She is considered the most beautiful and amiable girl in the profession by her comrades and is at present with "Piff, Puff, Pouf" at the Casino. She made her debut in "Florolara" and sang in only five hundred performances of it. Her father is Captain Siebert who was a Police Captain in New York for thirty-seven years, but is now retired.

next season or there will be a smash. These be happy days in Chicago where the vaudeville condition is even more muddled than it is here. For long years the Kohl-Castle combination headed off all opposition in Chicago and their territory, at first through their own efforts but more lately with the assistance of Morris Meyerfels and Martin Beck, of the Western Orpheum company.

Then came Cleveland, who showed that it was possible to stay in Chicago without permission of those already in possession of the field and now the Hyde and Behman people are about to reopen the Iroquois under another name. John Murdock (the cleverest showman of the lot) has been affiliated with the Kohl-Castle Orpheum people and is now a partner in their enterprises and is booking for the various houses. Last summer when Martin Beck was here he told how the Orpheum people in the West were to associate themselves with the Percy Williams Orpheum in Brooklyn. When Beck came to explain to Kohl that this was mere newspaper talk, which was the reason why Kohl was not made a party to the enterprise, it was found that Kohl and Keith had been having a talk, the Keith people seeing in the matter a chance for their coveted outbreak in Chicago.

* * *

The appearance of the Keith people in the scheme frightened some of the others and resulted eventually in the appearance of Hyde and Behman in that town while the project for a new house in Chicago, to be called the Orpheum, originally started by Keith and Kohl now becomes a part of the Chicago ring enterprises, being added to the new Olympic, the Chicago Opera House and Meyerfels and Martin Beck hold shares, though it does not appear that the Orpheum company in San Francisco holds any interest, and there are whisperings from the far West asking why Martin Beck can do work for the Chicago people and travel on the Orpheum expense account. Incidentally, it is declared that the Western Orpheum people want to know why they cannot have acts playing for other people in Chicago although some have been told to that play other than the established houses in Chicago will debar them from the Pacific Slope houses.

* * *

The Chicago muddle may reach a strained point soon, and it would not be at all surprising to learn that developments had resulted in the letting out of Beck from the far Western end. The Chicago monopoly has been broken. The association of the Orpheum people with the Chicago bunch may result in the invasion of the Orpheum territory. It may result in the extension of a circuit starting with the Eastern Hyde and Behman houses, following on the Mike Shea territory, Buffalo, Toronto and Cleveland, taking up the Hyde and Behman house in Chicago and carrying it West and South by a combination of

(Continued on page 22)

JOSEPHINE COHAN WITH THE ROGERS BROTHERS



MISS JOSEPHINE COHAN

Miss Cohan is the leading woman in "Rogers' Brothers in Paris." She is a member of the well-known Cohan family and has hitherto appeared with her father, mother and

brother in the clever farces written by her brother George. As a dancer she has few equals and is noted for her grace and beauty. Klaw & Erlanger selected her from one hun-

dred or more of the best singing and dancing soubrettes on the stage and great things are expected of her. She is well known throughout the country and has often appeared in New York.

WEBER'S COMPANY MEETS.

THE first rehearsal of the newly formed Weber & Ziegfeld "Higgledy-Piggledy" company took place at the Weber Music Hall. It was a general counting of noses, so to speak, the step in preparation for the Smith-Levi offering, with which the season is to be opened under the new management.

Anna Held was on hand, with Florenz Ziegfeld, to inspect the new aggregation. The array fully justified the promise made by Weber & Ziegfeld earlier in the season that the chorus this season would be the handsomest and best gowned on any stage.

There was a careful elimination of those who, in the estimation of the managers, Weber & Ziegfeld, and Director Ben Teal, did not come up to the required standard.

Among those who were added to the ranks yesterday and will be cast for small parts are May McKenzie, Edith Moyer and Grace Kimball.

Speaking of those selected for the chorus, Director Ben Teal said:

"We have begun rehearsals of 'Higgledy-Piggledy'—that is for the people not included in the cast. I am greatly pleased with the women who responded to the call. They were far above the average and worthy of belonging to a Ziegfeld-Weber chorus.

"Our musical director, Maurice Levi, introduced them to the musical numbers Monday. Yes, that was our first rehearsal, although the principals will not appear until a week from Monday. I have requested them to report at noon, September 5."

SHUBERT BROS.' BIG PLANS.

The Shubert Brothers have spent an active summer in New York and elsewhere with the result that their plans for the coming season are manifold. Ten attractions are now projected, of which three are new and elaborate productions, while seven are tried successes of last year. Ada Rehan will begin an American tour early in November, in a repertoire of classic comedies, while Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon are to be seen in an adaptation of Franz Adam Beyerlein's drama "Taps," which was acted in German at the Irving Place Theatre a few months and scored an enormous hit.

Jefferson De Angelis, Adele Ritchie and a big company will open sometime during the season in a new romantic opera, entitled "Fantana." The features of the Shubert list to be retained are De Wolf Hopper in "Wang," two companies in "A Chinese Honeymoon," "The Runaways," with Arthur Dunn, Paula Edwardes in "Winsome Winnie," and "A Girl from Dixie." The three theatres which the Shuberts control in New York will have strong opening attractions. Arthur Byron in "Jack's Little Surprise," under the management of James K. Hackett is at the Princess, and the Chicago success, "The Royal Chef," opens the Lyric. "Piff, Paff, Pouff" continues its run at the Casino.

THE MARRIED SOUBRETTE SIGNS A CONTRACT

JOY for me for thirty weeks anyhow. I've signed, and I guess I'm all right if I do not fall under the wrath of the Emperor of the Merry—Merry.

You don't know who he is? Well you are—you'll never ride in your own automobile if you are no wiser than that.

Now that I am on the inside, I guess there is nothing in the way of scandal that will pass me. There are several blue stockings in the company, including May McKenzie, but what care I. Maybe I haven't quite a few of the newspaper push on my Sunday visiting list. Our little reunions up in Morning-side promise to be very pleasant this coming winter.

JULIA MOONEY NOT SO MUCH.

OF course Julia Mooney won the beauty contest at the Casino. Why wouldn't she? But there are politics even in the girls' dressing-rooms. The fiat went forth that Julia was to be voted the prettiest girl, and the deed was done; but all the same all the girls of the "Piff, Paff, Pouf" company agreed unofficially that Blanche Siebert was the best looking and the most popular girl with her fellows.

Julia went to the World's Fair at the expense of the management, and I guess she had a good time. She's all right, of course, and I wouldn't say a word against her, but we wished that Blanche had won out.

MANY JOHNNIES FROM LONDON HERE.

HAVE you seen them on Broadway? At least six London Johnnies followed the Edna May company. Some of them are in real disguises, and it is funny to watch their antics. When a swell Englishman comes to this country without the permission of his pa and ma, he fancies he loses his identity, and that we don't know him. Consequently he does all kinds of stunts for our edification.

But bless your soul, we know all about him and his family for generations. We can tell how many broad acres he is heir to and every bit of scandal about the females of his royal or ducal line for centuries. And all the time he imagines he is jollyng the poor little chorus maiden of Broadway. Well it would jar you to see how jealous the girls of the Edna May company are if any of us is introduced to the trailers in their camp. I fear there will be some broken engagements before they go on the road.

LOUISE WILLIS DOING QUITE WELL.

I HEAR from London that Louise Willis, who was the wife of Willie Hepner, the wig manufacturer, has caught on in "The Prince of Pilsen." She is playing Mrs. Crocker, and the newspapers have praised her greatly. I am very glad to hear it, for she is a clever woman and had her share of trouble, which interfered with her progress professionally.

Mazie Follette and other girls who did not have the best of luck here are also quite content to sup at the Gaiety or the Cecil, instead of at Rector's. It is the last call for some of them, because there are troops of dear young things running about Broadway, pushing

ing themselves to the front, who have the Waldorf habit and who seem to catch on with the Wall Street crowd. Peacock Row in the Thirty-fourth Street hotel is one of the wonders of the world, and it is to be hoped that people from abroad will not judge all American women by those they meet in Peacock Row.

ANNA AND HER AUTOMOBILES.

THERE'S a clever girl for you—Anna Fitzhugh—her of the two automobiles and the swagger apartments! I doubt if there is any star who has accumulated so much property during their career proportionately with Anna. She has only been on the stage a short time, and indeed is not yet eighteen



MRS. LESLIE CARTER.

She is the star of all the Belasco stars and will be seen here as usual this season.

HAZEL CHAFFEE'S NEW VENTURE.

HAZEL CHAFFEE, a niece of Lieut.-Gen. Adna R. Chaffee, of the United States Army, joined Henry W. Savage's "Yankee Consul" company at the Studebaker Theatre in Chicago last week.

Hazel took advantage of her father's absence from his home in Minneapolis and boarded a train for Chicago, where she joined the "Yankee Consul" company.

years of age, she tells me.

Yet she has a wardrobe and jewel-case that a duchess might envy. Now she says she is going to star. Think of it. Some people have the gift of thrift in an extraordinary degree. Anna confided to me the other day that she is studying music very hard.

Surely she must be getting as big a salary in extravaganza as Edna May. I hope so.

MAUD MORNINGSIDE.

TALE OF THE CITIES—NO. 3. NEWPORT

THERE could be no such disappointing experience to those who visit Newport to see the real thing in aristocracy, as the shock which is the climax to the first glance at the extraordinary persons who are pointed out as the sacred leaders of the American nobility.

Naturally, their open-mouthed and awed types of the Common People are abroad early in the day, because they go to bed at seasonable hours when at home in Red Hook, Terra Haute or Kankakee, and they are enraptured with the delightful surroundings, the quiet home people, and the air of elegance pervading the place.

There is little chance of seeing any of the notable or notorious persons before the afternoon, so the time is spent in sight-seeing. This is to be successfully accomplished only by impressing into service one of the native cabmen or drivers of public vehicles. The results are startling.

"Right this way for the six-mile cottage drive, showing all the principal cottages.

"Right here for the ten-mile ocean drive. One half dollar a seat, showing all the cottages, and their occupants upon driving up Bellevue avenue after the drive."

This is how residents of New England and those as far away as New York and Brooklyn learn the ins and outs of the lives of the well-known society people. By taking these beautiful drives one learns from the cabbies sometimes more than the people concerned know themselves, although they do tell a great deal of truth.

Of course the drivers are obliged to point out all the places of interest. They tell all they know, and perhaps more, too. Their divorce news is complete. They are well read up on this subject and other spicy gossip. They know every divorced man and woman in Newport, of which there are a few. The excursionists have read about them and are anxious to hear all the delicious bits of gossip uttered by

the drivers of auto vans, cabs and other public vehicles.

The divorced women are more in sympathy with the cabby than are the divorced men. The fair one's part is always endorsed by them, and funny little stories make the party aboard roar with laughter. In passing Arleigh one hears:

"That's where Harry Lehr lives. Last year he gave a monkey dinner. He was quite a leader before he married Mrs. Dahlgren, and now he is settled down to a quiet life."

"This is Mrs. Sally Hargous Elliot's. She is now abroad. She is divorced from Duncan Elliot and now Captain Woodbury Kane, of Rough Rider fame, is paying court to her."

"Here is Miss May Van Alen in this carriage. She's going to marry Ralph Ranlet, of Holyoke, soon. She is Jim Van Alen's daughter and granddaughter of Mrs. Astor, the only Mrs. Astor."

"This place is 'By the Sea,' owned by Perry Belmont. Mrs. Belmont is the ex-wife of William D. Sloane who has two beautiful debutante daughters. Mr. Belmont don't 'ring in' very well with society since his very hasty marriage a few years ago."

In passing Crossways the cabman shouts: "There's where Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish lives. She is one of society's leaders, and is a member of the Social Strategy Board, the other members being Mrs. 'Ollie' Belmont and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs. Mrs. Fish has ice cream every day for dinner."

"That young chap that just passed in the auto was Reggie Vanderbilt, with his pretty wife. They seem to be very fond of each other, but we can't tell how long it will last. You know Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt went with each other from childhood, and now they are seldom seen together. There they go."

"There's Mrs. Neil Vanderbilt's villa. He's dead. He was one of our best friends. Wish there were others to take his place."

"That's Belcourt, one of the finest ap-

pointed houses in the city. Men with white powdered hair tend the door in liv-
ery."

"That's Mr. and Mrs. Jack Tooker walking on the other side. She is the former wife of Hollis Hunnewell, who married Mrs. Arthur Kemp, sister of Mrs. Reggie Vanderbilt. Mrs. Tooker has two beautiful children. They do their marketing every morning together and seem very happy together."

This is proving a very dull season for the cabmen, but they keep up their spirits and read and talk together and keep well versed on the affairs pertaining to Newport society. There are some who are not interested in "idle gossip," as they call it, but it is evident that the drivers who can tell the most salacious gossip are popular, while those not versed in society are traveling in hard luck.

This indictment by scoffing jarvies prepares one for the exhibition of the "upper classes" which occurs later in the day. Innocent girls, rosy cheeked matrons and their escorts who have waited long for the shrill of a visit to Newport, keyed up by the wonderful stories published in the yellow journals, are dumbfounded when their eyes fall upon the strange people who are ignorantly esteemed to have been moulded from some superior clay.

Instead of the ideal beauties so often depicted in the newspapers and fashion magazines, they find a rather scrawny lot of individuals, angular in physique, greatly overdressed, rouge powdered and groomed like Jezabels and apparently very dull mentally.

Jaded and worn, the God-given rays of the sun emphasize their degenerate condition, until those who came to admire turn away with sickly disgust.

And such is Newport, the domain of Lady Highball and Lord Fitznoodle.

Back to the woods for the healthy-minded and simple children of the Republic. The refining influence of elegant American domestic life for you!

ROSE STANDISH.



Novelty Scene from "The Isle of Spice," at the Majestic.

THE SUMMER GIRL HAS A VISION



1. CHANCEY OLCOTT
7. HENRY MILLER

2. HERBERT AINLEY
8. JOHN DREW,

3. JOSEPH WHELOCK, JR.
9. KYRLE BELLEW.

F HER FAVORITE MATINEE HEROES



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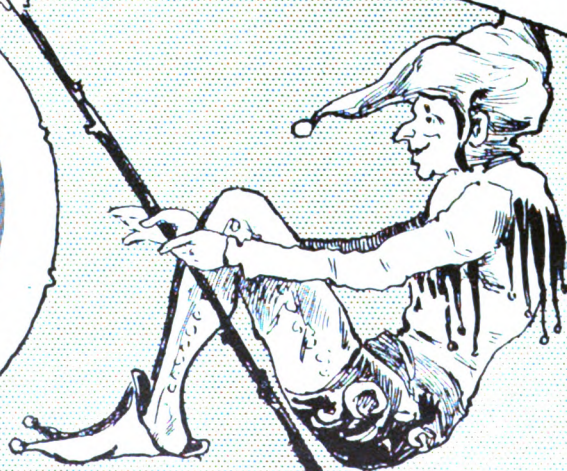
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11



12



4. ROBERT EDESON
10. ARTHUR BYRON

5. AUBREY BOUCICAULT
11. CHARLES CHERRY

6. WILLAM FAVERSHAM
12. ORRIN JOHNSON

AMUSEMENTS

Academy of Music—"Checkers."
 American—"The White Tigress of Japan."
 Belasco—"Sweet Kitty Bellairs."
 Broadway—"A Little of Everything."
 Casino—"Piff, Paff, Pouff."
 Criterion—"The Dictator."
 Daly's—"The School Girl."
 Empire—"The Duke of Kilicrankie."
 Garrick Theatre—"Are You a Mason?"
 Fourteenth Street—"Girls will be Girls."
 Grand Opera House—"In Dahomey."
 Harlem Opera House—"The Little Prince."
 Herald Square—"The Spellbinder."
 Knickerbocker—"The Madcap Princess."
 Lyric—"The Royal Chef."
 Majestic—"The Isle of Spice."
 Manhattan Beach—"The Strollers."
 New York—Denman Thompson.
 New Amsterdam—"Rogers Brothers in Paris."
 Princess—"Jack's Little Surprise."
 Savoy—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."
 Wallacks—"The County Chairman."
 West End—"A Son of Rest."



ELEANOR FALK.

This clever young woman has been the star of the Paradise Roof Garden company for the summer.

AL. LEACH AS A STAR.

SUCCESS attended the debut of Al. Leach as a star at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. His humorous methods are very original and the play "Girls Will Be Girls" is above the average of such productions. The supporting company is excellent, and the music and songs are good enough for Broadway. Indeed, the management states that it is intended to present Mr. Leach on that thoroughfare late in the season. Several attractive stage pictures showed the ingenuity of the



IDA MOLESWORTH.

She is playing Cigarette in Belasco's "Under Two Flags" in London.

stage manager. A scene, a college for girls, a sunflower scene and a Japanese fete are worthy of mention.

* * *

"IN DAHOMEY" AT THE GRAND.

HAVING made an extraordinary success in London, Williams & Walker, the colored comedians, are appearing at the Grand Opera House, where they are playing to packed houses in their piece "In Dahomey." These men are the greatest starring cards in their line known in the history of the American stage, and the attraction will be one of the strongest and most profitable in the country this season.

* * *

"THE ISLE OF SPICE."

At the Majestic Theatre, "The Isle of Spice" amused large audiences during the week. It may be described as a concretion of jokes, music, dialogue, scenic inspiration and other ingredients suggested by the following:



MAE SHERWOOD.

She is the manager of Marie Dressler's Spring Water concession at Dreamland, and is one of the prettiest women about the amusement this summer.

"Tar and Tartar."
 "Darling of the Gods," scenic.
 "Piff, Paff, Pouff."
 "The Mikado."
 Dewey Theatre jokes.
 "The Defender," pot-pourri.
 "Take Us Back to Herald Square."
 "Little Dollie Dimples."
 "Wizard of Oz."

There are other sources, but the mixture is too involved to go deeper. It may be said that the Stage Director, Gus Sohlke, proved that he has inherited the genius of his father and mother for inventing groups, dances and stage pictures. They are the best that have been seen here for a long time.

* * *

"THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN" AGAIN.

AT Wallack's, "The County Chairman" is renewing its former success. The play appeals strongly to audiences who love human nature and its reasonable vanities and weaknesses. Manager Savage presents the play with practically last year's cast, which insures the reappearance of Maclyn Arbuckle as Jim Hackler; Willis P. Sweatnam as Sassafras Livingstone, Fred Beck, Edward Chapman, Christine Blessing, Rose Beaudet, Grace Fisher and Anna Buckley.

THE ONE AND ONLY EDNA MAY

MISS MAY has returned to the land of her fathers with an added reputation as a popular star in musical comedy, and she is even more attractive to her audiences now than when she made her first great success as the Salvation lassie in "The Belle of New York. It is not necessary for as bright and sunny a young girl as she is to be a great actress, to command the attention of large audiences in this country, or any other for that matter. She is simply admired because she is natural and charming. But this must not be taken as any reflection that the actress has not improved in artistic methods, for she certainly has gained much by experience before people of very critical taste. She has acquired a manner which will aid her greatly at all times. It is interesting to note that Miss May announces that this is to be her last appearance in musical plays, as she has, with Mr. Frohman's consent, arranged to devote her talents to comedy and drama in the future. Most girls of the stage would be content to continue upon a path which will for many years be open to Miss May with profit, but her decision shows that she has a laudable ambition to advance, and she will undoubtedly receive the greatest consideration from those who have followed her career with pleasure. Mr. Frohman must also be assured that she will succeed, as he would never permit her to make the change from a certainty to what might prove a mistaken step. She had practically no experience or training when she joined the Casino company, and her gracious presence and an amiable disposition were her only capital. But she had

good sense to follow the advice of her managers, do what she was told, and pay strict attention to her business. And thus she became one of the best drawing cards on the stage to-day. Her success on this trip is undoubted, whatever the play may be.

established London favorites. The music of the comedy is bright and the story is interesting.

In this production the scenes are laid in a French convent and in Paris. Miss May as Lillian Leigh, the school girl, to escape marriage to a middle-aged man-about-town, runs away to Paris, and after varied experiences as a typewriter, in which she saves her father and his friends from ruin in a bogus gold mine scheme, is restored to her innamorata, who, by the inexorable rules of musical comedy, is the tenor of the cast.

In these mimic exploits Miss May is assisted by Geo. Grossman, Jr., Fred Wright, Jr., and James Blakely, all of the London Gaiety Theatre company, and by a score of American singers, including Mildred Baker, Clara Braithwaite, Jane May, Lulu Valli, Ray Louise and Madge Greet.

CHECKERS

LOVERS of the profound drama—the patrons of the Academy—turned out strong and enthusiastically when Henry M. Blossom's character comedy, the best composed horse race play of the century, was revived to open the season at that popular and commodious play-house last week. The play was as usual well received and bids fair to follow up its success of last season. It contains many enlivening situations which gener-

ally were not overdone by the cast selected. Thomas W. Ross was good as Checkers and for acting Dave Brahan, Jr., as "Push" Miller, the tout, carried off many honors. W. T. Clark, as Judge Martin, lent character to the piece.



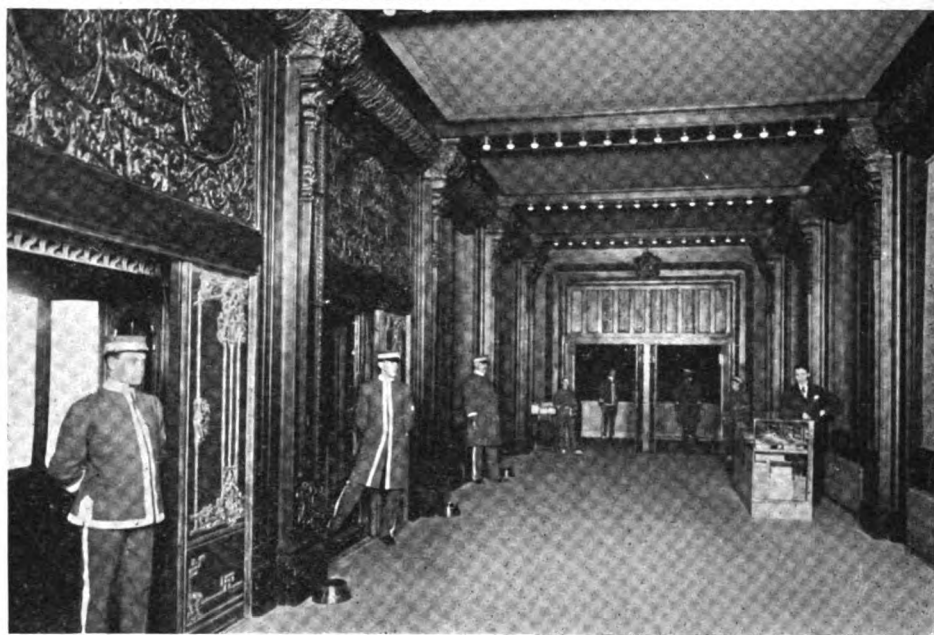
MISS EDNA MAY

Miss May comes back home after four years of steady success abroad, and is seen in a role which gives her as fine an opportunity as she ever had to display the charming qualities which have made her conspicuous and popular on the musical stage since her career began

But she had

"The School Girl" comes from London, where it has been a noted success of two theatrical seasons. Mr. Frohman's present production is made up of London and New York songs. Miss May is at the head of the organization, which includes a number of es-

REVIEWS OF THE PLAYS



THIS IS A VIEW OF THE LOBBY AND CORRIDOR OF THE AERIAL GARDEN OF THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE OWNED BY KLAU & ERLANGER. THE PICTURE OF THE SOULFUL AND ARTISTIC APPEARING GENTLEMAN IS THAT OF MARC KLAU WHOSE GENIUS WITH THAT OF HIS PARTNER, ABRAHAM L. ERLANGER, IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MAGNIFICENCE AND LUXURY OF THE UP-TO-DATE HOME OF AMUSEMENT.

KLAU & ERLANGER'S production of John J. McNally's latest vaudeville farce, "The Rogers Brothers in Paris," received its New York premiere at the New Amsterdam Theatre, Monday evening, September 5, after a preliminary week at the Star Theatre in Buffalo. This is the largest and most important production that Klaw & Erlanger have ever made for these young character comedians. It is a very lively comic play interspersed with a large number of very novel and entertaining musical specialties.

It is staged in three acts and five scenes. The first act represents the famous Bal Bulwer in the Latin quarter of Paris. With this stage picture as a background, a student's fall is displayed in full progress, introducing a large number of Parisian characters recognized by those who have traveled abroad. The second act is staged in three scenes, representing the garden of the Tuileries, the Pont de Rivoli and the Place de la Concorde in Paris. A great scenic and mechanical sensation is introduced as the final feature of the second act. The scene of the third act represents the zoo at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis.

The comic story developed by Mr. McNally

hinges on the humorous adventures of two young Germans, played by Gus and Max Rogers, on a visit to Paris, who become involved in comic complications which include two young Americans and their sweethearts, a gendarme, a lion tamer and an Irish contractor from America. Laughter is the keynote of the story. The musical specialties this season present fifteen numbers rendered by the principals, and the great chorus of nearly one hundred people. The lyrics were written by George V. Hobart and the music by Max Hoffman.

Klaw & Erlanger have each season given the Rogers Brothers a much bigger and more pretentious production. The presentation of "The Rogers Brothers in Paris" at the New Amsterdam Theatre reveals the fact that they have made no departure this season from the policy which has made this enterprise so successful. It is in every respect the largest and the best production in which the Rogers Brothers have been seen up to date. The principals of their supporting company are George Austin Moore, John Conroy, Fred Niblo, Joseph Kaine, Louis B. Foley, Frank Ycung, Josephine Cohan, Dorothy Hunting, Emily Nice, Bessie De Voie and William Torpey.

JACK assuredly had in store a surprise on his arrival here from New Haven, for theatregoers who expect genuine humor in a farce. "Jack's Little Surprise" may possibly throw the college student and the matinee girl into uncontrollable mirth, but even along the Great Thoughtless White Way it will be hard to find a trace of anything "touchin' on and appertainin' to" wit in the play brought out at the Princess. The hysterics indulged in by all the leading characters must have kept the indulgent audience up to a high pitch and this peculiar species of insanity permeated even to the menials of the piece who might have scored a hit by thinking out their parts. Jack Van Alen, played by Arthur Byron, is apparently the hero. While long suffering and courageous on the stage, it is fortunate for ordinary mortals he does not penetrate into the outside world as well as for himself. His humorous farewell letter to his wife in the last act ought to have both saved and ended the play, and even this high conception of drollery was mislaid in order, apparently, to display two or three additional forms of the prevailing hysteria.

The real mirth of the farce—which is rather subtle—lies in the arrival of the Egyptian



FOURTEEN "SQUABS" FROM "THE ROYAL CHEF" THE NEW OFFERING AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

Beauty of the Harem safe and sane after an ocean voyage from Cairo to New York in a trunk without food, air, nor the customary attentions to a lady of her standing. Miss Katherine Keyes took the difficult part of Fiametta in truly American style. The plot

is certainly well conceived and but for the continuous fusilade of merry-making and strenuous situations the play could be considered as highly entertaining to anyone inclined to the humorous. Mr. Eberle struggled bravely with the impossible part of Alfonso

Merrivale, which forcibly portrayed the fallacy of happiness in millions, while place au games, the three outraged young wives, Miss Walker, Miss Barber and Miss Elberts, contributed greatly to the success of the play. The finale was both wonderful and refreshing.



THE MINISTREL GIRLS IN "A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING" AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE.

On Thursday evening "The Royal Chef" opened the Lyric Theatre for the season, bringing to New York the recommendation of an all summer's run in Chicago. It is a musical comedy with libretto by George E. Stoddard and Charles S. Taylor and score com-

posed by Ben M. Jerome, whose previous efforts have been devoted mainly to the writing of individual songs.

The locale is confined to an imaginative section of India, where the Rajah of Oolong has just demanded the contribution of his

cook's head in payment for depriving his master of a stomach. The prime minister has been commissioned to secure a new cook when Heinrich Lemphauser from Chicago drops in and announces that he is a Cook's tourist. The last word of his speech falls on deaf ears.

THREE VERY TALENTED WOMEN OF THE STAGE

THE opening of the Spooner Stock Company at the Brooklyn Bijou has been attended with more success than usually fol-

specialties which will be seen throughout the season. She appeared in the title role of "Little Miss Fortune" this week, and met

worker, and in the week of October 3d she will appear in the role of Juliet.

A successful season can be relied upon for



EDNA MAY SPOONER.



MARY GIBBS SPOONER.



CECIL MAY SPOONER.

lows a stock company which dares the fates by opening in mid-summer. The houses have broken all records within the fortnight. Mrs. Mary Gibbs Spooner is now Manager in toto—business, and—in fact, attends to all concerning the Bijou Theatre. In February, she will be seen in a Denman Thompson play, as yet unnamed, which is being written by Alice E. Ives, whose "Village Postmaster" met with such unqualified success last year at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Incidentally, it will be produced by the Spooner Stock Company next week.

Miss Cecil Spooner, who was received favorably by the critics in Frances Ayman Matthews' "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town," at Daly's last season, has devised many unique

with generous plaudits.

Miss Edna May Spooner, as stage director and leading woman, has been a strenuous

the Spooner Stock Company this coming year, for it appears to have been born with a golden spoon.

Continued from page 17

and he is promptly pressed into service as a cook. Then begins his struggles and final triumphs, which furnish the medium of the fun.

There are many songs set at intervals in the story to ensnare public favor. Among those from which good results are expected are "The Tale of the Tailless Frog," "It's a Way They Have in Chicago," "Would You if You Were I," "O'Reilly," "An Admirable Admiral" and "Old Mother Goose."

The ringleaders in the Lyric's new musical conspiracy are Sam Collins, Henry Loone, Joseph Allen, Amelia Stone, Stella Tracy, Gertrude Millington and Ida Renee, a singer hitherto unknown in New York.

A review of the performance will appear in the next issue of BROADWAY WEEKLY.



Queen Louise Face Massage Cream

FOR SALE by all prominent Department Stores, Drug Stores and Barber Supply Houses in the United States. If your dealer cannot supply you with The Queen Louise Cream, order direct from us, giving his name, and upon receipt of 50 cents for a 3 oz. jar, or \$1.00 for the 6-oz. beautiful crystal jar, we will send you by express prepaid, The Queen Louise Cream, together with a beautiful illustrated book giving full directions how to use the Cream for Facial and Body Massage.

BEAUTIFIES, soothes, invigorates, refreshes and cleanses. Will remove wrinkles, blackheads, tan, sunburn and other facial blemishes. It produces a velvety, clear complexion. It is used by all the leading society ladies and prominent actresses.

ADDRESS DEPARTMENT B. P.
N. LOPARD & CO., Inc.
NUMBER 705 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Do You Affect the Gordon Roll, My Dear?

THEY'RE fine for down here, but you'd have to call out the reserves to get them by the Flatiron Building on a breezy day," said the Smart Girl as tea was served on the terrace the other afternoon.

"Of course," we chorused, for we were all in the know except Alicia, who comes from Hannibal, Mo. She said:

"Why, what is this 'devvy' thing that would cause such a sensation in the city?"

Her remark was answered by a slight shuffling of high heels on the piazza and a couple of the girls looked round rather consciously to see that there were no men about. Then replied the Smart One:

"The most absolutely 'twencent' thing of this or any other season is 'The Gordon Roll.'"

"But is that Moody and Sankey or a part of Byron?" said Alicia, who reads things even in Hannibal, Mo.

"Oh, infant, look here!" and a couple of voiles and pongee skirts were whisked aside and various frillies came into view.

"Scots wha hae!" gasped Alicia. She had caught sight of the tops of filmy, sheer stockings neatly rolled into firm round bangles just an inch or so below a couple of smooth brown knees.

"Do they stay up all right, and whoever got at it first," asked Alicia.

"Well," replied the Smart One, "you know side elastics drive one crazy this hot weather and golf won't stand for any of the fifty-seven varieties, anyway. One day, way out on the links, I slipped a trolley and brother Tom geared me up in this fashion with what he called 'The Gordon Roll.' He says the Highland regiments have worn 'em this way for hundreds of years."

"Good for coolth!" said Alicia.

"Out of sight, of course! And for trig-ness? Look at those ankles and tell me if you can make out a single wrinkle."

"Just the new one to me," Alicia said.

"Everything is taut below, and above, my eye is charmed, for the bronze ring of the stocking brings the emphasis upon exactly the right spot for the most ravishing general effect."

Then they showed Alicia how to fold down the part above the knee and to take in a bias before rolling the rest tightly into a ring just below the dimple.

"Oh-oo! it feels fine," said Alicia, "and I feel all ready for a Highland fling!"

"Stand you just as well for any other kind," said those who knew, and then the men came up and most of the crowd rose to greet them.

THE DICTATOR.

It is like welcoming back an old friend to have Willie Collier back in town with "The Dictator" at the Criterion. The droll situations and clever dialogue of the farce

from the pen of Richard Harding Davis would drive the blues from the most pessimistic. Mr. Collier's acting was, as usual, excellent. He has not the best of support in the cast, although Chas. Jackson, *the valet*, John Barryman, *Charley Hyne*, Geo. Nash and *Col. Bowie* were capital in their respective interpretations. The large audience was appreciative, but missed Nannette Comstock, who was so popular in this play last season.

WRINKLES IN HOSIERY.

The celebrated Hosiery shop of Peck & Peck, 230 Fifth avenue, New York, are now showing many beautiful new styles of their own make, as well as French, English and German Hosiery, in Fine Lisle Thread and Silk. They say their stock cannot be explained and would have to be seen to be appreciated. They not only have a complete stock for ladies, but also for men and children.



LILLIAN RUSSELL.

This is a reproduction of the celebrated painting of the prima donna by Ury. While an ideal, it is regarded as a splendid portrait of Miss Russell.

NEW INSURANCE.

Casey—Costigan got his life insured for a dollar.

Conroy—How was that.

Casey—He borrowed a dollar uv th' foreman, and the foreman won't put him on a dangerous job as long as he owes him the money.

ONE cause why we may not expect a great boom for 1904-5 is that "the people" have had too much insight and too recent experience in some of the most gigantic stock-jobbing swindles ever perpetrated on an ever gullible public. The recent exposure of the clean and wholesome methods of "Amalgamated," as recounted by Tom Lawson in Everybody's Magazine, has been read by over a million people and has greatly added to the growing caution against big deals already started by many other similar exposures.

And so the shrewd Mr. Investor goes around now wearing a very confident can't-get-the-best-of-me expression only to find, probably, a few years hence he is in it again—the victim of another job put up by the big schemers on the "inside" down Wall street way. So it must go, it seems, for many years to come: the big fish preying on the little fish and the little fish always ready to be preyed upon.

But nevertheless just now Mr. Wiseman is taking on here and there a few carefully selected bargains. He is an old acquaintance of Mr. Investor's. They have been operating together on the street for a good many years, although not always following along the same lines.

The reasons for his doing so are based on the general conditions and the law of supply and demand. Mr. Wiseman is almost an authority on the latter. To him also it appears that no great financial upheaval is looked for for some time to come, the country is safely for the gold standard no matter which political party predominates; that money remains a drug on the market and this year the withdrawal of cash for grain moving purposes will scarcely be noticed in the money market; that already there is more evidence of discounting commercial paper on the part of the banks, and that is one of the healthiest signs of all, for it indicates that good business is anticipated in all lines the coming fall and winter. And this gradual and healthy return to good times means that prices will seek again their normal values. Only let it be healthy.

There has continued good buying—although still almost all professional—and an upward tendency generally. Realizing is naturally expected in every rising market, but the undertone is there and will continue for some time.

The Eries—especially the common and first preferred—have been quietly acquired. The latter ought to be good for from 10 to 15 points before the end of the year. Southern Pacific and Union Pacific, in spite of bear arguments, appear still to hold the confidence of some friendly interests. The industrials



have also had a good share of attention—especially the preferred stocks.

For investment many of these are attractive, the most prominent yielding all the way from 7 per cent. to over 14 per cent. at present quotations. Holders of U. S. Steel preferred will be pleased to know that this stock comes under the latter head, making a return of over 13 per cent. on the investment. It seems, in the face of so much bullish feeling, that Steel can scarcely be counted upon to go down.

The public is not yet doing much buying. It intends to come in later. That is the reason Mr. Wiseman has been looking over things lately and buying stocks that are cheap.

TOM TICKER.

NOTES.

Dr. Woodend has floated his new corporation to carry on a general brokerage business. Capital stock, \$250,000, 6 per cent. cumulative preferred, \$150,000 common. Many of his former creditors have declared they will take stock in the new company.

When John W. Gates and Charlie Gates returned from the races they arrayed themselves on the bull side of the market whatever this may portend.

Cotton has indulged lately in a series of pyrotechnics—the butt of all kinds of reports—but it seems fair to assume that the boll weevil has gotten in some good work and that the crop will not be a bumper one as at first anticipated.

The Camp Bird Mine of Colorado has just reported another very rich strike. This property has certainly made a most remarkable record in a comparatively short period. The estimated value of the reserve ore now on hand ready for treatment—nearly 230,000 tons—is placed at four and a half million.

There is great activity reported at Goldfield, Nevada. This is a new property and the ore taken out runs into the hundreds. This the first year has produced over \$700,000 in gold.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. P.—We do not advise going short of Sugar just at present.

J. W. R.—(1) No. (2) Yes.

Dixie.—The stock is largely controlled by inside interests.

Peter.—We see no reason for making the change. Missouri Pacific is very likely to advance and at your figures carries itself.

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and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup,"
and take no other kind. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

(Continued from page 8)

rights Keith has invaded and those who fear a similar invasion.

William Morris announces a thirty-week season, comprising Keith houses in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Providence, Buffalo, Cleveland and Pittsburg, Percy Williams' Orpheum, Circle and Auditorium theatres in greater New York, Hammerstein's, the five Poli houses including Springfield, the new Yorkville theatre here, the Trent theatre, in Trenton, and a group of smaller theatres including those of his old enemy, James Moore, of Detroit and Rochester. Of these, possibly fourteen will give full salaries. The rest are trailers where a discount is generally expected and where the largest acts are seldom played. In addition, the Chicago-Orpheum combine offer three Chicago houses (later on four) St. Louis, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville, Memphis, New Orleans, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver, Los Angeles and San Francisco. The Hyde and Behman people and Mike Shea lead a revolt with most of the other houses except the Proctor six. These practically form the four combinations at present existing. How long these lines will exist it is hard to foretell, but there will be lively times this season and when managers fall out the actors get raises in salary, to change about an old quotation.

Until managers stop acting like a lot of school boys and run their houses with some approach to business principles there will always be trouble. The vaudeville business seems built upon the plan of getting together and helping each other when they betray a lamentable lack of ability to take care of themselves. These principles applied to any other business would mean bankruptcy, and yet year after year there are fresh combinations, new associations and the perpetual dread of competition. Until the average manager reaches a point of confidence in himself where he does not fall into a blue funk every time he hears the dreaded word the vaudeville business will remain an uncertain factor and without establishment. There is just one manager who is not scared by opposition, and he is making important money and buying real estate instead of building million dollar theatres just to "get hunks" with some manager whom he dislikes.

The Great Lafayette (who of late signs himself briefly "T. G. Lafayette") has a couple of importations for his road show this season. One of these is Trinidad de Grenadine—suggestive of asphalt and cordials—who is supported by eighteen troubadours, Marthe Montre, who has a scene called "The Diva's Dream," a "big" act called "The Day of the Circus," a new illusion along the lines of the Lion's Bride and two acts of his own besides the band. He opens at Brighton Beach Music Hall September 12.

Al Leech opened well at the Fourteenth street theatre last Saturday in Joe Hart's "Girls Will Be Girls," originally called "Sunny Jim's Cooking School." Leech is clever and he has a hard working cast in his support as well as one of the most energetic choruses seen in some time. It's almost a

Broadway show and really better than a lot of the new season's products. The play differs from the usual farce in that instead of being a plot with a few incidents, it is a few incidents around which has been written a plot; a regular to-the-end-of-the-last-act.

The star hit was made by the stage manager who at the first outburst of claue enthusiasm announced that it was their purpose to give a first night without any objectionable encores. May Heaven bless him. He is one man where there should be many.

John Grieves and his "bunch" are to invade Harlem. They have no wheel shows at the Olympic and James Curtin is going to put in a burlesque stock to give George Kraus' Gotham around the corner a run for the money. Grieves' bunch is famous in burlesque circles, for no cradle is safe from his invading arm and the girls are apt to be young. Just think of a young chorus!

No new Keith theatre this week. Things are getting dull. The only real item was the announcement that Thompson and Dundy were going to build six more hippodromes.

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THIS
IS

FLORENCE WICKHAM

who will
sing

KUNDRY

in Henry W. Savage's

"PARSIFAL"

alternately
with

MADAME
KIRKBY-LUNN



THE SCHLAPPA REEF
PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPH

NEW YORK
LEWIS & CLARK

EDITORIAL CHAT ABOUT EVENTS OF THE DAY

WHILE it cannot be said that the theatrical season so far has developed any sensational or even moderate success, managers have noted with pleasure that the audiences have been unusually large even for the opening of the season. There seems to be a thirst for things musical and dramatic which bodes well for the attractions that are to come.

• • •

IT will be well if managers take even still greater care in selecting their offerings. Although people are disposed to be liberal, it will not be wise to present inferior material. Probably one of the reasons for the unusual interest in theatricals is the lesser attention which people are paying to the current campaign than formerly.

• • •

REALLY very little is known of what the managers of the Democratic and Republican parties are doing to promote the interest of their candidates. It is shrewdly guessed that Mr. Cortelyou is planning and carrying out a very effective programme, but from such information as can be obtained of the Democratic end, there is little else to show than a lot of talk and some tons of literature which finds its way into the junk shop without being read.

• • •

NOR has the theatrical announcement by D. B. Hill that he is about to retire from politics tended to help the matter. Things were going along fairly well so long as the former Senator held his peace. But his attack upon Mr. Roosevelt did not mend matters, and the sincerity of his avowal to retire is doubted.

• • •

WHEN the labor trouble in connection with subway and elevated railroads have brought undue attention to their control by August Belmont. It is unfortunate for the Democracy that such an incident should have been so ill-timed. It may cost Judge Parker many votes.

Conditions at Democratic State Headquarters have greatly improved. Mr. Rodie is working very hard and saying very little, and senator Dowling is proving every day that he is becoming a power in his party. Both these gentlemen seem determined to win in the city and State, and they will cover themselves with glory if they do, because the talkative statesmen from up-State like Norman E. Mack are doing nothing, excepting uttering prophecies in the Hoffman House corridor.

• • •

WAITING for a landslide is a very popular pastime with a certain brand of public men. Men are always around to cheer and enthuse when a victory has been won, but absolutely useless at any other time. If the same ennui exists in other states as it does on West Ninety-Fourth Street, the friends of Judge Parker should get a big stick and stir things up.

THE young soldier who escaped from Governor's Island attired in the Colonel's frock coat and silk hat, and saluted the officer of the guard, had an element of humor in his composition. He was also something of a cavalier, for he actually doffed his hat to the ladies of the garrison whom he passed. This proves that even a Jap might make his way through the lines of the supposedly well-guarded military settlement, which is not saying much for the discipline of the place. And yet, it is necessary for any civilian to have a pass to and from the Island. No doubt the wily Japanese, or perhaps even the slow-minded Britisher has a complete set of plans of our important fortifications.

IT is unfortunate that with all the enterprise of the American newspapers, some real truth, corroborated with details concerning the war in the East, cannot be procured. We have had very sensational red ink despatches late at night, but they have seldom been verified by the light of the dawn. The English and French papers which of late years have shown great enterprise in gathering war news, yet they have been as much in the dark as anyone else as to the conditions. Those who are posted in the science of warfare and the great struggles of history, fear that even the most decisive of battles would not end the awful slaughter.



FLORENCE LANCASTER

She will appear with the Weber-Zeigfeld Company and has been with "The Man From China", and other first-class companies

WOMEN WHOM MANY ARTISTS CALL BEAUTIFUL



PEARL PERRY of the Rogers' Bros.
Photo. by White



JOSEPHNIE SABLE the Chantence
Photo. by Tonnelle



BESSIE KYLE of the Rogers' Bros.
Photo. by White



FLORENCE HAHN, of the "Piff Paff Pouff"
Photo by La Marche, Chicago



BLANCHE WALSH
She is playing in "Resurrection" at the Grand Opera House



FRANCES MERTON, in the Delmar "Dixie" Co.
Photo by Murillo, St. Louis



NAOMI ARNOLD of "Paris by Night"
Photo by Murillo



BESSIE MESSINGER, "Paris by Night"



MAY MALONY of "Piff Paff Pouff"

PROMINENT MEMBERS IN SAVAGE'S "PARSIFAL"

MANAGER HENRY W. SAVAGE and his great operatic staff have nearly completed the preparations for the production of "Parsifal" in English. The artists who are to be entrusted with the leading roles are persons of reputation abroad, and the presentation is to



MARGUERITE LIDDELL

Another actress who will appear in "Parsifal" as a flower girl.

be a dignified offering of probably the greatest operatic composition of the decade.

The performance of "Parsifal" in English, which Henry W. Savage will produce at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, on October 17, will begin at 5.30 P. M., and will continue until 7.15, when an intermission until 8.30 P. M. will be given. At 8.30 the curtain will arise on the second act and the action of the play will continue until 10.55 with a 20-minute intermis-



JOHANNES BISCHOFF

Principal baritone of the STADT Theatre, Cologne, who will sing an important role in Savages' production of "Parsifal."

sion between the second and third acts. By using American methods of scene shifting, the long delays of a production in German will be obviated, and the audience is assured of being dismissed at a seasonable hour.

Much difficulty was encountered by Mr. Sav-

age in securing a suitable chorus for "Parsifal." No less than 1,200 singers, all familiar with the score of "Parsifal," came in person for a test of their abilities, and the task of selecting 100 was not an easy one. For Savage has long been noted for the excellent material in his choruses, but in "Parsifal" he was enabled to outdo himself. His one regret was his inability to find room in the production for the many capable and clever people whose hearts were set on appearing in "Parsifal."

The solo parts of the flower maidens are entrusted to the Misses Florence Wickham, Pearl Guzman, Celeste Wynne, Marguerite Liddell, Charlotte George and Harriet Cropper, all leading singers in the American operatic world, but all more than eager to submerge their personalities and gratify their ambitions to become identified with the most stupendous project of American theatricals.

Some idea of the immensity of the scenic embellishment may be gleaned from the announcement that the panorama in the first act is painted on 20,000 square feet of canvas and requires thirty men to operate it. Other scenes of equal magnitude follow the opening view, each lending added significance to the beauties of Wagner's idealization of the legend of the Holy Grail.

Mr. Savage is a busy man these days, and his many enterprises are all prospering.

* * *

TOGO THE SEA DOG.

TOGO, the sea dog, trained to war.

When on his ship they found him.

Declared that he was happier far

Than when home joys surround him.

But some might haply think from this

That he had found it no go

To hope for sweet domestic bli s

With angry Mrs. Togo.

For many a man has felt with shame

That is his situation.

And he may e'en admit the same

Though not for publication.

But scandalmongers, pray you cease;

That's fact's in my possession —

What Togo shuns are joys of peace

Since war is his profession.

* * *

During performances of "The Sho-Gun," the new opera by George Ade and Gustav Luders, every chorus girl in the organization changes shoes six times. The wardrobe list includes more than 400 pairs of shoes of every description.

* * *

The Garden Theatre in New York will open the play house on Tuesday, September 20, with eGorge Ade's latest contribution to the stage, "The College Widow," which satirizes life in the modern colleges.

* * *

Thomas Whiffen, Jr., who is now playing Ki Ram in "The Sultan of Sulu," eGorge Ade's musical satire, has scored a hit in the part. The opera opened in Brooklyn, and will be the first of Henry W. Savage's productions to go to the Pacific coast.

The next English musical play to be produced in London, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, is to be called "The Match Maker." It is by Paul Rubens, and all the company who appeared here in New York in "The Three Little Maids" will be concerned in the production.



CELESTE WYNNE

She is to play one of the Solo Flower Girls in "Parsifal."

Raymond Hitchcock, starring in Henry W. Savage's big production of "The Yankee Consul," was greatly praised during the recent engagement in Chicago. The run of the opera in that city closed last Saturday night, and the big company is now East again to fill important engagements.

* * *

Mr. Gillette goes out this season in "The



ALOIS PENNARINI

Principal tenor of the STADT Theatre, Hamburg, who will sing the Title role in Savages' production of "Parsifal."

Admirable Crichton," and continues with that play until March, when he will produce his newest piece outside of New York City. The play is christened "Clarice. The first production of the new play will be given in this city a year from October.

ONE OF THE SOLO FLOWER MAIDENS IN "PARSIFAL"

THE EMTINESS OF LONDON.

ALTHOUGH London is popularly supposed to become a deserted city after Goodwood, Bond Street and Mayfair has had anything but the appearance of a desert this summer. In no respect has fashion changed more than in recent years than in regard to the time for flitting from London. It is no longer considered a social disgrace to remain in London during the early part of August. There was, indeed, a great exodus from town during the heat wave, but the emigrants were for the most part the wives and families of city men, bound not for Scotland or the Continent, but for watering places on the east coast.

* * *

New York was always fond of Spanish dancing. Our grandsires raved about Lola Montes. Much of the phenomenal success of "The Black Crook" was due to Bonfanti and the Rgl Sisters. Mme. Guerrero has revived the old craze. Henry W. Savage has engaged for "The Yankee Consul" a popular Madrid danseuse, Senorita Tavera, who is a typical Spanish beauty.

* * *

Dan Arthur and his better half, Marie Cahill, will arrive in this city on September 10, the latter taking up at once rehearsals of her part in the forthcoming Field-Hamlin-Mitchell production at Oscar Hammerstein's new Forty-second Street Theatre.

* * *

Oriska Worden is to be one of the Weber-Ziegfeld girls, too. Oriska has a voice, and is having it trained under the direction of M. Elfert-Florio.

* * *

Edward E. Rice, who is going to produce a in the near future, is negotiating with Harry new musical comedy at the Bijou some time Corson Clarke to play the principal role.

* * *

William Morris is out with the announcement this week of a list of houses for which he books. The list constitutes a single tour of twenty-nine weeks, twelve of which are in New York City, with no railroad fares.

* * *

Melville Stoltz has been engaged by the Shubert Brothers. He will be business manager for the Kelcey-Shannon Co.

* * *

The engagement of Charles J. Richman for the current season as leading man for Amelia Bingham at a weekly salary of \$550, is announced.

* * *

George W. Lederer has affected arrangements under which he will direct the affairs of the New York Roof Garden during the coming Winter season, and he will also handle the Sunday concerts in the theatre itself.

* * *

William Farnum, who made a reputation in the title role of "Ben-Hur," will play an important part in Joseph Brooks' production of C. T. Dazey's new play, "Home Folk," to be produced in December.

THE ROYAL CHEF.

WHILE there is quite an air of Chicago about The Royal Chef at the Lyric, it should score a success with New York audiences. The chorus is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. In their rich, gauzy costumes and interpretation of the light fantastic the chorus is alone worth the price of admission. Some of the music is pleasing. The hit of the evening was without question "O'Reilly," sung by Stella Tracey, who brought forth well merited

of the happy union of everybody in a maze of stringing confetti and song.

Miss Ida Renee, a new importation, introduced in the second act some very clever recitations, which she interpreted in a most charming and entertaining manner.

* * *

The decision of Mr. Savage to make the Garden Theatre a producing house for the best products of American librettists and composers, on the ground that America can build musical



PEARL GUZMAN

The clever young Western singer who created a sensation in "The Prince of Pilsen." She will be a solo flower maiden in the Savage production of "Parsifal."

applause by her graceful manner and the spirit she put into it. Miss Amelia Stone as the Princess Teto was dainty and refined. It didn't matter what the play was all about. Somebody wanted a cook, and this necessity turned up from Chicago. In the nick of time, after which a general fete was declared, ending up in a very pretty and original finale, composed

shows just as successfully as England, is based upon the fact that the recent successes have been for the most part of home brew. "I intend to establish a distinctly American theatre, says Mr. Savage. "The French have their Theatre des Varieties and their Bouffes Parisienne, and London has its Savoy and its Gayety, why shouldn't we have a similar theatre here?"

CHICOT GOSSIPS ABOUT VAUDEVILLE CONDITIONS

IT is more than probable that by the time this appears in print, the white-winged dove of peace will be perched on the ex-skating rink now run as a vaudeville theatre in the town of Buffalo by "Mike" Shea, who daily congratulates himself for that same "Mike" that keeps him from being confounded with Pat. Cute little carts have been parading the Buffalo streets, placarded with signs to the effect that they were laden with dirt from the site of B. F. Keith's new theatre. Shea, it would seem, has fallen, like the worshipper of a modern Juggernaut, beneath the cart wheels, and if the announcement has not already been made, it probably will be shortly that the Keith people will book for Shea and stay their hand from building a theatre in Buffalo.

* * *

Now this will be very nice for the Keith people, for Shea has made a point of giving good shows to the Buffalo people, and in many instances a good show is more to be desired than a handsome showshop. That the Keith people will have the latter if they build is understood, for E. F. Albee is one of the best theatre designers in the country, whatever his shortcomings as a manager. They probably realize that it would mean a hard fight in Buffalo, and will be glad to welcome the white flag flying from the Garden Theatre battlements. They probably did not care to build in Buffalo, with so many other important new deals pending, but they are determined, apparently, to control the booking market at any price. If Shea will turn over his booking to them to escape opposition, they will have that Buffalo week, though Shea made frequent objection when the Keith booking agency was called the Association of Vaudeville Managers of America (R. I. P.). He may hold off now and offer up the Cleveland house as burnt sacrifice to his effrontery in minding his own desires when they ran counter to the Keith wish and be meekly thankful for whatever he gets in the way of acts.

His defection will be a blow to the Hyde and Behman interests, and to the Hurtig and Seaman forces, for they will be left lonesome, but there is no reason why these should sorrow since they offer New York time and can probably get what they want.

* * *

The Keith idea seems to be to get all of the booking possible, and use this as a club on the performer and other managers. Harry Davis weakened and compromised, and so did James Moore, who has had all he wants of fighting. Some of the Keith people happen into New Haven about ever so often to keep Poli stirred up, and it may be that they will hold their houses together and control a sufficient number of weeks to make it an object to the performer to be good and take what is offered.

Poli, by the way, who used to shrink from the suggestion of opposition, has turned invader, and will contend with Pat Shea in Springfield this season. Poli is a shrewd speculator, who never does things rashly, and with a show better than Shea can offer, he would pull the last claws from that would-be lion of vaudeville.

There was a time when it seemed as though Shea was about to attain position of dignity. He had the promise of some houses of value, and he might have become a factor, but he was so used to being the Association grand boy and runner that he was treated as a joke, and now he is back within his shell (to mix the metaphor) and glad to have the shell left.

Some of these days a few real business men are going to make a collection of a few theatres and show how possible it is to run even an out-of-town circuit without permission from anyone. They are going to smash tradition and get some of the fungus growths of vaudeville either into the bankruptcy courts or in the habit of thinking for themselves.

* * *

The Keith people have yet to show their prowess in the field. They have headed off competition in Boston and Philadelphia after a fashion. They won over Hashim in the latter town, but Hashim did not have sense enough to profit by the good fortune that was coming his way. In Boston the White Rats put Allen out of the way by forcing him to take whatever they choose to provide; and the most promising White Rats were not always the cleverest actors.

* * *

Seapking of the White Rats, Wililam Grossman, who has recently returned from Berlin, where he was summoned to a conference with the International Artisten Loge, a somewhat similar but saner organization, declares that the project for establishing an American Branch of the Order has been set aside for a year.

* * *

In May, one of the leading lights of the I. A. L. will visit America, and something may then be done, but the difference between the nominal fee charged in Germany and the monthly dues which would be required here for similar service, are so disproportionate that there is a question as to the ultimate success of such an enterprise.

* * *

The winter vaudeville season is now under way. Labor Day marks the time of change, and while the seashore places will run for a few weeks yet, the summer is over. Willie Hammerstein took the show from the roof to the regular stage Monday, with no particular novelty, but many clever artists, including Henry Lee and Paul Sapdoni. Hurtig and Seaman have a good bill, with many familiar faces, and at the Circle Percy Williams had the Wiley Zimmerman from Hammerstein's. The Proctor people offer John T. Kelly at the Twenty-third Street, while their star of last spring, Charles Hawtrey, is heading the Keith bill. May Vokes has the head place at the Orpheum, and at Hyde and Behman's Robert Hilliard sees his name in the biggest type with his new sketch.

* * *

This has been a long, hard summer for the roof people. The weather has been uncertain, and somehow the audiences appear to have tired of vaudeville higher than the top story. The New Amsterdam roof had the merit of novelty, and the Hammerstein roof had the

merit of a good show, but the New York had nothing. "Babing Wabe" Weyburn sought to rehash last summer's novelty and it did not warm over well. The one notable feature of the roof was Josie De Witt's marriage to one of the players there. There seems to be something matrimonial about the roof to Josie. It was there that she told one of the Dumonds (who had been carrying her violin case) that she thanked him kindly, but that her husband (from whom she had been separated) would see her home. The indoor theatres have not fared so badly this summer. There has been some splendid business at the town houses, and at the shore they have been playing to big houses with big acts. "Patsy" Morrison has had some shockingly extravagant bills to pull the Arverne people away from the Hurtig and Seaman pier, and the Grovers should show a good clean-up when their season closes September 18.

Joseph Hart appears to have getting the small end of the deal in connection with the Al Leech opening at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. The papers have been full of William A. Brady's new discovery, though it was Hart who fixed Leech up with his successful vaudeville sketches and secured the Brady opening. It was Hart, too, who got up most of the novelties, including the cock fight at the end of the second act. He tried this out in one of his own sketches some years ago, and at that time declared that he was going to keep it against the time when he could use it to greater advantage. Yet Brady got credit for this and other distinctly Hartian points. It was a funny thing that some of the papers should have gushed over the swing chorus which opened the first act. This was an old feature at the cheap variety theatres twenty years ago. It's funny no one thought of it since then. Used to be called "the swinging first part" in those days, and sometimes it was costumed less carefully than it is now."

* * *

Sol Bloom has the Howley Dresser Co. catalogue, and says there are 1108 compositions included therein. The eight must be the real hits; that's about the average.

* * *

Now it is said that John A. Drake and John W. Gates have the big end of the Thompson and Dundy Hippodrome enterprises. They always did make big bets. That Hippodrome is going to be colossal the first year and a colossal failure the second. It is too big a thing to be supplied with novelty. Abroad they will stand for the old things slightly disguised. Here they want the really new, and they want it fresh every few weeks. Thompson and Dundy have facilities for getting what there is, but you cannot procure what does not exist, and the man who can invent such stuff would be so rich so soon that he would not need to.

* * *

James J. Corbett will have a daily six-round "go" with the Proctor Circuit next week. He appears at the Twenty-third, Fifth Avenue, and 125th Street Theatres, twice daily. Marshall P. Wilder will be his sparring partner at the two last named houses. EPES W. SARGENT.

(Chicot.)

MEMBERS OF SAVAGE'S "THE SHO-GUN" COMPANY



FOUR BEAUTIES IN "THE SHO-GUN"

They are Elinor Barras, Fay Tincher, Grace King and Rose Murray, and will be seen in this city shortly

MEMBERS of "The Sho-Gun" company are enjoying a good laugh at the expense of William C. Weedon, who sings the role of Teeto. He wandered into the lobby of the Themont Theatre, Boston, the other day, and looking over a large Japanese frame discovered the pictures of two men whom he did not recall having seen in the company. "Who are those guys?" asked Mr. Weedon.

"Why, that's George Ade and Gustav Luders, who wrote the opera," replied David Torrence.

SOME DRAMATIC NOTES.

Miss Eva Tanguay came out as a star at the Nesbitt Theatre, Wilkesbarre, last week, where she was seen at the head of her own company in the title role of Harry B. Smith's and Gustav Kerker's newest musical comedy, "The Sambo Girl."

Fritzi Scheff reappeared at the Illinois Theatre, Chicago, last Monday in C. B. Dillingham's new operatic production, "The Two Roses." Miss Scheff sang without a trace of the illness which made her miss two performances. Her reception was enthusiastic. After her Chicago engagement, Miss Scheff appears in Detroit and Pittsburg, and later comes to New York.

Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon opened at Trenton, N. J., last Monday, in the first American production of Beyerlein's German military play "Tapa." The play promises to be popular,

despite the fact that there is not enough dramatic action to shut out long and talky dialogues. Kelcey appears as the grey-haired sergeant-major, and Miss Shannon as his daughter, who has an affair with an officer. Rank prevents a marriage after an exposure, and in the last act the father shoots the daughter in the presence of the officer, and the latter has presented himself for the fatal shot.

The company was encored several times. Miss Shannon's work is thoroughly artistic. She is the only woman in the cast. Robert Lorraine took the part of the officer acceptably. The staging and costuming were admirable.

* * *

"One of the Finest," a melodrama, with a policeman for its hero, was revived at the Third Avenue Theatre.

BROADWAY THEATRE OPENING.

THE Broadway Theatre opened Monday afternoon with John J. McNally's "A Little of Everything," which was transferred without change from the Aerial Roof.

Miss Templeton's "Fishing" and "Just Leave It for Bill," and three or four other much-whistled airs, are above the average, and Ned Wayburn has done some new and effective things with his large, flexible and hard-working chorus. The "Offenbach Review," with which the performance closes, introduces a number of the songs of yesteryear in a new and rather ingenious setting.



CHRISTIE McDONALD

The Prima Donna Soubrette has made a distinct success in "The Sho-Gun," and no one is so proud of her advancement as Joseph Jefferson, into whose family she married.

Married Soubrette Talks About the Girls

I AM awfully curious to see Hamlin, Mitchell and Fields' new play, "Bird Center," which has just been produced at Eddie Foy's favorite town, Peoria. Ever so many of the girls in the cast are my friends, and they are all good ones, too.

There's dear old Blanche Chapman, who was so good in "The Sultan of Sulu," and who assisted Nina Randall to receive on Sunday afternoons on West Fifty-seventh Street. Then there's lyn Fostelle, Sue Kellher, Mabel Strickland, are Stella Beardsley, of Weber and Fields; Caro Susie and Clara Pitt. They must feel quite at home together, especially with such a chaperon as Blanche.

Edward Chapman, Blanche's husband, is still with "The County Chairman" at Wallacks.

ANNA PREFERS SWAGGER GIRLS.

I DON'T like to talk about anything that I am personally interested in, but I must say that the crowd at Weber's this season will outclass any in former years. You ought to see them. Some of the best of the old bunch remain, but, goodness me, some of the new things would take your breath away.

There's Flo Lancaster. Few girls on the stage come up to her standard. They say she is to understudy Anna Held. Anna always insisted upon having the finest looking girls around her.

Then there's dear old Marie Allen. Maggie Walker and Violette Pearl.

Rather torrid, eh?

NO MORE POSING FOR US.

AFTER a long indecision the girls have decided not to pose any more, except for strictly art studies by celebrated craftsmen, or in the characters they portray on the stage.

Mabel Barrison and a few others have refused for years to pose excepting alone, as they considered it undignified to be taken in a bunch with the chorus.

Teddy du Coe, who has posed for photographers as much as any of us, has discontinued the practice, and therefore had no pangs when she was compelled to leave town with "The Girl From Kay's."

Reggie forbade me to pose any more after we were married, and I have been a dutiful little wife. But, mercy! I'll have to wear tights in the new piece. So what's the difference?

NOTHING BUT GIRLS.

GLANCE over the list of the dominant attractions in New York, and what do you find. Nothing but girls. Girls here, girls there and girls everywhere.

At the Majestic—girls; at the New Amsterdam—girls; at the Lyric—girls; at Daly's—girls; at Weber's—girls; at the Casino—girls; at the Fourteenth Street—girls; and more coming.

It is just the same on the road. My friends tell me that a show without girls is a frost.

Of course I like to see the poor young girls getting plenty of work—but where will it end. And there are hundreds of new applicants in



Photo by Downey, London

ROSARIO GUERRERO

A characteristic photograph of Guerrero, the famous dancer, now in this country

the city who have come here from all over the country, looking for admission to the profession.

WE MUST LEARN TO DANCE.

NO longer are we called Show Girls. The term seems to have fallen into disfavor, and the statuesque school is a thing of the past. We have gone to the other extreme, and people expect us to be elastically acrobatic.

Take "Piiff, Paff, Pouff," for example. There are some skinny looking and clever girls in the chorus, yet they are not even mentioned in the cast, while the eight little English dancers, known as the Pony Ballet, have their names printed with the principals.

Of course the Hawman and Marlowe Sisters,

with their four chums, are a pretty jolly sort for English girls, but we could do just the same work—only we don't. That's it. So we must learn to dance and somersault, etc., and join the squabs, broilers and pullets.

IT'S ELVIA CROIX SEABROOKE NOW.

I MET Elvia Croix the other day. She is with one of the "King Dodo" companies, and I hear she is doing very well. Poor thing, had plenty of trouble. She now calls herself by her married name, Elvia Croix Seabrooke.

When the Seabrookes kept together in "The Isle of Champagne," and other plays, they made plenty of money. Tom has been quite successful of late, and is to star in "The Billionaire."

MAUD MORNINGSIDE.

WITH THE ACTORS ALONG THE LIGHTED LANE

CAMILLE D'ARVILLE, used to encase herself in silken hose, but she does so no more. Pauline Hall used to furnish the be-tighted beauty for the Francis Wilson humor, but the days are past. Vernona Jarbeau, Lillian Russell, Truly Shattuck—where are they now. Viola Gillette is goodly to see in robin's egg blue, Norma Kopp, Cherida Simpson, and even the Isbenish Mary Shaw, on rare occasion when the Professional Woman's League gives "As You Like It."—these remain.

Bertha Galland won't wear them.

CHARLES W. DOTY, the author of "Common Sense Bracket," the play in which Richard Golden will star this coming season, was being congratulated on his good fortune by a native of his home town in Illinois. "Does it pay pretty well to write them plays?" asked the rural friend.

"Well," replied Mr. Doty, "I never enumerate my fowls until the process of incubation has been thoroughly realized."

The ruralite is still wondering whether Doty meant "yes" or "no."

DOROTHY TENNANT, who will play the title role in "The College Widow," which opens the Garden Theatre, New York, September 20, tells this story: "The college widow," said Miss Tennant, "is usually an unmarried woman, more or less attractive and more or less young, who resides in a college town, and who is usually engaged to one of the students, the engagement being broken off for some one of the many reasons at the end of the college term. It appears that there was an attractive woman in one of the college towns who actually reached maturity as a college widow. One cheerful winter morning a college youth telegraphed his father, 'Congratulate me. I am engaged to Miss ———.' The father telegraphed, 'So was I at your age.'"

MARION WINCHESTER, the American dancer who went over the briny last spring to surprise the Parisians by dancing in her bare feet, succeeded. She scored a success at the Le Scala Music Hall, where she danced for three months (off and on) and incidentally won the beauty prize right over the head of Liana Du Pougy, the popular music hall Parisian. Now Miss Winchester is to dance at the Palace in London, where she expects to repeat her former hit made at Tivoli. There is something soft and catlike about a dance in bare feet, but it lays one liable to pick up pins in the carpet. Personally we are not too proud to wear slippers.

WHO ever thought that Mildred de Vere would return to these shores from Albion a plain, single Miss? Yet that is what is about to happen. The most beautiful girl on One Hundred and Sixteenth Street will forsake London. In a letter to a mutual friend, Mildred says she does not like the Strand so well as Broadway. Not that she is not gloriously treated and admired, but she thinks she will

wait until she can go abroad with a good part, as Edna May did.

Just fancy. Yet Mazie Follette and Pauline Chase, with a host of other girls, don't want any more Broadway in their's.

YOU may be able to separate Russell Sage and his money, but you can not separate Effie Fay and Ethel Pennington since their season in Chicago last year. During the summer they lived as bachelor girls and entertained some real lively boys.

Now they are on the road with "The Southerners," and poor Jim Lederer is kept on edge all the time with their eccentricities.

Then in the same company are Belva von Kersleu, Ethel Davies, Hazel Manchester, May Hopkins, Reine Davies, and Bessie Evelyn Gibson.

Think of it!

THIS is Mason Peters' latest: George Ade, the author of "The County Chairman" and other successful plays which Henry W. Savage has produced, was the innocent cause of much embarrassment to the management of the Holland House in New York. Thursday morning, the day "The County Chairman" resumed its run at Wallack's Theatre, five large

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

"Checkers" began a new week at the Academy of Music before a special matinee audience. The revival is having a prosperous run. It is a lively and interesting play of race-track life.

Nahan Franko has been engaged as "third conductor" of the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra, with which he has heretofore been connected as leader and manager.

The Columbia Theatre, Brooklyn, is open for the season, a stock company headed by Richard Buhler and Miss Jessaline Rogers being the attraction. Jessie McAllister, formerly with the Spoonsers, is the soubrette, "Soldiers of Fortune" was the opening bill.

The new Majestic Theatre, Brooklyn, which in point of construction is, of course, more up-to-date than any house in Brooklyn, opened with "The Wizard of Oz."

"The Henrietta," with Corse Payton as Bertie the lamb, and his wife, Etta Reed Payton as the wife, was the opening bill at the Lee Avenue Theatre.

George W. Lederer gathered up his players and took them eastward for the opening of "The Southerners." Boston is to pass upon



THE EDDIE FOY QUARTETTE

Alice Fischer, Grace Cameron, Robert Graham and Eddie Foy, the highest Quartette in the world, rehearsing back of the Casino stage

barrels were received at the Holland House addressed to Mr. Ade.

"Open them up," said the playwright to the hotel porter. The heads of the barrels were broken, and at the same time the floor was covered with watermelons and oats. The melons were shipped from Mr. Ade's Indiana farm and were packed in oats.

the merits of the piece, and it will then play through New England and the Northwest.

Charles T. K. Miller, while acting as general press representative for F. C. Whitney during the coming season, will devote his immediate attention to the tour of Mme. Schumann-Heink.

PATIENT JOHNNIES AWAIT THE F



THESE ARE SOME OF THE BEAUTIES WHOM SAM. S. SHUBERT HAS SECURED FOR "THE ROYAL CHEF," AND THEY ARE ON VIEW NIGHTLY AT THE LYRIC THEATRE. EVERY MOTHER'S DAUGHTER OF THEM IS A HARD WORKING GIRL, AND ALL ARE MEMBERS IN GOOD STANDING OF THE LOBSTER SUPPER CLUB.



IT IS SELDOM THAT THE PUBLIC HAS THE PRIVILEGE OF ADMIRING THE MERRY-MERRY CHORUS GIRL AS SHE APPEARS IN REAL LIFE. HERE ARE THE BEST-LOOKING OF THOSE IN "THE ISLE OF SPICE." THEY ARE RESTING DURING A LULL IN THE REHEARSAL.

FALL OF THE THEATRE CURTAIN



AT IDA RENEE, STAR OF "THE ROYAL CHEF."

THE STAGE JOHNNIE HAS HIS USES.

blame the stage-door Johnnie. He is very useful at e always pays not only his own way, but affords much for the ordinary mortal and pleasure for the girl who rd in her profession. The Johnnie is not always very hether a girl is beautiful, well educated or clever, so s employed on the stage. There is a glamor about her alls him, and the Johnnie Genre is not confined to any even ages of man.

almost daily, there are instances of senile octogenarians meshed in the chorus girl's web. The older the more liberal he is and the more considerate. Nor is amish, so long as there are flowers, suppers and auto- at her disposal. It may be said that few girls take a ously. They usually regard him as a polite joke, and in such acquaintances but an incident in the life of stage. In her heart she always carries an affection an. He may be poor, he may be rich, but sooner or erts itself.

test actresses, opera stars and dancers have had their and they all regarded the attentions showered upon as just tributes to their beauty and talent. Never when there were no Johnnies in this Republican land, ys every college boy and clubman feels that it is part tion in life to mingle with the women of the stage.



SOME VERY GOOD SPECIMENS OF THE JOHNNIE GENRE WAITING AT THE STAGE DOOR TO ESCORT GIRLS TO SUPPER.



NELLIE AND EMPSIE BOWMANS, WHO ARE REIGNING QUEENS OF JOHNNIEDOM IN LONDON.



THESE GIRLS PERFORM THE WITCHES' DANCE IN "THE ISLE OF SPICE."

NEW YORK HAS RICHEST MILE IN THE WORLD

THE richest mile in the world is occupied by twenty blocks of residences on Fifth avenue. It is a solid mile of private mansions, eighty in all, in each of which lives a millionaire.

This particular 5,280 feet of land is worth from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a running foot, and the average frontal space occupied by each mansion is fifty feet. On some blocks, there are seven or eight mansions, while other blocks are occupied entirely by a single palace, such as that of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt at the beginning of this remarkable mile, and of Mr. Andrew Carnegie at the upper end.

Architecturally, the palaces in this thoroughfare compare favorably with any row of residences in the world. The buildings embody the best work of the best architects of Europe as well as of the United States. The effect of the whole is harmonious, though no two residences in the line are alike.

This mile of Midas mansions has been built entirely within the last twelve years. Park Lane in London and Parc Monceau in Paris may be more beautiful, but in no street in any city is there such a concentration of self-made wealth as within the mile in question on Fifth avenue. For seventy out of the eighty mansions here included are owned and occupied by self-made men, thus leaving only one-eighth of the mile in the hands of those

who came into their millions through inheritance.

The palace of that self-made Scotchman who has given away \$100,000,000, Andrew Carnegie, was finished only a few months ago. It stands in the center of a private park and is modeled after the Chateau Chenonceau at Cher. Upon its completion, at a cost of \$2,500,000, including furniture, Mr. Carnegie gave it to his little daughter outright as a birthday present.

An American Croesus, who has a mansion within this mile, and who is well known in London as the builder of the "Tube," is Mr. Charles T. Yerkes. The unique feature of his mansion is a fireproof wing devoted exclusively to the art treasures, valued at \$1,500,000, which Mr. Yerkes has collected from all parts of the world. Each of the twelve marble steps forming the "stoop" or entrance cost \$1,500, so that by the time you reach the top of these steps you have counted off \$18,000 of Mr. Yerkes's wealth. The dining-room opens into a conservatory, having a floor space nearly equal to that of a wing of the Crystal Palace—the largest conservatory of the kind in America.

Of the eighty millionaire residents of the mile, fifteen are women. The two richest blocks in the whole line, indeed, are occupied by the palaces of two ladies—Mrs. William Astor, aunt of Mr. William Waldorf As-

tor, and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Mrs. Astor's \$5,000,000 palace is modeled after the Chateau Chambord, built by Francis I. Here and there on the facade is carved the letter A, after the manner in which Napoleon made use of the letter N. The glass dome of the Astor picture gallery is supported by caryatides modeled from life, Sadow being the model. There is room in the house for one hundred overnight guests. In Mrs. Astor's bathroom is the heaviest single piece of furniture, probably, in the world—a bath-tub made out of a solid block of marble and weighing four tons.

Mrs. Astor's son, John Jacob Astor, lives next door. The houses are so constructed that by the opening of certain doors they can be made into one—making the largest private house in New York. The two houses combined occupy the space of fifteen ordinary dwellings in the West-end of London.

The most magnificent house in the mile row, however, is that of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. The ballroom, with its golden piano and its 4,000 square feet of dancing space, is the finest and costliest in America. This palace cost complete over \$7,500,000, and almost every day students may be seen sitting in the avenue in front of the house making sketches of the exquisitely sculptured stone-work of the facade. The young Duchess of Marlborough once lived in this palace.

AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music—"Cheekers."
 American—"The Singing Girl."—September 12.
 Belasco—"Sweet Kitty Bellairs."
 Bijou—"Mr. Wix of Wickham."—September 10.
 Broadway—"A Little of Everything."
 Casino—"Piff, Paff, Pouff."
 Criterion—"The Dictator."
 Daly's—"The School Girl."
 Empire—"The Duke of Kilcrankie."
 Fourteenth St.—"Girls Will Be Girls."
 Garrick—"Are You a Mason?"
 Grand Opera House—Williams and Walker.
 Harlem Opera House—"The Little Princess."
 Hammerstein's Victoria—Vaudeville.
 Herald Square—"The Spellbinder."
 Hudson—"Letty."—September 12.
 Knickerbocker—"The Madcap Princess."
 Lyceum—"Celia Loftus."
 Lyric—"The Royal Chef."
 Majestic—"The Isle of Spice."
 Manhattan—"Becky Sharp."
 Metropolis—"Lights of Home."
 New Amsterdam—"The Roger Bros. in Paris."
 New York—"The Old Homestead."
 Princess—"Jack's Little Surprise."
 Savoy—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."
 Victoria—Vaudeville.
 Wallacks—"The County Chairman."
 West End—"The Runaways."—September 12.

Reviews of "Letty," at the Hudson; "The Serio-Comic Governess," at the New Lyceum, and "The Spellbinder," at the Herald Square, will appear in next week's issue of Broadway Weekly.

"THE DUKE OF KILCRANKIE."

To know that John Drew is at the Empire in a new play is to be assured of the essence of refinement in acting and clever comedy that does not jar on one's sensibilities. In fact I must confess that when "in front" at a production in which John Drew heads the cast that I have a comfortable feeling that everything will go off smoothly. He is to-day, as he has long held that honor, the head of society drama on the American stage.

"The Duke of Kilcrankie" does not, however, show John Drew at his best. As a play it contains a great deal that can be said to its credit. The plot is not badly conceived. The abduction of the girl he loves to the Duke's impregnable castle at Crag-o-Notch, and one way to win a girl's heart, if one is the fortunate possessor of such a fortress, is novel. It certainly is an unexcelled spot for a romance, looking out over the moor, and carries a most happy idea of the Duke's. And the simple story, told with so little effort or strain, of once more a man's dominion over a woman and her sweet subjection, is a charming bit of work.

Also the handling of the mysterious sentiment of women toward one another under different circumstances is perfect. Still Mr. Robert Marshall has written better plays; there is just a something lacking in "The Duke of Kilcrankie" that fails at important situations. The dialogue, too, is clever and full of bright and wholesome wit.

Fanny Brough as Mrs. Mulholland, the entrapped chaperone, displayed as ingenious an interpretation of an English woman, whose husband made his money in glue (who else of course) as could be done. Her in-laws Gottschalk also, as Pitt-Welby, M. P., played the part of that particular type of an Englishman greatly to his credit. Margaret Dale, Lady Henrietta, showed talent in a difficult role. All in all, "The Duke of Kilcrankie" is refreshing, after so much that has been written on this order without effect. John Drew has scored another success.



Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

JULIE OPP

She is supporting her husband William Taverham in "Letter" at the Hudson Theatre

"THE SPELLBINDER."

IN spite of its engaging title, "The Spellbinder" appears to be a play devoted more to man'curing and all the essential emoluments for beautifying the face hands or complexion, than to politics. In fact, throughout the play we are afforded very little knowledge of the spell-binding powers of Howard Colby, a rising young man in love, law and politics, as the programme has it. For a study, however, in the intricate arts and decoys of a man'curing establishment, "The Spellbinder" affords much of interest. I wonder that this phase of life has been so long neglected by the playwrights, for it certainly is a change from the conventional, and in this instance most admirably represented by a couple of "daisies" in their particular line. When we leave the Herald Square we cannot but feel that we are pretty well versed in man'cure and all the various adjuncts. In all fairness, however, to the

acting, I must say that both Miss Howe and Miss Luhman take the parts of Eloise and Marietta exceedingly well. They must have taken a post-graduate course at the real school.

"The Spellbinder" has in spots the making of a good comedy, and also is excruciatingly weak in others. Just why the heroine consents to permitting the hero to dry her hair in the temporary absence of both Eloise and Marietta from the shop, before they have filed the villain and located their true affections, or how a true American gentleman like Howard Colby can plead the cause of a machine politician, in hiding behind a curtain, to the girl he is inspired by, are social problems I have not worked out yet.

To sum up, we are glad, of course, to see the villain foiled, and love and honor triumph on top of Colby's election being decided in his favor, and I am pleased to make mention, too, for the clever acting of Miss Lansing Rowan, as Nellie McGlory, a cloak model, Mr. George Ober, as Lucas Byng, Colby's affectionate uncle, and Mr. Ralph Welmore, as John B. Ruggles, the politician who worked hard to make the play a success. But, by all means, I advise you not to miss seeing those two original man'cure maidens.

"MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH."

IT is admitted by all who have seen "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," at the Savoy, that its owners have a very profitable attraction. As a dramatic production it is up to the standard, so far as the performers go, but the dramatization is not considered a fair representation of the spirit of the book. The latter, as in all similar instances, has suffered in the transfer from a readable story into a play. Those who have read the book see few faults in the play, because they can connect the incidents, but such as have not perused Mrs. Rice's book are at a loss. Madge Carr Cook gives a delightful character sketch of the title role, and confirms the opinion of the critic that she is a finished artiste. Mabel Taliaferro, while sweet as Lovey Mary, is not advancing as she could. Her self-consciousness rather detracts from her effect. Will T. Hodge as Mr. Stubbins, is a triumphant figure in the picture. The other characters and the children's parts were well portrayed.

Mabel Bert, who created the character of the mother of Hur in Klaw & Erlanger's "Ben-Hur," will continue in this role the coming season. Miss Bert has played this role more than 1,400 times.

THE MADCAP PRINCESS.

MISS LULU GLASER has appeared in opera comique, which might have done better for so captivating an actress. All Miss Glaser's charms are brought into play, and the lime light has only one end in view, and yet "The Madcap Princess" cannot be called a success. The company, as a whole, offers very poor support. William Pruette looked the part of Bluff King Hal, and sang the song of that title with spirit. In the matter of music, Mr. Englander's music fell below par, there was little besides this piece that was especially at-

tractive. The Court Jester should have had more to do. His voice was good, and he was really the only one, excepting Miss Glaser, who displayed any sign of talent for acting.

The enthusiasm from the audience was limited. "The Madcap Princess" is too deep for a New York audience.

THE ROGER BROTHERS IN PARIS.

A VERY large and enthusiastic audience assembled at the New Amsterdam Theatre last Monday night to welcome back their old favorites—Gus and Max Rogers—who rendered their interpretation of life among the Boulevards in their usual rollicking and mirth-provoking man-

ner. If you are looking for something easily digested for the evening's amusement, I advise you to see these two now justly celebrated comedians in their "seventh annual engagement."

The Bal Boullier scene opening the play, while not strictly true to life, presents equally as much merriment, and is the best part of the show. Miss Josephin Cohen proved assuredly that she is a dancer from the ground up. Miss Dorothy Hunting looked exceedingly pretty and sang sweetly. The chorus displayed, besides other attractions, some evidence of good training. Some of the songs are musical, and are ably and strenuously rendered by the vari-

ous songsters. The audience is dismissed in trim for a quiet bottle of Ruinart at Rector's to complete the effervescence.

VAN RENSSELAER.

SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS."

WITH the advent of so many attractions the past week, space prohibits our giving a full review of the revivals of last season's, which are yet deserving of all the praise which was originally showered upon them.

The list of active playhouses was swelled again by the reopening of the Belasco Theatre and the return of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Absence of novelty did not detract from the welcome which Henrietta Crosman, the star, received.

Miss Crosman's company has changed in only three essentials since last season. Fanchon Campbell is now the timid lady Julia in place of Katherine Florence; Herbert Bostwick has succeeded John E. Kellard as her flirtatious spouse, and Addison Pitt plays Denis O'Hara in the place of Malcolm Dunn, who made the role so striking a year ago. All acted effectively.

"Sweet Kitty Bellairs" will hold the stage at the Belasco only two weeks longer. Then comes David Warfield in his new play, "The Music Master."

BEAUTY IN POLITICS.

TUESDAY, September 6, at 2 o'clock, there took place at the Lyric Theatre a novel and original meeting. This may go down in history as the first meeting of the Theatrical Women's Parker Club. The club was recently founded by Miss Bertha Blake of "The Royal Chef" company, who is the president, and her efforts to make it a success have already been rewarded to the extent of nearly 200 members from the women of her profession. Miss Blake says she was actuated to this move by the surprising discovery that so few of the male members of the theatrical profession in the East took any interest whatever in politics, or even thought of casting a vote.

The purpose of the club is to awaken such an interest, not only in the profession, but in the ranks outside of it, where a well-known apathy exists in affairs political.

The meeting was called to order by Miss Nena Blake, who acted as chairman in so sweet and womanly a manner as would almost turn a few Republican votes had they been present.

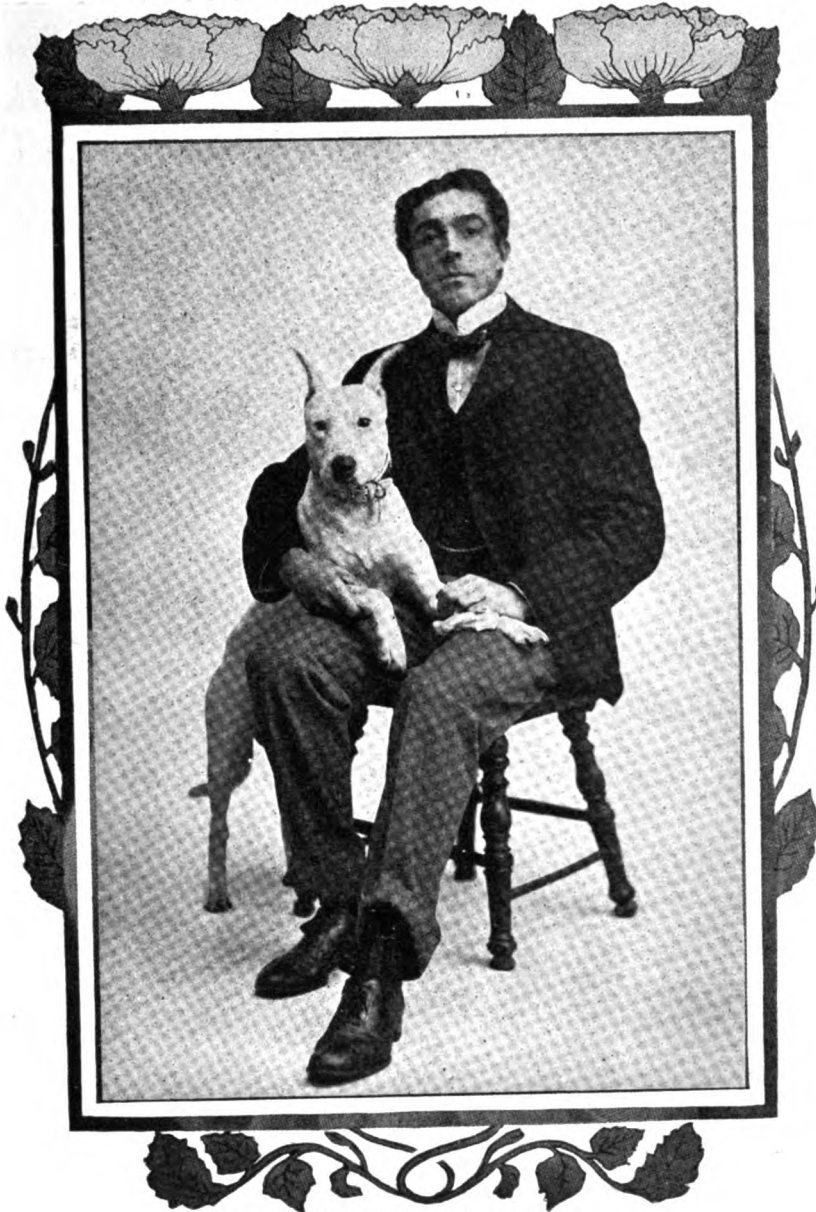
Mr. Dave Lewis was first called upon, probably as "the horrible example," and while his remarks were brief, he accented the significant fact that women usually carry their points, and that they probably would in this instance.

The Hon. Charles A. Towne was the next speaker, and after his preliminary remarks anent the worthy and noble purpose of this, the first organization of its kind, entered upon an eloquent and thoroughly instructive discourse on what politics, which he compared to a great drama, means to every one in this vast country. The keynote was "liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and what the Republican party has done since it first came into power with the truly noble purpose of restoring the country to the principles of Washington and Jefferson, the words of their platform at that time, in building up a money power that is insatiable and destructive of the highest form



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

She will be seen at the Herald Square Theatre this season in "The Sorceress"



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

He is star of "Letty" at the Hudson Theatre and is the prince among matinee idols

full between now and November 8 with those arduous duties added to her theatrical work.

Anyhow, a resolution was passed by all the young ladies that Mr. Parker was a perfect gentleman.

Ethel Barrymore opens what is called her regular season at Fowler's Theatre, Chicago. It was her first appearance in that city in "Cousin Kate." While Miss Barrymore is appearing in that play her new play by Thomas Racewood, called "Sunday," will be placed in rehearsal. It will not go on the stage until late in October, and then will be tried out first on the road, coming to New York early in November.

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of government and a menace to this fair land.

After some very pertinent remarks by Miss Bertha Blake and Miss Amelia Stone, Mr. Slavin, of Texas, was called upon. He responded by saying that if the House of Representatives had among its members those whom he saw present, he had no doubt there would be a full attendance every time. How could he help it, surrounded by that now famous chorus of "The Royal Chef" company?

He in turn introduced Mr. Winsmore, of Arkansas, whose remarks relating to the evils of a plutocracy, and "the right of those financially strong," were forceful and met with enthusiastic applause.

The time of the next meeting was not announced, but Miss Blake is to be congratulated on the enthusiasm she has aroused by this first one. She says it will probably take place in about two weeks, and meetings will be held every week as election day draws near.

Small beginnings have often great endings, and we expect that "standing room only" may be displayed at the Lyric the week before election of the meeting of the T. W. P. C.

N. B.—Miss Blake's well-known literary abilities should be of great assistance to this organization, but we feel she will have her hands

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GEORGE GROSSMITH, Jr.
He is the principal comedian with the Edna May Company and a self devotee

THE young woman who lost her beautiful pair of blue tights the other day and recovered them with the assistance of the police has opened a wide field of discussion and study among those who have an interest in the glaring trivialities of life. The tights were blue, and we learn that blue tights are considered the most recherche of any any. Pink is no longer patronized by the elite.

JULIA MARLOWE did not scorn them. Though much booted, "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Virginia Harned takes to them on occasion. Lulu Glaser in "A Madcap Princess," a version of the above-named romance, will have them. Virginia Earle—her Hussar's suit in last season's opera will ever remain a delightful blue, robin's egg blue dream. Viola Allen simply won't. Grace Van Studdiford shows what wonders can be done with tight boots in "Red Feather."

The play was well rendered. Melville S. Collins, Harry Short, Arthur O'Keefe, Harry Lane, Louise Moore and Florence Morrison were cast for congenial roles. Song hits were numerous. "The Sambo Girl" is mounted lavishly.

"More to Be Pitied Than Scorned," a melodrama, served up in a succession of characteristic Charles E. Blaney settings, duly impressed a big audience at the West End Theatre, where it was produced for the first time Monday night. Its trend is fully explained by its title.

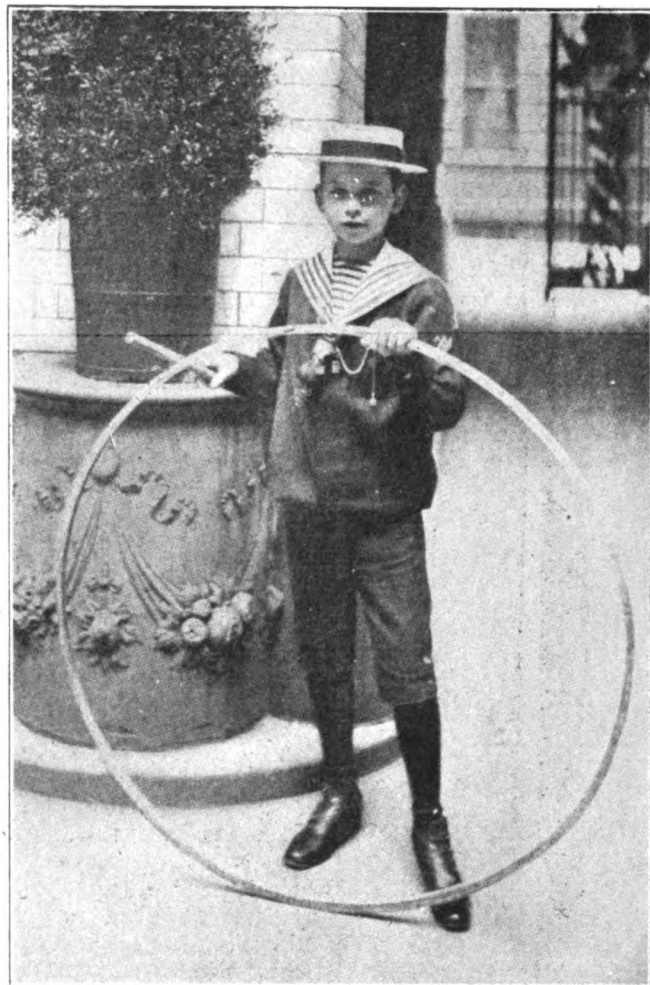
"Rachel Goldstein," Theodore Kremer's sensational melodrama of lower East Side life, and effective, though not true to the conditions it is supposed to represent, was exactly to the taste of a New Star audience. Louise Beaton bore the burden of the heroine role.

EDNA MAY AT DALY'S.

A TRIUMPH awaited Edna May at Daly's Theatre when she opened in "The School Girl." Miss May has been welcomed back to America with tremendous ovations, and her singing and acting in "The School Girl" have demonstrated that her charms of voice and manner and her great personal beauty have lost none of the potency they possessed and exerted in former years.

Besides Miss May and a swarm of pretty English chorus girls, "The School Girl" cast boasts of George Grossmith, Jr.; Fred Wright, Jr. and James Blakely, a trio of comedians hard to match on either side of the ocean.

The musical gems were Miss May's songs, "My Little Canoe" and "Daughters of the Guard," while the best humorous numbers were "Needle in a Haystack," which fell to Mr. Blakeley.



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TROUPERS IN TOWN

D ID you ever see so many troupers on Broadway?" asked the Cigar Store Man.

"I never did," acknowledged the Man Higher Up. "There never was such a gang of actors and self-alleged actors and actorines sliding up and down the main alley between Madison Square and the hole-in-the-ground. There are plenty to equip every show in rehearsal and to be put on with a double cast, and more are coming every day.

"And still the ranks of honest labor are yawning for men and women. We have to send to Italy to get our subway drilled and to Swenden for kitchen maids. There is a place for everybody that wants to get busy. The World's Want Ads work wonders every day, but the actors and actorines never read the World Want Ads. They fear that they might run across an appealing command to work.

"The yen to act out on the stage is worse than the drink habit. There is no Keeley cure for the footlights fever. Once let a husky youth or a young woman with a map that won't scare horses get a license to pick up a cue and all bets are off. Sometimes a good actor quits, but a shine—never.

"Probably half of the hard-faced army that promenades Broadway and assails the agents' offices will get on with good companies. The others will be turned down or they will sign with a manager who is going out with a bank-roll of trading stamps wrapped around a corn-cob and a show that wouldn't draw mosquitoes on the Hackensack Meadows.

"These are great times for the shark manager. He took a troupe out last fall and they hit the ties back. This fall he can get the same bunch to go out with him again. He owes them all money, but they are afraid to ask for it. The theatrical business is the only one in which a crook can shanghai a crowd of employees and give them the horse laugh when they ask for dough. The actor and the actorine are the only people in any profession who like to take an encore on getting stung."

"Then you don't think the stage offers opportunities," said the Cigar Store Man.

"To born actors, yes," answered the Man Higher Up: "but there ought to be a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Public to prevent people from going on the stage who are born sausage-makers or marble typewriters."

MARTIN GREEN in the *World*.



Photo by McIntosh, N. Y.

CAROLYN WHITE

She is known as a leading woman and in private life is the wife of Robert Tynan, the actor dramatist

DERMOT AT THE WINDOW

By NORA CHESSEON

DERMOT at the window. Dermot at the door.

Dermot's shadow falling by mine upon the floor:

Can I help mishandle the flax thread I spin,
Dermot at the window, laughing, looking in?

Dermot through the window laughed and looked one day.

With him at his going he took my heart away;

Light of foot and light of heart, whistling
like a bird,
Sure I'd follow barefoot if he said the word.

Dermot at the window whistles and I start,
Pale I'll be as hawthorn, with all my blood
at my heart:

Dermot from the window turning slow away
Takes the light and color with him from my day.

Dermot at the window bids my wheel turn

slow;
How can hand be steady when the heart's
aglow

Like a rose in August when few the roses be,
Making burning bushes of their bower-tree?

Dermot's at the window ah, but very soon
Through our own low doorway we shall watch
the moon.

Honeymoon, make haste to bless with your
bliss unknown

Love and me and Dermot in a cabin of our
own.

NORA CHESSEON.

THE stock market has still consistently maintained the position conditions decided for it now some eight weeks ago, and if we are to be consistent, too, we may look for a continuance of hopeful feeling and a generally rising market for some time to come. It is just possible that we may encounter a boom in the not far distant future, and if such should turn out to be the case, the prospective buyer will find his bargains at a higher range of prices all along the line than prices now. . . . It cannot be expected that any such rise in stocks as took place in 1897-8 will be repeated at this time, and for that very reason we could safely predict that when the wise public finally gets imbued with the idea that a boom is actually on, it will come in strong to a quick finish, and step off gaily as usual at the top. Booms are always of a destructive nature, and inevitably bring their reactions, more widespread in a disaster than is apparent from the mere figures quoted on 'change. Consequently, the shorter the boom the less the country has to fear from it. However, it hasn't come yet, and moreover, it is wise not to borrow trouble in advance. Wall Street always discounts as far ahead as it can see, and the strong undertone now so apparent can only be significant of better and sounder business and business methods to come.

The wisecracks who recently pointed out that a rise in Erie common was a sure indication of the culmination of the advance may reckon without their host this time. During the past seven years many old traditions of the Street have been overturned.

While it may be true that Erie could use a considerable sum of money for improvements to good advantage, and may experience some little difficulty in borrowing, there is nothing to warrant the idea that this stock alone can have an effect on the other securities selling below their value, or that such movement can combat the prevailing conditions. In time, many low-priced roads of to-day, such as Erie, Chesapeake and Ohio, Southern Railway, and Reading, all in good hands, and conservatively, and at the same time progressively operated, will make the showing of their predecessors, which in the last ten years have shown a wonderful building up. As an instance, Northern Pacific sold at one time as low as 3.

As a bull argument for good times, it is gratifying to note the recently published report of the statistics of exports for the last fiscal year. The increase on manufactured articles shows \$45,000,000 over 1903, with a total of \$452,500,000, while agricultural exports amounted up to \$853,000,700,000, a figure that has been only twice surpassed, and that in very recent years. Our balance of trade abroad is likely to continue heavily in our favor for some time to come—for even this enormous increase has room still for expansion.

Local issues are deceptive. Metropolitan, for instance, can scarcely afford to offer such figures on the wrong side of the balance sheet as



the last report showed. Our advice is to leave this class of stocks alone for the present and look into the cheap railroads and some of the industrials. Buy on all reactions, and keep your eye on Steel Preferred.

TOM TICKER.

DAN'L SULLY is going from the bar to the pulpit. "The Chief Justice," his present play, he will discard, and "Our Pastor," suggestion of sewing circles and donation parties, will take his attention next season. Sully completed "Our Pastor" during his summer vacation in the Catskills, where he runs four or five farms, a saw mill and all the roads.

SOME of the originals of "The Old Homestead" have gone to a last home. Others have drifted away, but all that can be found will be coralled, and the play will have all its old-time flavor. A man will tell you he has seen the Bostonians in "Robin Hood" five or six or seven times. If you ask about "The Old Homestead" he will no doubt say, "Oh, I don't know, I used to see that every season." When a rural play makes a hit, and if it is any sort of

a piece it usually does make a hit, it begins to go on from year to year with no sign of losing interest.

Augustus Thomas has finished a new comedy for Charles Frohman. Mr. Thomas' comedy success, "The Other Girl," is now rehearsing and commences its tour next week in New England. It goes into Boston, where it will remain a month. "The Other Girl" company, headed by Lionel Barrymore, who this season is featured, will play as far West as San Francisco this season.

George M. Cohen's new play, "Little Johnnie Jones," is reported to be progressing rapidly in rehearsal, and may open a day earlier than the date announced. The New York opening is fixed for October 31, at the New York Theatre.

Miss Maude Adams is expected back in New York this week, where she will remain until she begins her Southern tour, on October 13. This, by the way, is Miss Adams' first appearance south of the Mason and Dixon line. Miss Adams does not reach New York again until December.

"Piff, Paff, Pouf" enters into its twenty-fourth week at the Casino Theatre, and the end is not yet in sight.

"Checkers" stay at the Academy will, if pending negotiations are satisfactorily concluded, be extended. Big business is being done by this popular play, despite its fourth engagement in this city.

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George Conquest is to appear soon in his old part in "Mankind" at the Grand, London, and Fred Conquest will also be seen at the same house in his character of the man-monkey in "For-Ever."

* * *

Weedon Grossmith, after reading the part allotted to him in the new play by Mr. Pinero, has reluctantly been compelled to relinquish it, as he does not feel that the character is suited to his style.

* * *

The Wagner Festival at Beyreuth this year has attracted larger audiences than on any previous occasion. A roaring trade was done by speculators in seats, four and five times the actual price, \$5, being paid by those who were too late in their application for seats for "Parsifal." "Tannhauser" and "Der Ring des Nibelungen."

* * *

Ethel Jackson, who returned from London, has been engaged by Manager J. C. Duff to play the leading part in the Daly Theatre production of "The Cingalee," which comes into the house the first week in November.

* * *

The big combination, E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe, has gone to Chicago for two or three weeks' dress rehearsals preliminary to the opening of the Illinois Theatre in that city on September 19.

* * *

The English version of "La Montansier," which Michael Morton has prepared for Lena Ashwell, will be produced in England under the title of "Marguerite."

* * *

"Jack's Little Surprise," with Arthur Byron, continues to amuse visitors to the Princess Theatre. Mr. Byron's fine work and the laughable complications which follow the placing of the Turkish woman in his trunk are exceedingly mirth-provoking.

* * *

One of the features of the season is expected to be the production at the Drury Lane this Autumn of Hall Caine's "Prodigal Son."

"The Garden of Lies," Sydney Grundy's adaptation of Justus Miles Forman's romance, was presented at the St. James last week. The story is crude, far-fetched and artless, and affords but little opportunity for fine acting.

* * *

"The County Chairman" is still prospering at Wallacks, and it bids fair to last some months yet.

* * *

The Berkeley Lyceum, formerly the Vaudeville, season is to open September 19 with Arnold Daly's company. "Candida" is the first of the George Bernard Shaw plays to be revived "The Man of Destiny" and another by the same author, still unannounced, is to follow.

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Grand Stand \$2.00; Field Stand 75 cents
CONCERT BY LANDER

The Lyceum managers are to hold a meeting to seek to overcome the new State license law. Arthur W. Tams is at the head of the movement. Possibly the regular vaudeville agents will wake up after a while.

Robert Girard, the Orpheum agent in New

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York, is at last in San Francisco. He has been on the very of going for the last five years. Now, perhaps, John Morrissey, of the 'Frisco end, who is always "coming East next year," will make good, too.

Ted D. Marks has obtained the American rights to several Merriman plays, the principal one being "Poverty Corner," which the Kendals produced here last November.

Miss Bessie Johnson, daughter of Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, O., has signed with Charles Frohman to take a part in the forthcoming production of "Brother Jack," in which Miss Annie Russell will star this season.

Julia Mooney, the chorus girl in "Piff, Paff, Pouff," who recently won the "St. Louis Girl" voting contest at the Casino, is enjoying a two week vacation at the Exposition at the expense of her managers.

Lottie Blair Parker's domestic drama, "Light of Home," with its sympathetic and appealing story of right and wrong, furnished excellent entertainment for Bronx theatre-goers at the Metropolitan Theatre.

The New York success of Bernard Shaw's "Candida" has been duplicated in San Francisco, where Arnold Daly produced the comedy at the Columbia Theatre. There were twenty curtain calls. Mr. Daly will bring the company back to New York during the winter, when "You Never Can Tell" will be produced.

"The White Tigress of Japan" has entered its third and final week at the American Theatre.

Williams and Walker played for two weeks to packed houses. The engagement was the most profitable in the history of this historic house.

BROADWAY WEEKLY

VOL. IV., No. LXXXIV.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 21, 1904.

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THIS IS
THE LATEST
PICTURE
OF
MRS. MINNIE
MADDERN FISKE
WHO IS
NOW PLAYING
IN
"BECKY SHARP"
HER GREAT
SUCCESS, AT
THE
MANHATTAN
THEATRE.



These Are Strenuous Political Days.

IN strong contrast to the methods at National Headquarters, is the programme at the State Committee rooms in the Hoffman House, and at Tammany Hall, where the Eastern men predominate, and have things running so smoothly that there can be no doubt that the regular organizations of New York are determined that nothing shall be left undone to elect Judge Parker; and that if he fails to reach the White House, the local Democratic leaders cannot be blamed. It is more difficult to arrest the attention of any of the literary experts at Thirty-fourth Street Headquarters for a brief moment, than it is to get a good interview with Chairman Meyer, Mr. Rodie, or Senator Dowling at the Hoffman House. Indeed, the latter, busy though they are every moment of the day, do most of their work in the public room, where anybody, even the most humble messenger, can approach them.

THE State and City leaders are ready for a whirlwind campaign of about six weeks, and their plans are being duly and deliberately considered and well laid. Their object is to try and reach each voter, and not to scatter arguments, booklets, and cartoons indiscriminately all over barren places. The real plan of battle in this State will be aimed against the Odell administration at Albany, and Odellism will be the slogan of the attacking forces. The graft and corruption, with the unjust taxation of the cities to benefit the farmers' machine, as ruled by Governor Odell, is ammunition enough to help the Democrats carry the State for Governor, and incidentally for Judge Parker. For over a year the local Democratic organization has been collecting material, some of which was used so effectually during the mayoralty fight.

OF course the most vital point in the Democratic programme is to select a candidate who will be unobjectionable to the best elements of the party. This is no easy task, for although there are many inestimable men in the ranks, their qualities of independence and absolute opposition to the methods of former leaders have made enemies for them. The name most prominently favored now, is that of Edward M. Shepard, the Brooklyn lawyer. His high personal character is admitted, but he is regarded as cold and unsympathetic in his party affiliations, and the men who get out the vote feel little enthusiasm in his behalf.

ON the other hand, there is no man who would so enthuse the party in this City as much as Mayor George B. McClellan. His youth, record and ancestry, coupled with his undoubted ability and experience of public affairs, make him an ideal candidate. But even his own best friends among the leaders seem anxious to keep him in the background for the present, or at least until the termination of his administration as Mayor.

COMPTROLLER GROUT is more or less in the same category as Mr. Shepard, and they belong to the school of which Joseph Folk of St. Louis is the head and front, in the new political life. Chairman Meyer of the State Committee, Bird S. Coler, Judge Herrick and John Stanchfield are also in the running, but the latter being the favorite of David B. Hill, is opposed because of this very fact.

THE wise men, who look beyond the ken of present speculative prophecy, seem to think that the real winner at the State Convention will be De Lancey Nicholl, who is the Vice-Chairman of the National Committee as an executive, and who is the brains of the Thirty-fourth Street aggregation. No man can claim that he does not possess a firm will, and that he could be controlled, for he demonstrated as District Attorney of New York that he could defy all the political leaders in two hemispheres, and get away with his own.

THE State fight will not be so difficult as some people allege. The small majority which elected Governor Odell was a practical denunciation of his first administration, and in the normal course of events he would be snowed under in an off year, when nothing but local questions were involved. This would have been the result last year had he been running. Now if Judge Parker is strong anywhere it is the upper part of the State, where he is so well known and esteemed, and for this reason Odell, fearing losses in that section, is devoting all his personal attention to the conduct of the battle right here in New York.

GOVERNOR ODELL is one of the most skillful politicians in the entire country, and he has not lost an hour during the summer in cultivating hesitating forces at this end. The Democrats know that every scheme, trick, subterfuge and means, will be used by Odell to carry the State. But he is fully aware that the only men he has to fear is Senator Dowling, Charles F. Murphy, and the Democratic representatives who learned the conditions at Albany. The most open debauchery of popular representation, the most corrupt and brazen lobby, and the absolute sale of legislation openly during the past few sessions, has stamped Odellism as the greatest danger the State has had to confront in history.

SENATOR PLATT and his supporters in the party councils are aware of the situation, and they have been very properly alarmed over the complete control which Odell had secured upon the machinery of the organization. Indeed it has been said and not contradicted, that none but Odell himself and a few choice spirits, know what is being done.

IT is to be regretted that the leaders in other States do not seem to be as active as they might be, and that time is being wasted in acquainting the people with the great issues at stake. Mr. Taggart should pay some attention to the country outside of New York—Democratic States at that.

J. D. B.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

THE fact that there are nearly \$40,000,000 invested in theatrical real estate in this city is an unanswerable argument that the authorities should pay the closest attention to the needs of the managers, and all those who are interested in the purveying of amusement to the public. The theatres pay their quota of the expense of the maintenance of the police, fire and other departments of government, and are very much as important as any banking or other institution. Not a few of the temples of amusement are ornaments architecturally to the city's appearance, while the interior of such places as the New Amsterdam and the Empire, rival any of the interiors of the mansions of New York's millionaires.

ALL sensible people will appreciate the recent failures to secure advertising on the part of several press agents who sought to provide sensations to call attention to their attractions. One, the alleged kidnapping of a chorus girl from Chicago, was exposed almost before the girl had left that city. It is time editors suppressed this style of publicity promoting.

Clara Bloodgood and her company have begun rehearsals in "The Coronet and the Duchess," under the personal direction of the author of the play, Clyde Fitch.



JOHN P. HOPKINS, of Chicago.



BOURKE COCHRAN, of New York



LUKE D. STAPLETON, of Brooklyn

What the Good People on the Turnpike Say.

ALL the regulars are getting together for the winter season, and in the haunts of men who affect the atmosphere and fashions of the great metropolitan alley they are shaking hands and relating scandal of their summer by shore and mountain, preparatory to taking up the spicy bits of gossip along the great Pathway.

James O'Connor Roach, the poet and clubman, began the work on the firing line by relating a good story about the Vanderbilt genesis. Roach tells the story in his own inimitable way. It appears, according to the poet's version, that the old Commodore, who founded the family, was something of a wrestler, and that he was champion of Staten Island. It was also his habit when a young man to sail to Fulton Market with the fish he caught. One Van Buskirk had disputed the wrestling championship, but had never dared to come to time for a combat. Being a fisherman also, he sailed his boat to Fulton Street dock daily. On one fated morning the men met, ready to board their craft, but the harvest had been a poor one, and while Van Buskirk had three lobsters, Vanderbilt had only two.

"Tell you what I'll do," said Vanderbilt. "I'll wrestle you for all or none."

"Done," replied the other Van; and the twain grappled in the presence of the loungers on the dock.

The later lord of the house of Vanderbilt preferred going around in his bare feet, and he went at his work with a will, both men having placed the lobsters on the ground to await a victor. Cheered by the crowd the men did not notice the crafty crustaceans wriggling about, nor did the watchers alarm them. Vanderbilt was declared the winner, but when he went to gather up the prizes they were gone.

"They had taken water," said Mr. Roach, "a custom which the Commodore did not care about particularly."

SIR ALFRED ON BROADWAY.

SIR ALFRED HARMSWORTH, the newspaper baronet from the domain of King Edward, has been seen along the Towpath since his arrival. None knew him, and nothing delights the youthful baronet as much as to stroll about incognito. This is a thing he could not do in dear old London, although none ever intrude upon him there, or press their attention upon him.

The spirits of sport who haunt the Metropole were stunned the other night when a pleasant-faced stranger appeared at the bar, and fondled a glass of mineral water 'tween the acts of "A Little of Everything," and they only discovered after he had departed that he was the English Editor.

"Gee," said the Count Von Hapsburg, who boards at Tom O'Rourke's hotel: "If Hungry Joe were here, he would have known him, I bet."

COLONEL ROOSEVELT AS A POSEUR.

WHEN Colonel Roosevelt was on his speaking tours throughout the country in his special car, he was accompanied by several of the best known writers of the press. Among them was "Jack" Slaight, known at the clubs and on the Avenue. Slaight liked the Cowboy Colonel until his experience with him during the last trip.

It seems, as the story goes, that "Jack" was dozing off when a noise awakened him. He glanced about and spied the Colonel posing before a glass, fixing his sombrero and gauntlets. Just at the moment cheers announced that the train had reached the town at which he was to speak,

and giving one more touch to make his hat look jaunty, he dashed out of the door and struck an attitude on the platform.

On another occasion at Weehawken Colonel Roosevelt had arrived too early for the meeting, and being impatient to talk, called the reporters together, and asked them if he could not get up "a little demonstration."

"The boys scouted around and gathered together the trainmen, station hands and employees of the railroad, and Colonel Roosevelt made a speech. Almost as soon as he had finished, the regular meeting was opened, but I felt little more interest in anything the Colonel did ever after."

Captain Slaight's opinion is shared by all the writers who traveled on these tours.

THE THREE MISS MAYS.

THERE are three May sisters in town—Edna, Jane, who is a member of "The School Girl" company, and a third, quite a girl, but much stouter than her sisters. She is not yet on the stage, and it is doubtful whether she has any aspirations in that direction. She is said to be destined for a "social career," whatever that may mean, and has so far been carefully educated by governesses and tutors in England.

The success of Edna is due in no little degree to the extraordinary care which Mrs. Petty takes of her daughters, and she has, even after a life of matronhood in Syracuse, obtained a manner during her sojourn abroad, which would pass master on the Avenue. Mr. Petty continues on his quiet way through life in his home town, amply rewarded by the success which his wife and daughters have met with.

NEWPORT VIA PARIS.

ONCE again "Jimmy" Roosevelt is seen about town after two years of domestic bliss with his young wife, who did not receive the approbation of her young husband's family. He appears to be very happy, however, and visits the theatres regularly, but his old haunts know him not now. The smart set crowd he used to associate with has been disbanded. Some of the boys were sent to Europe, while others have drifted West.

The "Jimmy" Roosevelts live in a very fine apartment on West End Avenue and keep strictly to themselves. It is said Mrs. "Jimmy" has ambitions socially, but that she intends to press them abroad first. After a recognition in the American Colony in Paris, she feels she would be taken up here and at Newport. Time works wonders in this kind of thing.

"TIM" SULLIVAN'S IMAGINATION.

THEY have a standing joke about "Tim" Sullivan around his favorite resort on Forty-second Street and Broadway, which poor Frank Butler baptized the "Coffee House." Some wag declared that "Tim" was interested in the building which is being erected for the *New York Times* on the opposite corner—the upper Flatiron, as it is called.

"What building is that?" asked one of the country editors as he sat in the glass house adjoining.

"That," said Ted Marks, "is a copy of the tower in Dreamland. Congressman Sullivan felt that he could not pass the winter without some reminder of the place where he spent so many happy days this summer, so he had the building opposite put up to recall his Coney Island resort."

"Tim must be a great fellow," said the editor. "I have only one regret on leaving New York. I had to go to Esopus on the very day that the Sullivans went on their annual chowder excursion."

THE BOLOMAN.



GEORGE R. SIMS.

The famous English novelist and playwright. His first great dramatic success was "The Lights of London."



CLEMENT SCOTT.

The great dramatic critic who died recently in London. He was favorably known in this country and was much liked because of his appreciation of American institutions about which he wrote many editorials and articles. His independence often offended certain theater managers.



JEROME K. JEROME.

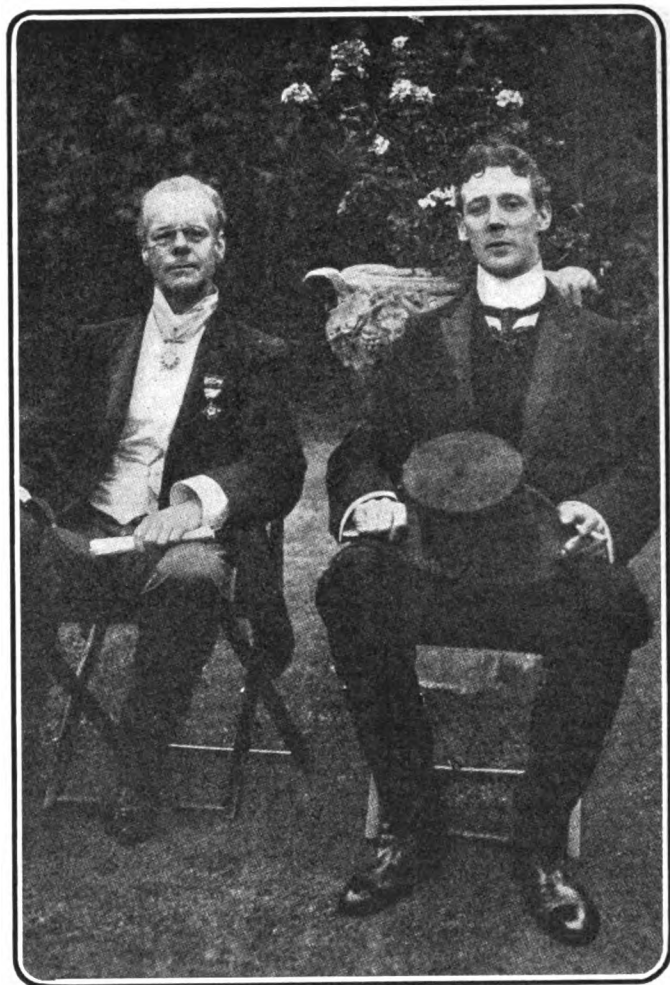
Editor of the *Idler* of London and considered the leading English humorous writer.

Two Managers Popular with London Theatregoers.



GEORGE EDWARDES.

ANOTHER phase of the situation is the announcement that George Edwardes, manager of the London Gaiety Company and other famous organizations, who has hitherto been considered a partner of Mr. Frohman's in the production of English plays here, will in future act as his own manager and producer. The true inwardness of the separation is not yet apparent, but the public will have two chances to get good plays instead of one. Mr. Edwardes has a reputation of doing things very thoroughly, as is proved by his long years of success in London, where he is greatly liked and appreciated for fair dealing and enterprise. Indeed Mr. Edwardes has been accused of extravagance in the mounting of his plays—but his lavishness has been excused because of its artistic excellence. The stage in this country will gain by his attention to the field of his profession in this country. He is a high type of a manager who can cater to the refined, smart, and intellectual playgoer.



EDWARD TERRY AND HIS SON.

EDWARD TERRY, who is now manager of his own theatre and companies, is regarded as the most popular and talented eccentric comedian in England. He made his first great success over a generation ago, and his admirable work as *Captain Ginger* in Byron's comedy "Weak Woman" is recalled now by older playgoers. His sisters, Ellen, Kate and Marion, the former a co-star of Sir Henry Irving for so many years, all became famous on the stage, but Ellen is the only one of the family who ever visited this country in a professional way. Edward Terry gained his first experience and an opportunity to show his talent in the splendid company conducted by Mrs. Ada Swanborough at the old Strand Theatre. It was here that Edward Terry revelled in burlesque and comedy leads, and he became affectionately known as "Our Ned" by every one in London, from costermonger to duke. He is now assisted by his son in management, and the young man is his father's constant companion.

Some Late News about Professional People.

MCWATTERS AND TYSON have changed their specialty around and have cut out the dressing-room scene. This had grown stale and made the act too long as well. It is an improvement as it stands.

Bruce and Daigneau have a very pretty scene using an Indian song. They have three good costume changes and do not sing badly. Sometimes it pays to put a little money into scenery, and this seems to be one of the times, since it lifts them out of the "sister act" class.

The last week is announced of Henrietta Crosman's engagement at the Belasco Theatre in David Belasco's play "Sweet Kitty Bellairs."

Denman Thompson, who has been absent from New York for several years, has scored heavily in his revival of "The Old Homestead" at the New York Theatre.

The optimistic Mrs. Wiggs and her quaint friends, the entire "Cabbage Patch" collection, have caught on at the Savoy, and their stay in New York promises to be a profitable one.

"Checkers" will begin the fifth week of its fourth engagement in New York at the Academy of Music on Monday night. This is pretty eloquent proof the grip "Checkers" has taken on the public.

Lulu Glaser is succeeding very well in Charles B. Dillingham's comic opera production, "A Madcap Princess," at the Knickerbocker Theatre. The part of the impulsive fun-loving *Mary Tudor*, of England, just suits her personality.

"Piff, Paff, Pouff" is doing a big business at the Casino. There is no immediate prospect of a conclusion of the run.

Big crowds fill Daly's Theatre at every performance of "The School Girl." Miss May's conquest is indisputable and the fun making of the three Gayety Theatre comedians, George Grossmith, Jr., James Blakeley and Fred Wright, Jr., is irresistible.

Klaw and Erlanger's production of "The Rogers Brothers in Paris," in which Gus and Max Rogers play the roles of *Rudolph Kahn* and *Adolph Finkleiner*, two eccentric German characters, is in for a run at the New Amsterdam Theatre.

Klaw and Erlanger's production of "A Little of Everything," with Peter F. Dailey and Fay Templeton in the leading roles closed its run at the Broadway Theatre Saturday night, and on the following Monday evening began its road tour at the Broadway Theatre in Brooklyn.

Three Actresses Who Are Very Popular with Women.



Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Phila.



Photo by Buck, Washington, D. C.



Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

IRENE BENTLEY, MINNIE CHURCH and MAUDE ADAMS, whose pictures are presented above in this respective sequence, are the most prominent types of actresses who are popular with women audiences. Miss Bentley is noted for her resemblance to Lillian Russell. Miss Church is one of the best known of traveling stars, and Miss Adams is undoubtedly the idol of the best class of theatre-goers throughout the country. Her annual appearance in New York is a feature of the season.

What is Being Talked About in the Smart Clubs.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR has not been abroad so long but that the New York people whose daily avocations draw them within the circle of the electric district, have forgotten his striking and almost Spanish cast of features. Yet his appearance the other night upon the threshold of the new Astor Hotel on Longacre, startled not a few of those who were lounging about the corridor, and he had passed the portal of Herr Muschenheim's office, before they had recovered their surprise.

The great landowner now subject to the vassalage of the House of Brunswick as typified in King Edward of England, was alone. No varlet heralded his coming, nor was he shadowed by anything booted and spurred like an Esquire of degree. He came as Tom, Dick or Harry might. Therefore he was regarded as in disguise.

Mr. Astor, who now quarters the arms of the ancient French house of d' Astorgia, concerning which claim the New York Sun spent a large sum in investigating, was all smiles. He was even condescending as his tenant Herr Muschenheim, a plain bourgeois, respectfully escorted the lord through the magnificent hostelry erected with the wealth of the aristocratic refugee. The entire entourage of the hotel was soon aware of the presence of Mr. Astor, and the members of the staff marshalled in almost military precision as he approached.

The distinguished visitor was very gracious, yet thoughtful persons who witnessed the incident, recalled the historic fact that once upon a time the farmers of Colonial days used to drive down to Longacre on Saturday night to buy their schnapps at the famous tavern which stood exactly upon the same spot. Later, when the patriots of the Revolution had chased King George's men and the Hessians into the sea, Mr. Astor's reception would have been a very different and indeed a more strenuous affair than that of the other.

SO far as present experience goes, luxury was thought to have reached its limit in the making of this great hotel, as it surpasses the artistic and beauty and wondrous domestic arrangement of the Waldorf Astoria in which the Squire of Cliveden is also interested with his cousin, the reigning John Jacob. But his collateral plutocratic cousin is a man of simpler life, and a sworn and born upholder of the Republic. Being informed that the latter was the third visitor to the Astor, William of Waldorf replied:

"I'm sure that he must have been a most welcome guest."

Just such a reply as one monarchial cousin would express concerning a royal kinsman. The Astor is alleged to have cost \$7,000,000 exactly the same sum that the Waldorf Astoria cost.

BUT compared with Colonel John Jacobs' new St. Regis on the Only Avenue, the Astor is antique. The appointments of the St. Regis cost \$2,000,000 while the building and land cost \$5,000,000. Words fail to describe the marvelous and even gorgeous equipment of this new hotel. It is constructed for an atmosphere of exclusiveness, and even money alone will not secure accommodations. Palaces of Kings do not compare with it.

There is much dissatisfaction in the Knickerbocker younger set, because the fiat has gone forth that they are not to be permitted to cut up as they like, and as they do in Peacock Row at the Waldorf, and in a certain hotel at Newport, when they visit the St. Regis. The Colonel can be as lively as a boy when he likes, but he has drawn the line for the Reggies, Guys, and Percys at the St. Regis. Two days after it was opened to the public, one of the wealthiest young men applied for apartments for a well-known beauty of the chorus. It did not take long for the busy press agent to send out a story about the simple little girl's domestic menage, but for a wonder some sensible editor got possession of the copy, and killed the point by satirizing it.

THE sad intermingling of commerce, politics and sassiety which in the past has shrouded the venerable figure of Chauncey Depew, does not in these days of youth, force and letters, appeal to any of the classes in which he proclaims such an intense interest. The truth is that in the languid expression of the Casino reading room, he is quite *passé* don't ye know.

At the Horse Show, where he has always been part of the exhibition, the old gentleman was actually permitted to wander unnoticed among the gee-gees and dressmakers' models. Even Mrs. Ollie Belmont, who always considered him such a dear old droll, vouchsafed her magnetic smile upon some of the younger bloods, and did not listen to Chauncey's latest mot from Paris.

RAOUL DE PUYSER.

CONREID'S PLANS OUTLINED.

DIRECTOR HEINRICH CONRIED, of the Metropolitan Opera House and the Irving Place Theatre has announced his plans for the coming season at both his playhouses. The Metropolitan will open for a season of fifteen weeks on Nov. 21 with a revival of Aida. Later ten performances of Parsifal will be given. During Mr. Conried's absence the Metropolitan has been redecorated and refurnished at a cost of \$54,000.

Mr. Conried will open the Irving Place Theatre on Oct. 1 with a special production of Maria Stuart, in honor of the anniversary of Schiller's birth. The company engaged by Mr. Conried includes a number of players prominent in Germany, and in the repertoire for the season will be forty-three new plays.

A. G. VANDERBILT'S NEW YACHT.

ALFRED G. VANDERBILT has purchased the steam yacht *Adroit* from the Gas Engine and Power Company and Charles L. Seabury & Co., Consolidated. This yacht was formerly the *Vizen*, and measures 100 feet over all, 96 feet on the water line, 12 feet beam and 4 feet draught. She was built in 1902, and is a trunk cabin type of yacht with raised forward deckhouse and torpedo boat model stern. The deckhouse forward is arranged for dining accommodation. The speed of the yacht is over 23 miles an hour. Mr. Vanderbilt has made several trips between New York and Newport on the *Adroit* and traveled from Newport to the Monmouth Horse Show on the boat, returning to Newport on her.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

COMMENCING with this number BROADWAY WEEKLY will be published on Wednesday of each week instead of Saturday as heretofore.

THERE does not appear to be any fear upon the part of managers of theatres in New York at least, that the Presidential contest will damage the amusement business this season. The truth is that the managers exercised unusual care in preparing for it. Warned by the disasters of last year, they sensibly booked as few dates as possible for the current season, and they now find themselves pleasantly surprised by the demand from out of town for more attractions. Indeed any person who has any decent kind of a play or company, can readily place it in good towns. Having anticipated the worst, the managers are likely to reap a very fair harvest. Then again, people are not so much wrought up by political scares as they were a few short years ago.

ENGLAND seems to have gotten over the much vaunted American invasion in commercial and dramatic circles, which gave the New York newspapers delightful opportunities for exploiting industrial and other uncrowned kings of the Republic, recently. The subjects of King Edward are no longer in terror of being Morganized. It is worthy of thought that the invasion in the dramatic world is all on the other side. Surely there could not be a better judge of the theatrical market than Charles Frohman. This manager has maintained for some time that he is compelled to go abroad for real dramatic novelties. He is anxious to use native productions, but feels it safer to pay heavy royalties to foreign authors.

PITTSBURG seems determined to win away the laurels of Chicago and Newport as the favorite stamping ground of the divorce fiend. There have been several notable cases in the smoky town recently, in which the principals appeared delighted to separate upon the granting of alimony reaching out into the millions. And touching upon the divorce question, it has been computed by experts, that the members of the theatrical profession furnish less work for the courts than those of several other less strenuous callings. Even the artist and laborer average more divorces than actor people.

THE recent visit of the Democratic editors from all sections of the country, is like bringing fields and pastures to the sower. It was a novel method of scattering seed, and it is expected to yield a good crop. The editorial experts who attended the banquet at the Waldorf. Astoria were excellent types of the corps throughout the country. Their tribute to the old war horse of the tribe, Colonel Henry W. Watterson, was very gratifying. Such leaders of public opinion in their own sections exercise extraordinary influence, and the scheme was a clever one to reach settlements of voters of 500 and upwards. The editors should be head centres for the distribution of campaign literature. They certainly received their instructions when they stood on the lawn at Esopus. The hints were embodied in a graceful speech of welcome from Judge Parker, but they were instructions all the same. If they follow the Judge's able definition of the issues of the campaign, they will have no difficulty in conveying his views upon them.

THE most fickle of all in their marriage relations are soldiers and sailors. It is also noted the actors marry late, as do most men who lead a roving life. The highest percentage of divorce is in the class devoted to domestic and personal service. This revelation will no doubt cause a shock to the clerics who from time to time attack the dramatic profession on these very grounds.

PEOPLE of ordinary temperament view with indifference the usual disputes between employers and employees at this critical political time. Not because they have no reason to be vexed at any interference with transit or other utilitarian necessities, but because the attempt is palpably timed to force one or the other side to the question to yield. If any interference should be made with the surface, underground, or elevated systems, so that people could not get to their places of business, the citizens irrespective of class or politics would have something to say. It may be said that a job on the subway under cover in winter, with comfortable circumstances, would be infinitely better to most men at \$3.00 a day, than a job on the elevated railroad exposed to all kinds of weather at \$3.50. Anyway even the lower sum named is more than many professional men manage to collect these days of college graduates and high school prize beauties.

DRESSMAKERS' Annual Conventions now come with the same regularity as do those of bankers, bakers, bottlers and builders; and the parent organization which burst upon New York a year ago was so successful that some of the women who did not get the recognition they expected have started another society. Yet madame's bills do not show any decrease.

PERMANENT CIRCUS FOR NEW YORK.

THE men who are now finding the capital for the construction of a building on Sixth Avenue, to be devoted to a permanent circus in winter and summer, are not taking much risk, provided they give the attractions the public wants. There has never been any dignified attempt to run a permanent circus here, but the custom has succeeded in England and France, and even in other European cities for well nigh a century. It is understood that Mr. John W. Gates and Mr. John A. Drake, two of the best known of Wall Street men, are financially interested in the project, but that the immediate direction will be in the hands of Messrs. Thompson and Dundy, men favorably known in the amusement world. It is also stated upon good authority that those who have conducted the great exhibitions founded by the late Barnum, will participate in the management.

The scheme is to be very comprehensive, and will embrace ballets and pantomime. Already Mr. Frederick Thompson, a young man of demonstrated ability in this field, has visited European centres and contracted for what are considered the greatest novelties suitable for a hippodrome. The great wealth at the command of innumerable families in New York; the large educated professional residential population; and the great advance in the public taste; which now demands refinement and the best in all departments of amusement catering, guarantees that these elements will respond liberally to claims upon their attention. In London particularly, large fortunes have been made in purveying circus and light high class matinee entertainment for the children of the rich and the thousands of daily visitors, and each year increases this class in New York. There is every reason therefore to believe that the permanent circus will fill a vacuum in local amusements.

The experience has been that managers have not paid sufficient attention to the children. When "The Little Princess" was presented last season with Millie James, it opened the eyes of the theatre owners, and they now find that any manager who caters to children will be rewarded. In England during the Christmas season almost every theatre is given over to pantomime and fairy spectacles which yield large profits. There has never been any proper attempt to do this here. Several managers have produced pantomimes which were Americanized specially for production here, but they lost all their character by the transition. The first manager who does the thing properly will find that it will be very profitable.

WHY GRACE CAMERON DID NOT SPEAK.

THE meeting of the Theatrical Women's Parker Club was not thoroughly characteristic of the profession it purported to represent, as it might have been had no sordid details intruded themselves at the last moment. The original pilgrimage to Esopus included in its membership a number of young women from the "Piff, Paff, Pouff" company playing the Casino, and on that occasion Fred Whitney defrayed a part of the expense of this brilliant space-getting idea.

Shortly before the meeting of the club, it was suggested to Mr. Whitney that he share a part of the expense of printing and lighting incident upon the meeting, and he, being satisfied with what he had already secured, declined. Presently to the stage door came Grace Cameron in the glory of purple and fine linen, but her attention was called to the "No Admittance" sign. "But I am the chairman of the meeting" she protested.

"That's all right," was the easy response. "Pollock is upstairs now writing a new speech of welcome for one of the girls."

Argument was of no avail, and slowly and with a saddening sense of press notice lost, Miss Cameron turned away.

After her came Bob Graham, who likewise sought to convince the doorkeeper that he was an essential, but the doorkeeper had heard that Dave Lewis was to make a speech, and Graham and a most imposing frock coat were sent on their way east along the street to Broadway, and a chorus girl (whose name might as well have been Blake as any other) held down the chair and bungled through Pollock's speech.

It was a fine press scheme, but what the more dignified politicians think of making a Presidential candidate an excuse for getting the names of certain musical productions in the newspapers, yet remains to be ascertained.

Chicot Views Some Current Vaudeville.

THAT old friends are best appears to be proven by John T. Kelly who has recently made his appearance in vaudeville in "Senator McFee." He describes it as an "original one act play," but surely he remembers having seen the same idea worked out when he himself was a boy. It used to be known as "A Cup of Tea," and it has been a favorite these long years. It was played at a benefit at Asbury Park last summer by Ross and Fenton and Joe Cawthorne, and it has figured as one of the incidents of dozens of the alleged burlesques which preceed and follow the olio at the London or Dewey Theatres.

For all of that the old idea furnished up with new and clever lines, kept Proctor audiences in roars last week and made Kelly a hit worth important money. A generous measure of this success must be ascribed to his own work, for he is a rarely good comedian, unctuous and with a certain method. His support was but fair. Herman Lieb was stacy as the indifferent husband who declares he is not jealous, and Louis Christy as the butler, was not as good as some of the Bowery comedians who have had the role. Florence Veldrau should be replaced at once. She neither looks nor acts the part, and the first impression created is that she is the mother of her stage husband.

THERE were other old timers on the Proctor bill, for Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thorne and their familiar "Uptown Flat." That too was more to the liking of the audience than the average modern sketch, such, for instance as that offered by Holden and Florence. They had a rather dainty little singing sketch which they have set aside in favor of an Irish comedy act which places them at a decided disadvantage. Miss Florence does not show to advantage in character work yet she is a pleasing actress in other lines and should be provided with opportunity.

YORKE AND ADAMS have a good idea in their Hebrew impersonation. They do not get out of their old characters and are as amusing and original in appearance as ever, yet they present a cleaner appearance and do not offend the fastidious eye. A multitude of eccentric comedians should take this lesson very much to heart and profit by it. The average vaudeville player appears to imagine that the filthier he is the funnier he appears and this applies equally to appearance and material.



Photo by Feinberg, N. Y.

THE GILLETTE SISTERS.

They are known to patrons of vaudeville as "The Minstrel Maids."



Photo by Bonney & Staples, South Bend, Ind.

McWATTERS & TYSON.

Arthur and Grace, who have just introduced a new sketch. Miss Tyson refers to her countenance as an automobile face.

EVA MAY JAMES, a scared singer, has recently flashed upon the theatrical horizon. Eva is the most timid person who has happened along in some time. She seldom gets more than halfway to the center of the stage and a pupil of a finishing school going past the Hoffman House with the head teacher was never more demure, and yet they say that Eva used to be with Weber and Fields. Miss James must be a better actress than she is given credit for. She sings nice little songs very prettily and that's all she has to do. And speaking of singers, Helen Bertram shows how valuable is a sense of showmanship. Miss Bertram has lost most of that which once passed for her voice, and yet she had been a real hit at the Williams houses. She has picked out the songs with which she can make the best impression with and there are many who imagine that she is really a good singer. She still sings with a show of brilliancy and a very decided nasal touch. She too affects a simplicity of style and she is tremendously grateful for all the applause. She should be.

THE Carter De Haven Sextette is a surprise in one way. It shows that De Haven's season at Weber and Field's under a stage manager instead of his doting mother's direction has whipped some of the nonsense out of his head and placed him in line for better things. If he keeps it up he will make a good actor when he attains maturity. The girls are not well drilled. They do not dance in unison and their singing is atrocious. There is the making of a good act in this offering but a stage manager is imperatively required. Until that essential is added the girls should be gagged before being permitted to leave their dressing rooms for the stage.

THE changes in the Louis Simon sketch show what a professional stage manager can accomplish. It's the same old sketch yet the laughs have been doubled. At the same time if Mr. Simon sees humor in sticking his stockings and unshod foot in Grace Gardner's face he should seek sense somewhere. To many in the audience such "business" as this is disgusting in the extreme and on a par with his display of underwear. There is no lasting humor in the suggestion that he is about to lose his trousers. Such things as this are blots upon an otherwise excellent performance.

MILLY CAPELL needs stage craft. The other evening at the Circle she fought for five minutes to get the horse over a hedge and then had to give it up. Meanwhile nervous women in the audience gripped the arms of their chairs and hoped that the accident would not be very terrible. Miss Capell is supposed to show up what she can do with her horse—not wherein she fails.

As to Syndicate Methods in Vaudeville.

IT becomes more and more apparent that the Keith idea in establishing an agency for the booking of vaudeville acts for their own and other houses is to build upon the lines responsible for the present standing of the Klaw and Erlanger Exchange. The Klaw and Erlanger idea was originally based upon the booking of the entire season of a touring attraction at one operation and through one agency, instead of through several agencies and at different times.

This departure from established methods proved so profitable to the founders, and such a convenience to the managers of out-of-town houses, that the firm prospered and now own in whole or part more than half of the leading attractions presented in and out of New York. The Keith people have reached in part the first principle of this establishment. They are seeking to book continuous seasons for the vaudeville performer in houses not always their own, but for which they book under an agreement said to be based upon something more than a commission basis.

They have a number of weeks of important time, and at first glance it would appear that they have the performer entirely at their mercy. To score a success for a season, it is necessary to play a part if not the whole of this circuit, and it is understood that unless actors are prepared to accept what Mr. Keith's lieutenants are willing to allow them, they are not to have any part of the engagements. In other words, if a little misunderstanding arises between the Keith people and the actor regarding salary matters, and the actor holds out for fifty dollars more than his appraised value, he will not alone be prevented from playing the Keith houses, but those outside managers who have surrendered their artistic affairs to the Keith people and who may believe the attraction to be worth what is asked, will not be permitted to secure the services of these players.

PRECISELY the same condition prevailed in the Association in its early days, when managers were still enthusiastic and willing to at least make pretense of united action. Several times it was decided not to comfort the enemy by surrender in part, and the manager was forced to the expedient of pretending that he had engaged the player he needed before the Association went into effect. Possibly the same thing may not be done now, since it appears that the Keith people are to furnish the entire show as soon as the books are cleared of the acts now registered. Such a fairy tale will not only be sniffed at at headquarters, but will be punished by the prompt appearance of a million dollar opposition house in the town wherein the offending manager holds forth.

To an outsider it appears that the present arrangement is even more binding than the old Association, since then all managers were in theory at least supposed to stand upon an equal footing. Now they are recalcitrants who have been whipped back into camp through the ever ready threat of opposition, and who must be good and do as they are told if they do not want to increase by one the number of theatres in their home towns. To slightly alter Tennyson:

"Their's not to reason why;
Their's but to be done—or die."

It is intimated that possibly the new theatre in Chicago may bear the Keith name. It is not probable that this will happen, but it is significant that the rumor has been placed in circulation. It is quite possible that the Keith people hold some small interest in Chicago affairs, though it is not probable that this fact will be permitted to become too apparent upon the surface. The Western managers have money enough to build their own theatres, though a clear connection between the Keith and the Kohl-Castle-Orpheum people may be traced through John Murdock, who for the first time is actively interested with his Chicago associates and one-time rivals.

IT is not probable that the Chicago end will stand for active interference on the part of the Keith people, but they are not strolling about with chips on their shoulders marked "For Keith," and to some extent they will render aid, though this will take the form of booking acts to be rewarded rather than the refraining from booking acts not wholly submissive to the Keith will.

It may be accepted that for the present the Keith dominion will end the near side of Chicago. This means that they will drive to the West for a time some of the players whose natural preference is for the East. They will send abroad other people they need at home, and they will book their importations with managers for what they think these acts are worth. It is a singular fact that foreign acts gain in value when they are being booked through the Keith agency—provided that they are the Keith brand of importation.

In the same way it is quite probable that the Fadettes and other Keith house acts will find ready booking at prices which would be deemed too high for similar organizations formed outside, and carrying on the Klaw and Erlanger idea, the Keith people may become heavy producers—provided that they can hold their trailing houses to the head of the comet.

BUT one fact has been overlooked by the Keith Board of Strategy. Klaw and Erlanger had the attractions to offer. They did not spend their time telling what they were going to do in the matter of cutting things down. They were no George Washingtons with their little hatchets. They may have had them, but they concealed them in their hip pockets while they were talking to the manager of a house or attraction. The house manager had to have attractions, and the attractions had to have houses. The vaudeville performer can play Huber's if he has to. That is the difference. Mr. Keith has overlooked Huber's.

IT is necessary to keep a bill up to a certain standard to keep an audience interested in vaudeville. If the manager is told that he will have to wait a couple of months before he can have a certain act, since the act is quoted at too high a price and must be starved into submission, he is apt to find that this explanation does not interest his audience or hold their patronage. There are many houses where the actor can readily secure time at about half his regular salary, and he will cut a three hundred dollar salary in half for a small house rather than make a seventy-five dollar cut to those to whom he looks for the larger sum.

THE Keith people will never become the Klaw and Erlangers of the vaudeville field until they have found some way of making the actor play the houses under their control. Their experience with the Association should have taught them this, but they appear to be blinded to the full condition through their confidence in the merit of their scheme.

It will afford them an outlet for their Grand Spectacular Pageants and Lady Orchestras, but they will have to give the manager some decided satisfaction if they expect to permanently retain him in their circuit, and, until they arrive at some more sweeping scheme than threats of opposition, they will never gain their point. The Klaw and Erlanger scheme works out well—for Klaw and Erlanger—because they first obtained control before they began to boss. The Keith people appear to have reversed this policy. When they arrive at the point where they absolutely control ninety per cent. of the vaudeville acts or the same percentage of houses above the rank of the dives, they can set themselves up as the dominant party. Until then it looks like a game of bluff and other hands may be bettered in the draw.

Epes W. Sargent (CHICOT).

Some Recent Doings of Prominent Playwrights, Actors, and Managers.

THE title role of Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett's child drama, "The Little Princess," *Sara Crewe*, has passed from the keeping of Millie James, its talented creator, and has now fallen to Leonie Darmon, who is also able to bring out fairly well its great sympathy and beauty.

Henry W. Savage has engaged Lolita Tavera, a Spanish dancer who came to this country with Guerrero, for the role of *Juanita* the Spanish dancer in "The Yankee Consul," succeeding Anne St. Tel.

The first appearance of "Parsifal" in English in New York under the management of Henry W. Savage, will be made on Monday evening, November 7. In all probability it will be given at the Garden Theatre.

Mrs. Brown Potter before appearing in America at the Proctor houses in vaudeville, intends to play a season in London, probably at the Savoy Theatre.

Maggie Moore, who lately arrived in London from Australia, has been engaged by Robert Courtinidge to create an Irish part which has been specially written for her in the Manchester pantomime "Aladdin."

Cara Kiliani, who is at present playing in vaudeville with Berenice Braezele in "The Minstrel and the Maid," has received an offer for a year in the "alls of London and will probably accept.

Dorothy Billings, a niece of C. K. G. Billings, the well-known horse-man, is going to become an actress with the Frank Daniels company.

Encouraged by the successful musical adaptation of "When Knight-hood Was in Flower," a prominent manager is quietly making plans for a spectacular operatic presentation of "The Three Guardsmen."

After the Chicago engagement of "A Little of Everything," the organization will return to New York and take up quarters at the new Liberty Theatre, where it will be established as Klaw & Erlanger's permanent Musical Stock Company. In addition to those already in the company Virginia Earle, Lee Harrison, Joseph Coyne and several others will join.

Franklin Bien and Leon Laski, representing Henry B. Sire and D. V. Arthur respectively, have been getting together with a view to settling amicably the lawsuit now pending to determine whether there was a partnership between the two managers in the professional services of Marie Cahill.

James J. Corbett leaves vaudeville after playing all three of the Proctor theatres for one week. He will open with his new play "Pasi," in Trenton.

Arnold Daly has received from George Bernard Shaw the scenario of a new one-act play, entitled "How He Lied to Her Husband," which Mr. Shaw has dedicated "to Arnold Daly and Candida Enthusiasts." The play will be finished by the time Mr. Daly returns from his engagement in California, and will be produced by him here as a companion piece to "The Man of Destiny."

"The College Widow," George Ade's latest offering to the stage, which will be seen at the Garden Theatre, is a four-act comedy satire on life at small colleges. The story of the play is centered on a football game between two rival colleges.

The Way to Make a Hit in Vaudeville.

ALTHOUGH vaudeville has become an important factor in theatrical affairs, there still appears to exist a dense ignorance in the minds of would-be vaudevillers as to what is wanted. There is no material change in the percentage of hits since those early days when "After Breakfast go to Proctor's" was a novel catch-line, and the Keith people were still looking for a New York house.

Then continuous vaudeville was but little known, and there was some excuse for not appreciating what was wanted. Now with vaudeville an important business, there are still hundreds of applicants who appear to believe that the sole requirements are a willingness to play twice a day, and to accept a fabulous sum for that service. It is rather more difficult to obtain a position in vaudeville than in the dramatic field, since in vaudeville every player is or should be a specialist. An appreciation of this fact would save many players from a loss of valuable time.

There is always an opening in vaudeville for that which is novel, or which is more than usually good in established lines. Managers are always looking for such. If you can tell stories well enough to gain applause at a club entertainment, it does not follow that the manager is sitting up nights for fear that you may drop in some time in the early morning and he might miss you. You will find that he is without enthusiasm.

On the other hand, if you can stand on your head and balancing a grand piano upon one foot, play upon it with the toes of the other, managers will fight to obtain your services. The last is novel; club amateurs who have been told that they are clever enough for vaudeville have become a weariness to the flesh. Every girl who has a voice a little better than the average, appears to imagine that there is a chance for her in vaudeville. She usually gets a chance to appear somewhere, sings three classi-

audiences weep until the ushers pass handkerchiefs instead of ice water, but they are few and rarely clever. Its best to have a sketch for only two persons. Managers pay almost as much for two as for three since the same time is occupied in presentation. These impossible sketches for five and six persons will never succeed, because even when they are booked occasionally it is not an easy matter to hold the company together in the intervals. Sketches are useful since they afford the shortest road to novelty, but they must be good and funny. If they cannot be both, let them be funny.

It does not necessarily follow that because a sketch has bright lines it will be a success. It must be crowded with action as well. The action is far more important than the dialogue, and the man who is really clever will hire a good stage manager to put his offering on. It pays because the stage director can see the opportunities the actor overlooks.

Good acrobatic work is always in demand, especially if it be of the comedy persuasion. It is far better to know how to turn a new sort of somersault, than to be skilled at reading blank verse. A comedy act of the same value as the old Caron and Herbert turn, would be swamped with offers. Trick cyclists, on the other hand, are drugs in the market. Any reputable agent can supply such turns by the half-dozen, and the chances are that some of them have been resting for so long that they have eaten the tires off their wheels. If you can ride a bicycle up the wall or across the ceiling, cycle riding will be profitable, but where the bicycle now has to perform tricks that would stagger a trained horse, the ability to do a few saddle tricks will not pay board.

Jugglers have to take up cannon balls or automobiles to command attention nowadays; tricks trying to the nervous system, and there is small



FRED. RAY.

Of Wood and Ray, just returned from Europe.



Photo by Hall, N. Y.

WAY AND HIS AMERICAN BEAUTIES.

They have made a big success with a novelty during the past season.



JULIET WOOD.

She is the partner of Fred. Ray.

cal songs in excellent fashion, and leaves the stage with little or no applause.

She may possibly be offered from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a week—some weeks—and she will find that she will average an income of about six dollars a week if she keeps at it. This class of singer is available only when nothing better can be had to offer an audience in the front scene while the stage hands are wrestling with a heavy set back of the olio curtain. The vaudeville audience does not care for classical music. Give three songs of the recital type, and they all sound alike to the majority of those who have paid an admission. Those same people can tell whether it is "Bluebell" or "Good Bye Little Girl," before the orchestra has finished playing the introduction.

Maude Courtney rose from fifteen to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week because she sang the old songs. Scottish airs took Louise Gunning out of a Hoyt chorus; and "The Girl of Sixty One" gave Aurie Dagwell an established position. Others have tried the same ideas and have wondered why they have failed. They have sung the old songs and the Scotch ballads, and their salaries have not increased. The answer is personality. Personality is the yeast which raises the vaudeville dough. The player who can come on the stage and be on friendly terms with the audience before the center is reached, can have big money and steady work. If success is to be gained through singing, there must be something novel in the presentation. Scenery comes in handy when it is the aid it should be, but scenery alone cannot make an act. Some trick of dress or oddity of presentation may spell success, but in any case the classical singer must get down to the level of the Twenty-eighth-Street song output. For vaudeville work Charles K. Harris is far superior to Chamminade or Tosti.

Sketches are an even greater source of danger. A sketch to succeed must be full of slapstick comedy minus the actual stick. It must be rough and tumble with no long speeches, no moments of quiet action, and bits of pathos. Some few players have succeeded in making vaudeville

market for big trapeze acts. They cannot in any case be swung out over the audience.

Magic is merely a matter of spending a little money with Martinka and learning how to do palming. Good magicians are worth money, the others are next in rank to the singing turns in plentifulness. When you get an act put it together well. Spend money to dress the stage and yourself. Silk salaries are never paid for cotton tights, and neat apparatus will pay for itself in half a season. Fake a little if you can do so effectively. There is no objection to faking if the audience is not let into the secret. They will appreciate a trick the more if occasionally one fails the first time.

Do not make appeal to the manager until the specialty is just right, then remember that he is from Missouri and must be shown. You will probably have to play many trial turns and free Sunday dates for managers and agents before you land. If you secure your first engagement within six weeks you are favored above all others. Getting into vaudeville is one of the most difficult accomplishments, but it is profitable if you have to offer what the manager wants.

To succeed an act must be one of the best of its sort. It must be workmanlike and have the appearance of having been put together by a master of the craft. If you can do nothing better than some one is doing it at present, keep away from vaudeville. What is needed is some one who can raise existing standards.

THE REAL ANTI-FAT.

MRS. SLIMDIEV: "So you have placed yourself under the care of a physician who reduces superfluous flesh? Did he recommend any special diet?"
NEW BOARDER: "No, madam. He simply recommended your boarding house."

HER SENSE OF PLEASURE.

WIFE: "I wish we had a nice large country place where I could give a garden-party."
HUSBAND: "Just for the pleasure of inviting some of your friends, eh?"
WIFE: "Well, yes; and the pleasure of not inviting some."

PROMINENT PERFORMERS IN THE VA



In the top row from left to right are: Agnes Mahr, the original *Tommy Atkins* (photo by Bushnell, San Francisco); Rosario Guerrero, the p (photo by Hall); and Proto, the Ruinart of Vaudeville (photo by Bushnell, San Francisco). On the second line are: Eva May James, who was imitator of Fay Templeton (photo by Coover, Chicago); the Taylor Twin Sisters, known here and in Europe (photo by Bushnell, San Francisco); Kai Kajiwara, St. Louis); Margaret Kirker, who plays Proctors (photo by Sarony); Sisters Rappo, Siberian dancers; Isabelle Evesson, leading

EVILLE THEATRES OF THE COUNTRY.



at danseuse (photo by Donney, London); the Howard Sisters (photo by Gilbert and Bacon, Phila.); Libby Arnold Blondell, doing a specialty
 ber and Fields (photo by the Tonnele Company); the Engstrom Sisters, dancers and singers (photo by Ashman, Baltimore); Violet Dale, in
 and Lilla Harris, who plays Proctors (photo by White, New York). On the bottom line are: Clara Walker, of "The Runaways" (photo by
 tors (photo by Burr McIntosh); and M'lle A. A. deGranville, who plays three banjos at once (photo by Hall).

English System of "Double Turns" a Success.

EVER since Mr. F. F. Proctor added the Fifty-eighth Street Theatre to the Twenty-third Street house, he has sought from time to time to introduce the English idea of double appearances. One time it was a bear that did the wiggle-wobble dance, which was loaded into a furniture van and taken from uptown to downtown and vice versa; then it was Cecelia Loftus when she was merely Cissy. Neither these nor other experiments showed success until Charles Hawtreys and Jessie Milward set the pace and Blanche Ring established a record by appearing at two New York theatres and in Newark each afternoon and evening last Spring.

This week James J. Corbett appears at all three of the Proctor town houses, Marshall Wilder goes on four times a day, dividing his appearances between the Fifth Avenue and Harlem houses, and half a dozen lesser lights play two houses each. The system is now firmly established and is working good to both actor and manager. The actor gets a larger salary for a week's work while the manager does not pay two full salaries and so both make money and are exceedingly glad.

When Blanche Ring made her famous trip, one of her party started with her from the Fifth Avenue theatre at half past two, and after witnessing her performance at two other houses, returned from Newark half an hour ahead of a six o'clock dinner. The suburban service of the Lackawanna road affords excellent train facilities and playing the Twenty-third street and Newark houses the same week does not entail one-half the exertion that might be imagined.

Other managers have at times shared the services of an actor but usually this applies to some house like Hammerstein's, which is not regarded as being in competition with other places, and one of the continuous houses. The success of the Proctor experiment will no doubt result in the spread of the idea to other establishments though just at present the situation is too upset to admit of many amicable arrangements of this sort.

The Proctor houses here in town make it possible to use the act under the same management in no less than three houses, but in the course of time acts will play Keith's and the Circle or the Circle and the Auditorium (if that hoodoo house is ever opened) and a twenty-five per cent. cut will be enjoyed by each house.

In the course of time it is to be hoped that the continuous amusement business will be established upon the same lines as in London, where the competition is largely confined to getting as good a programme as can be put together for the money available. When this condition of affairs arrives the two and three houses a night system will become an established factor.

In its mechanism the system is simple in the extreme. When the actor reports on Monday morning he is provided instead of the usual time card a schedule giving the time of his first appearance, the train to be taken if the second show is given in Newark, the time of arrival, the time of appearance there, the return train to New York and a duplicate for the evening performances.

The programme is arranged so that time for rest before an appearance is allowed and even so distinguished a player as William H. Thompson found to his surprise that it was easier than playing in a dramatic production and considerably more profitable.

It is this feature which in part made possible the long list of stellar attractions at the Proctor theatres last Summer and some of those who were tempted by the large salaries to make the vaudeville plunge have since decided to remain permanently in vaudeville even with a cut in salary for playing but twice daily.

Clearly the two houses daily is a system which has come to stay and it is but a question of time when other than the Proctor houses will book the same attractions.

MORGAN'S EARLY ENGLISH METHODS.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN is a famous collector of art curios. So were some of the ancient English barons. Mr. Morgan goes to Europe frequently in search of more relics which none but millionaires can buy. Not so long ago he purchased the work of a master painter famous in history, which had been missing for many years, and which was known at the time of its departure from an English gallery, to have been stolen. The transaction was effected through an intermediary, a gambler of notoriety. The early English barons did not do this; they got a bow and arrow, and went to any place they desired, and took away by force any object of art or value they fancied. In this way they furnished their embattled and moated granges without any cost, except the loss of a few vassals or retainers, who were sent on ahead to kill the owners.

Mr. Morgan has no moted grange, or donjon deep. He occupies a beautiful modern residence on Madison Avenue, New York. When he wants any work of art he merely "riggs the market," gets all the money that is needed, and buys the article from any one who has it to sell.

Recently the great financier purchased a cope said to have been worn by Pope Nicolas IV., and which the latter had presented to the Cathedral of Ascoli in Italy, on July 23, 1288, and which was regarded by antiquarians and scholars as one of the most valuable and best prized treasures in Europe; the letter accompanying the gift signed by the Cardinal himself, directed that it must never be parted with by the Cathedral authorities. It is embroidered with real jewels and pearls, and was made by the noble ladies of the period. It measures ten feet by four and one-half, and contains panels with scenes from the life of the Saviour.

On the morning of August 7th, this garment disappeared from a glass case in the Capitular Hall adjoining the Cathedral, and arrests of innocent persons followed. A few weeks ago, Professor Ricci, the Director of the Galleries and Museums of Florence, wrote to the Mayor of Ascoli that the Cope was on exhibition in the South Kensington Museum, in London, as the property of J. Pierpont Morgan, of New York, U. S. A.

Now the greatest experts in Europe have convinced Mr. Morgan that he owns what should be in the Cathedral of Ascoli, and that doubtless the very dead Cardinal must be turning in his grave over the desecration. The Italian police authorities have arrested some persons who they believe stole the cope.

Incidentally, Mr. Morgan does not bring his new relics to this country, because he does not think he should pay the duty which his native government imposes upon such works of art. And the early English barons are not here to enjoy the joke.

UNITED THEY STAND—DIVIDED—?

VAUDEVILLE agents of the independent sort are still laughing at an incident which occurred at the Gilsey House for the discussion of the new license law. "Foxy Grandpa" Henessy advanced the unique contention that as he, S. K. Hodgdon, Meyer Dentham, and others were all of one Association they would either pay a single license fee, or a single assessment for the purpose of breaking the law.

The contention that this group are of one agency is really amusing. Each and every one of the men is an individual engager of talent with the exception of Henessy, who seems to be merely the caretaker of the evil smelling cadaver known as the late Association of Vaudeville Managers. If the law is not declared unconstitutional, each should be made to pay a fee and qualify on separate bonds. C.

"DAUGHTIE" RUSSELL'S DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

"DAUGHTIE" is in trouble. "Daughtie" is Lillian Russell's pet name for her child Dorothy, who was carefully educated in Paris and at convents in this country, so that she would be fitted for a society career, and never, never think of going on the stage. Miss Russell did not desire that her child should ever appear behind the footlights. But one summer's day, Abbott Einstein, son of a lawyer living at Far Rockaway by the sad sea waves, made love to Dorothy, and the two young things went to Jersey City and were married by a justice of the peace.

It was not long before Dorothy determined to go on the stage and earn her own living, even if she had a husband; so she has been playing dates in the vaudeville houses just the same as Crimmins and Gore, Murphy and Mack and other worthy variety teams.

Then came the stork and Lillian was a grandmother. Hardly had this event passed out of the minds of newspaper readers than a cruel janitor at No. 219 West Eightieth Street dispossessed Dorothy and her young husband for non-payment of rent. The monarch of the apartment house tells everybody who calls to visit Mrs. Einstein that he had to dispossess the couple because they did not pay their rent. And the Russell-Einsteins went to Far Rockaway, where Einstein Pere lives.

Of course the young people will not want for anything, as the fair Lillian is well provided for a rainy day, and will not see Dorothy cry out for manna. But the prima donna is very world-wise, and has told her friends that she merely wanted to teach the young people that they could not live on love. She would like to see her son-in-law put in a few hours a day at some healthy occupation so that he could appease his appetite without any outside assistance.

Dorothy's love has not yet flown out of the window, however, and the janitor says he expects to be paid some day.

NINA DAVID.



THE Program for the first concert to be given by the coloratura soprano, Nina David, whom Robert Grau will introduce to the New York Public, October 24th at Carnegie Hall, has been definitely arranged. Mme. David will sing in the first part the waltz song from Romeo and Juliet, which is said to give her splendid opportunities to display her vocal range. She will also be heard in Felicien David's "Le perle du Bresil," and it is said that she is the only singer in the world to-day who sings this very difficult florid piece as it was originally written by the composer, who, by the way, is a kinsman of the soprano. A third number which Mme. David will sing, is the grand aria from Mozart's "Magic Flute." Mme. David's repertoire embraces 156 pieces, so there will be no lack of material. The other artists engaged are: Maurice Kauffmann, Violinist; Elaine de Sellem, Contralto; Anton Hegner, Violinist, and George W. Jenkins, Tenor. For the obligatos in Mme. David's repertoire, Mr. Grau has engaged flute and harp soloists, who are to arrive from Europe the last of this month.

Is Another Performers Association Possible?

DEVELOPMENTS of the past few weeks has raised the question as to whether the present condition will not revive that organization known as "The White Rats." The natural answer is that the White Rats never went out of existence. When mismanagement threw away the victory which had been gained, the Rats were supposed to have passed out of existence. For a time it looked as though George Fuller Golden and Ezra Kendall were the only ones left, but there is a fairly large body still in existence, though most of those concerned in the famous strike are trying to forget that they were ever rodents.

But the question is intended to apply to the principles of protection and not to the society as it stands to day, and herein there exists more field for conjecture.

It is safe to say that there will not exist in this country a militant organization of vaudeville actors. Strikes may be gained by labor unions, but they are not for the actor, and no matter what the coming season may bring forth a strike is not to be feared. It would seem to be an excellent opportunity for the Artisten Loge of Berlin to make appeal to the American actor, but, as has already been told, the Berlin body has decided not to look into the matter until next spring. The German actor is not yet entangled in the present arrangement nor is he likely to be. When there was the Association and the opposition, tricks were played upon the imported entertainer that roused a spirit of opposition. Now this condition has been done away with, partly because of fear of the Loge and in part because the present combination is directed by some managers against the actor and not against other managers—yet.

In the earlier Association the actor was merely a pawn in a fight of manager against manager. Now the American actor is made one of the combatants and his English and German brother will not be drawn into the fray. Unless the Loge finds it necessary to establish an American branch to protect the existing membership the American will probably be left to work out its own salvation.

The Loge disposed of, there remains either the Rats or some new organization or even the Actors' Protective Union. The objection to the latter is in its affiliation with the labor organizations, yet many important players are members of the A. P. U., who do not make the fact known, and it would be difficult to estimate the exact strength of the Union. But

in any case the Union would not have the strength of direction in an active fight. Its present purposes are merely the furnishing of entertainments at the labor balls and to small houses. It lacks executive head and it is not likely to make a change in this respect. It is properly officered for its present needs, and there is small likelihood of there being an important change in the direction.

The Rats are precluded from taking an important stand on any question arising. The very name evokes unpleasant memories, and no matter how sane the body has become there would be no flocking to the Rat standard.

If any order on similar lines should be started the same trouble would develop as wrecked the Rats. The popular rather than the cool-headed would be elected as executives, and the result would be a repetition of the Rat troubles on a smaller and less effective scale. There would be the usual enthusiastic oratory, the resulting strike and vaudeville in America would be dead for a time.

An organization upon the lines of the Artisten Loge would be successful and of value. Legal protection from the managerial tricks and a rigid insistence upon the fulfillment of performers' contracts on the part of the actor would give the body prestige, and were the membership to be carefully chosen it would be possible for a society with a membership of less than five hundred to exert an influence upon the entire vaudeville situation.

The trouble is that it is almost impossible to form such a body and exclude the anarchical element. There are actors who are important and popular who would work their way into the membership and eventually wrest the direction from those willing to proceed more cautiously. A society is needed or will be shortly, but there is small chance of one being formed which will serve the purpose.

Even at this late day the actors have not regained some of the ground lost through the strike. There are still some houses not devoted to vaudeville which otherwise might be profitable to the player, and a strike is neither necessary nor probable. An actors' society for the regulation of affairs could be formed on safe, conservative lines with entire profit, but it is a serious question whether this present proprietary association will last long enough to be a serious menace.

A CAUTIOUS CRITIC'S COMPLIMENT.

ACTRESS (angrily): "Did you write that criticism which said my impersonation of 'The Abandoned Wife' was a miserable failure?"

CRITIC: "Ye—y—es: you see, you looked so irresistibly beautiful that it was impossible to fancy that any man could abandon you."

FAME FOR BROADWAY TROUPERS.

DRAMATIC art as typified in the troupers who lend so much picturesque to the great electric alleyway which ordinary commonplace citizens call Broadway, is both amused and affronted. For hath not the guides of those clumsy automobile omnibuses, whereon the visitors from Terre Haute, Kalamazoo, Redhook, and other one-night stands see New York, included the actor man and soubrette in their itinerary spiel about the sights of Gotham.

Odds boddikins, but the slur must shiver the dust of Master Shakespeare in the stone tomb, at Straford-by-the-Avon. That the heroes and heroines of the mimic world should be pointed out to cheap holiday trippers, and subjected to the vulgar gaze of those who had paid ten, twenty, and thirty cents to see "Uncle Tom" and "The Silver King" at their home op'ry house, is the infamy of cycles rolled into a second.

Not that Sir Roland Tragedy or Lady Teazle Comedy object to legitimate publicity, but the horror of it, when they are subjected to such megaphone descriptions as this:

"Here ladies and gentlemen, you see New York's famous Rialto, where the genius and beauty of the theatrical profession congregate. Some of the gentlemen and ladies you observe passing, get fabulous salaries and have their names displayed in electric lights in front of the theatres all over the country. They are waiting to start upon their annual tours."

"That fellow's spiel is an outrage," said one of the Sir Gallahads. "Me for the woods when the horn toots again."

And now when the bugle sounds the arrival of the trippers from the north of Forty-second Street, there is a scattering of the clans, and the towpath is deserted before they have reached the Metropole.

"I worked at Dreamland all summer barking for Tim Sullivan, and he goes and puts up a tower on Longacre, and now when I'm about to sign with Charlie Frohman, these confounded hayseeds from the Wabash come along to guy us," remarked the man who once supported Edwin Booth.

SEEN IN THE DRAMATIC GLASS.

IT is with genuine pleasure that New York received the news of the great success of Miss Eleanor Robson in the production of "Merely Mary Ann" at the Duke of York's Theatre in London. It is worthy of remark that the young American women of the stage are receiving more and more attention each year from the Britishers. What is all the more gratifying is that this applause is not the result of a mere "fad." The charm both of personality and art in acting of Miss Robson has struck the right chord of the Englishman, and as in other recent notable examples, is a case of where real merit counts.

The opening of "Love's Lottery" at the Broadway has been postponed until Oct. 3.

And now Annie Irish has deserted the ranks of the legitimists and espoused the cause of vaudevillism. At all events Mr. Albu, the manager at Keith's, is to be congratulated, for Miss Irish has always been regarded as a clever actress and a popular favorite with the public.



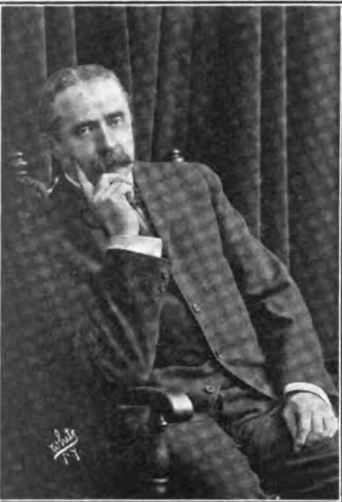
BENJAMIN HURTIG.

Familiarly called Ben; one of the biggest men in the vaudeville world. His every venture as a manager has been successful.

Review of Plays and Players of the Week.

THE revision in stageland, after the first course in appealing to the tastes of New York theatre-goers, has already set in. Klaw and Erlanger have decided that these epics have seen enough of a "Little of Everything," and "Love's Lottery," with Madame Schuman-Heink, of Grand Opera fame, in the leading role, will be one change at the Broadway on Monday. "The County Chairman," which has enjoyed such a great run at Wallack's, and in which Miss Francis Ring has made a very pretty part of *Lucy Rigby* this year, gives way to "The Sho-Gun" shortly; and the Princess decided last Saturday night to stay dark awhile rather than continue with "Jack's Little Surprise."

It is with regret that we have to speed our charming guest, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Yet in another week she leaves us to give David Warfield an opening at the Belasco. Of course, there is an end to every good thing. The world moves on, and even a play of such strong lines, pretty



HERBERT KELCEY AND EFFIE SHANNON.

sentiment and healthy tone as "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" must move on with it. But I may predict that this comedy will be seen again in New York, not in the near future probably, but in days to come, for "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" is a classic, and it will be many a long day before a comedy will be written to equal this one. More is the pity unhappily. And also it will be many a long day before we may see another actress play the part of *Mistress Bellairs* as has Miss Crossman.

True lovers of the drama have something to look forward to in the new play that begins after the close of "The Royal Chef" at the Lyric on Monday night. It is an adaptation from the German, which translated is entitled "Taps." This play is the work of Franz Adam Beyerlein, and is to be led by our old Lyceum favorites, Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shan-

AMUSEMENTS

Academy of Music	"Checkers"
American.....	"The Street Singer"
Bijou.....	"Mr. Wix of Wickham"
Broadway.....	"A Little of Everything"
Belasco.....	"Sweet Kitty Bellairs"
Casino.....	"Piff, Paff, Pouff"
Criterion.....	"Business is Business"
Daly's.....	"The School Girl"
Empire.....	"The Duke of Killicrankle"
Fourteenth Street.....	"A Texas Ranger"
Garden.....	"The College Widow"
Garrick.....	The "Coronet of the Duchess"
Grand	"Resurrection"
Herald Square.....	"The Spellbinder"
Harlem Opera House.....	"The Prince of Pilsen"
Hudson.....	"Letty"
Knickerbocker.....	"A Madcap Princess"
Lyric.....	"Taps"
Manhattan.....	"Becky Sharp"
Metropolis.....	"From Rags to Riches"
New Lyceum.....	"The Cerio-Comic Governess"
New Star.....	"Hearts Adrift"
New York.....	"The Old Homestead"
New Amsterdam.....	"The Rogers Brothers in Paris"
Princess.....	"Jack's Little Surprise"
Proctor's 58th Street ...	"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush"
Savoy	"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"
Third Avenue.....	"Why Women Sin"
Wallacks.....	"The County Chairman"
West End.....	"The Runaways"

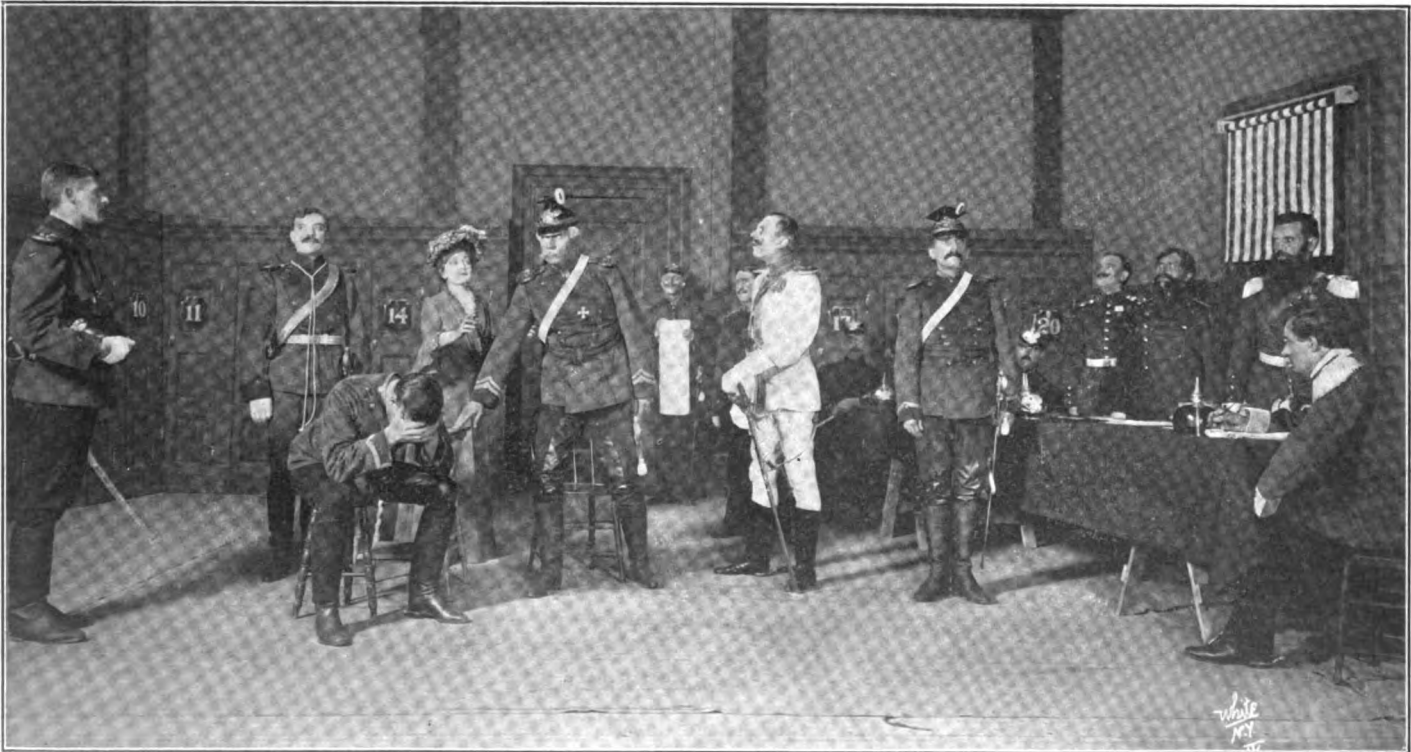


Photo by White.

SCENE FROM "TAPS" NOW BEING PLAYED AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, WITH HERBERT C. KELCEY AND EFFIE SHANNON AS STARS.



Photo by Sarony.

HENRIETTA CROSSMAN.

She is now repeating her last season's great success as "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Her annual starring tour in the larger cities will soon begin.

non. "Taps" is said to be a strong military drama, and we have reason to believe, in spite of its title, it may, on the contrary, prove wide awake and full of action. Herr Beyerlein is the author who was imprisoned by the German Government for writing this play for the reason that it was regarded as attacking the personnel of the officers of the German army. He is himself an individual of unusual eccentricity. Adopting somewhat the lines of Jean Richpin, who was known to go about barefoot in the streets of Paris, Herr Beyerlein selected for himself in the city of Berlin an abode whose outward appearance was the most wretched and unattractive one could possibly imagine. But fortunate was the man or woman called upon by the bearer of an invitation to visit such humble quarters and penetrate beyond the dingy portal, for this curious tale is told of him: The messenger might come as a coolie of India, and the message and form in perfect accord with Indian custom. In such case Herr Beyerlein received his guest as a Maharaja of India and presented for their delectation a play that is of original Indian character to the minutest detail. Another night he may be the Grand Vizier of Persia and all again in perfect accordance, even the invitations in the Persian language. Again it might strike Herr Beyerlein's fancy to be a Hottentot king, but it is all the same; he seems to have made an exhaustive study of the various races and customs of the earth and to be able to produce them almost as the Genii in Aladdin's wonderful cavern.

I have deviated far from Broadway and the manners and form we are accustomed to at home, for here outside the regular theatre we know only the mystery of the Rathskeller or the fairy-like charms of the New Astor that is in any way out of the ordinary and conventional. I mention this merely as illustration of the genius of this playwright, however eccentric it may appear. "Taps" has already appeared in the German at the Irving Place Theatre and by a German Stock Company. Another curious feature about this drama is that Miss Shannon plays the part of the only

woman who appears in the cast, while there are appointments for sixteen male characters. So the play is to be produced on a sixteen-to-one platform and ought to be the coming favorite attraction with our western brethren who have been very much in evidence all along the Great White Way this season and who are still in our midst in evidence.

"Taps" was hastily summoned here after only a short tour on the road beginning at Trenton on Sept. 5th. The plan was to tour the Provinces and Canada, but its great success has changed the plan of the managers.

William Faversham announces that during his engagement with "Letty" the curtain will rise promptly at eight, a welcome reform by the way, as the tendency has been to grow later and later in regard to our theatres and it is high time for a reaction.

The Manhattan attractions will be of interest this year. Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske has a very worthy purpose in forming the Manhattan Company with Mrs. Fiske as the head, and proposing to give New York what it had in the days of Wallack, Palmer and Daly. We can all compliment Mr. Fiske on this step, which is one in the right direction. He has, moreover, left nothing undone for the success of the company, having surrounded Mrs. Fiske with a most admirable company selected from both the New York and London stage. It includes such well-known actors as John Mason, George Arliss and Charles Cartwright. The company will remain in New York for the greater part of the season and make a tour of the large cities in the Spring. The schedule at present is made up with the following: "Becky Sharp," the first play, is revived in response to general request. It will be followed for a brief period by Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," which last season had only a week's run in New York, on account of Mrs. Fiske's out-of-town engagements. After this a new drama by C. M. S. McLellan will be produced. For subsequent staging Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" and a new play by Rupert Hughes are contemplated. Mr. Fiske has also awaiting production plays by John Luther Long, J. Hartley Manners, Charles Coghlan, Carina Jordan and other dramatists. Special performances by the Manhattan Company of new and standard plays are also to be a feature of the season, all of which should be highly appreciated by New York audiences.

"Parsifal," in English, is coming, though the date is not yet fixed here. The costumes, all imported, and the absolutely correct thing, arrived last week. The season will start in cultured Boston, on October 17th, at the Tremont Theatre. "The Prince of Pilsen" is here again, following the "Little Princess" at the Harlem Opera House.

Members of the Savage Co., now in the city, were given a unique treat last week in having a performance of "The College Widow" given for their special benefit at the Garden Theatre. The Companies represented were from "The County Chairman," "The Prince of Pilsen," "Parsifal" and the English Grand Opera Company. This play is to open the season at the Garden on Tuesday, Sept. 20th. In the meantime it is playing at the Columbia at Washington.

Shades of our ancestors! Is it true I learn that Mrs. Rigo is booked to play here in vaudeville this season? She will be remembered as the former Princess de Chimay, and thus we may have another opportunity of beholding royalty treading the American stage. Truly, it seems as if our managers were almost too solicitous about our delights. I wonder what she can do.

"THE STREET SINGER."

THERE are large pyrotechnics this week and next at the American. Miss Florence Bindley made her appearance there last Monday night with her serio-comic drama, "The Street Singer," and the gallery gods have been enjoying a very fat inning ever since. Miss Bindley is an exceedingly clever, attractive, and versatile young woman. Besides mere acting, she can sing prettily, play the xylophone and is very

**THE BOY VIOLINIST VECSEY.**

He is shortly to arrive in this country and make a concert tour, his accomplishments being considered far more matured than the average universal prodigy.



Photo by Sarony.

ANNIE IRISH.

She is Mrs. John Dodson in private life and has just made her debut in vaudeville.

nimble on her two dainty little feet. But the show is built to suit all comers. While I am not certain of it, it must be a revival. All the old familiar tragics ring out constantly, from beginning to end and from "Unhand me, Villian" to "By the sacred name of your Mother, I swear it!" The play abounds in villians too, enough to suit the most ardent melodramist. I counted at least four and their hearts and souls were as black as even his satantic majesty could hope for. And virtue too shone out strong, not to be outdone. There were just as many pure but unlucky individuals to cry out "I am innocent!" as there were villians. But oh the triumphs. It had many a hard jolt but in the windup it makes the heart glad to see good fortune light on *Violet Vodray's* banner, and we

may reasonably conclude, I think, that she lived happily all the remaining days of her life. The moral of the play is easily apparent. Be good and you will win out. The contrast between virtue and vice in "The Street Singer" ought to be more instructive than a Sunday school.

"THE SERIO-COMIC GOVERNESS."

THERE seems to be quite a rapid-fire of problem plays now on, and to attempt to elucidate their respective themes is growing nightly more and more hopeless. Miss Cecilia Loftus made her first appearance as a star last Tuesday night at the Lyceum in a problem play written by Israel Zangwill. In it she has a few brief moments where she goes back to her old self and gives us once more a few of those wonderfully clever imitations of Sarah Bernhardt, Ada Rehan and others which no one can do as can Miss Loftus. What a pity we cannot have her back in her old role, where to listen to this rare genius of mimicry was a delight. This cannot be said of Miss Loftus as the leading lady of "The Serio-Comic Governess." Mr. Zangwill has succeeded in making about the worst play imaginable out of this story. This fact may be responsible for the exceedingly amateurish way in which the company rendered it, for from beginning to end it would be hard to bestow a single word of praise for the whole production. There is not one single sympathetic note in the entire play. Once or twice Miss Loftus seemed on the point of making something of the part of *Eileen O'Keefe*, but it was only momentary. Surrounded perhaps by everything that was out of tune, she speedily relapsed into the general spirit around her. She overacted her part frequently and this was the case with nearly every one in the cast. It is hard to believe that Mr. Zangwill wrote this play at all, when we place it in comparison to other clever things he has done. I must believe that in a press of business Mr. Zangwill allowed an understudy to get it up for him and passed on the proof sheets in his sleep. He makes merely wooden images of the men and women he puts into this play. They walk about and get in each others way and wear nice-looking clothes and shout stilted and high-flown phrases to one another. In fact they are automatons that can be said to be almost human.

No one for a moment is deluded by the idea of *Jack Doherty's* being a hero. Mr. Reeves Smith could have brought out this exceedingly offensive character, without serious harm. Both Harold and Nesta De Becca should receive praise for the little parts they had to do. They came the nearest to real human beings of any of them. Frederick Reynolds made a capital *Jennings*, of the Servant's Hall. The rest of the players were way below par unhappily. What it was all about?—I do not want to seem to shirk my duty in avoiding this important subject,—although really these playwrights are making us sit up 'a nights now. But in this instance may I suggest a guessing contest. See the show first and send in your answer as to what idea you think the idea is intended to generate. It would be a great favor to me *this* time.

VAN RENSSELAER.

REASON FOR TROUBLES.

"Ah, doctor, glad to meet you," said Mr. Forsyte. "I wish you'd drop around to the house at about eight o'clock this evening."
 "None of the children sick, I hope."
 "No; but they will be when they get home from their grandmother's. They're there for supper."



Photo by Otto Sarony.

CHARLOTTE WIEHIE.

The Danish actress who has become popular here in French plays.



Photo by Coover, Chicago.

HELEN CHESTON.

Now playing in "The Royal Chef." She made a success in an opera which was not a success.



Photo by Windeatt, Chicago.

MARGARET ILLINGTON.

In private life Mrs. Daniel Frohman, who is a starring actress and is very popular with audiences.

FAVERSHAM IN "LETTY."

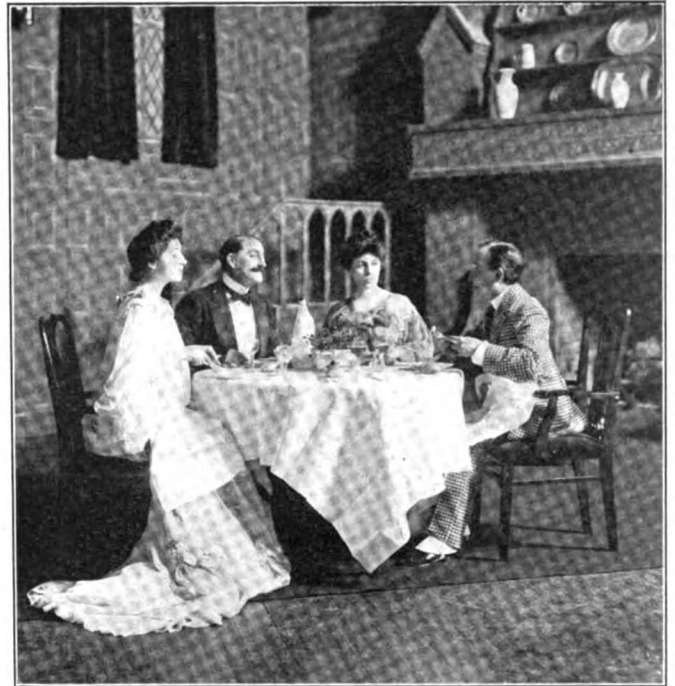
THE play "Letty" has been looked forward to rather anxiously by that part of the theatre-going public that relishes a touch of real life as they are wont to express certain unmistakable *exposes* for which the celebrated playwright, Mr. Pinero, is noted. That they left the Hudson Theatre a bit disappointed last Monday night, after the opening performance of the play, I haven't the slightest doubt. To be sure, it is well seasoned throughout with these wholesale insights into the human heart of a long-suffering woman, but for all that there is surely an indescribable something lacking in "Letty." Perhaps, I may hazard the suggestion without serious comment, that it was another act. With six acts instead of five that *something* might have been located. That might have given *Letty* the very chance her ardent soul was in search of. And then there might have happened on the scene, and better late than not at all, one character at least, refreshing, uplifting and cheerful. By the ordinary rules of chance one could not expect to go on much longer meeting only such a sordid, selfish and vulgar aggregation as surrounded and played the very deuce with Miss Letty's social aspirations. They were knocked into a cocked hat in the second act among the chimney pots overlooking All Saints, under the strain of having too many admirers around in one evening. What could the poor girl do? It was plain that she had settled down in the wrong neighborhood. A more descriptive title would have been "Letty's Lovers," although perhaps too suggestive of the books of a well known authoress. However, for the benefit of those who haven't yet seen the play, I must attempt some sort of a synopsis.

Letty is a young lady apparently thrown upon her own resources and obliged to do the best she can for means of a livelihood. She has chosen the position of "clerk" in a bucket shop. Among other attentions she receives those of *Nevill Letchmere*, a man of wealth, but "rotten to the core," as he himself describes his family. *Bernard Mandeville*, one of the employers of *Letty*, comes to her on the roof of one of her select friends with an offer of marriage, first having explained to *Letchmere* that he (*Letchmere*) is a married man and that he intends to expose him. This stimulates *Letchmere* to a complete confession, but in no way lessens his extreme regard for *Letty*. The result from this new complication is, for the sake of virtue, a revulsion of sentiment in favor of *Mandeville*.

This leads to a little supper at the Café Regence in the third act which ends in a general "rough house," led on by the bridegroom elect. Again a change of sentiment and back to New Bond Street, the lodgings of *Letchmere*. While amply chaperoned at first, *Letty* is finally left to her fate and goes to the extent of letting down her hair. I believe it is going to be the fashion this year for the heroine to let down her hair. Then happily comes a note from *Letchmere's* married sister, with the startling news that she has eloped and she the only good one in the family! This is too much for even such a rake as *Letchmere*, and in the midst of his hysteria, *Letty* perceives the way of virtue again, grabs her hat and shoes, puts up her hair and runs back to her lodgings. In act V, called the epilogue, she is married to a photographer, one of her many admirers during the strenuous period and a man of very simple manner. Of course, it is a problem play, but not to find the moral. The problem goes deeper than this. It begins before the curtain goes up. For the players, I must say, that Miss Nillson in the character of *Letty* proved a very clever actress. Mr. Faversham played the role of *Letchmere* splendidly. The part was most admirably suited to this actor's qualities. Fritz Williams as *Richard Perry*, the Photographer, also deserved honorable mention. Miss Olive Oliva made a spirited *Marion Allardyer*. The others in the cast were fair. The story had to be told and we know that *Letty* suffered, but it is hardly the play to which a young girl could take her mother. VAN R.

MEASURING HIS SLEEP.

"How late do you usually sleep on Sunday morning?"
 "Well, it all depends."
 "Depends on what?"
 "On the length of the sermon."



SCENE FROM "THE DUKE OF KILLICRANKIE."

An excellent photograph of John Drew and company in the new Empire success.

OCCUPATION GONE.

"My good man, can't you find work to do?"
 "No, ma'am. I used to write 'fables in prose' fer de newspapers, but these here war correspondents has put me clean out of business."

HOW TO GET RESTED.

Mr. P.: "The doctor told Jack that he had been studying too hard lately."
 Mrs. P.: "And what did he recommend?"
 Mr. P.: "Oh, he advised him to go into society a little more and give his brain a rest."

AGRICULTURAL BOARDERS.

BOARDER: "I suppose your wife takes summer boarders so as to help you out?"
 FARMER WINROW: "I s'pose so. I wouldn't know how to farm it nohow if it wasn't fer th' suggestions I git from summer boarders."

TIME CHANGES ALL THINGS.

Mrs. OLDUN: "There was a time, Thomas, when you used to chuck me under the chin sometimes. But you don't do it now."
 Mr. OLDUN: "Yes, my love, but you didn't have so many chins then."



HELEN CHESTOR.

She is one of the beauties of "The Royal Chef" company.



SUSIE FISHER,

THE YOUNG WOMAN

ON THE LEFT, IS

ONE OF THE CAST OF

"A LITTLE OF

EVERYTHING."

DRAMATIC DEBUT OF FRANKIE BAILEY.

ONE of the tenderest fallacies of the stage has been shattered. Frankie Bailey has at last become a real actress and is acting right out upon the stage of Proctor's every day and night. Think of it! And all these years we have accepted Frankie and her famous tights with restful satisfaction, as if they were the beginning and end of her dramatic afflatus.

But the handsome woman who was a positive drawing card in the ensemble of the Weber and Fields' productions unknown to her messmates harbored an ambition to say as well as to do things upon the altar of Thespis, and she suddenly burst upon the vision, or rather her gracious form dawned upon the audience last week without the fulsome heralding of a veribose press agent.

People could not believe their eyes and vowed that their ears deceived them until the curtain had been rolled up for a few minutes. Yes, it was the same Frankie, but accompanied by a sweet voice which uttered the premier speech in the act which she rehearsed in the privacy of her own up-town flat, and even Pete Dailey or David Warfield did not know anything about it.

Now that the secret is out, and that Frankie has dried the joyful tears which followed her positive success, there can be no offence in telling all about how the charming young woman reached the goal of her ambition.

"No one knows or ever will know how much I suffered," said Miss Bailey to a friend, "when the newspaper boys, dear good fellows though they are, made fun of my silent work at Weber and Fields. Do you know, I often felt like breaking into a solo during the performance, just to let the people see that I was able to do something besides pose. So I went to work and hired a maid to do my housework, for you know I always did my own cooking and washing before. Well, I took Gertie Moyer into my confidence, and we got up this sketch and rehearsed it all by ourselves. Then we asked Mr. Proctor for a date, after trying it on the dog out of town. No, I will not give away the dog's name. Well, the rest you know. And I simply just can't tell how happy we are! If Peter Dailey mentions my name again on the stage I'll sue him."

That the new team of Bailey and Moyer has made a success everybody who has seen them at Proctor's Twenty-third street Theatre admits. And the box office receipts have increased, and Frankie is going to be a head-liner in vaudeville, just like John T. Kelly, James J. Corbett, and Marshall P. Wilder.

MONUMENTAL PATIENCE.

A PHYSICIAN, finding lady reading "Twelfth Night," said: "When Shakespeare wrote about Patience on a monument, did he mean doctors' patients?"

"No," she answered; "you don't find them on monuments, but under them."

HE LONGED FOR SILENCE.

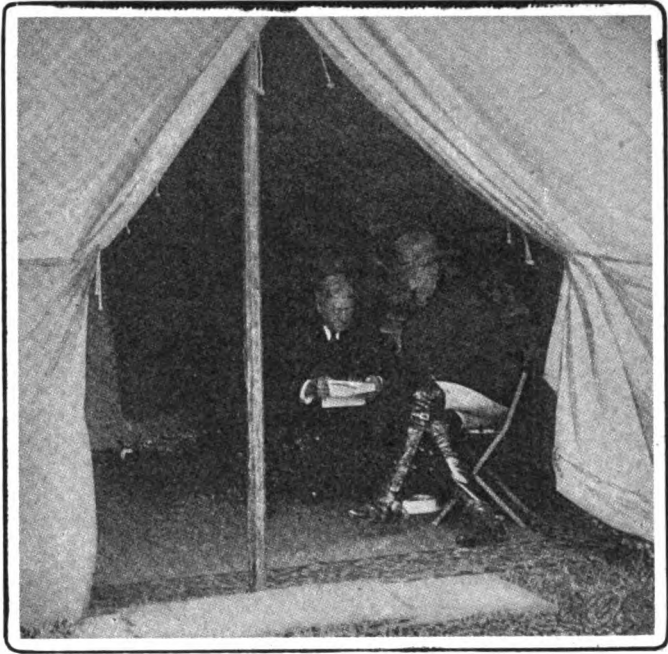
"You're forever trying to give the impression that you're a martyr," snapped Mrs. Henpeck. "I suppose you want everybody to think that you suffer in silence?"

"No," replied Mr. Henpeck; "I suffer in the perpetual absence of silence. A little silence would be a positive pleasure to me."

PROOF OF INTOXICATION.

MAGISTRATE: "What proof have you that this man was intoxicated?"

CONSTABLE: "He stopped his motor-car at a watering-trough for horses, sir!"



"BUFFALO BILL" IN HIS TENT.

A picture of Colonel Cody taken recently in London. He is seated in his tent on the Exhibition Grounds, giving instructions to his Secretary.

VERY CONSIDERATE NEIGHBORS.

ETHEL: "I hear Miss Screecher is going abroad to complete her musical education. Is her father sending her?"

BERT: "No; the neighbors."

LOVER'S APPETITES.

BOARDING HOUSE KEEPER: "You may bring me just one half the usual amount of meat until further notice."

BUTCHER: "Indeed! Have any of your boarders left?"

BOARDING HOUSE KEEPER: "No; but the three biggest eaters have fallen in love."

MRS. BLINKS' TROUBLES.

JINKS: "How's your wife, Blinks?"

BLINKS: "Her head troubles her a good deal."

JINKS: "Neuralgia?"

BLINKS: "No; she wants a new hat!"



DANNY MAHER.

The great American jockey leaving the paddock at Sandown Park to go to the front.

THE OCTOGENARIAN JOHNNIE.

HE never cared for Nancy Brown,
Nor stayed out late at nights,
No show girl in this lively town
Could 'ere show him the sights;
For he preferred a dusky belle
From out the tribe of Ham,
Around his heart she cast a spell,
He was such a dear old man.

So this Octogenarian Johnnie,
With his bundle of long green,
Found favor with the lady,
This more than Southern Queen;
Good coin of Uncle Sammy
She laid by for rainy days,
But her love grew cold and clammy,
When no money he could raise.

When he asked her for dem presents
And dem jewels which she wore,
De rings and pearls and crescents,
He made poor Hannah sore.
"I'se met some mean men in my time,"
Replied this Afro Queen,
"But of all de squealers 'long de linc,
You're de meanest ever seen."

MRS. CASEY'S LOGIC.

MRS. CASEY: "Yestiddy was Mrs. Malony's birthday, an' her ould man prasinted her wid a silver taypot."
MRS. MURPHY: "Solid."
MRS. CASEY: "Sure, yez be jokin'. How could she put tay in it if it wor solid?"

FASHIONABLES AT THE THEATRES.

THE Tilden boys never miss a first night. They have been seen even at the most scrubby shows which always manage to get an opening in New York at the beginning of the season. The senior Tilden happened to be seated next to Edna Wallace Hopper at "The Isle of Spice" the other night, and there was much laughter as the tall young nephew of the late statesman, ambled in and out between the acts past the diminutive prima donna. Mrs. Hopper is a living proof that it is not necessary to grow fat to laugh, for she was giggling during the whole performance. The audience was notable for the sandwiching together of society persons and those of the footlight brigade. The rigorous conventionality of the clubby chappies, who looked as though they were in Heaven when seated between hedge rows of bouqueted actresses, contrasted strongly with the free and easy, and rather ultra-dressed thespians.

THEY are telling a good one on the George Jay Goulds. From the time that the first Jay secured control of the Grand Opera House the Gould family have always held possession of the double lower box for its own use. Until the present Jays longed for higher society, the family frequently attended the theatre, and enjoyed the lurid melodrama and other shows which had had their day on Broadway. While the box has been used almost every week, its occupants have not attracted much attention until the late engagement of Williams and Walker and their black confreres. The performance drew large audiences, including the creme de la creme of Murray Hill, who were curious to see these clever colored people.

Every night a crowd of blacks have surrounded the stage door which adjoins the private hall leading to the Gould box on Twenty-fourth Street. It was scattered by the arrival of the Gould family omnibus, attended by liveried flunkies.

"Here comes de Goulds," was the cry.

Several quietly attired women, and two dapper-looking, clean-shaven fellows in Tuxedo coats entered the box, and it was soon known throughout the house that the Goulds were in their box. The occupants divided attention with the performers. Some society people who sat in orchestra seats, seemed greatly amused, but others did not know the reason.

It seems, however, that the visitors were not the Goulds, but only the upper servants, who had been allowed by Mrs. George Jay to leave the Servants Hall for the evening. The story was carried to the clubs and sent to Newport by mail.



SCENE FROM "THE SHO-GUN."

This is George Ade's new Korean opera which comes to Wallack's Theatre to succeed "The County Chairman."

A CASE OF CRYSLIS.

KNICKER: "Is your wife one of fashion's butterflies?"

BOCKER: "No. From the way she gets through the clothes she must be a wasp."—*Judge*.

FORGOTTEN THE CUE.

"Where's the supe who goes on in this act as a Chinaman?" asks the stage manager, looking around.

"He'll be here in a minute," explains the soubrette. "He ran back to the dressing-room. He forgot his cue."—*Judge*.

SUE, SUE, WITH YOUR EYES OF BLUE.

'TIS when de moon am shining,
And de sun hab gone to rest,
My arms you'll find entwining
De girl dat I lub best.
In de cornfield's cosy corner,
Beside de waving rye,
'Tis den my lub grows warmer
And Susie sighs her sigh.

De chickens all hab gone to sleep,
De stars am twinkling bright,
Dey're taking just a little peep,
On dis clear moonlight night.
So do not mind, my little girl,
For kisses I give you,
De Heavens do not contain a pearl
Like my own little Sue.

When clouds have parted in de morn,
And birds so sweetly sing,
Along de pathway tro' de corn
We'll cut a pigeon wing.
We'll ask de parson on de hill
To make us man and wife,
And neber part again until
We go from out dis life.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

HE (apologetically, as clock strikes): "Why, I am late in leaving to-night!"
SHE (with best intentions): "Well better late than never, you know."—*Judge*.

VICE-PRESIDENTIAL ELIXIR.

Ponce de Leon had just discovered the fountain of youth.
"Hooray!" he shouted. "Now I can run for vice-president on the Democratic ticket."
Saying which, he went and sold ten bottles of elixir at the the nearest cut-rate drug-store.—*Judge*.



HARRY J. SEAMON.

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Book by Stanislaus Stange.

Lyrics by William Jerome.

Music by Jean Schwartz.

Nat C. Goodwin, who has returned to America,
will present his new play, "The Usurper," at
the Knickerbocker Theatre on Nov. 28.

"A Texas Ranger," with Sydney Ayres in the
leading role, will be presented for the first time
in New York on Sept. 26, at the Fourteenth
Street Theatre.

Sylvia Lynden, who recently returned from a
long stay in England, has been engaged by
William A. Brady for his revival of "Siberia,"
opening in New York in November.

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BROADWAY WEEKLY

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FLORENCE BINDLEY AND GUY E. LEWIS IN "THE STREET SINGER."

BROADWAY WEEKLY

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HOPE entered the hearts of the Democratic leaders when they learned that Lieutenant-Governor Higgins had been nominated for the Governorship by the Republican Convention, with the aid of Governor Odell. There was wanting no further proof of the charge that Odell dominated his party, than this fact. Hr. Higgins has always been known as a machine man of the most pronounced type; and the Republicans of the City of New York, which is expected to supply the vote to secure the election of either a Democrat or a Republican, are not pleased with the nomination. Senator Platt has always been accounted a most loyal party man, and one of the most estimable citizens who vote the Republican ticket, and the success of Mr. Higgins meant the relegation into retirement of Mr. Platt as the great figure in the State councils. Even to Democrats there is a sadness in this result. As the Republican organ of the Roosevelt leaders said: "Mr. Higgins will serve as well as anyone, as a figurehead to point the way to overwhelming and deserved disaster."

A MODERN Adam of Chicago was tempted to copy one of the favorite customs of women, and put his money roll containing \$6,500 in his stocking, but as he wore no garters it disappeared as he walked three short blocks to his home. Foolish man: now he offers \$1,000 for its return. This should be all right—but in Chicago.

YET when one reads the report of Dr. V. H. Podstata, Superintendent of the Dunning Insane Asylum, there is little ground for surprise at anything a Chicago person may do. The alienist says: that one person in every one hundred and fifty in Chicago is insane; and one person in every five in the windy city is predisposed to insanity. As the Doctor is regarded very highly in Illinois and throughout the civilized world as a scientist, there seems to be no more room for comment.

SOME very caustic remarks have been made by the New York newspapers about the Hooliganism prevailing in certain sections of London, but a sense of justice compels the admission that we have a similar danger here at home, judging by the alleged conditions which, the local police do not appear to be able to improve. The ruffians here are called by other names, but they are hooligans just the same. The theories of reform and science are useless, in coping with this which keep certain neighborhoods in terror. Nothing but the old-fashioned club which was a magic rod in the hands of such policemen as Thomas Byrnes and Alexander Williams, *et al.*, can govern the hoodlums and inspired criminals who flourish in spite of university settlements, churches, law and civilization. Commissioner McAdoo says he has not enough men to preserve peace and detect crime. The people pay enough taxation for protection by the city government, and if the present administration does not guarantee it, then the officials will hear something drop at the next municipal election.

THERE is little philosophy, but much humor in the description of a Philadelphia man as to how a rival won his wife, as he detailed it in his divorce papers. This sad husband of the Quaker City says that the destroyer of his home used all the known thirteen ways to win a woman. And these are the ways: spent his money like a sailor ashore; wore numerous fine suits of clothes; sported magnificent diamonds; opened a choice variety of expensive wines; supplied the lady with many elegant and costly gowns; took her to all the pleasure resorts of Philadelphia; extravagant use of cabs and automobiles; purchased many laces, furs and furbelows for her; gave waiters large tips when dining with the young woman; wore very fine linen; presented "an expensive appearance," whatever that may be; hired vehicles, and allowed them to remain standing by the hour regardless of expense. Surely the most precious jewel in the domain of womanhood must have been the prize; yet the husband complains that he was unable to compete. Verily to the victor belongs the spoils, yet there is little likelihood of many entries in this class of sport, and we hereby declare ourselves out of the running at the scratch line.

THE literary experts who have charge of President Roosevelt's interests are not permitting modesty to stand in the way of exploiting his advantages. Now they have gathered together all the kind things that magazine writers have said about him for the past few years. Alfred Henry Lewis once compared him to Andrew Jackson, and these welcome words have been seized upon and are being sent all over the country in the mails. The editors of such magazines and writers who have written of the President in terms of praise are being welcomed at Oyster Bay with all the warmth of which the Strenuous One is capable.

IN every political campaign there are writers who, in the off-political season, are pretty fair—musical, dramatic, sporting, golfing or auto-mobiling experts—but who will let themselves loose and really convince editors that they know all about politics. The two most notable persons who have left their sanctums this year for the purpose of directing the election of a president are James C. Creelman and Gustav Kobbe. If the National Committee do not follow the advice of these gentlemen they may regret it—that is, in the opinion of Messrs. Creelman and Kobbe.

THE talk about J. Pierpont Morgan's visit to Oyster Bay in his yacht *Corsair* will not down. Even if the great financier did not call upon President Roosevelt in person, it is pretty well understood that both the parties appreciate the delicate political situation. The real truth is that Mr. Morgan does not care who is President as long as he rules the industrial and money world. It has even been shown that corporations have contributed to the party funds of both parties at the same election. If Mr. Morgan selects to support Colonel Roosevelt it is because he cannot force any promises from the other side.

WHILE the great armies are fighting it out at Liaoyang, a still greater army has entered the schools of America, bent upon a more noble purpose. The place to preach the gospel of arbitration and peace and good will toward all men, and forbearance with the weaknesses and faults of others, is the public school of every land. This method would eclipse all the Hague tribunals ever conceived.

IT is about time that some expert opinion was given as to the practical results accomplished by the recent battle of Bull Run which cost the government so much money. How would it compare with a similar experience of Japanese troops? There seems to have been quite a little picnicking with the two contesting armies in the mimic battle, and General Bell, one of the commanders, is reported to have remarked "that it might not be tactics, but it was great fun." No doubt the merry General took a jovial after-mess view of things, but the common people, who are paying for the gold lace and rations, should have some consideration.

BRUSHING aside the claims of any candidate, the sensible voters will naturally look into the figures of income and expenditures of the government by party, before they decide upon casting their ballots. The great fact is that when Mr. Roosevelt became President, there was a surplus of \$80,000,000 in the treasury, which turned into a deficit of \$41,000,000 in the last fiscal year, and this will have some weight with the electorate. It must also be remembered that there was an increase in the deficit from \$1,000,000 to \$24,000,000 in the first two months of the present fiscal year.

WHO OWNS THE UNITED STATES, ANYWAY?

IT is news to nearly seventy millions of people of these United States that their country is owned by twenty-five men. That is the claim of John R. Das Passos, one of the most eminent constitutional lawyers in the Republic. He says that eight Senators, sixteen Congressmen and the President, constitute an all powerful oligarchy, which rules and owns Uncle Sam's domain. The able author has just published a book called, "The Republican Party," and it is a document of intense human interest.

Mr. Das Passos calls attention to the reign of the Republican party organization for forty-two years, a period which no monarchical or other form of government has borne when the powers have by combinations or intrigue rendered the will of the people negative. The party caucus which agrees upon a Congressional slate which is called steering legislation, rules so that the men who compose the Committee on Ways and Means are practically as imperious as were the Doges of Republican Venice.

The party whip is as absolute as the sword of an Emperor, and the general Congress and governmental form is about the picturesque accompaniment which typifies the tawdry scenery of the mimic stage. In one sense this statement by a man of such standing is probably the most important argument of the campaign. It is written in the terse and convincing style of a deep thinking lawyer, who gives facts and data to support his claim. But what are the common people going to do about it? What will the Mrs. Wiggses and the County Chairman think of the charge?

Chatter Along Broadway.

NAT GOODWIN resplendent in the latest creation of his Bond Street tailor, with a shining Lincoln and Bennett headpiece tilted slightly to one side of his golden thatched head, leaned languidly against the Criterion railing on the Pike yesterday, and amused a group of theatrical friends with stories of his latest trip across the wireless territory, or rather aquatory.

He is always a welcome figure on Broadway this thorough American. Nat is nothing if not natural, and apart from his talent as an actor and his wit as a man of the world, he is very simple in his manner. None could be more democratic, and there is no actor even the humblest who puts on less frills.

Men who are now down in the world, and who were stars in vaudeville when Nat the youngster first saw his name on a playbill, all swear by him. He never forgets a man he has once met, and will leave the biggest of his co-stars or millionaire friends to grasp the hand of the poorest dressed Thespian.

"How did you enjoy your trip?" he was asked.

"Fine," was the reply, "but I would rather be on Broadway looking for dates, than be the biggest-priced star in Europe."

With which characteristic answer Nat loped a few yards, to shake the hand of Honest John Kelly whose delight in life is to listen to Nat's stories.

WELLS HAWKS' scantiness of speech has become proverbial with all who have business with any of the Charles Frohman's interests, and the sad student air which he presents, would indicate a melancholy note in his make up. But be not deceived! Wells can say more effective things in fewer words than any man in town. It is not any desire to repel disinterested well-wishing, but because his time is so valuable, he is compelled to economize even in his speech.

Mr. Hawks is a coming man in management. It will be wise to watch him. To have won the confidence of Mr. Frohman to the degree that this young man has, is a testimonial of extraordinary worth. In many ways he resembles Charles Frohman as the latter was twenty years ago or more, when the chubby little manager was to be found night and day in his den at the Madison Square theatre. There was no more tireless worker, and few saw in him the wonderful results which he has accomplished.

But get Wells in a reminiscent mood, or talking about his family, and you see bright eyes, animation, and enthusiasm which none suspect. He has the soulful, thoughtful look of Bourke Cockran, but his eloquence comes from the tip of his pencil, which unfortunately he has but little time to use nowadays in fiction. His "Red Wagon Stories" will no doubt have a very large sale this fall.

SINCE Emile Brugiere, the pet of the One Hundred and Fifty Select Spirits forming the upper crust of sassiety, put out his shingle in the Knickerbocker Building, Del Bonta, Frank Murtha, Jr., Harry Shwab, and "Bobbie" Hunter have become so upish that they will not patronize any place of refreshment except the Cafe des Beaux Arts or the St. Reggie.

Very exclusive persons are these scions of the old families. It was to be expected that "Bobbie" would welcome his fellow aristocrat, because he himself was a recruit from the best set in the Back Bay of dear old Boston. "Bobbie," ye know, was one of the choice spirits of the famous Boston Cadets, and it was with that very swagger organization that he first appeared on any stage, when the Cadets gave their annual operetta. Stanley 'Awkins, the idol of matinee maidens who love to hear him sing in opera, was also a graduate of the Cadets.

Shwab has bought an eyeglass, and revels in the publicity work for "Lord Pawtucket." He is being featured himself as an ex-society lion.

MANY of the regulars missed a wine fest the other evening, when another Hawkins tendered a wine party to all comers in his particular set. Mr. "Dal" Hawkins, as he is known in the fistic world, is very much above his profession socially. Indeed he is quite the proper thing along the Avenue, and one not knowing his wonderful record, would not imagine that he has taken more punishment in the squared circle than any of the knights of the mittens in history.

Well, "Dal" burst upon the coterie at the Coffee House armed with a folio of engravings toned in green and yellow, stamped with the seal of Uncle Sam's mint. Was he welcome? A prince would have envied the greeting vouchsafed him.

Several waiters, obsequious as the major-domo of a Sultan, hovered around the table which Mr. "Dal" selected in the refreshment booth, and for hours there was a feast of reason and a flow of soul. A light lunch sufficed until dinner: and the company was so good, that breakfast time arrived before an adjournment was decided upon.

"What he do for a living, Francois?" asked one knight of the napkin of another.

"He make boxes for the gloves, I think," was the reply. "He have a factory and is rich."

Hawkins looks anything but a pugilist.

"Young" Corbett, "Kid" Broad and several other lights of the ring make their home in Long Acre village, and it must be said that they are welcome wherever they go because of their correct deportment.

ONE of the sights of Broadway is the group of girls who are daily visitors to the Knickerbocker soda fountain. Things are not always what they seem, and it must not be understood that the merry creatures go there simply to sup chocolate or chew bon-bons. Oh, dear no! They have much more important business there.

It's a secret, but an open one to the profession. The tall stately blonde and the chirping little brunette are not carrying away boxes of caramels presented by admirers. They are taking home powder, and paint, and rouge, and grease paint, and other necessary little accessories of every actresses' outfit, for which they have been saving up their pennies.

Nina Randall, one of Anna Held's beauties who plays real parts, attracted much attention as she passed, still tanned from her Summer in the woods and at Saratoga, where she goes every Summer. Nina was a great favorite with the newspaper boys in Boston, where her family is some pumpkins, and one enthusiastic young versifier called her "Nina the Superb."

"I have had the time of my life," she volunteered, "and now I'm back in my dingy old apartment. As soon as I've studied my part, I want you to come up and join my Sunday seances. I'm away up in Buddhism now, and know more about the cult than any High Priest that ever breathed."

FREDDIE GEBHARD is back in town, and runs over from the Avenue almost nightly. He is even a greater favorite than when he waited patiently for the curtain to fall on Mrs. Langtry's performance during her earlier visits. Freddie does not show any havoc at the hands of Time in his appearance,

which is quite as debonnaire as ever. There are none who enjoy a little bite after the theatre better than he, but it must be accompanied by the smiles of boon companions.

The millionaire clubman was the star guest at a supper given a few nights ago by Hattie Forsythe of the Lew Fields company at the Hotel St. Regis. Miss Forsythe was determined to be the first actress to be a hostess at the famous hotel, and she was the only woman, attended by a crowd of such choice persons as Jerome Siegel, Meyer Mannheimer, and Freddie.

JOHN MARS.

NOTES OF INTEREST.

SARAH GRAND, the author of the "Heavenly Twins," in discussing the ethics of smoking by women, says that they "should be allowed to do anything honorable that they can do in a womanly way; and no fair-minded person can call the act of smoking a cigarette either unwomanly or ungraceful." And yet—

NEWSPAPER ROW in Tokio, Japan, is a lively place just now. The city has twenty dailies; one of them, the *Japanese Times*, is printed in English, but its entire staff is Japanese. There are in all one thousand five hundred newspapers and periodicals printed in the island kingdom. The first was issued in 1863.

THE only woman admiral in the world is the Queen of Greece—who holds that title in the Russian navy. She is not particularly in evidence during the present unpleasantness with Japan.



FAMILIAR FACES ON THE RIALTO.

In this group are Leander Richardson, Lee Harrison and Thomas O'Rourke basking in the sunshine.

Talk in the Smart Clubs.

THE most important secret of the week among the exclusives is the announcement that Mrs. "Neely" Vanderbilt and Mr. Vanderbilt are going to give a breastplate of diamonds as a wedding present to William the German Crown Prince and his bride Cecelia Schwerein. At our tea tables we call all the foreign nobility and royalty by their world lay names. For instance, we call King Edward Eddie Guelph. That was his mother's name, taken when she married the dear Prince Consort. Had she not been titled, she would have had her letters addressed "Mrs. Guelph." But let us not forget the breastplate, which, I presume, is really a corsage ornament. When George Walker, the colored minstrel, was playing before King Edward and the English Court he noticed that ambassadors and other dignitaries wore jewelled ribbons, decorations denoting their rank. George forthwith gave an order for a similar affair, but it is simply a ground for hundreds of diamonds—real diamonds! Those

met. Then there are the old family gatherings when the young people who danced together as children can renew their happy associations. If some of the smart set would only have the same fidelity to old friends, and be more natural, we would not come in for such lawful criticism from the pens of the penny-a-liners.

* * *

NOW Jimmie Van Alen is about to go and do it. I hear he has determined to become a naturalized subject of the man to whom he bears such a strong personal resemblance—that is, physically. He has been taken for King Edward as he rode along Rotten Row just as the democratic monarch of all England. For years he has maintained a country seat in the tight little island and has spent most of his time there, coming over only to see his mamma-in-law. Indeed, they say he would have raised the Union Jack before this, but he feared the displeasure of Mrs. Astor, from whom his children have great expectations when her will is read. The Van Alens are a curious crowd. Father, son and daughters

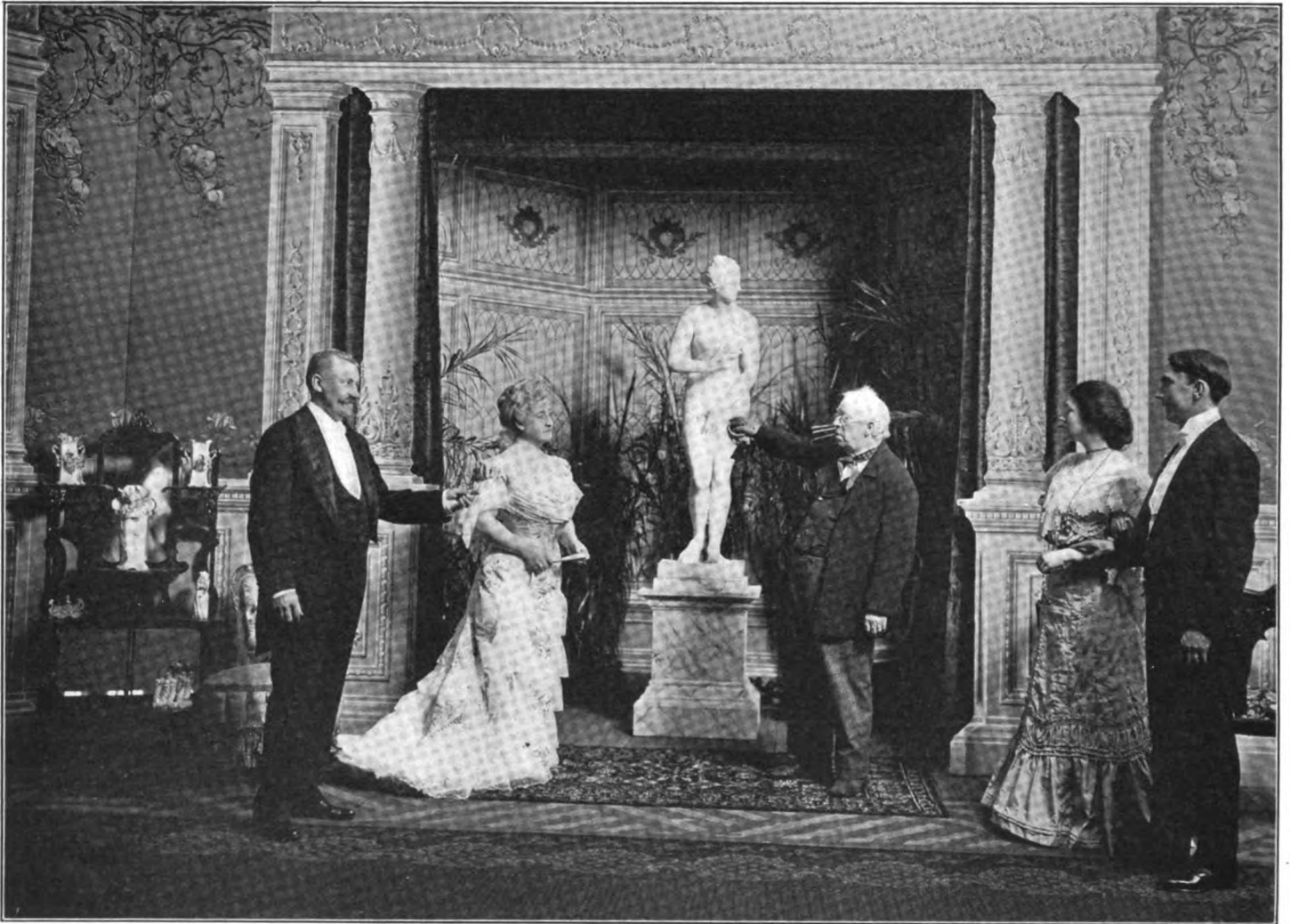


Photo by Hall.

DENMAN THOMPSON AND COMPANY IN "THE OLD HOMESTEAD" AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE.

In the scene of the home of Henry Hopkins on Fifth Avenue, New York, Uncle Josh Whitcomb is saying: "Was that a New York lady before she died?"

who have attended the performances since his return can testify to the breathless gasps of his audience as he burst upon their vision. It beats anything we wear in the opera or at Mamma Astor's, when we are permitted to bow before her once a year.

* * *

THE Hearsts are living very quietly in their home at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Twenty-eight Street, where the former Miss Wilson is the mistress of a delightfully artistic old house, just sufficiently modernized to be comfortable. Everybody wondered why the Hearsts choose such a queer place to live, so much out of the fashionable zone, but there is a very good reason. Mrs. Hearst, in spite of her very successful marriage and accession to wealth, is very devoted to her family and her old school chums, and she is well known on the East Side, where they are all to proud of her and where she spent her childhood. And I give her every credit for her loyalty. Indeed, she says she has no ambitions socially, but is quite content to be home with the baby and her husband. And Willie is one of the most generous and affectionate husbands I ever

all go their own way in different directions, and when they meet act like good fellows together and join in the merriest kind of pranks.

* * *

LADY DAWKINS is upholding the titled prestige of the Morgan banking set. She was Louise Johnston, her people being natives of Louisiana. In 1888 she married Sir Clinton Edward Dawkins, formerly of the Indian Office under Lord Kitchener, now the senior partner of J. S. Morgan & Co., the London end of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's interests. She is a very bright woman, but excessively English, and I am told even claims to have been born in that country. American visitors are not welcome at No. 38 Queen's Gate, St. James' Park, or at the Dawkins' country place, Fair Hill, Tonbridge, Kent.

* * *

WE are likely to see more of the Ed. Thomases in the magic circle in future. I hear that Mrs. Ed. has declared herself, and that she insists that her husband, who is very, very young for a successful man of affairs, shall go out more. Heretofore Mr. Thomas has been so

occupied with his stable, his banking and his newspaper that he found very little time to take part in the festivities. He has done much automobiling, to be sure, but as he is personally popular with the clubby people, they desire to see him oftener. Now that Mrs. Ed. has settled the matter, he will surely become gay. I hear that Mrs. Thomas takes a deep interest in her husband's newspaper and really looks over some of the proofs. She is greatly interested in the stage and likes to admire the pictures of actresses which her husband's editors publish.

TESSIE OELRICHS proved herself quite a Sherlock Holmes in detecting the thefts of her servants, and had Mrs. Ogden Goelet been half as shrewd she would have been spared ever so much humiliation in the temporary loss of her famous diamonds. Tess, as I loved to call her, missed some groceries, and could not account for certain items on the butcher's bill, so she went sleuthing, and when she confronted two of her menials, they broke down under her third degree, and confessed. Then she lectured them, discharged them from the servant's hall, and sent them

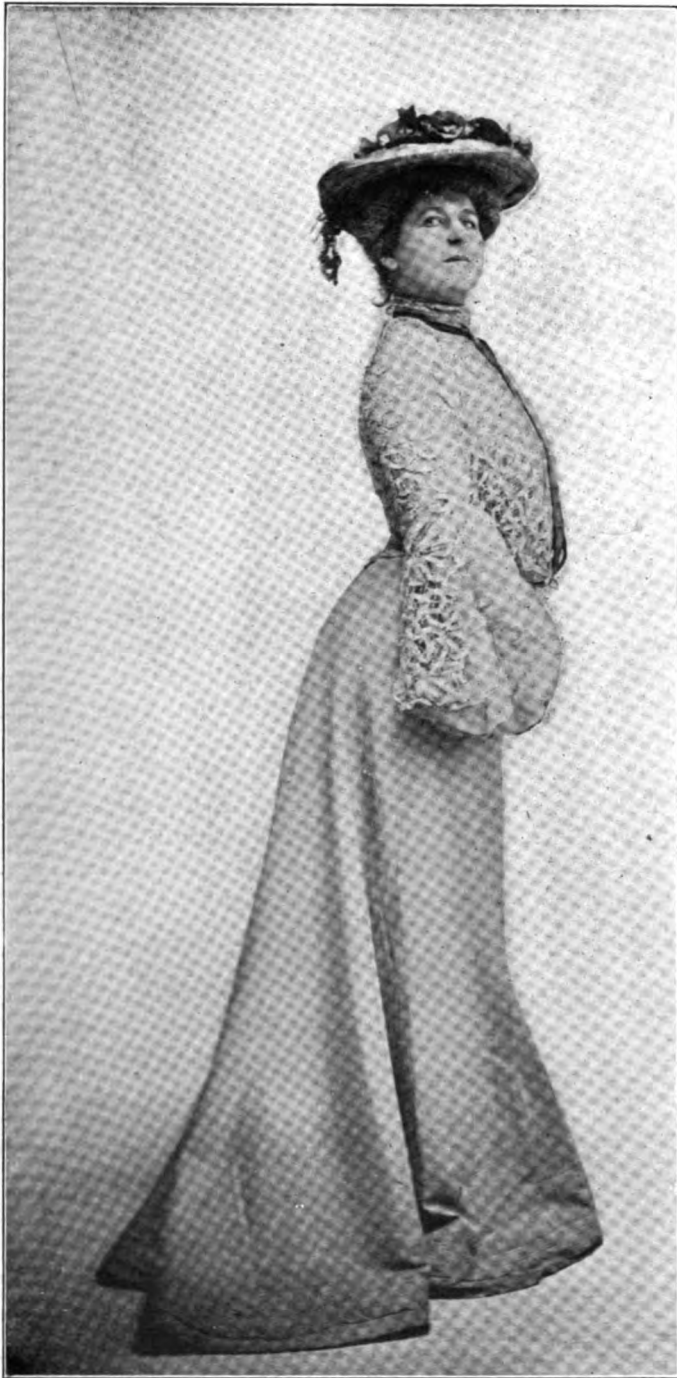


Photo by Sarony.

MRS. ALICE FISHER.

She has made a most remarkable success in "Piff, Paff, Pouff," at the Casino.



Photo by Schloss.

MISS KATHERINE GREY.

The talented actress is now appearing with William H. Crane in "Business is Business."

LIZZIE EMMETT who is the bosom friend of Mrs. J. N. A. Griswold, Mrs. Jimmie Kernochan and so many girls of the ultra set, is now a member of Clara Bloodgood's company playing *Lady Hilda* in the new Clyde Fitch comedy "The Coronet of the Dutchess." She is connected with the Astor, Chanler and Drexel families, and is a grandniece of the patriot Robert Emmett. She will be quiet at home with Clara, and then Mrs. Charles Russell Hone is also a member of the same company. Why not have a series of dressing room teas during the New York engagement of the company. How is it that none of the real boys when they go broke, don't try the stage. I've heard several of them say that they could give John Drew cards and spades, whatever they meant by it.

by boat to New York. Why not let Tess try her hand at re-organizing the New York Police Department, and give Willie McAdoo a rest. Tess is Irish, and the Irish generally make good policemen.

CCHESTER ALAN ARTHUR'S sister-in-law, who was Fanny Barrett Fithian of New York, has made much headway in the Faubourg St. Germain set since she went to Paris as a bride in 1897. Her husband, the Marquis de Cabriac, who was the son of a famous French diplomat, is asked everywhere because he is a charming singer and can amuse all the old duchesses with quite risqué and clever bits.

Review of the New Plays.

In the next issue, "The Music Master," at Belasco's; "How He Lied to Her Husband," at the Berkeley Lyceum; "Love's Lottery," at the Broadway; "A Texas Ranger," at the Fourteenth Street; "The Coronet of a Duchess," at the Garrick; "Candida," at the Berkeley Lyceum, and "The West Point Cadet," at the Princess, will be reviewed.

I HAVE heard it remarked recently somewhere on the Rialto that New York audiences were growing more critical this year and discriminating more acutely between the chaff and the wheat. While I do not concur absolutely in this opinion, I believe it is true to a noticeable extent. The chaff, comparing in quality and variety with the recent deluge of breakfast foods, is about as substantial to the sensible side, which is after all a strong side, of human nature, as these catch-penny affairs are to the better informed. The rapid manner in which some of the new productions have met with decided disapproval by the public and their quick withdrawal by the managers shows that something stronger and appealing more to a higher plane of intellect is wanted by a large class of theatre goers. In connection with this it was a pleasure to observe the hearty approval with which the audience graced the occasion of the opening night at the Manhattan, where Mrs. Fiske in the title role brought out an excellent revival of *Becky Sharp*.

There have been so many different criticisms of this dramatic work from the masterpiece—"Vanity Fair"—whether just or unjust, that it seems superfluous for me to treat this production of *Becky Sharp* in that strain. Therefore I shall only confine myself to a few general impressions and leave the opinion of the play to each individual who avails himself or herself of the opportunity of seeing Thackeray's great work in the hands of real men and women who do much toward carrying out the original idea of holding up the mirror to the men and women of actual life. And I am ready to gamble too that each individual sees in the mirror a more striking resemblance to some dear friend, than his or her own which are there also, and Thackeray's strong pen has removed many of the difficulties usual in seeing ourselves as others see us.

First it is our duty and pleasure as well to offer our congratulations to both Mr. and Mrs. Fiske on so much success attending a great and untiring labor in making a mark in the history of the American stage for upholding what is true and artistic in dramatic art—and in attempting to give new life to what has been in danger of being lost. To an observant eye it is clear to see that these benefactors of the stage have spared no efforts to bring their ideals as near perfection as lay in their power. It is apparent in the careful selection of the players, in the painstaking study and training by them for the respective characters that cross each others' paths and weave the eternal story of life and in the splendid attention to detail throughout that goes far to please and satisfy.

This version by Langdon Mitchell of dramatizing "Vanity Fair" has been generally conceded to be the most successful attempt yet made, and in spite of numerous superior opinions on what the immortal *Becky* ought to be like, Mrs. Fiske remains the only actress who has brought the picture of *Becky* vividly to our minds, at least within our own period. Marie Tempest, it is true, played the part of *Becky* in London some few years ago in another version of the play, but this did not gain any lasting success. And who, may I put the question, is there on the stage to-day who can give us *Becky* as we all imagine her each, too, from his own imagination, other than Mrs. Fiske? I thought of this on Wednesday night in the ball-room scene at Brussels when after the call to arms and *Ravdon Crawley* is saying his last good-byes to her and she weeping on his shoulder. How truly touched she does seem! Then another moment and he is gone and so, too, in an instant is the sympathetic mood of this little worldly, attractive, calculating body. There are other things to think of besides the sweet sorrow of parting. This is but one instance. There many of them in these four clever acts. Mrs. Fiske has put study into these *fine* bits of acting. Can any other actress, I wonder, in the same place, make us feel that *Becky Sharp* is before us? There is nothing like trying.

Three of the original cast of *Becky Sharp* are supporting Mrs. Fiske: Robert V. Ferguson, *Sir Pitt Crawley*; Stanley Rignold, *George Osborn*, who comes as near the real *George* as one can well imagine, and Mary Madern, the weeping *Briggs*. Laura McGilvray, *Amelia*, is almost an original cast member, she taking up the part soon after the play first opened. I must pass hurriedly over individual praise. All play their parts well, in fact, and do not over-act them. Mr. Hadfield makes a splendid *Dobbin*, and we cannot leave out a mention of George Arliss' most clever work in interpreting the *Marquis of Steyn*. There is acting of the first rank.

Success, then, to the Manhattan Company. If they are prepared to give us as good plays throughout the season as they have started out with *Becky Sharp* there can be no doubt of the cordial support of all their well-wishers and some first-night treats to look forward to.

"MR. WIX OF WICKHAM."

THE Bijou woke up with a start and a bound last Monday night when "Mr. Wix of Wickham," direct from London, appeared with the latest English musical comedy that made the welkin ring for two lively acts. According to the programme it kept four composers busy to get out the songs and lyrics for the production so that the piece should be strictly musical. And in the first act all hands seemed to be imbued with the idea that music was what a New York audience craved for. There was not anything especially new about it, but every one had a song to sing and every one sang it just as soon as they would let him.

And the chorus came in strong, for it had plenty to do, of that rollick-

AMUSEMENTS

Academy of Music.....	"Checkers"
American.....	"Her Mad Marriage"
Belasco.....	"The Music Master"
Berkeley Lyceum.....	"How He Lied to Her Husband"
Bijou.....	"Mr. Wix of Wickham"
Broadway.....	"Love's Lottery"
Casino.....	"Piff, Paff, Pouff"
Criterion.....	"Business is Business"
Daly's.....	"The School Girl"
Empire.....	"The Duke of Killcrankie"
Fourteenth Street.....	"A Texas Ranger"
Garden.....	"The College Widow"
Garrick.....	"The 'Coronet of the Duchess'"
Grand Opera House.....	"Sleeping Beauty and the Beast"
Harlem Opera House.....	"The Dictator"
Herald Square.....	"Lew Dockstader's Minstrels"
Hudson.....	"Letty"
Knickerbocker.....	"A Madcap Princess"
Lyceum.....	"The Serio-Comic Governess"
Lyric.....	"Taps"
Majestic.....	"The Isle of Spice"
Manhattan.....	"Becky Sharp"
Metropolis.....	"More to be Pitied than Scorned"
New Amsterdam.....	"The Rogers Brothers in Paris"
New Star.....	"The Lighthouse by the Sea"
New York.....	"The Old Homestead"
Princess.....	"The West Point Cadet" Sept. 30.
Proctor's 58th Street.....	"Kellar"
Savoy.....	"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"
Wallacks.....	"The County Chairman"
West End.....	"When Johnny Comes Marching Home"

ing, quick-step kind, with plenty of cymbal accompaniment from the orchestra. In this Miss Laura Guerite as *Madame Maru*—the culpable proprietress of the Gentleman's Wants Supply Stores, on which the whole action hinges—did very nobly in the song "Her First Can-Can." The piece develops some lively high-stepping and almost everybody seemed proficient in this art to a high degree.

Miss Poole played the part of *Maude Burton* daintily and sang with spirit throughout. Mr. Frank Lalor as *Shamus O'Scott*, the Sherlock Holmes of the party, was consistently droll and rendered valuable assistance in keeping the play moving. Mrs. O'Scott, Miss Catherine Hayes, was charming. In the duet "Googy-oo" she with O'Scott made the best hit of the evening. She made the remark that she might be "prepossessing," and so she was, every inch of her. The "waiter" song was a novelty and well rendered.

No one need have any especial anxiety over the theme of "Mr. Wix of Wickham." The programme is a competent guide book and the necessary entanglements are untangled towards the end without resorting to force, and smacking strongly of English mirth, a vein that runs lightly through the whole comedy part of the piece. The scene is in Australia, and for establishing local color a Kangaroo dance is included. Our old friend David Abraham is down for the Kangaroo.

Mr. Wix himself, Harry Clark, adds frequently to the sport and is a fairly clever comedian who is not selfish in claiming all the honors. But, for my part, if I were to pay my respects again at the Bijou, it would undeniably be to see that captivating Mrs. O'Scott, and, too—I must not forget—many of the show girls are quite pretty and clever.

"BUSINESS IS BUSINESS."

I CAN understand how "Les Affaires Sont les Affaires" rendered in the French could become an exceedingly interesting play on the Paris stage, and also how it would be deeply impressive when translated and acted into either the German, Italian or Spanish tongues, where it has taken so tremendously. As an American production, however, it loses in translation. *Monsieur Isidore Lechat* is unquestionably a man of greed and of wholly selfish instincts, but is he a character—a horrible monster—that will appeal to the average American as a moral example that is awe-inspiring in his avaricious craving for wealth and power? Not at any rate for over two acts of this much renowned piece. But business is business, and so, first, to explain that *Isidore Lechat* is an individual who has amassed an enormous fortune by shrewd and politic business principles.

He has failed twice, but the instinct is there and he has reached a



STRONG SCENE FROM "BECKY SHARP" IN THE MANHATTAN THEATRE REVIVAL.

pinnacle in his vain-glorious ambitions and has surrounded himself with all that wealth can buy. *M. Lechat* is not miserly; he may be ignoble, worldly and even unscrupulous, but he is bound to have the place look right in everything that a *nouveau-riche* idea of splendor can accomplish; in fact, he has surrounded himself with grounds, business and political powers, luxury—everything, except a home. And like many others, even these comforts and ambitions do not altogether suffice. A plan is placed before him by two promoters in the first act whereby his wealth may be augmented if certain things are granted to them, the promoters.

Another height he has not attained, is social standing, and so having at his mercy a certain *Marquis de Porcellet*, the result of a series of loans on his bankrupt estates, he seizes upon the opportunity of bartering his daughter in exchange for a portion of this indebtedness. This young person, being in love with an inventor, who is under obligations to *Lechat* and who lives at the mansion under sort of a pension, while working his brain for the ultimate increase of the family estates, resents even so brilliant an offer of marriage as the Marquis finally consents to, in an alliance with his son. *Lechart* is here, so blinded by thwarted hopes and ambitions,



Photo by Sarony.

MR. R. V. FERGUSON.
He impersonates Sir Pitt Crawley in "Becky Sharp"
at the Manhattan Theatre.



Photo by Sarony.

MISS MARY MADDERN.
Creator of the part of Briggs in the Fiske production of
"Becky Sharp."



Photo by Sarony.

MR. STANLEY RIGNOLD.
In the cast of "Becky Sharp" as George Osborne at the
Manhattan Theatre.

that *Germaine* is banished, in spite of the mother's pathetic plea for family reconciliation. *Lechat*, too, has a son, a rather extravagant sort; but he is fond of him for he pays his gambling debts and indulges the boyish heart in almost every wish. It is not until the last act that the strong lines of the piece are presented to us and that is when the *Marquis de Porcellet* makes his appearance in quest of another loan. Mr. Harry Saint Maur acts this part with rare dignity and graciousness of manner. When he is finally refused in his condescending offer of his son in marriage by the irate daughter, he takes his dignified and outraged departure. Then the fury of a soulless, greedy man is shown at its height. There is no solicitude or heart either for wife or daughter.

He is left alone, and the news is suddenly brought by his steward that his son has met with a fatal accident in his automobile, is dead, in fact—killed instantly. He is affected, apparently deeply, but at this juncture the two promoters reappear, after thinking over and reconsidering his terms, and offer profound sympathy. But business is business here, and a contract must be signed. They hope in the hour of his bereavement to catch him napping. While bowed in grief *Lechat* awakes to the instinct that dominates him. He rises to the occasion and dictates a masterly proposal which concludes the deal and is signed by the two scheming promoters. And here it is announced that the body is to be brought in.

While it has been suggested that Mr. Crane has undertaken a part altogether out of his province he certainly puts a great deal of feeling into his work in the last act. The first two acts contained few chances of displaying this all-powerful passion of greed beyond such as we might see in any one satisfied with the place he has gained in the world by a happy accumulation of riches. Things ran too smoothly, and besides, any busi-

New York this season. The construction of Herr Beyerlein's famous drama makes an impression play and it is throughout evenly balanced. It has, moreover, lost none of its voice in translation. The theme is brought out with masterful genius. "Taps" is not a new play, having already scored a success in the German at the Irving Place Theatre during last season under the name of "Zapfenstruch." For this production Herr Beyerlein was placed under the ban in his own country by the German government. The claim was that he had gone too far in his socialist suggestions—detrimental to the morale of the army. But all these points are wonderfully handled and around them the play is evolved.

The action takes place at the small garrison town of Sennheim in Alsace-Lorraine near the French border. *Volkhardt*, a veteran soldier and a man knowing only a soldier's life and duties, is a sergeant-major of one of the Magdeburg Uhlan regiments and the father, unfortunately, of a beautiful daughter. She is not a girl bad at heart, but, like most young people with a life to live and endowed with a certain amount of sentiment, she formed her own views and fancies, likes and dislikes which, unhappily, were not well founded. Franz Beyerlein, I have a lurking suspicion, is a woman-hater. He gets along with as few of the sex as possible in this play. *Clara Volkhardt* is the only one. He creates an ideal in the isolated class of woman-haters. *Sergeant Sneiss*, a part admirably taken by Aubrey Noyes, gives several pointed expressions on the subject of woman-hating. *Clara*, being a woman, receives but slight notice from him. Being a woman does not necessarily imply that she should be indiscreet, but she is. She falls in love with *Von Lauffen*, a second lieutenant of the regiment—violently in love—and he, a young, but manly person of aristocratic birth, also falls violently in love with her

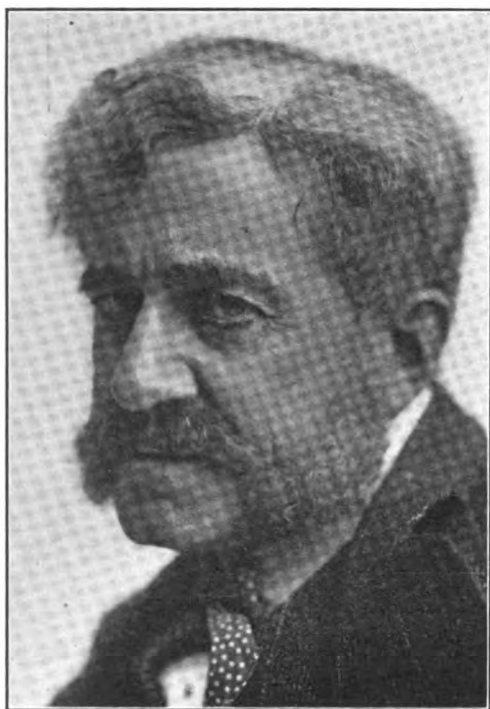


Photo by Sarony.

WILLIAM H. CRANE.

He has just made a clever creation in the play "Business is Business" at the Criterion Theatre.



FRANZ EGENOFF, PRINCIPAL BARI-TONE OF THE THEATRE DES WESTENS, BERLIN; ENGAGED BY HENRY W. SAVAGE FOR THE "PARSIFAL" PRODUCTION. MR. SAVAGE HAS SPARED NO EXPENSE TO ASSEMBLE A GREAT COMPANY, SO THAT THE PRODUCTION WILL BE A WORTHY ONE.



Photo by Tonnele.

ROBERT LORRAINE.

The handsome leading man who is now appearing in "Taps" with Kelsey & Shannon at the Lyric Theatre.

ness man would have probably acted as did *Lechat* with his two visitors, the two promoting gentlemen who were little short of nincompoops for putting through a deal of such magnificent proportions. Joseph Wheelock took the part of *Xavier Lechat*, an exceptionally cool and worldly son, with much to his credit as an actor. With him as well as with most every one else surrounding *Isidore Lechat* the axiom that business was business seemed to be the main principle to go on.

In *Germaine's* love scene with her lover, as she persisted in calling *Lucius*, there was not a spark of anything but acting. *Mme. Lechat*, in spite of her disapproval of *Isidore*, had a keen regard for her own exalted position. This part was delightfully taken by Mrs. Dellenbough. She acted with fine artistic sense and won deserved applause in the final scene with her daughter. Katherine Grey, as the latter, was cold and unsympathetic. But the atmosphere was saturated with business—in fact, as far as I could observe, the old man was the only one who displayed any real kind of emotion at all. To say the best for him he was sincere in his convictions. "Business is Business" has, however, been somewhat over-rated as a spellbinder by the press agents, but that also is business and in perfect tune with the all-pervading spirit.

"TAPS."

I AM not surprised that the military play "Taps," which started on an intended tour of the outlying districts, hastily cancelled its engagements and responded to the summons to the seat of war. Its generalship was needed. We have here one of the strongest plays introduced in

Helbig, a corporal, a kind of foster-son of *Volkhardt*, and his hoped-for son-in-law, returns after two years absence at a riding academy, to his own regiment. A plain and homely son of the land, he arrives, full of hope, that *Clara* will receive him as in times past. Well, of course, she does not, and here all the trouble starts. She loses sight of everything, especially, it seems, distinction of rank, in this one mad folly. In the second act she has a rendezvous at *Von Lauffen's* quarters. Nor is this the first time. They are startled by a knock at the door. He hides her in an adjoining room and admits *Helbig*. *Helbig* has suspected and has come to plead for the honor of *Clara*. Words follow and the corporal forgets the superior rank of the man before him. More than that, he breaks into the room and discovers the girl. The next scene is the court-martial. After an exhausting trial, the truth comes to light. *Clara* comes herself and testifies to save her lover from perjury. He would certainly have committed it otherwise, I believe. It was a hard position anyhow for a man of honor to be placed in. It was a hard moment too for the old sergeant-major, up to this time without the ghost of a suspicion as to the purity of his cherished daughter. Mr. Kelsey here performs a great piece of acting. His daughter, the guilty one! Impossible! With it goes the honor he has proudly upheld for years of severe training. It is all over then but the last act, and then we are back to *Von Lauffen's* quarters. He is nervous and at a loss, still he does not receive the proposition of a brother officer to marry the girl with any enthusiasm whatever, though he says he loves her. The father enters and the storm brews. Then comes *Clara*—to her death. Upon her declaration that she was the one who had led on the affair—her father shoots her. Thus Beyerlin disposes of his only woman character.



ONE OF THE BEST SCENES FROM THE "COLLEGE WIDOW" AT THE GARDEN THEATRE, CALLED THE SILENT MURPHY SCENE.

I am more than ever of the opinion that he is a woman hater. Miss Shannon appears in the role of *Clara*, as lovely and charming an actress, as ever. Herr Beyerlin must have realized that a play could not have been written without an attractive woman in it. Charles Swickard, the translator, was good as *Captain Count Von Lehdenberg*. His only part was during the court-martial of the third act, and in this he scored a success. Altogether, "Taps" is a strong combination and not disappointing.

"THE COLLEGE WIDOW."

"THE COLLEGE WIDOW" has arrived and has made the hit of the season. I predict that crowded houses will be the order for many a night to come at the Garden. George Ade has done great things before, but he may now feel, in striking the popular vein, as he has with "The College Widow," that his fame is assured. After the first few opening lines of the play I settled back in my seat, feeling that this was to be an evening of unadulterated amusement, and so it turned out, right to the very end. It took me back to "me old college days" so vividly that for nearly three hours I felt I had no greater care in this world than, perhaps, the danger of taking too many cuts or cramming up for a condition "exam." There is no further plot in this piece than the holding of *Billy Bolton* at Atwater when he happened to be making a visit with his father, who had in his day attended the rival college at Bingham, while on his way to the latter. The object was the commendable one of a half back on the football team. The girl who did it was the president's daughter, *Jane Witherspoon*, known as "The College Widow." With this only as a theme, the author has drawn around it so much that is solid and substantial that the work easily comes under the head of genius. How different from all the intricacies of the up-to-date problem plays! Here it doesn't matter what kind of troubles a man has, an evening spent with "The College Widow" will drive them clear to Jerico.

It would be hard, indeed, not to believe that the third act is not the actual scene of a great college football contest. This is one of the greatest examples of stagecraft that has ever been done, and to George Marion, the stage director, is due the highest credit. One must actually feel that the two teams are there fighting it out before that frenzied crowd of football enthusiasts, and the audience catches the spirit and "roots" for our side to win. Frederick Truesdale's young *Bolton*, the hero of the hour since he game, fits right into the part. It was the best thing he has ever done. The role comes natural, perhaps, for a true son of old Eli.

The whole cast was good, taking their respective parts in just the

proper college spirit. *Silent Murphy* was capital. The idea of his borrowed dress-suit and tight shoes at the faculty reception was carried out to perfection. Dorothy Tennant was the captivating *Jane Witherspoon*, the College Widow, just exactly as she used to be, too, long, long ago. I can say no more only see "The College Widow" if you don't see anything else this Winter. VAN RENNELAER.

PRODUCTIONS OF LAST WEEK.

"THE VIRGINIAN," the dramatization of Owen Wister's novel of cowboy life and romance, which was played at the Manhattan Theatre during the spring months, was revived with Dustin Farnum still in the title role and Guy Bates Post as *Steve*, at Harlem Opera House.

"The Lighthouse by the Sea," a melodrama, with its scenes laid in a lighthouse on the New England coast, and dealing with an energetic clash of villainy and virtue, was the New Star Theatre revival.

The Metropolis Theatre offered a melodrama new to Bronx theatre-goers in "More To Be Pitied Than Scorned." It is the story of the downfall and reclamation of a heroine of lower New York life.

Nellie McHenry, in her long-familiar "M'liss," based upon one of Bret Harte's stories, was favorably received at the Third Avenue Theatre.

"An English Daisy," which has now fallen to Murray and Mack, two graduates from the vaudeville stage, was the week's play at the West End Theatre. It is a mixture of music and farce with a good deal of nonsense and a few attractive songs.

Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street Theatre presented an all-vaudeville bill. Its most entertaining item was the legerdmain of Harry Kellar, whose tricks require the assistance of four associates.

"Taps" will remain at the Lyric Theatre indefinitely if the managers can arrange with Otis Skinner to produce "The Harvester" at some other Broadway house. He was to have come to the Lyric Oct. 10.

Arnold Daly returned to his home theatre, the Berkeley Lyceum, to revive "Candida" for a week before producing the newest of the Shaw plays, "How He Lied to Her Husband." This will be brought out next Monday in company with a revival of "The Man of Destiny."

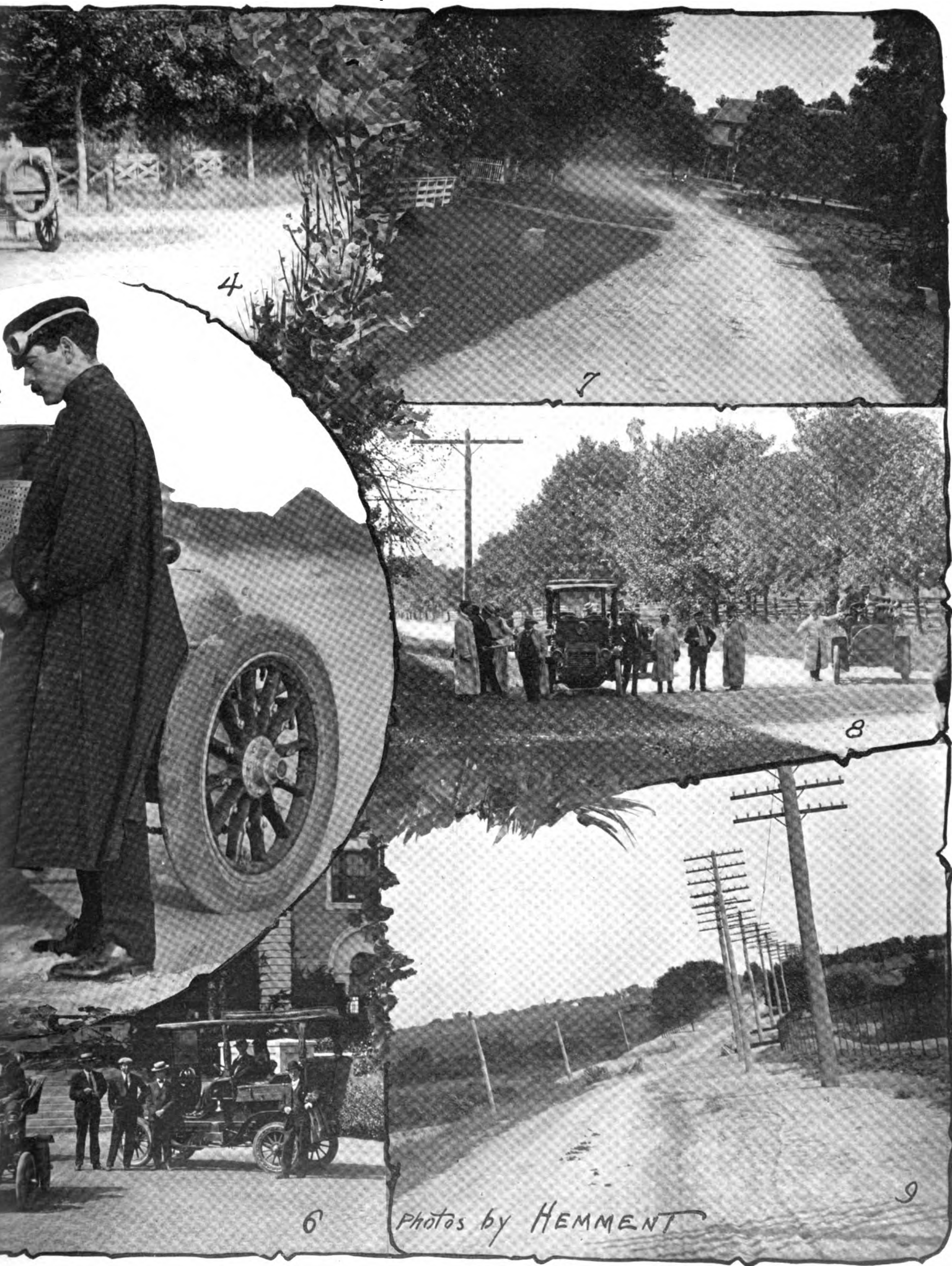
SCENES ALONG THE COURSE OVER WHICH THE



Photos by J. C. Hemment.

1. County officials and members of the Long Island Automobile Club going over the course. 2. About one mile from the start on the way to the Vanderbilt, Jr., just as he is ready to enter his machine. 6. Officials and guests in front of County Court House, just before starting to go over the Hempstead Plains in front of O. H. P. Belmont's estate.

VANDERBILT CUP RACES WILL BE CONTESTED.



3. The old pump marks the finishing point of the course. 4. A desperate and dangerous right-angle turn at Plain Edge. 5. Wm. K. Vanderbilt. 6. The starting point at Westbury. 7. Approaching the first turn at Jericho. 8. The starting point at Westbury. 9. View of the course; all names on the map of the course.

Chicot's Caustic Comment.

WILFRID Clark and his wife are to be with the Ada Rehan company this season. There is nothing particularly startling in this announcement since Clark is a capital actor, and well qualified for the company he is to keep, but back of it all lies one of the reasons why vaudeville in this country does not attain the English standard. Clark has been playing at the Williams' houses an adaption from the French. It was a capital little sketch, with all traces of foreign accent carefully eliminated. It stands as one of the season's best offerings, and at the present Clark could get the cream of vaudeville dates. A few weeks ago when he started to plan the season's work, he was utterly unable to determine whether he would be wanted in vaudeville or not. Being modestly appreciative of his value he no doubt realizes that in the long run he could have time, but being unable to obtain from managers in general any definite promise of engagement, he took the time offered himself and Mrs. Clark, and left vaudeville for the season. He will come back to it again after the work of the season is over, but in the meantime vaudeville has lost a needed specialty and all because managers of vaudeville houses in general seem afraid to book more than a few weeks ahead in the apparent doubt as to whether they will be in existence at the maturity of the contract.

ADVICES from Margaret Ashton who is in England, indicate that she has engagements extending to 1906. Miss Ashton is a young woman from Iowa who is the possessor of a voice rather better than the vaudeville average, and a pleasant personality. She was not regarded as great over here, and even when she offered her "Quality Girl" specialty she was not assured extended booking after Martin Beck and E. C. Kohl dropped the management of her turn. In England she is assured continuous booking at a good salary, and by the time her 1906 time is exhausted she will be well booked into 1910. Managers know there will be a music hall at that time, even though they may not be managing it, and they are booking the acts up that a show may be fully assured. They leave a little open time for the really sensational new players who come out, but a manager can tell to-day pretty much what his bill will be a year hence. Over here no one even knows when a Keith emissary will hike into town with a set of plans for a million dollar theatre in one pocket and a stuffed club in the other, and change the complexion of affairs.

MEANWHILE men like Clark who offer vaudeville exactly what the audience want, are compelled to take chances of being kept out of work until they cut their salaries down, or else take to the dramatic field where the manager knows now that he will play Easter week in a certain town, unless Klaw and Erlanger change his time. At any rate it is up to the manager to worry, and the actors know that they will get their salary if they go out with a responsible man. The vaudeville field presents a placid surface of a quicksand during an earthquake and in the meantime managers carry about a booking contract in their hip pockets ready to sign and hand out the moment Albee gets off the train.

THE *Inquirer's* Man in the Third Row happily hits it off when he refers to Mike Shea as resident manager for Keith in Buffalo. There are quite a number of these resident managers, but some of them will get collar-galled presently and jump into single harness. Then if they are wise they will book ahead so far that by the time the next Keith scheme for getting control of the country's vaudeville business is hatched they will be able to laugh at it, if they have the nerve.

UNTIL a manager decides that he is in the business to stay, it will not be possible to establish long-distance methods, and until such things come to pass most good acts will seek to make a hit in Europe and go over there to live. Mr. Clark is but a single instance. There are others who have been lost through the cheap scheme of not booking until an absurd cut is accepted, on the plea that a great number of weeks are offered—but not given.

FRANKIE BAILEY has taken the plunge and offers an act in which she speaks right out loud on the stage. It's a fine act for a man who is totally deaf but keen of vision, for Miss Bailey is still shapely, if a trifle heavier than she used to be. She and Gertrude Moyer, who assists her, read their lines as prettily as the infant class of the First M. E. Sunday school at the Christmas tree entertainment. Even Hawtray (who has already had Frances Belmont as a leading woman) would not hire Miss Bailey for his company, and there are lots of better dancers than Miss Moyer getting small salaries and appearing three times a day. The sketch interested rather than pleased and fulfilled its only function—that of attracting the patronage of those to whom the name of the Weberfields is potent.

GEORGE FRIEND, on the same programme, had a sketch which was saved by his own acting. He is a mighty clever character man and held up a rather poor offering based upon "At the White Horse Tavern." Le Smythe (he looks like just plain S-m-i-t-h) and Abacco had a capital barrel jumping turn to show as a new combination. It is smart and finished. Ida O'Day had a chance to show what she could do with singing and recitations and what she could not do with the banjo. She

should retain the banjo for her personal entertainment, since it has a distinctly irritating effect upon the audience. The Bush-Devere trio play "The Holy City" with stereopticon slides and use pictures of Christ to draw the kind applause precisely as other teams use the Presidential candidates or popular public men. They do not even offer decent slides, and their pictures of Solomon's temple at Jerusalem suggests that the artist drew his inspiration from Dreamland at Coney Island, merely eliminating the Shoot-the-Chutes. They have a good idea, but mighty poor taste.

THERE should be a new S. P. C. A. formed and instead of animals read "Actors." May Vokes is being dragged about the country by a sketch by C. A. Byrne that is about as wild an offering as can be conceived. Miss Vokes with her personality covers up some of the author's defects, and at least makes good to the extent that she leaves us wishing that it had been possible for her to spend a little more money and obtain a proper offering. Enigmarellé was on the same bill at the Circle.



Photo by White.

THE GEBERT SISTERS.

They are well known in vaudeville for their sketch "The Waifs," and other specialties.

It is interesting to those who do not remember that chess-playing automaton in which the motive power was a legless man. The use of artificial legs gives the snap away to most of those in the audience, and the alleged display of mechanism but further spoils the effect. The head is opened to show a lot of wheels, though no mechanism is required for the head, and the body shows the readjustment of the wheels of a dollar watch; nothing more.

WHAT a joyous time Martin Beck must have had when Keith and Albee recently visited Chicago and the Chicago Old Guard. Time was when Albee affected to be ignorant of Beck's existence, but it's a dollar to a stale doughnut that that visit put Beck "hunk" for all the slights he has received. The men in the Chicago ring are at least better fighters than Mike Shea, and have to be handled with kid gloves, and Beck cannot be ignored. The "kid" may be accepted in either a correct or slangy sense. It was rumored last week that the Keith interests were about to build a theatre in Toledo.

The report was later denied.

Epes W. Sargent (CHICOT).

HOPE FOR SHAKESPEARE.

THERE should be no mirth expressed at the announcement of William Lykens that he intends to produce condensed versions of Shakespearean plays with a boy tragedian and a girl tragedienne. The youth who is destined for this distinction is David B. Gally, and the young girl is Isabel Rea. Mr. Lykens is an experienced manager and consequently his project is received with seriousness. Not that the production of a Shakespearean drama by infant prodigies is likely to startle the critics with brilliancy, but it is a step in the right direction, and the young people who evince such vaulting ambition are to be commended for their object.

"Hamlet" is to be one of the selections, and should Master Gally display fittness for the role there will come a time when he may be rewarded. Some twenty years ago or more there was an attempt to stage "Hamlet" by N. S. Wood, now a retired actor. He was only sixteen and his sponsor was no less a person than the late Lester Wallack, one of the best actors we have ever had, since the English officers gave the first dramatic performances in a hall which was located on what is now Park Row.

While Mr. Wood's impersonation was creditable from a viewpoint of elocution, it did not come up to the standard in a dramatic sense, and he wisely returned to melodrama, in which he made sufficient money to retire. "Hamlet" has become almost only a memory with us. Since the glorious day of Edwin Booth we have had no great "Hamlet." England, in the person of Forbes Robertson, is thought to have approached as nearly as possible the ideal. Edward Sothorn, a deep student and competent actor in a range of parts, made a very commendable production of the play, but it was not quite convincing. Others have fared less fortunately. It is to be hoped that any effort to depict the scenes that Shakespeare drew will get serious consideration.

A VICE-PRESIDENTIAL APPETITE.

THERE is an oldtime flavor and a spirit of heartiness about the candidacy of Henry Gassaway Davis, the running mate of Judge Parker on the Democratic National ticket. Everything that has been discovered about the octogenarian from West Virginia, bears the imprint of a healthy mind and body, and calls for Spartan rebuke to those who participate in Colonel Roosevelt's apparent contempt for the elders of his generation. We have been told that Mr. Davis rises with the dawn; that he dances Roger de Coverly with the liveliest belles of his native State; that he says in a few hundred words what it takes the President volumes to express; that he can get in as much hay as the most vigorous of his farm hands, and many other interesting facts.

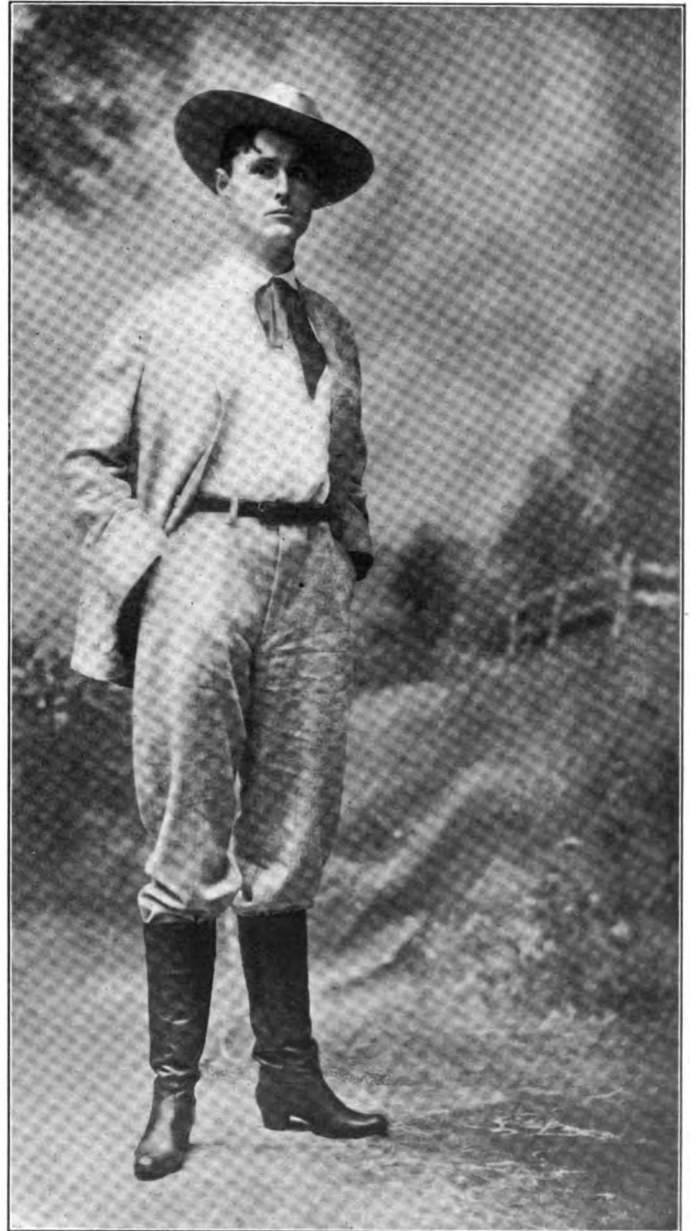
But it has remained for a serving man at the Riggs House in Washington to tell of the dazzling appetite which is possessed by the sage of Elkins, West Va. The colored Boswell whose duty it is to wait upon Mr. Davis at breakfast before the rest of the guests have awakened from their beauty sleep, has staggered the jaded and gay votaries of society by relating what took place when Uncle Henry sat down at table.

"He started off with two halves of a good-sized melon," says this eye-witness. "Then he had two helpings of oatmeal, followed by some bluefish. Leaning back in his chair he said to me:"

"Now Jasper you may bring on the breakfast."

"His breakfast consisted of a small beefsteak, fried eggs, with bacon; domestic fried potatoes, rolls; two cups of coffee, topped off with a heaping plate of griddle cakes."

In the face of this it is fortunate that Mr. Davis is not going to be President. The income of the latter office would hardly be enough to keep his appetite in good order.



THE VAUDEVILLE TEAM OF SMITH AND SMITH.

Audiences on the circuit and in the New York Theatres where they have produced their sketch by Edward Day, entitled "Dixie Land," say they are clever people.

Race for the Vanderbilt Cup.

IN the estimation of most people who are devoted to automobiling, the coming race for the Vanderbilt cup which takes place at Hempstead, Long Island, on October 8, will be the most important and notable gathering of the sport yet known in this country.

The course which will be mapped out over thirty-two miles of country, will be 300 miles, and over twenty powerful cars have already been entered for the contest. The race is the sole topic of conversation with autoists, and the demand for seats on the grand stand is so great that the original structure has been enlarged several times the size at first contemplated.

It is located at Westbury, and additional prizes have been offered and accepted. Indeed, until many days' time, the exact programme will not be completed.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt and William Wallace, the latter of Boston, both imported foreign cars of ninety horse power, F.I.A.T., expressly for the event. They are now at the Long Island garages. The machines were constructed for the International Cup Race in Germany, and are very powerful in appearance, long of wheel base, low and with huge bonneted engines. Finished in white with red leather seats, embracing the ordinary F.I.A.T. features, they are thoroughly up-to-date.

The Vanderbilt entry, which will be driven by Paul Sartori in the big race, has a speed of ninety miles according to its European record, but it is not expected to make such a rate on the Long Island course. Sixty miles an hour is the expectation.

Mr. Wallace will drive his own car, and he is now taking daily preparatory spins. Most of the entried owners have already taken up their headquarters convenient to the course, and Westbury, home of the exclusives, is very lively and democratic just at present. J. C. Hemment, the photographer, has arranged to take some of the best pictures possible at the critical and prominent points of the race.

Illegal speed in practice is forbidden, and the owners are obliged to reserve their best efforts for the event itself. Frank Croker with his seventy horse power Smith and Mabley Simplex is on the ground, and Arthur Clement, one of the chief entries, is at Mineola. Members of the Panhard, Mercedes and F.I.A.T., have secured houses within the triangle. H. L. Bowden, holding a phenomenal record for his 100-horse power Mercedes car, will not be an entry. He failed to enter, believing that S. B. Stevens would not do so. When he learned that the Rome "unknown" had entered, Mr. Bowden at once sought to do so through the Automobile Club of Germany, but his effort was unsuccessful. The entry of Walter Christie who had just completed his new 60-horse power racer was refused. The latter case is deplored, because the new car built by the ironmaster, is regarded as a wonder by the experts. It has traveled miles in fifty seconds. His tardiness to record the entry debarred him.

There are seven American cars on the list, including the speedy 60-horse power machine of the Pope-Toledo, to be driven by A. C. Webb, and a Pope-Toledo 24-horse power, driven by H. H. Lyttle. It is a stock car. The White steamers entered are by Webb Jay; a 36-horse power Royal entered by C. A. Duer, to be driven by Joseph Tracy; and a Packard car which will be steered by Charles Schmidt, with the Frank Croker entry. Other cars nominated are as follows: French cars, six—three Panhards of 90-horse power, one to be driven by George D. Heath, an American, and winner of the Circuit Ardennes; a second to be driven by Mr. Tart, and a third by a driver not yet named. The fourth car, a Clev Clement, of 80-horse power, to be driven by A. Clement. Then there is W. Gould Brokaw's new 90-horse power Renault and a Die-Dietrich car. German cars, five—all Mercedes of 60-horse power—one entered by S. B. Stevens, and driven by himself; a second entered by George Arents, Jr., to be

driven by Carl Mensel; the third entered by Clarence Gray Dinsmore, to be driven by G. Worden; and one by E. R. Thomas, and another by J. Wormser. Then there are the Wallace and Vanderbilt cars.

The course lines are really 32.40 miles, including a 1.40 mile control at Hempstead, and a .40 mile control at Hicksville, and it will be covered ten times. The order of starting will be determined by lot on October 1, at the Automobile Club. It was originally intended that the drawing should be made by individuals. The drawing will be by nations first, and after that the order of start will be cast by lot. This is the method employed by the contestants in the Gordon Bennett race, though the order of starts of the teams is fixed by the order of their entry, the team holding the cup starting first.

The intervals of the start have not yet been settled upon, but it will depend on the number of entries, and the allotment of starts, which would get the last man away before the first man completed his first round. With twenty starters, two minute intervals would probably be adopted, and this would give, including nine minutes taken in controls, forty-five minutes for getting all the cars off, and pretty well assuring the first car off not reaching the last to get away, before reaching the latter's start.

The control time at Hicksville will be three minutes. The cars will be piloted through the controls by watchholders on bicycles, or in vehicles, yet to be decided upon. The Chronograph Club of Boston will have charge of the timing arrangements. The start will be at the Pump at Westbury, and this will give a splendid long stretch from Queens for the finish.

The grand stand will accomodate 1,000. No preliminary speeding will be permitted over the course under the penalty of disbarment from the race. All crossroads will be shut off by fences, and there will be one hundred and twenty-five policemen on duty. The course will be oiled at dangerous curves and watered on the stretches.

E. R. Thomas desired to enter his 90-horse power car entered in place of his sixty, but the A. A. A. would not allow any change of entry. Charles Gray Dinsmore's huge racing car, 90-horse power, driven by Jenatz in the Gordon Bennet race at Homburg last June, which arrived on the Blucher, is attracting much interest. Last year Mr. Dinsmore represented America in the International races in Ireland. He owns two cars, which competed for the Coupe Internationale, the other having won the event last year. The machines built by the Daimler Motoren Gessellschaft for the races having been burned in the fire at the Canstatt factory. Mr. Dinsmore's machine, a 60-horse power touring car was borrowed, and a racing chassis put on it. With Jenatz driving it won the cup.

This car has also been brought over. The 90-horse power Mercedes which came by the Blucher has a four cylinder engine, and it cost about 40,000 marks or nearly \$8,000 at the Canstatt factory. It is equipped with racing tires, and in the International cup races covered the course in 6 hours, 1 minute and 28 seconds, being beaten by the Richard Braiser, which They drove for France, by 11 minutes and 25 seconds. Speaking as an authority, Mr. Dinsmore says:

"The race will afford fine tests between the Panhard and Mercedes cars. I am delegated by the German Automobile Club to represent it, and my car will be driven by Werner. Mr. Heath's new 90-horse power Panhard is a magnificent machine. America turns out fine cars for the roads we have here. I don't believe that any machine made in Europe would go from California to New York like the little Franklin did recently. I believe the Daimler people are going to build an absolute racing machine next year. So far they have used in races ordinary touring machines with a racing carrosserie on them."

An elaborate map of the course has been distributed by the Racing Board of the American Automobile Association, and the arrangements to see the fight for the William K. Vanderbilt cup are nearly perfect.



FRED LESLIE, JR., OF LONDON.



Photo by Byron.

CECELIA RADCLIFFE.

She plays *Lady Bareares* in "Becky Sharp," at the Manhattan, and does admirably in a thankless part as it is known to the profession. The character resents much sarcasm at the hands of *Becky*, yet Mrs. Radcliffe is a notable figure in a splendid ensemble.



ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF REJANE.

Gwendolen Discusses Women.

WE are coming to our own at last. My friend Elaine in London pays this tribute in *The Referee*: "No one understands better the art of stage costume than the Americans. In 'The Prince of Pilsen,' which I saw again with great enjoyment the other evening, the dresses are quite perfect because they are purely fantastic, as in a piece of this kind they should be. What is the use of dragging in realism in costume in a burlesque chorus? Each girl seems to try to outdo the other in some elegance of modern fashion, and the whole harmonises badly. The American studies the 'coup d'oeil.' The chorus ladies are dressed alike, or in groups for general effect. Nothing could be prettier, for instance, than the appearance of the American girls, each from a different State, the characteristics cleverly suggested by their dresses, which are in themselves quite lovely. The Boston girl wears a trailing orange-coloured chiffon gown, made in the 'artistic' style. The other Cities are quaintly represented—Philadelphia, Baltimore, San Francisco—and so on. But the New York girl is a dream. In her tightly-fitting, pale green gown, with her peculiar gait—small steps, the chin held rather high, what is known as the 'Broadway glide'—this young lady absolutely realises the Gibson drawings, and, without a word to say, makes the hit of the piece."

I WENT to see a friend the other day who was puzzling her brains to find a name for a small daughter who had just come into the world. If it had been left entirely to her she would not have had much difficulty, but she was blessed with a husband—a gentleman whom I do not like and invariable escape if possible—and her husband was troubled with ideas which made the choosing of a name a matter of some difficulty. In the first place, he refused to have any of his children called after anybody else. No reason was given for this remarkable fad. "John didn't like it," and there was nothing more to be said. I suggested "Mary," which I think is the most beautiful of women's names, but "John says that sounds like servants," was the objection here, and John being the sort of snob indicated by that remark—all the simple, old-fashioned English names were barred out. "Well, what sort of name *does* John like?" I asked. "He would like to call baby 'Theodora,'" said my friend; "he says it means 'the gift of God.'" "Then why doesn't he?" I asked. "Because he says all the children are gifts of God," was the reply, "and it wouldn't be fair to give the name to this one only." This objection seemed to me so fatuous that I refrained from offering any further suggestions, and the child was eventually christened "Yseult," a charming name in itself, but not one that goes well with the surname of Diggle, which was John's patronymic—or something like it.

I WONDER if my readers have ever noticed how names, especially women's names, go in generations. Our grandmothers were called Anne, and Emma, and Susan, and Ellen; our mothers Adelaide, Louisa, Henrietta, Caroline; own contemporaries—I am speaking of women in middle age—are Winifreds, Hildas, Ethels, and Muriels; our daughters are mostly Dorothys, Dorises, Veras, and Sheilas; while for the little grandchildren who are beginning to appear on the scene, we are getting back again to the old-fashioned names of Betty, Joan, and the like. To say that one prefers the names that are being conferred on the rising generation is nothing more than to acknowledge one's self influenced by the current fashion, but the taste does not rest on a worthy love of simplicity and directness, old English virtues, which the fancy collection of names of the Yolande variety does not. I think that the taste will go further still, and we shall get back to Elizabeth, Sarah, and Anne again. We may leave it to people of the habit of mind of my friend's husband to object to these names, because they "sound like servants." All the servants will be christened Victoria by that time.

BOYS' names do not seem to exhibit the same change as those of girls. There always have been, and always will be, plenty of Johns, Edwards, Williams, Richards, and Roberts. I have the greatest objection personally to christening boys with fancy names, however allowable it may be in the case of girls. But, perhaps, this is only a fad, as foolish as John's objection to naming children after somebody else. It is curious to notice how many men's names come out of the Bible. All the Bible names of men are far more used than those of women; but here is another curious fact, that all the names used to-day are those of good men; those of the questionable characters are seldom, if ever, copied. "Jude" is sometimes found, but Judas never. There have been plenty of Abels, but no Cains, and nobody has ever heard of an Ahab or a Balaam, or a Naboth or a Pilate.

BEFORE the classical revival in dress, the corset was indeed a serious matter, as pictures of the elegant eighteenth-century women show. The waist looked even more slender because of the huge paniers and hoops of the period. But it was in the Middle Ages that the influence of asceticism suggested the idea of concealing entirely the natural outlines of the human form. The artist then attenuated the figure of his sitters until on the canvas the body represented merely a thought. During the Renaissance women and even children were squeezed into the most formidable steel casings and into tight, high bodices padded to the throat, as can be seen in the contemporary portraits. A wasp-like waist goes too often with a wasp-like temper. Tight lacing is, of course, a mistake; but we are far more sensible nowadays in this matter, and know how to suggest slimmness by the out of the costume rather than by reducing the actual waist measurement. Something there must surely be in this idea of tightening a little at the waist. In ancient times people "girded their loins" for battle.

Even now, does not a man who wants to inspire courage in another man tell him to "pull himself together."

MR. GUY CHETWYND, now a factor in London society, is the pretty American wife of Mr. Guy Chetwynd, the eldest son of Sir George Chetwynd and Florence Lady Hastings. Her marriage, which took place two years ago, was quite a romance—being celebrated in approved Gretna Green fashion, though it actually took place in the unromantic precincts of a church at Marylebone. She and her husband



FLORENCE BINDLEY.

The clever actress who won fame as a child, when she was known as "Baby Bindley."

took it into their heads that they could no longer exist apart, and the ceremony was quietly performed during an early walk, without any of their friends or relatives having the least idea of what was happening.

IT is quite a refreshment to the eye nowadays to see a play in which there are pretty women, that is not a mere exhibition of modern millinery or a kind of object-lesson in the fashions of the future. It is dramatically wrong for every character in every play to be dressed in the very height of the mode, or in the modes as yet unseen. People don't dress like this in real life, and on the stage it is a practice that spoils illusion. The characteristic should come first; afterwards, of course, as much as possible, the beautiful. To me it is terribly tedious to see all the feminine personages of a contemporary play dressed in the richest, most elaborate, and most novel attire that could possibly be seen on a "mannequin in one of the ateliers in Paris."

GWENDOLEN.

In the Political Whirl.

SURPRISE has been the keynote of the past week in the local and State political circles. The various sections of the Democratic party were never so closely welded together for a fight and hope is rampant among the inner set of leaders, and consequently among those of the rank and file, which reflect what they themselves cannot see directly. It must be said that the New Yorkers are very much in evidence in the management of the battle in the State. The visit of Judge Parker and the nomination of such a strong henchman of Governor Odell as Mr. Higgins, has aroused the drooping spirits of those who were inclined to be faint hearted. The inside facts of the management of the campaign by the local leaders would very much astonish people if they were known. Leader Murphy has planned a line of fighting which will be historical when the fatal day of election has passed.

THERE is no man of affairs who has had any dealings with the real powers in Tammany, or who has had an insight into the methods at the famous Wigwam, who fears results when the braves go into battle with the right cause as an inspiration. Might they have; brains they have; and in the van are some of the ablest lawyers, bankers, professional and business men of the city. The organization is superb in its scheme, and its part in the body politic is administered with wisdom, ability and thorough attention to detail. It would be a good thing for the Democracy of the State, if its official business were conducted along the same lines, instead of by a few disputing leaders or adherents of Hillism. Leaders of Tammany may come and go, but the organization goes on its way from generation to generation.

THERE is no need for any State Committee to worry about the City of New York. Given a good ticket, and the local organizations do the rest. The slogan of the fight is to be "Odellism as a dangerous element in the administration of the State government." The four years of Governor Odell's control reeks with mismanagement of the State finances; corruption among office holders; graft in its worst sense, and a total disregard of the people and taxpayers of New York. The high license bill, by which the farmers secured the benefit of a large increase in the fees; the canal question, on which the politicians expected to have the handling of \$100,000,000, and the employment of thousands of men for several years; the awarding of contracts for supplying state institutions with necessities and goods of every description, to favorites of the boss of Newburg—all have been well threshed out, so that the small plurality given for Mr. Odell

in his last contest will undoubtedly be turned into a crushing defeat for the man whom he has caused to be nominated to succeed him.

AS in many former years, the Democrats of every shade look to Tammany Hall to carry the City and State by such a vote as will send Judge Parker to the White House. At St. Louis the upstate leaders outvoted the city delegates, although the latter are supposed to find the majority to offset the big Republican majority in the counties. The whole-

THE Democrats have given proof that they are in earnest in this campaign, and not in the history of the State of New York have the leaders given such a pledge that they mean to elect a President, as is shown by their action in nominating Judge Cady Herrick and Francis Burton Harrison for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, respectively. It cannot be claimed that either of these gentlemen is a tool of any of the factions, and the gracious withdrawal of the claims of sectional leaders leaves the entire party free to work harmoniously for the election of the entire ticket. That every member of the various organizations will work hard until the ballot boxes close, may be taken as a surety. It was a splendid example of good sense, honesty and loyalty to the people and the State.

souled manner in which the Tammany chiefs have taken up the fight, supplied orators, and opened the campaign, deserves praise, and they have consulted with the Judge from Esopus upon every action they have taken. Therefore their programme for the battle is of interest to every one who wants to see Judge Parker elected.

ASSURANCES have been given by such men as J. Edward Simmons, the banker, and leaders in commercial and professional ranks in New York, that the great majority of business men will support the Democratic State ticket, anyway. Mr. Murphy has been known to have been in consultation with many of these men who are opposed to Odell and his methods. Respect for Senator Platt held many bankers and lawyers in the local Republican lines for years, but now that Odell has seized the power, they feel that he is not the proper man to entrust with it.



LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR HIGGINS AND LINN BRUCE WHO HAVE BEEN NOMINATED FOR GOVERNOR AND LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR RESPECTIVELY BY THE REPUBLICANS.

Dramatic Comment by the Scene Shifter.

A PROPOS of good plays to come, Maurice Campbell brought out one entitled "The Raven," written by George C. Hazelton, at Allentown, Pa., on the ominous 13th. Although previous to this little was known concerning "The Raven," it is discovered to be a cleverly written and interesting piece of work dealing with the life of Edgar Allan Poe and not the bird of ill-omen immortalized in the famous poem. The character of this strange and melancholy man is well portrayed by Frederick Lewis. Miss Helene Wintner, a talented young woman of this city, and one destined to be better known, plays the dual role of *Virginia Clem* and *Helen Whitman*. They are well supported by an able cast. Two of the acts place the scene at Fordham as one time the home of Poe. Mr. Campbell intends to tour "The Raven" some time before bringing it to New York, but it is expected that it will appear here sometime in the bleak December.

MISS EFFIE SHANNON tells an amusing incident connected with her first years on the stage. At that time the late John B. Stetson was organizing a juvenile "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, and having heard much favorable comment on the dramatic ability of a mere child then touring with a repertoire company through New England, he sought out and engaged this young person for the part of little *Eva*. This young person was Miss Shannon and she relates: "I was nine years old and very impressionable, and it was at the first rehearsal, to which I came long before the hour

pupil of the renowned Talien. It is to be hoped that M. Cagelles will meet with the success that such an educational treat merits.

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BEAST" has been drawing crowded houses at the Grand for the past week. Arthur Rigby, Rose Sartello and Harry Le Clair have added largely to the drawing attractions of the big extravaganza.

THE fatal Iroquois Theatre of Chicago has been re-established at a cost of nearly \$100,000 and recently reopened as a vaudeville playhouse.

DAVID WARFIELD'S new play is by Charles Klein, entitled "The Music Master." It is his first engagement at the Belasco Theatre, and, judging from enthusiastic reports from Atlantic City, where the first performance of "The Music Master" occurred, he is destined to remain at the home theatre of Belasco for months to come. Warfield is said to have achieved a remarkable success on the occasion of his premiere. His part is that of an old German music master, once leader of the opera in Dresden, and now brought by force of circumstances to New York. It is a part entirely away from any of his former impersonations and is remarkable chiefly for the opportunities it gives him for powerful, serious work, in combination with many chances for his own delightful comedy. War-



Photo by Phillips, Phila.

CHARLOTTE GUYER GEORGE.

She is one of the principals engaged for the Savage production of "Parsifal."



Photo by Coover, Chicago.

NENA BLAKE.

She is the President of the Parker and Davis Chorus Girls' League, and is a member of the "Royal Chef" company. Miss Blake is quite a politician among the beauties of the Merry-Merry. She was Chairman at the historic meeting in the Lyric Theatre.



Photo by Tonnele.

ELSA REINHARDT.

She is well-known as a player of small parts and is considered clever.

appointed. I began to read my part. I had never seen the play nor had I ever read the book. The sorrowing tale of the gentle *Eva* of course aroused a flow of tears, and the more I read the more I cried until about the time we were to begin rehearsal I was almost on the verge of hysteria. Mr. Stetson, happily however, came to my rescue by dismissing the rehearsal until the next morning so that *Eva* could sufficiently recover from her grief and go on with her work."

ACCORDING to the London papers there is a good deal of reference made lately to "emotional frocks" to be worn by Mrs. Brown-Potter in the new piece "The Golden Light" at the Savoy. Are they the kind that *Letty* brought over, I wonder?

ANNA FITZHUGH is to assume the title role of the new musical satire "The Baroness Fiddlesticks" in the character of that name. The play is to have its first night on November 7 at the Lyceum in Rochester.

THE rumor that we are to have French drama again this season seems to be authorized by the recent announcement that M. Cagelles, of Paris, has made a contract with the American Theatre for four weeks, beginning October 10, for the production of such plays as "Martyr," "Marie Jeanne," "Le Bossu," "Bebe," etc. The company, comprising a number of players from the first theatres of Paris, have been engaged, headed by Mme. Renot, a celebrated actress of Theatre de l'Ambigu and a

field will be welcomed heartily once more to the stage of New York, where he always has been a great favorite, and it may be predicted that his first night at the Belasco will be among the most brilliant of the year.

BANKING IN THE DRAMA.

DURING the Convention of Bankers in this city, the feature of the meeting was the utterance of A. C. Tuttle, Chairman of the Savings Bank section, to the effect that banks should advertise like other people when they find business falling off. In the past, banks have hesitated to adopt this method of securing new accounts, yet when the matter is considered, there is no reason why they should not do so in this era of competition. The suggestion opens up a wide field of effort for the idle dramatist.

Fancy a play, the scene of which could be laid in the parlors of the Bank of Gowanus, in which burglars fail to open the strong room, and give absolute evidence of security. Then another, where the hero of the drama, a poor young bank clerk, refuses a million to betray the secrets of the directors. Or an incident in which the president of the bank gladly makes a loan to save a struggling man of business, without any collateral. Everybody who saw such a play would rush to the Bank of Gowanus to deposit money. It would be as popular as *Ruinart*.

JONES: "Mrs. Brown hasn't been looking well for some time."
MRS. JONES: "No, indeed! And I think she looks as if she felt worse than she looks."—*Judge*.

SYMPOSIUM OF THE STYLES.

SIMMERED down, the scientific results of the two dressmakers' conventions have been summed up by Madame Linda Rose Wade of Chicago in the following words: "How to dress to attract a man; how to dress to catch him; and how to dress to hold on to him." Now we may all breathe freely. And what a largesse of waste in discussion and heart-burning, when there was no occasion for it. Thousands—nay, millions of women all over the country have been worrying themselves to death over the question as to whether a woman can dress decently upon \$2,500 or \$10,000 a year.

The Chicago girls decided that a society girl could clothe herself comfortably for \$2,500, while the New York young women, according to a Fifth Avenue milliner, needs \$10,000 for the same period. Miss Elizabeth White of the Dressmakers' Protective Association claims that she has reached the apotheosis of the straight front, and mathematics have been exhausted in the demonstration of what a proper "figger" should be.

If the wise and clever women who have banded together to bring happiness and peace to womanhood had only known it, they might have saved themselves much trouble. Man, the evident ultimate judge of the question, is easily pleased. It is true that in his green and salad days he is charmed with the swish and swirl of silken garments, and his eye feasts upon visions in frills and lace, but in the cold gray dawn of married life he sees charms and virtues which no dressmaker in creation could improve. A simple cotton gown would capture and hold his heart as tightly as the most artistic dream of Parisian masters. A dress does not make a beauty, any more than a cowl makes a monk.

MISS RENEE WAXES SARCASTIC.

AT last we have an honest if mistaken critic. Miss Ida Renee, who has certainly made a success with audiences even although she appeared with the ill-fated "Royal Chef," has delivered herself of her opinion. She says that she is very much disappointed with American audiences. After "having heard so much of your quickness of wit and of the superior bore of the mental calibre here," she says: "A New York gathering always laughs five or six seconds after the proper time. Shall I say you are a little—dull?" Miss Renee admits that we are very hearty when we do grasp the point of her English wit, but is it not just possible that the clever little woman has not some Gallic in her make-up?

"Of course, I am British to the bone," she added, "and I find many queer things here." Now it is our royal prerogative as free American citizens to remark that not only ourselves, but people of every race have found some very queer things in dear old England, and some of our greatest humorists from Artemas Ward down have made fame and fortune by writing their views of men and things which they observed in the tight little island. As to our being slow to appreciate her wit, it is only necessary to recall the fact that we are a young nation, and that we have been so busy growing crops and making goods to sell in England and other countries, that we may be a little dull of apprehension. But Dewey was not slow at Manila, or Schley at Santiago, and in course of time we may reach the British standard of speed in literature, art and things dramatic.

It is sufficient that we admire Miss Renee and freely accord every one of her countrymen and women the fullest meed of praise when they deserve it. She will make more money and be quite as welcome here as in England.



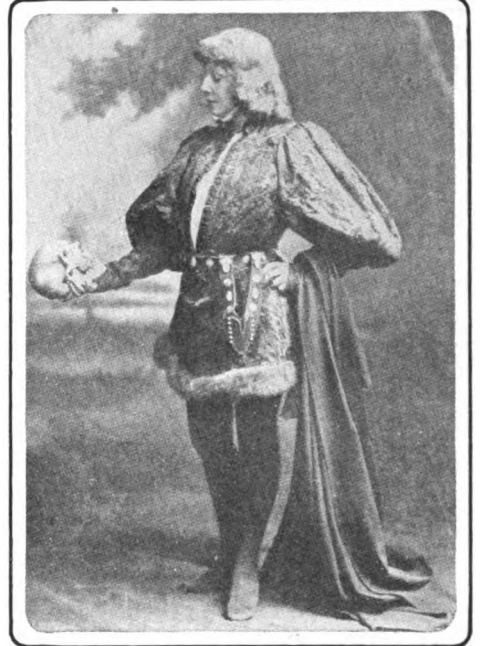
MISS MABEL HACKNEY.

She is the wife of Laurence Irving, son of Sir Henry Irving, the tragedian.



MADAME GABRIELLE REJANE.

The great French actress who is coming over soon to appear in her new plays.



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

As she appeared in the production of "Hamlet" in Paris, herself in the title role.

NO DECEMBER FOR THESE MAYS.

AGAIN has Edna May been forced into the sunlight of publicity as a married woman. While yet fettered by the bonds of churchly wedlock she has announced that she is not yet prepared to marry—but that she might some time. Coincidentally her husband, Fred. Titus, who is prospering in commerce, says: "I wish the little girl every kind of luck." Could anything be more delightful?—no recriminations between those who swore to take each other for better or worse. It is sad to think that their parting should become necessary, two whose friendship is so sincere.

It had even been stated that A. W. Mason, the English novelist, had sailed for these shores to claim the hand of Miss Edna, but a cable from London says that he is coming over for a rest and to see the western country, and that Cupid has no right to take his name in vain. Mr. Titus declares he will place no obstacle in the way of Miss May, should she wish to call upon the law to sever the knot that was tied in the days when prosperity had not called at the May household. Of one thing the friends of Edna may be sure that no December will bask in her smiles.

"I shall marry for love this time," sighed Miss Edna; and the other two Mays bowed their head in assent.

PANDORA LETS THE CAT OUT.

PANDORA—not she of mythology—but a clever business woman who reads the palms of the "400" has just announced after a visit to Newport that snobs fill the ranks of the exclusive set. The shocking news is best broken in Pandora's own words and as she claims the right to the title of Countess, some consideration must be given to her decision.

"I told Mamie Fish some things she did not like," says Pandora. Fancy "Mamie" Fish! And the clumsy efforts of the American smart set to ape the manners of the English, amused the palmist. She says they are gauche. She likes Mrs. Goelet whom she knows socially as well as professionally, but as for the general run of Newport society, she considers them "cheap snobs." When the woman who told Mrs. Fish some of the things which happened to the latter in her early life, called at the home of the rich by appointment, she says she was shown into the servant's quarters, and that a maid was stationed in the room to guard "a few cheap trinkets."

Pleasure alone she thinks is the common desire of all the rich clients she treated: "And all their hands," she concludes, "look distressingly alike."

McGUYER: "There goes one of our best known men of letters."

McGAWK: "Indeed? A novelist, I presume?"

McGUYER: "No; he's a sign-painter."—*Judge*.

COBWIGGER: "Did you spend all that money I gave you this morning?"

Mrs. COBWIGGER: "Yes love. If I'd spent only part of it I would have had to wait at the bargain-counter for my change, and then I wouldn't have been home in time for dinner."—*Judge*.

"Well, we've struck at the shop again," said Tenspot to Hawkins.

"I thought you had a strike there a month ago."

"We did, and won it. Now we have another strike. We're lightning, I tell you."

"But I thought that lightning didn't strike twice in the same place."—*Judge*.

JAGGLES: "Was the mermaid very scared when the dime-museum caught fire?"

WAGGLES: "I should say so. She jumped right out of her skin."—*Judge*.

Players and Their Plays.

FRANK MOULAN, who played *Ki-Ram* in "The Sultan of Sulu" for several seasons, was loaned last week by Henry W. Savage to Klaw and Erlanger for the present season.

In the Illinois Theatre Charles Frohman presented E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe, supported by a specially selected company, for the first time in "Romeo and Juliet." This was Mr. Sothorn's first appearance as *Romeo*.

Nanette Comstock began her career as a star under the management of James K. Hackett, at the Grand Opera House, Philadelphia, appearing as *Virginia Carol* in Winston Churchill's play "The Crisis."

Louise Allen Collier, who played the part of *Senora Juanita Arguilla* in "The Dictator," of which her husband is the star, left the cast upon the close of the play at the Criterion Theatre. Mr. Collier said his wife might retire temporarily on account of her poor health.

Oscar Hammerstein will sail for Europe to seek rest and recuperation immediately after the opening of Lew Fields' Theatre, which is now being built by Mr. Hammerstein on Forty-second Street, near Eighth Avenue. This is the ninth playhouse erected by Mr. Hammerstein in New York City, and the strain of getting it ready in time has told severely upon him.

Harry Davenport was last week engaged for the new musical stock company at the Lew Fields Theatre.

Charles Hawtrey will resume his tour in "A Messenger from Mars," on November 1.

Channing Pollock, now the general press representative for Shubert Brothers' enterprises, is the most prolific of theatrical penmen in town. He has just completed a five-act play entitled "The Little Gray Lady," a poem of his appears in the last issue of *Judge*; he had a syndicated story in last Sunday's newspapers, and articles from his pen are to appear in the November numbers of *The Smart Set*, *Pearson's Magazine*, *The Argosy*, and *Everybody's Magazine*.

The Weber and Ziegfeld Stock Company was incorporated last week at Albany. It has a capital stock of \$100,000 and the directors are Joseph M. Weber, Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., and R. W. MacBride, all of New York.

George M. Cohan, in "Little Johnny Jones," will open an engagement at the New York Theatre on Oct. 31. At the conclusion of the present theatrical season Mr. Cohan will take his company to England, there to present "The Governor's Son."

Charles A. Bigelow will have a special role introduced for him in Weber and Ziegfeld's production of "Higgledy Piggledy."

MY LADY'S POSTAL CARD.

WHEN you left me, Mistress Mabel,
On your continental way,
You averred that, were you able,
You would write me ev'ry day.
To your lover's tribulations
You, you vowed, would bring relief,
But your last communications
Have been not a little brief.

Ev'ry morning, on awaking,
As the bells chime eight o'clock,
I, my cosy couch forsaking,
Listen for the postman's knock.
Woe is me! he doth but leave a
Picture postal card from you,
With a "prospect near Geneva"
Or a "famous Alpine view."

So I trace your continental
Journey onwards day by day,
By the highly ornamental
Cards you send me on the way.
Views of Naples, views of Como,
Views of mountain, lake, or town,
Rome's St. Peter's, Milan's Duomo,
Marked "best love from yours, M. Brown."

Write me, pray, a proper letter,
Sheets and sheets of paper fill.
Tell me, is your toothache better?
Have you quite thrown off that chill?
How's your father? How's your mother?
Are you happy, dear, and oh!
Tell me, Mabel, lots of other
Things a lover wants to know.



DOROTHY TENNANT.

She is the clever young woman who plays the title role in "The College Widow" at the Garden Theatre. She has fought her way to the front from the smallest of roles, and her work has been constantly improved by hard study, thought, and strict attention to business. Blessed with youth, beauty and talent, she is likely before long to rank with the best actresses in the country, and she is a fine type of the young professional woman of to-day.

THE SAVAGE GRAND OPERA COMPANIES.

THE Chevalier N. B. Emanuel and Elliott Schenck have been re-engaged by Henry W. Savage as conductors for the full grand opera orchestra that is to accompany the English Grand Opera Company on its tour of the United States and Canada this season. The English Grand Opera Company will be a distinct organization from the "Parsifal" company, and will open its season on October 10th, at the Montauk Theatre in Brooklyn, with a repertoire that includes "La Boheme," "Othello," "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," "Carmen," "Il Trovatore," and a double bill made up of "I Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." Rehearsals of the new chorus and principals are now in progress at the Garden Theatre, New York.

All the artists engaged for the production of "Parsifal" in English have arrived in New York, with the exception of Alois Pennarini. Mr. Pennarini has been detained at Hamburg by his engagement at the Stadt Theatre. He will have to sing in "Tannhauser," "Tristan and Isolde," and in "Die Walkure," "Siegfried," and "Gotterdammerung" in a cycle of the Ring of the Nieblung before obtaining the leave of absence that will enable him to accept Mr. Savage's offer to create the role of "Parsifal" in English.

There has been no postponement in the date of the first performance of Wagner's festival play, which will take place as originally announced at the Tremont Theatre, in Boston, on October 17th, where it will remain for two weeks. Engagements in Providence, Springfield, Hartford and New Haven, will follow, after which it will be presented in New York for six weeks, beginning Monday, November 7th.

Tess: "May is considerably older than Bess."
Jess: "Yes. May practically admitted it to me the other day."
Tess: "You don't say?"
Jess: "Yes, she said, 'Bess is just about my age.'"

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BROADWAY WEEKLY

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Photo by Tonnelle.

FOLA LA FOLLETTE.

She is the daughter of the Governor of Wisconsin, and is to make her debut on the stage with Ada Rehan this Fall. Miss La Follette has long cherished a desire to enter the dramatic profession, but her father objected until recently.

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Proper protection for the citizens and their property and homes should be the first consideration of the municipal government above all partisan loyalty. Recent exposures give support to the complaint that the police are not as industrious or watchful as formerly, and some radical change must be effected or an investigation will be in order. This should not be necessary, because a position on the force in New York is one of much-prized remuneration and comfort for men of more than average intelligence. The legislature recently passed a law making the hours of labor shorter and providing for plenty of leisure for the members of the force. The pay is also as good as many professional men can make, and full and conscientious duty should be exacted. The occasion calls for much more strenuous criticism, but it is hoped that Commissioner McAdoo and Mayor McClellan will take such action as will remove all demand for serious reproof.

We are making history. It will do well to remember the nomination of Francis Burton Harrison for the office of Lieutenant-Governor of New York. This young man, since he entered public life, has attracted unusual attention from the party leaders. His work in Congress, chiefly in committee, marked him as a coming man. With Colonel McClellan he made one of the best representatives in a decade, and now he is in the front rank of the men of whom the Democratic party hopes so much. Blessed with the best educational advantages, and coming from Revolutionary stock, he is a most loyal party man, and he is the head of an organization of similar spirits which aided in the election of Colonel McClellan as Mayor. That he will go higher is undoubted, for he is thoroughly equipped, and, although rich, he is devoted to his profession as a lawyer. It is significant that another able young man of his own class is likely to succeed him. The nominee will probably be Harry Payne Whitney, whose worth and deportment has won him the respect of everybody who knows him.

For the first time in many years the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst has returned from his annual visit to Europe in an amiable or rather a less critical mood. The fact that he is suffering from a mild attack of pneumonia may account for his refusal to comment upon events which transpired during his absence, but his attitude is notable. His kindly inquiries for Commissioner McAdoo evidently indicates that he at least credits the Police Chief with a desire to serve the city honestly. The fact remains, however, that the Doctor realizes that even he himself would have his hands full in controlling crime in such a city as this has grown to be. In the days ago there was but one Tenderloin, and every cave of thieves was known and marked as clearly as if a red flag denoted its location. The child may be father to the man, but Father Knickerbocker cannot wear the same sized pants he wore in the days of Uncle Peter Stuyvesant. And the lesson of all this is that we should profit by the mistakes of former generations. Had the authorities done their duty in the past we would not now be confronted with the vexing problem of transit, and pavements, and water and public service comforts. The grand example of ancient Rome was apparently lost upon latter-day civilization; and if nations had been as anxious to build aqueducts and railroads as they were to declare war, the world would now be a much pleasanter place to dwell in. So that the man who wishes to make an enduring fame in modern civic councils will find an easy way to success and popularity by proposing plans for the construction of useful public works.

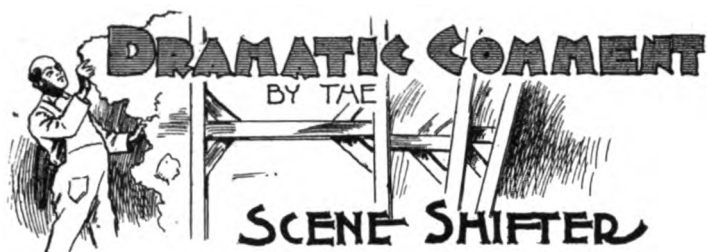
Very desirable, indeed, are up-to-date school buildings, with their laboratories, pianos and the equipment of apparatus of which an old-time university could not boast, but the men who accept the duty of supervising the education of the young would do well to remember that the vast majority of children will not be able to spend more than a brief interval at school before they must take up the business of life to provide for their necessities. Any nation which manages to teach its young to read and write, and understand the theory and practice of arithmetic, need not fear that it will drop behind in the race of progress and individual and collective happiness. This idea may be a little bit old-fashioned, but it is upheld by

the results of the past. The great men of every country furnish examples of the everlasting force, and perfection in the "three R's" will beat down all obstacles in a hunt for knowledge. And all the faddisms and theories of doctrinaires will not produce results on barren soil. The elementary grade should be nourished first and the luxuries of education cultivated afterwards. Spelling, writing and arithmetic can be taught in a plain classroom as well as in a wainscoted palace, and if the Board of Education cannot house all the children demanding admission, then they should rent cheap and convenient buildings to shelter those minds which will mature before the costly new buildings leave the hands of the fresco artists and furnishers.

Judge Parker's request that Colonel Roosevelt be not assailed too bitterly may be the throb of a kindly heart, but it is not necessary even to become excited over the matter. A mere recital of the facts of his administration will be enough to satisfy the doubting persons who have votes and are undecided how to cast them. The most dignified manner in which the Democrats conduct the campaign will emphasize their strength. The latest news from the Philippines is sufficient to swerve any man who feels proud of the spirit of peace and goodwill, which breathes through every section of the Constitution. In spite of the suppression of the news by the War Department, a letter dated Mindanao, September 19, says: "Yesterday we had another battle with the Moros. We killed about 250 men, women and children. Those who were present say it was a most terrible sight. Our troops cornered the Moros and killed every Moro in sight, and then burned everything they had." The newspapers favorable to the present administration were the most caustic and bitter critics of the British when it was alleged that English officers regarded the Boer War as a man-hunting expedition; yet they treat this latest achievement of the American troops as the correct way to pacify unfortunate natives, who have been engendered savage by hundreds of years of oppression at the hands of Spain. The best political document the Democrats could use is Richard Brinsley Sheridan's book, "The Philippino Martyrs," lately published in England by an eye-witness, a descendant of the famous English wit and statesman.

Those who go wild with joy over the news that some Japanese general has whipped the Russians badly, must not think that any such incident is likely to end the war. The operations in the present area of the war are merely the opening shots in a struggle which will only cease when either the Russian dynasty is dethroned or the Japanese Mikado is humbled to the dust. The wars of Russia know no limit. No student of history dares contemplate what may be the finality. The Russian is far from his base. Yet it took the combined armies of Europe to bring him to terms at his own door in the Crimea. It is no time to consider the merits or justice of the case. Humanity calls for interference by the chorus of powers. So long as the butchery continues, others who are not participants are guilty in a moral sense. A nation which does not protest is as much to blame as a neighbor who sleeps serenely while his friends are engaged in an attempt to murder each other. Who are the police who will interfere? Here are millionaires who attend their churches, temples and meeting houses regularly, who are loaning immense sums of money to either of the combatants on week days, and praying for peace on Sunday—Pharisees and money changers whose names are on every subscription list, and who, thank God they are not as others are. Oh! for another Bobbie Burns.

Has the moderation of the Coal Barons anything to do with the approach of a National election? It would seem to be the proper time to decide the merits of the arguments as to the supply of coal and the real intrinsic value, but the owners of the mines are satisfied with present prices. And the recent cold snap impressed upon thoughtful persons the importance of getting in a supply. Before the Ides of November, we are sure to hear the cry of the poor Coal Baron that he must raise the price or starve. And the election being over, we will write letters to the newspapers denouncing injustice, and pay the increase. This would also be a proper time to settle a number of other moot questions such as the sumptuary legislation which gives away trolley franchises worth millions; the matter of public graft and plunder by dishonest officials; and to pledge those who want to represent the people to certain reforms. We stand up in crowded street cars and endure endless discomfort and injustices all the year round, and swear that we will attend to them on election day. Then we forget all about it because we are the finest people on earth, and have not the courage to deny it. When certain people enter a confessional, they are expected to make a clean breast of it, and tell all their peccadillos. Why not remember all the sins of corporations when you enter the ballot booth to mark your little ticket.



A slight sensation has been started recently in stageland, since it leaked out quite by accident that one of the chorus assistants, remarkable for her beauty, now rehearsing with the Humpty Dumpty Company, has received a *bona fide* offer of a marriage from a real live English Lord. The strangest part of this story is that His Lordship's proposal was politely but decisively rejected. The reason is, loyalty to a poor but ambitious

young American at home. This is romance, but some of the members of the Humpty Dumpty Company confess that they cannot follow the train of reasoning that makes it so.

For the hit of the season, the play that everyone will ask if you have seen, it looks as if the blue ribbon would go to "The College Widow." It is a long time since the Garden Theatre has enjoyed such popularity and around eight o'clock there seems to be as many going out as coming in, only with a marked difference in expression on the two streams of opposing faces.

And still another from George Ade is awaited at Wallack's. "The Sho-gun," a Korean comic opera, is booked there for the 10th. This production has already scored a success in Boston. The music was written by Gustav Luders.



Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

TOBY CLAUDE.

She is to appear in the new comic opera "Baroness Fiddlesticks," which is now in rehearsal.



Photo by Vaughan and Reith, San Francisco.

EMIL BOUQUIERE.

He is the composer of "Baroness Fiddlesticks," which Managers McDonald and Sylvester will produce.



Photo by Kuebler, Phila.

NELLA BERGEN.

In private life Mrs. De Wolf Hopper, the prima donna of the "Baroness Fiddlesticks" company.



Photo by Burr McIntosh.

GERTRUDE MCKENZIE.

She has joined "The Royal Chef" and is well-known as a beautiful girl of the stage.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

Now in this country. She is preparing for her opening in "The Sorceress" at the New Amsterdam.



Photo by Taber, Norfolk, Va.

LAURA MCGILVRAY.

She is the original *AmeNa* in Mrs. Fiske's production of "Becky Sharp" at the Manhattan.

Plays of the Week.

"*The West Point Cadet*," at the Princess; "*Love's Lottery*," at the Broadway; and "*His Princess*," at the Irving Place Theatre, will be reviewed in the next issue.

"THE CORONET OF THE DUCHESS."

If Clyde Fitch's "newest play" is destined for any degree of success it will be gained on this side of the big pond. "The Coronet of the Duchess," starring Clara Bloodgood, as the title suggests, is a play having to do with an upper stratum of society and an international alliance. The noble house of Sundun—a British Duchy, unites through its most august head—the reigning Duke, with the family of a millionaire Wall Street operator, in marriage to his daughter.

Four acts of Clyde Fitch tell the story of life under such conditions. I have a very strong suspicion, being in an imaginative frame of mind on this opening night, that Mr. Fitch intended to paint a moral lesson in this production. There is a gleam of the ancient philosophy very perceptible, that wealth and everything that glitters do not necessarily carry happiness with them. The young *Duchess* herself practically affirmed this when in one of the frequent little tiffs between *Her Grace* and the *Duke* she described the coveted coronet as a cheap gilded affair "that you could stick on with a hat pin." Rather hard lines for the *Duke's* cultured ears to listen to. However I shall not insist that my surmise is the correct one, you may judge from a brief *resumé*.

Act I. November. Library at the Hamptons, New York. *Millicent Hampton*, having just accepted the *Duke of Sundun*, is receiving the congratulations of the family. *Mrs. Hampton*, overjoyed, of course. *Mrs. Stafford*, her aunt, with old-time notions on love, is skeptical and of an



Photo by Windeatt, Chicago.

OTIS SKINNER.

He has just returned from Europe, where he has been in Paris in consultation with Jean Richepin over his forthcoming production here of "The Harvester." With M. Richepin he went over his entire adaptation and scheme of staging of "The Harvester," and rehearsals will begin at the Lyric Theatre immediately. The piece will be given at the Lyric, Monday night, October 10.



Photo by Windeatt, Chicago.

MRS. OTIS SKINNER.

Known professionally as Maud Durbin. She will appear in "The Harvester," at the Lyric Theatre on October 10, supporting her husband in M. Richepin's new play.

inquiring turn of mind. *Laura Burrell*, her cousin, a rather forward young person and given much to the usage of up-to-date slang, acquiescent, the plan seems to offer something fresh and exciting. *Jim Burrell*, her brother, de-light-ed, with an interrogation point after it. *Green*, is also consulted. *Green* seems to be a sort of privileged maid to *Mrs. Stafford*. *Mr. Hampton* is summoned from his office to lend his presence to the happy occasion. All retire to dress. The *Duke* arrives in company with his solicitor—the one necessary to make the final arrangements. *Mr. Hampton* appears first and gives his ready consent after the formal demand for the hand of his daughter. All assemble, including *Green*.

"The *Duke* for ours" seemed to be the prevailing sentiment, but there is an abundance of similar forms of expression, especially from the pretty lips of *Miss Laura*—enough, in fact, to make up an animated conversation.

Act II. Eighteen months later. The Queen's Hall, London. A Charity Bazaar. Ladies of the nobility presiding at the booths. The *Duke*, bar-keeper at the "American Bar." Appearance of *Pussy Hawkins*, an imposing manicurist and a sweetheart of the *Duke's*, familiarly referred to as his left-handed wife. Alone with the *Duke*, the young *Duchess* reminds him that it is her birthday and begs to be loved, for evidently he has been rather frugal in that direction—although, according to accounts, prodigal enough in others. But *His Grace* isn't built that way. He loves her, of course, but their ideas on this matter do not coincide. This leads to their first real squabble. The Bazaar opens, although no one seems to be quite sure what the charity is for. Everybody comes, including *Green*, for it is an ultra-fashionable event. *Pussy Hawkins* comes for a look at the *Duchess*. The *Duke*, it appears, has made a foolish blunder, for in making a present to his wife of a necklace of pearls, in order not to treat *Pussy* shabbily, this warm-hearted fellow has given her half of it. When the two women get to comparing notes and necklaces there is a *mavrais quart-d'heure* in store for the *Duke*. And he gets it, too, just as the Queen is announced. It's a sad birthday for the poor *Duchess*, who takes the affair quite to heart. No happiness here. *Miss Laura*, however, "makes good for hers," having ensnared a *Mr. Jake Wheeler*, an American, who makes

his appearance at this royal function wearing tan shoes. All the Americans are intensely American during this act to the vulgarly expressed wonder of their English cousins.

Act III. Same evening at the *Duke of Sundun's*, London. This act is entirely devoted to quarrels and wrangles. *Jim* seems to be a good thing in paying off *His Grace's* baccarat debts but finding himself now in love with the *Duchess* he recalls this last touch. The *Duke* is certainly playing in hard luck now. More facts developing about *Pussy*, their two *Graces* have a royal row this time. The audience is treated to a long drawn out and hotly contested discussion over a divorce, and the scene was made more dramatic by the participants appearing dressed in full ducal regalia. It was in this scene that the *Duchess* made so light of the coronet. The *Duke* is not a believer in divorce. *Green* was shut out of this, but butted in somewhere, I remember. No happiness in this either.

Act IV. The following morning. At the *Duke of Sundun's*. More fighting. The *Duke* has all the women to face this morning, but still stands by his guns regarding divorce. The *Dowager Duchess* is counsel for the defence and advocating concessions. *Jim* joins and takes a hand; *Green*, as a matter of course. After a thorough recital of the unharmonious side of married life, *Mrs. Stafford* compromises by giving up £10,000, and the *Duke's* views of divorce undergo a transformation. *Jim* reappears to offer congratulations and say good-bye and the curtain falls.

There are many good points probably that in so brief a summing up I have left out, but the object is primarily to show my reasons for believing

that a moral is contained in this play. In fact, I argue, were there not, I can see no reason for its being written. Mrs. Bloodgood as *Millicent Hampton* is natural at times, but hardly convincing in her emotional scenes. She seemed nervous. Ernest Lawford, who plays the *Duke*, is a good actor and clever impersonator. He carries out the idea capitally. Georgie Mendum deserves praise for her part of *Laura Burrell*, and Katharine Stewart was quite perfect as the *Dowager Duchess*. I must not omit *Green*. Zilda Sears scored a hit in this part, for she did it very cleverly. In fact I may say that all the players did very well. Altogether the play is amusing and—granting the moral—instructive.

"THE MUSIC MASTER."

David Warfield has succeeded in his ambition to advance in the art of dramatic interpretation beyond any recall. His superb rendering of a character past the prime of life, brought low with the greatest sorrow that can afflict a man of proper sensibilities, and yet retaining the natural inclination of a free soul, hope, courage, and the power of self-sacrifice has pronounced the man. All of this is combined in Mr. Warfield's portrayal of the part of *Herr Anton von Baring*, the "Music Master," in Charles Klein's play of that name. After the opening night at the Belasco Theatre, David Warfield's fame as an actor, capable of swaying an audience from comedy to the most tender bits of pathos and tragedy, has been sounded throughout the whole theatrical world. It is one of those rare tides in the



A VERY FUNNY SCENE FROM MR. WIX OF WICKHAM.
Arthur Wooley, Douglas Flint and Andrew O'Neill in their kilts.



Photo by Hall.

GREAT SCENE IN "MR. WIX OF WICKHAM."

Catherine J. Hayes and Frank Lawlor who have made genuine hits in the new play at the Bijou.

affairs of man which taken at its height leads on to fame. And nothing can now prevent fame coming to David Warfield. It is a pleasure in the midst of so much that is scarcely worth while or at the most may tickle the fancy of an idle man in an idle hour, to record an event that will be lasting in the memory of at least the present generation.

David Belasco has once more given evidence of his almost infallible insight into the possibilities of undeveloped genius. And his own gift for the proper development of such genius is also apparent. His stage settings are well arranged, his scenes are aimed to provoke the credence of his audience. The play itself is worked out with the assistance of an able cast. Miss Minnie Dupree has scored the most artistic success of her

career on the stage. She played the role of *Helen Stanton*, which was by no manner of means an easy one, with rare grace and a thorough comprehension of the part.

Another of Mr. Belasco's clever examples of stagecraft is his giving to a genuine foreigner the parts of the various foreign characters that appear in the play. The three musicians, *von Baring's* companions-in-arms, were faultlessly pictured by Herr Kohlman, Senor Ricciardi and Monsieur Verande. Louis Hendricks, the museum barker, and Tony Bevan, a walking delegate, won well-merited applause for the good work they put into the play. The two others who have claims to especial mention are

(Continued on page 21.)



Photo by Hall.

LEW FIELDS.

The actor-manager as he appears in private life. He will shortly open his new theatre in Forty-second Street.



Photo by Sarony.

BESSIE CLAYTON.

The famous dancer, wife of Julian Mitchell. She will appear with the Lew Fields Stock Company.



Photo by Sarony.

LEW FIELDS.

As he appears in a character part. He is now to devote all his time to serious work and management.

Great things are expected from the new Lew Fields stock company. The position which Mr. Field's has won for himself as an artist in the face of all manner of difficulty is an enviable one. From out the atmosphere of vaudeville he has shown some dramatic talent of a high order, and a temperamental condition not possessed by the greatest stars. Had he

begun his career in the dramatic field instead of the variety line, he would have undoubtedly forced his way to the front rank. Therefore the people who attended his performances at the little theatre where he and Mr. Weber catered to the public, are more than usually interested in his first effort at management alone. It is no secret to say that they will be satisfied.



Photo by Hall.

MARIE CAHILL.

ONE The only Marie, who will be the leading feature of the new Lew Fields Stock Company.

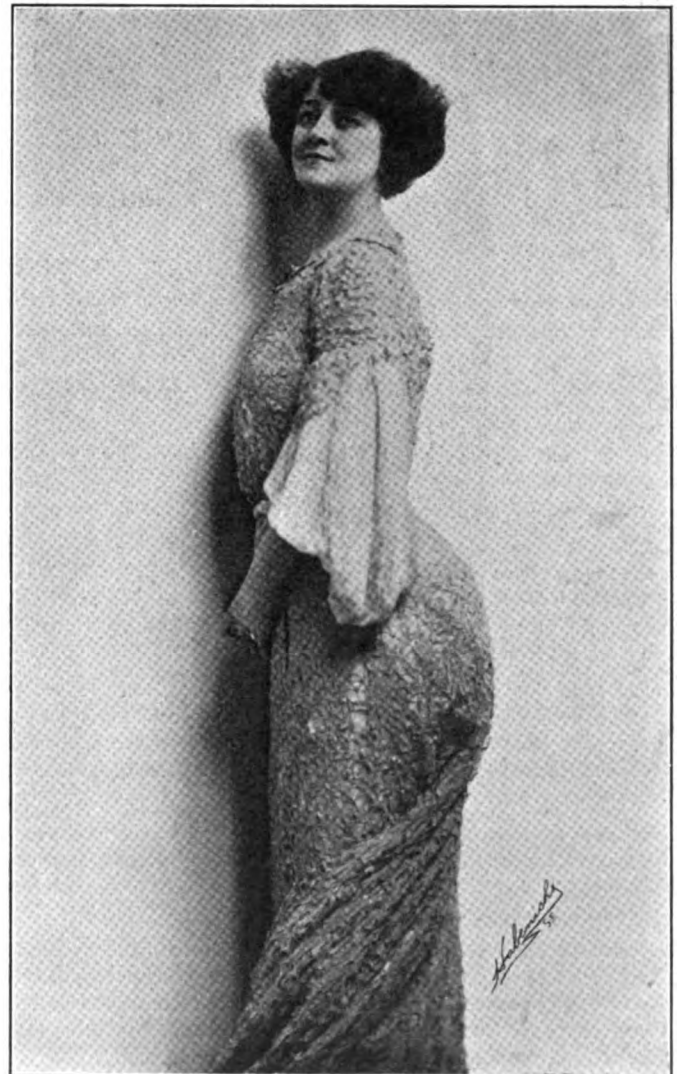


Photo by Habernicht, San Francisco.

BILLIE NORTON.

She is Mrs. Joseph W. Herbert in private life, and will appear with the new Lew Fields Stock Company.



Photo by Otto Sarony.

CECELIA LOFTUS NOW STARRING IN "THE SERIO-COMIC GOVERNESS."

Miss Loftus is here pictured as a convent girl and again as a girl of the stage. The contrast is dramatic and Miss Loftus has made a great hit.



Chatter of the Footlights.

The New York engagement of the Korean comic opera, "The Sho-Gun," by George Ade and Gustav Luders, will begin at Wallack's Theatre, October 10th. Gustav Luders, composer of "The Prince of Pilsen," "King Dodo," "Woodland" and the "Sho-Gun," arrived from Europe last week.

At the first performance of George Ade's new comedy, "The College Widow," Admiral Dewey, Secretary Paul Morton of the Navy, and Generals Frederick Grant and Adna R. Chaffee sent for him and congratulated him in person on the successful opening.

Mme. Lillian Nordica has leased a cottage not far from the Ardsley Casino, at Ardsley-on-the-Hudson. She will practice constantly and increase her repertoire, now one of the most varied of any singer, and take a deal of physical exercise in the hope that when the season opens she will have reduced her weight twenty pounds.

At the Adelphi Theatre, London, last week, Oscar Asche produced a romantic play, "The Prayer of the Sword," by J. B. Fagan, a writer new to London, but who has had pieces previously produced in the provinces and in the United States.

The London engagement of "The Prince of Pilsen" ended October 1st. The merry and tuneful Pixley and Luder's musical comedy has had a successful engagement in the British metropolis. About October 15th, one "Prince of Pilsen" will make a tour of the British provinces and a short time afterward another road company will be organized.

Henry Miller is the latest reported lessee of the Madison Square Theatre, which has been closed since the Iroquois fire. Gossip has it that he will become an actor-manager, and will open that house with a stock company and produce comedies.

Walter N. Lawrence, business-manager for James K. Hackett, has resumed office work after his illness.

Ben Greet and his company gave several outdoor performances at the Country Club at Lake Forest, Ill., and then proceeded to California, where they will present "Hamlet," in its entirety, at the University of California. Later they will appear in several of the college towns of the Pacific Coast.

Grant Stewart, who has been playing for the past year and is still playing with Ethel Barrymore in "Cousin Kate," has left that organization to join Annie Russell's support and to appear in her new play, "Brother Jacques."

Miss Maynard, who plays a minor role in the "Red Feather," confided to her friends on Broadway, recently, that she has been Mrs. Madison Butler Smith since last November, when she married Mr. Smith in London. Mr. Smith is now in London playing with the "Prince of Pilsen" company.

Percy G. Williams has authorized Robert Grau to negotiate with Emma Calvé and Jean de Reszke with a view to engaging them to do turns at his vaudeville houses in this city and Brooklyn.

Irene Bentley has been engaged last week by Alfred E. Aarons for the titlerole in "A China Doll," the new comic opera by Smith and Aarons. Helen Rayton has been engaged for the same production.

Blanche Hazleton has been engaged as leading woman for the Sam Morris Stock company, at the Avenue Theatre, Chicago.

Rose Tiffany is said to have made a hit as leading lady with the Pawtucket Stock company.

Joe Welch will be starred this season by Andrew W. Dingwell and George B. Nicolai in "The Merchant," a play by Lee Arthur.

Standard Bearer of Democracy in the Gubernatorial Contest.

*Photo by Albany Art Union.***JUDGE D. CADY HERRICK.**

Justice D. Cady Herrick, the Democratic candidate for Governor, was born in Esperance, Schoharie County, April 12, 1846, and is the son of Jonathan R. and Harriet Herrick. He was educated in the public schools of Albany, whither his parents had removed in 1852. He was later sent to boarding school and finished his studies at the Albany Classical Institute. He then studied law with Gen. Lyman Tremain and the elder Peckham in this city and took a course in the Albany Law School, from which he was duly graduated. He was admitted to the bar of New York State in 1867. In the law school he was a classmate of the

late President McKinley. From the time of his admission to the bar until 1870 he was engaged in the offices of Hungerford & Hoteling, well known Albany attorneys, in the further prosecution of his law studies. In the latter year he entered upon an active career in the practice of his profession in Albany. He was one of the political lieutenants of the late Daniel Manning, afterward Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of President Cleveland. He succeeded Mr. Manning in the Democratic State Committee in 1885, and to this place he was successfully elected until chosen a Justice of the Supreme Court in 1891.

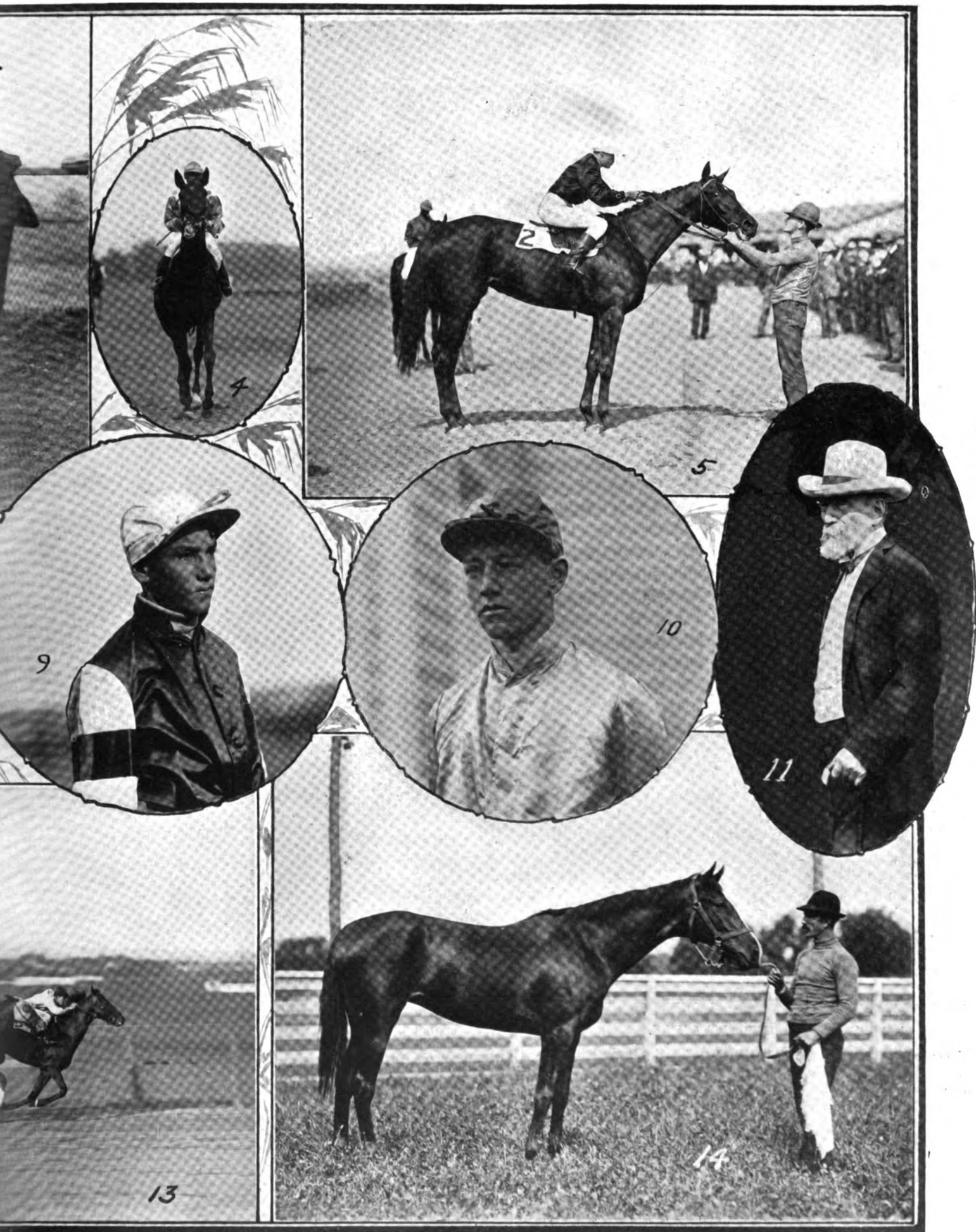
NOTABLE PERSONAGES OF THE RACING WORLD



Photos by J. C. Hemment.

1. Hermis, the Surburban winner. 2. The Bugler. 3. Newton Bennington. 4. Sysonby, two-year old colt, winner of the Flash Stakes, S.
10. Jockey O'Neil, who rode Beldame in all her victories. 11. James R. Keene. 12. Beldame, "Queen of the Turf."

AND SOME FAMOUS RIDERS AND THOROUGHBREDS.



5. Tradition, just after winning Neptune Stakes. 6. Herman B. Duryea. 7. Jockey Redfern. 8. Broomstick. 9. Jockey Hildebrand. 10. Africaner and McChesney, fighting it out for Brighton Cup. 14. Artful, two-year old filly, winner of Futurity.



Photo by Tonnelle.

ROBERT LORAINE, LEADING MAN OF THE KELCEY-SHANNON COMPANY IN "TAPS" AT THE LYRIC.

THERE ARE NO HOMELY GIRLS.

If the manager of the Telephone Exchange at Turtle Creek, Pa., ever comes along this way, sightseeing in New York, he had better come incognito or in disguise. He has just advertised for a girl for his office, announcing that he prefers one who is cross-eyed, age immaterial. But he will not under any circumstances engage a red-headed, peachy-cheeked, goo-goo-eyed maiden. Is he unable to trust himself with the kind we have in New York? There are no others here except good-looking girls. Up to the latest moment he has received no applications for the position, and we have no sympathy with him.

Mr. Manager says he has lost five girls in five months, because they went off to get married. Well; what were little girls made for? There was Rosie and Katie, and Bessie and Polly and Marie. Now his last assistant, Margerie, says she is going to follow their example, and she has

promised to wait until a new girl is hired. It is the general opinion that she will live to be an old maid before any such girl as the manager wants applies for the job.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S FAREWELL.

Sir Henry Irving began his farewell season in the provinces at Cardiff last week, appearing in "The Merchant of Venice," with Edith Matthison as *Portia*. The report published in the United States that Sir Henry Irving has engaged Miss Matthison as leading lady in place of Ellen Terry is incorrect, the only basis of the story being in the fact that Miss Matthison will play such parts as *Portia*. Maud Fealy will support Sir Henry as *Rosamond* in "Becket," *Julie* in "The Lyons Mail," *Nora* in "The Story of Waterloo," etc., throughout his farewell tour and in the United States.

[Democratic Leaders Sanguine.

If the Democrats are defeated in November they will have themselves to blame. Here it is just one month to election, and it would only be a fool who would claim that the campaign has had any ginger in it so far. One short month to tell the voters what the results mean to the nation and to the individual. After the battle the party can settle with those who had the National management, and it will take some explanation on Mr. Thomas Taggart's part to dispel the indignation at the manner in which things have been conducted at No. 1 West Thirty-fourth Street. Mr. Taggart has the reputation of being a winner in his Hoosier State. Since he came East the political leaders here have decided that if there is any such thing as luck he must be a very lucky man. He of all others should know that too many cooks spoil the broth, and yet this broth of a boy from old Erin, has had a big staff of literary and political cooks in his headquarters, who have not evolved one tempting dish during the campaign. No one can be found outside of headquarters who has even seen any of the wonderful productions which were intended to enlighten voters as to what the Democratic party really intends to do. The Congressional Committee has issued some literature, and it is of an unpopular character. In these days of ten o'clock editions, people do not want long winded documents, but must have their reading dressed up in an attractive manner. This has not been done.

In contradistinction, the State and City leaders have planned for and are carrying out a fight, which can only end in the complete rout of the Republican machine. And their enthusiasm has infected New Jersey and Connecticut. But it will be a State issue which will enable them to win—exclusively a State question—whether Odellism and all that it implies shall be wiped out, or allowed to endanger the State as Tweedism did the City a generation ago? Victory on election day will not be enough, because the men of every shade of opinion, who are weary of the corruption, boodling and grafting system foisted upon the State, are united and determined to end it. Odellism alone is sufficient of a slogan to elect Herick and Harrison. The popular disgust over the mismanagement of State affairs had considerable weight in the election of Mayor McClellan, yet in defiance of the known opinion of a majority of the voters of the City of New York, the Odell men engineered the nomination of Frank W. Higgins for Governor. Mr. Higgins in the Senate voted against the Greater New York bill; voted for the Raines Excise law; against the Good Roads bill; and other measures which the people wanted passed. He has been a close personal friend of Governor Odell, and associated with the latter in conducting the machine which stood for one man rule at Albany.

The State is being flooded with documents arraigning the Republican party for the upholding of Odellism, and it is hoped that the Democrats will capture a majority in the Legislature. The object is to have a committee appointed to investigate the management of the State finance; to look into the awarding of contracts for supplying State institutions; to expose the methods of Odell and his private cabinet in ruling with a rod of iron all the departments, and lobbying through the Legislature, which was very one-sided, the laws giving the Odell men power to carry out their schemes for gain. It is the old cry of home rule, so that the City which pays the heavy end of the cost of State government may have some voice in its management. Along these lines Senator Dowling and those who have immediate charge of the campaign are working with enthusiasm which betokens a victory.

Charles F. Murphy, who is most deliberate in all he undertakes, and who supervises even the smallest details of every campaign, has been at work for some weeks upon the arrangements. The school for campaign orators is in session, and the list of assignments is being made out for the hundreds of meetings to be held every night hereafter, until the day of voting. There is a large supply of these very necessary adjuncts to political work. Then the writing, selection, and distribution of good campaign literature is being prepared, and a great many thousands of dollars will be spent on this feature. Tammany has been known to spend \$300,000 on campaign literature, and, better than that, has seen to it that the material reached the people for whom it was intended. Documents of interest in every language spoken by any voter is given out, and the most recent arrival in this Republic has the doctrine of Democracy explained to him.

It looks as if the New York leaders were inclined to allow the former



FRANCIS BURTON HARRISON.

He has been nominated for Lieutenant-Governor by the Democracy, and the selection is regarded as the best that could have been made.

one-day United States Senator from Minnesota, Charles Arnette Towne, to fall into the background of political effort. The truth is that the rank and file do not regard Towne with respect. He is an able speaker, but has changed his political party so frequently that he is considered to lack stability. As he has grown rich he may not care, but his ambition to represent a district of New York City in Congress is well known. Mr. Towne was once a virulent Populist, at another time a Republican, and again a right hand man of William J. Bryan. After Bryan's defeat Mr. Towne appeared in Wall Street as the proprietor of oil fields, and he took up his residence in Manhattan and announced that he could not conscientiously support free silver any longer. He now lives in elegant ease and devotes his time in keeping under the safe political shadow of Charles F. Murphy.

Shortly after his installation as Mayor there was a considerable boom for Colonel McClellan for both the Governorship and the Presidency. It was thought that he was the coming man. But for some unexplained reason his political sponsor and personal friend, Charles F. Murphy, has not regarded the propositions approvingly. McClellan is a very powerful man with the voters of his party, and he is known to have ambition, so it must be concluded that he is content to wait until a future year for his full development as a factor in National politics. He understands business at Washington thoroughly and was a very useful man during the years he was in Congress.

Whose was the fine Italian hand that smoothed over the differences between the Murphy and McCarren sections, until the election is over at least? The matter which threatened to do fatal injury to Judge Parker's chances was very cleverly manipulated, and the shaking of hands by McCarren and Doyle, his rival leader, at the Brooklyn mass meeting proves that the incident of their emeute was really closed. Going below the surface, it would indicate that David B. Hill was gradually being deserted by his allies at this end of the State. He is getting much publicity for his alleged control, but the constant hammering which the leaders in New York are giving his every movement to rule the party is having its effect. When he announced that he would retire from political life after the coming election, had he seen the handwriting on the wall? If it is his bona fide intention to get out, he is certainly determined to have plenty to say before he vanishes; and his farewell rather leans toward the Patti school of adieus.

J. D. B.

In the Club Smoking Room.

We are all preparing for the Horse Show. It is the last chance for some; those who escaped the awful network at Newport, or rather did not become entangled in it. Many of the fish who went there to get caught had no luck; probably because they did not have enough golden bait attached. Things are really dreadful. No girl can get mated nowadays except she has the dower of a Duchess, and as for marrying for love, it is a dream of the past. None of the foreigners ever bid for any American girl unless she is weighted with gold, but then a poor girl formerly could always fall back upon one of her own countrymen and marry for love. Now the rich bachelors here are simply immune; they don't want to marry for love or looks. They must get a girl with money or experience—of course the latter being always widows. There are any number of fellows just waiting until the women they fancy get divorced, and you never saw such an impatient line of real handsome boys waiting to become martyrs.

It is nothing these days to be seen constantly in the attendance upon married women, and Newport was full of squires of dames all the season. They are still flitting around the moths, but the scene has been removed to Long Island. It's all so simple now. Of course there is quite a sensation when it is announced that you are anxious to have a knot untied; and there may be just a suggestion of scandal when the tie is broken and another one is hitched; but you can run over to Europe for a few months, and when you return folks are prepared to greet you under your new name. We are so exclusive, however, that this very fact makes it quite awkward. People cannot walk down the Avenue or go out to tea nowadays, without meeting an ex-husband or somebody else's ex-husband. One gets used to it however.

It is not every woman who would throw away a title. She might get rid of a spouse who was mismated with her, but the title—never. Even if a woman is divorced she almost invariably holds on to the title of her ex-lord. Miss Morton, who married the French Duke de Valencay, has cast aside her right to the prefix Duchess. She returned from Europe with her father, Levi P. Morton, and her mother, greatly broken in health. Now she calls herself Madame H. Morton. The family is at its Rhinebeck estate, and not inclined to take any part in the gaieties of the season. Madame Morton's marital fiasco, the ill-health of Mrs. Morton and the severe disappointment of Mr. Morton in his son-in-law have affected the members greatly.

The agents who secure servants for the select have been at their wits' end to fill orders. Most of the aristocratic families close up their town houses when they are abroad or at Newport and discharge their servants. In the fall they engage new help. One pert maid created quite a sensation in an office the other day when asked to go and see Mrs. R. F. Wilson, who was engaging servants. She spoke right out in meeting and declared she would never work for the lady. "Why, I hear she locks up all the groceries and food, and when she is out no one can get a bite to eat," said the applicant for a position. Such remarks are common from servants when offered positions. They do not spare any one with whom they cannot have a sinecure.

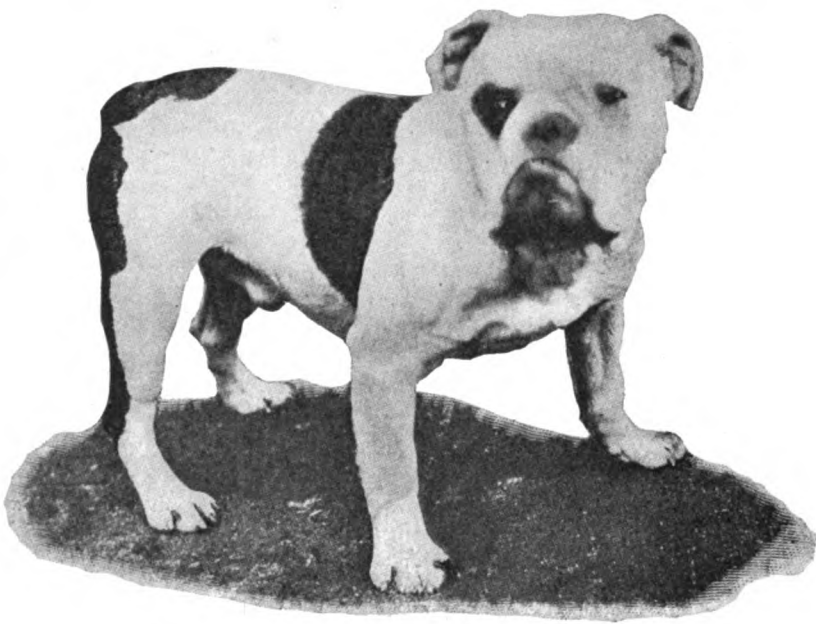
They are telling a very smart story at the Knickerbocker Club about a divorcee who was asked by a young woman he admired to meet a newly-married couple for a theatre party and supper. He gladly consented, but was amazed to be introduced to his former wife and her new husband, whom he had never met. The conventions of society were observed to the letter, however, and the couple who were once man and wife were most deferential and even jolly towards each other. Supper passed without any break, and at parting the husband had an opportunity to whisper to Mrs. Ex: "I never had such a delightful evening. I am positively jealous." Of such stuff are little boys made of.

Young Leslie Ward is cutting a dashing figure in the younger set. And they are all grateful to him for his novel ideas in entertaining. Dr. Ward, his father, is the present head of one of the oldest families in New Jersey, and the Wards were some pumpkins when the land was called a lordly chancery of King Charles under Sir George Cartaret. But the Ward millions have been accumulated in the manufacture of leather, and in the stock of the Prudential Insurance Company, which they, with the Drydens, founded, and which they entirely control. Its stock cannot be purchased. Every week millions of nickels are collected for the treasury of the Prudential, and every time a policy is lapsed the company benefits. Some-

body must spend of this largesse, and no one is able to do it more gracefully than young Leslie. Since he gave his famous dinner in Lillian Russell's honor in Newark, he has been the star of his own set. Later he introduced the crowd to the glories of an automobile ride to the Orange Mountains, where the party had an old-fashioned chicken dinner at the famous tavern there. Now it is the correct thing to do in the swagger set. Miss Alice Roosevelt was a guest at a party given there by some of the society leaders.

We have all been to see Clara Bloodgood at the Garrick. At the same time we saw Elizabeth Emmett and Mrs. Russell Hone, who are in her company. Really it was quite sad, as it brought back the old days when Clara romped with the rest of us. How is it when girls like Clara, Lizzie, or Miss Hoey, who married Russell Hone, go upon the stage, they drop out of our set? They are always welcome, but I suppose when one has to work for one's living, it is different. Cora Potter and ever so many of the girls all did the same. Tessie Oelrichs, with quite a bunch, was present.

Speaking of the former Miss Fair reminds me of a story they tell of the early days in California, when Papa Fair was just beginning to lay aside a few dollars from the profits of his saloon. Fair was quite thrifty, and like most men of his class was very fond of sweet bacon, of which he always kept a flitch in the house. He suspected that some unknown person was purloining a few cuts, so he tied a piece of string around the bacon so that he could size it up. But the wily thief removed the



JAY GOULD'S PET.

The bulldog Heath Baronet, for which the son of George J. Gould paid \$5,000 in England.

string every time he cut off what he needed, and Fair was never able to detect the culprit. Another of our smartest matrons who supervises her own household affairs, locks up all the groceries when she is not at home, doling out sufficient for each servant's rations.

Lily Beresford, whom we still delight to call the Duchess of Marlborough, will be here for some time. I hear she is not persona grata with the late Lord Beresford's family, and of course forfeited all favor with the Marlboroughs since her third marriage. She spent a large sum of money upon repairing Blenheim before her husband died, but of course when the next in line took possession, the widow had to evacuate. Then she became the second Dowager of Marlborough, because the mother of her husband was living. There was also a divorced wife of her husband's living, and in all about four who had more or less of a claim to the Ducal title, including the present Consuelo of the House of Vanderbilt. Lily is anxious to have her son by the late Lord Beresford participate in some of the Hammersley millions. Her first spouse was one of the Hammersleys. She is the prize matrimonial puzzle of the American International Set.

RAOUL DE PUYSTER.

MIFKINS: "What do you think of that young man who is calling on your daughter?"
BIFKINS: "Oh, he's the limit. He reminds me of a cipher with the rim off."

Chicot's Vaudeville Comment.

One of the saddest things in recent bills was the sight of Henry Clay Barnabee seeking to save his fortunes through the presentation of a vaudeville sketch of a standard of merit far below that now obtaining with the lesser players. A few lines of dialogue suggesting that he is going to back an opera company; specialties time-worn as the organization which made and wrecked his fortune, and a little good singing by Ruth Pebbles (who deserved a better fate than being compelled to show in such a poor vehicle) comprised the entertainment. It was written by William Bonelli and staged by Gerald Coventry, both men who might be supposed to know; but the imprint of amateurishness was over all. It is to be regretted that Mr. Barnabee did not take the advice of Acton Davies some years ago, when that clever dramatic commentator of the *Evening Sun* warned him that the Bostonians were disintegrating from dry rot, and urged retirement before a comfortable fortune was wasted in heading a forlorn hope. There was always the belief that another Robin Hood would be found to retrieve wasted funds, and now Barnabee is "doing two" only because his name forbids him to do "three," as the merit of the sketch demands.

More crepe on the same bill at the Circle was festooned from the new sketch by Holcombe, Curtis and Webb. Herbert Holcombe wrote it himself and called it "The Botany Class." He had plenty to answer for in having written the sketch, but he aggravated the offense by playing a comedy part in an alleged German dialect. The man never was or will be either an author or comedian and he insists upon being both. Margaret Webb, in an impossible curly wig and a smudgy make-up, was a poor substitute for Sadie Cushman in all save voice, and Sam Curtis, always dependable, seemed downcast by the surroundings. Two school sketches have gone through with this trio by virtue of borrowed jokes. This one should be wiped off the vaudeville map by the players before the managers get a chance to see it.

There was a new woman in the Clayton White-Marie Stuart sketch. She was so wild at the opening performances that the others were sadly at sea, and this, one of the cleverest ideas in vaudeville, was spoiled. White is too clever a manager to permit this condition to continue, and there is probably a new face in the sketch by now. Pauline Taylor, who used to play the third part, quit to get married. Aurie Dagwell was doing very well with old songs and new, but Press Eldridge should be ashamed to usurp the title of Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Fun. From the extreme antiquity of most of his jokes, some of which actually did service in the early '60's, it would be more proper to claim the title of Com-

mandant of the Soldiers' Home, for there are only veterans to be found in his vicinage. Rocher's Dogs and Ponies were seen here for the first time to no great advantage. The stage was too small for a horse act, and the



DELLA FOX.

She is now playing in "The West Point Cadet" at the Princess Theatre.

thrifty Rocher held back playing on the other side until the last moment, with the result that he did not have time to get his animals in shape before the opening. It may be a good act when it works in.



HELENA FREDERICK.

She was prima donna in "The Prince of Pilsen," "The Tenderfoot," and other operas, and has just concluded an extraordinarily successful engagement of two weeks at Hurtig and Scamon's.

A European importation to make a better showing was "She" at the Proctor house on Twenty-third Street. "She" presents a specialty, a combination of the Astarte illusion, the Serpentine dance, and some novel light and lantern effects. The best of these is a long panorama slide in which the pictorial trip is made from the bottom of the sea to high above the clouds. "She" represents the four elements of Fire, Air, Earth and Water. As Earth she poses for a moment upon a globe, and shortly reappears in a silver scale dress as a mermaid swimming about in the sea. The mechanism by which the effect is accomplished is skillfully hidden, only a slight cut in the cloth betraying the means of suspension, and the effect is particularly graceful. "She" does an aerial butterfly dance as Air, and for the Fire effect offers an elaboration of the fire dance as understood by the serpentiner. No scenery is used, only white drops being carried, the effect of scenery being secured through the use of the lantern. It is a real departure from all other effects, and one of the season's actual novelties.

Marshall P. Wilder will take himself off upon a trip around the world. The monologue he has been using in his Proctor appearances induces the hope that somewhere upon his travels he will find a new source of humor. Wilder offered nothing that was funny or new, and little that was even original with himself.

James Harrigan, who used to be a comedy juggler, but who has developed into a really good monologue comedian, and Frank Bryan, once associated with Pat Reilly, have established a patent medicine business handling a reducing remedy. It is said to possess real anti-fat qualities.

Epes W. Sargent (CHICOT).



Photo by Otto Sarony.

BIJOU FERNANDEZ.

The clever young actress as she appears in "The Two Orphans" all star company.

With the Music Publishers.

There is little to chronicle from the musical world—the popular musical world—at the moment. All the composers are writing music, and waiting for authors. The latter decline to be dictated to by the former, and so the merry game goes along. Until these two opposing forces agree to unite, there will be no good popular songs. However, we have to do with what is on the tapis.

Leo Feist is to the fore with a dozen or more songs. Felix of the same ilk seems to be the coming popular poet. He is prolific, even if he does take poetical licenses. Well, these are allowable, or have to be allowable in such ditties. In "Honey, I'm Waitin'," music by Ted. S. Barren, he wheedles the same old or young Southern girl to music, which is far better than the words. The song is catchy, and will serve its purpose, and that purpose is popularity.

Felix Feist again comes to the front, this time with a "novelty Dutch song." This is a relief from the eternal darkey ditty, although as usual it is written in valse tempo. "Kaaterina," as the song is called, has been wedded to music by Harry Bennett, which is respectable, if not of much distinction. But why, oh why, Mr. Felix Feist, abbreviate such a name as "Kaaterina" and call her "Kaat"? Do you think for one moment that any young lady, Dutch or otherwise, would submit to that term of endearment?

Robert A. King is presumably not responsible for the editing of "Zenobie," which tells of the trials and troubles of a maid in Hindoostan, who lived on a green Oasis—with a big O, for what reason only the gentle-

man who corrects the proofs knows. One day a brave young chieftain joins her father's Caravan—also with a big C—and runs away with Zenobie. This song is tuneful, but Kaiser, that is, King, evidently hadn't forgotten the sextette in "Lucia," when he wrote the refrain.

"My Lady's Eyes," by the same composer, who presumably also writes his own words, is a pretty little song without any refrain, for which we can be thankful. The English may not be good, but the melody is certainly above the average of the mass of compositions put out nowadays. Leo Feist's printer seems to have a liking for capitals, for here again bobs up the big E in eternity, for no earthly reason. However, that is an item, which is easily remedied.

"Billy" and "My Black-Eyed Sue," the former by Ted S. Barren and Edgar Malone, and the latter by the laureate Felix F. Feist and Harry Rogers are both excellent in their respective ways. In "Billy" a boy gathers in the love of a girl, for "her soul brims o'er," and "he won her heart instanter, beat others in a canter," and he has the ineffable joy of hearing his sweetheart say that she will sing to him "for evermore" the refrain. This is a pretty catching song, and ought to make a hit. So for the matter of that should "My Black-Eyed Sue." There isn't much originality in the story, but the dusky color so popular hangs around, and that is a certain sign of success. Roger's music is a bit better than Feist's words. There is hope still however of Feist becoming a second Alfred Austin.

Vivian Grey, which is the pseudonym of Miss Mabel McKinley, has written "an international success" called "Karama." Beyond the rhyming of "Geisha" and "Asia," there is nothing to complain about in the words of this song, unless it is that singers will have some difficulty to pronounce the title of the song. Whether the accent ought to be on the second "a" or the third may be a matter of "international discussion." Meantime it is only necessary to say that the song is tuneful, and deserves the success it has already received.

THE DRUMMER BOY.



Photo by Windeatt, Chicago.

LIZZIE HUDSON COLLIER.

Leading woman with Otis Skinner. She will play *Toinette* in "The Harvester."

The Glad Hand on Broadway.

Despite alarmists the season has opened very auspiciously. No less than five new pieces are more than successes—"The College Widow," "The School Girl," "The Duke of Killicrankie," "How He Lied to Her Husband," and "The Music Master." This is far ahead of last season's record, and there are renewed hopes that American authors are coming at last to the fore. The cry is now, anyway, for authors, authors, authors, Managers and musicians are hungry for authors, and authors they must and will have. Apropos of this, and tending to show why authors are hanging back, George Marion, Col. Savage's stage manager, said to a newspaper man the other day:

"Why don't you submit a libretto to me, or even a scenario?"

"Why should I?" said the scribe, "you would only spoil it, if I did."

Marion smiled, and said that possibly the stage manager knew more what would suit the public than the author.

But certain it is that men are holding back for the reason that they hate to see their work spoiled, as they think. "The Madcap Princess," is a step in the right direction as far as a continuous story is concerned, and there is no doubt about its success, if only on account of that, and no other reason. Harry Smith has not quite got the idea of comic opera, but he has turned out something so good, that it is a pity it is not any better. Engländer is not Offenbach, but he is tuneful, especially in his concerted pieces. His solos are pretty but without distinction.

Whether that tasty supper dish should be spelt "Welsh rabbit," or "Welsh rare-bit," is a moot question, and a question that induced a small but ingenious youth to attempt to confuse Eddie Foy.

Said the young imp, "Papa and I went hunting Welsh rabbits on Coney Island the other day and had rare fun. Did you know, Mr. Foy," continued he, "that there were Welsh rabbits on Coney Island! They're as big as a large dog."

The eyes of the comedian twinkled as he answered, "Yes, I've heard of those Welsh rabbits, and have often eaten them, but, you know, they are nothing compared to the jack rabbits I used to hunt in Texas."

"No?" said the wondering boy.

"Oh, no!" continued Foy. "Why, once I went out with my boy hunting them on ponies. The rabbits I am talking about, you must know, are just as big as ponies. Well, we rode over some ground, which was burrowed full of holes made by those little prairie dogs, that you've seen in the Central Park Zoo. My boy's pony happened to put his foot into one of these holes and stumbled, breaking his leg and throwing his rider. Just at that moment along came some of those immense jack rabbits. In a second I was after them, and catching one brought it to where the pony was, took off the saddle, and put it on the rabbit's back. My boy mounted the rabbit, and we rode triumphantly back some twenty miles to where we had started from."

The youth looked at Foy with open eyes, and then said, quite solemnly and slowly:

"Mr. Foy, I think you're a liar!"

After that there could be no argument.

Stories about Bernard Shaw being en regale, here is one from Oswald Yorke. After Shaw had got married, Yorke happened to meet him on the street one day.

"Ah," said Yorke, congratulating the humorist, "I wish you every happiness, but surely, Mr. Shaw, this step is against your principles."

"Yes," answered the imperturbable Shaw. "Yes, I suppose it is, but I want to test the other side of the question."

They were sitting in the club and discussing plays and plots and actresses and all the rest of it. Said he, "I rather like these ingenious, intricate plots. Now, for instance, I have a great idea for a plot. Two men are in love with two girls. Charlie is in love with Edith, and Jack is enamoured of Nellie, but Nellie loves Charlie, and Edith loves Jack. That's simple, isn't it?"

It was agreed that it was.

"Well, they all go to a masked ball. Charlie is to wear the disguise of a harlequin, Jack that of a Boer, Edith will appear as Spring, and Nellie as Mary, Queen of Scots. Before the ball they all get to know somehow what the disguises of the others will be. Then at the last moment they reverse the characters, each couple exchanging their dresses. Do you follow me?"

There was a gasp.

"This means to say that Charlie, who was going as a harlequin, really



Photo by Sarony.

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

The favorite matinee idol of the popular theatres. He is still as great an attraction as he was years ago.

goes as a Boer, and so on. Well, Charlie, as a Boer, makes love to Nellie, who was going as Mary, Queen of Scots, but who is masquerading as Spring, while Jack, who was going as a Boer, but who now takes the part of a harlequin, devotes himself to Edith, who should have gone as Spring, but who has now taken Nellie's part of Mary, Queen of Scots. So that Charlie, who was in the disguise of a Boer—"but they had all fled from the simplest plot in the world.

E. L. HANCOCK.



GERMANY'S CROWN PRINCE AND HIS FIANCEE, THE DUCHESS CECILIE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

Unusual interest is evinced in this country in every item of news concerning the betrothal of the Crown Prince of Germany and the Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. There are several reasons for this. Apart from the fact that there are several millions of the sons and daughters of the Fatherland living in this continent, the Crown Prince has been unusually gracious to a number of Americans who have had the pleasure of meeting him.

Indeed it has even been reported that he had contemplated marrying an American lady on several occasions. While this was not credited seriously by those who know the strict conventionalities of European royalty, it is certain that the Prince was more or less stricken with some of the beautiful American women who visited Germany. It would appear, however, that he is deeply in love this time, and he has himself said:

"It is a great honor and victory for me to have won the affection of such a beautiful and charming girl as the Duchess Cecilie."

Whenever a Royal engagement is announced, a claim is put forward for the romantic circumstances under which the young couple met and plighted their troth. There seems reason to allow this claim in the case of the Crown Prince, who went a-wooing in a big red motor-car when the little Duchess Cecilie was staying recently with her mamma at the Hotel Kaiserhof, Berlin.

The young lady, whom every German matron is prepared metaphorically to take to her bosom, is a "jewel," loved by all who know her, and was in her childish days somewhat of a "tomboy," being a great favorite with the children of the Mecklenburg aristocrats on account of the wild romps she would indulge in with them.

Then the visit of Prince Henry, uncle of the young bridegroom that is to be, gained many friends for the German Prince here. He is the favorite nephew of King Edward of England and is well known in Great Britain.

FIELDS TO BURLESQUE "LETTY."

Hamlin, Mitchell & Fields with Glen McDonough have decided that "Letty" is to be the first subject operated upon, and the members of the company, including the principals, Mr. Fields, Marie Cahill, Harry Davenport, Julius Steger and Miss Billie Norton, will soon be in attendance in the audience at the Hudson Theatre to witness the manner in which William Faversham's new vehicle is conducted.

In its burlesque dress "Letty" will be known as "Lettuce." It will first be seen about the middle of November, when the Fields theatre is thrown open to the public.

RICHARD MANSFIELD'S SEASON.

Richard Mansfield's company will remain substantially the same as last year, with the addition of about half a dozen leading players. The season begins on Oct. 31. Before reaching New York, Mr. Mansfield will appear in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and a few other intervening cities. These cities have not seen his performance in "Ivan the Terrible," and this production, together with the revivals from his repertoire, will be conspicuous. This season, as last, Mr. Mansfield in-

tends to originate two new roles, though he has determined to hereafter keep his repertoire well in hand.

PRIMROSE IN MINSTRELSY AGAIN.

James H. Decker, the well-known minstrel manager, has announced that he and Lew Dockstader had parted company. The severance of their business relations occurred in Cincinnati, when legal papers were signed allowing each man to go his own way. Mr. Decker announced that he had signed a new contract with George Primrose, by the terms of which he and Mr. Primrose become partners in a new minstrel organization, which will be launched early in December.

Mr. Primrose, who has been in vaudeville since last season, will continue playing dates until it is time to begin playing rehearsals. He will be obliged to cancel dates covering several months, as the demand for his services in the vaudeville houses has been very great since he entered that field. No name has as yet been chosen for the new company, but it will be announced in due time.

"RIGHTLEIGH says he has just finished the most difficult part of his new novel."
"Found a publisher, has he?"

(Continued from page 8.)

Marie Bates, a landlady of the quarter, and Antoinette Walker, who took the youthful part of *Jenny*.

THE BERNARD SHAW PLAYS.

There is no use in denying that Mr. Bernard Shaw is clever. He handles the subject and characters he takes up in a way that commands admiration. No doubt in his theories he realizes that there is something wrong in the social life of this planet, and that, in the interests of humanity, he must endeavor to set it aright. Very laudable, I am sure, but he draws his conclusions and works out these theories from a class of individuals who, happily, have very slight influence over the affairs of men. These queer folks, I maintain, would scarcely gain a foothold in the founding of a community down in Maine nor yet a remote shelter in the poor white trash districts of Virginia. No, they would scarcely thrive there nor in any other place except where culture has a chance to become over-ripe, and, besides, there would be too many about who would not "understand." This matter of being understood seems to be a very serious one with the Bernard Shaw people. Indeed, they somehow have great difficulty in getting each other to "understand" oftentimes. Mr. Shaw's special bent seems to be the upsetting of homes by the unsocial interference of wandering bards and poets. I am speaking more particularly of "*Candida*," which was intended to be taken seriously. "*How He Lied to Her Husband*" is not so serious and consequently a better play. For a thirty-minute production it carries a great many responsibilities on its shoulders. It is a supplement to "*Candida*," was written for Americans, is a comedietta and a warning to playgoers. Of course, every one knows what a comedietta is, but why is it "a warning to playgoers?" Ah, yes! Light breaks upon me. We are not to take "*Candida*" seriously after all. It was seeing "*Candida*" that started all the foolishness on the part of *Mrs. Bumpus* and her poet-lover. *Mrs. Bumpus* must have been exceedingly charming before the action begins, for certainly she is not a woman to inspire much poetic fancy after discovering the disappearance of the packet of love sonnets *Henry* has written to his divinity, *Aurora*. *Aurora* is *Mrs. Bumpus*' christian name. She is one of these clever, stupid women. *Henry* begins to realize this after awhile when her sole thought to escape the consequences of her silly escapade is made apparent. She rightly concludes the poems have reached her husband's hands. Before abandoning his poetic dream, however, *Henry* makes a desperate attempt to induce her to depart with him after making a clean breast to her husband that he doesn't understand her well enough for them to live together any longer, and that the mere ceremony of marriage amounts to nothing where true love dwells in the heart. She isn't even shocked at this dare-devil speech. The main idea is to avoid the justly-merited consequences from an outraged husband. *Mr. Bumpus* starts in well when he at length appears on the scene. He goes right for *Henry* much the same as most well regulated husbands would approach their wives' lovers. But Mr. Bernard Shaw never intends to lose an opportunity for a full discussion of the pros and cons of these affairs by anything so ignoble as a manly demonstration of right is right. *Mr. Bumpus* lets right down when *Henry* declares he only showed these old writings of his

to *Aurora* because the name happened to be the same; that their relations are entirely cold toward one another, and in fact *Mrs. Bumpus* isn't the sort of woman that *Henry* would care to love, anyhow. This is more than *Mr. Bumpus* can stand. The idea of any man not being in love with his wife! He wants him to love her and *Henry* is again in danger of rough treatment. *Aurora* rushes in to prevent bloodshed. *Henry*, disgusted at the way he is being treated and no honor or glory coming to himself out of it, now declares he did write the poems to *Aurora* and that he loves her with all his ardent soul and that they ought out of common decency to be united. This brings forth an apology from the delighted *Mr. Bumpus*. His wife has been properly loved and that is all that is necessary. For once there is a good understanding all around. *Aurora* was never in much danger anyhow and it was quite unnecessary to make such a fuss.

Mr. Arnold Daly again distinguishes himself as an actor of no small ability. All the

little plays are rendered *par excellence* on the part of the players—for, besides being an actor, Mr. Daly is a most efficient stage director. Miss Dorothy Donnelly showed wonderful improvement in her art both in the part of *Candida* and that of the mysterious lady in "*The Man of Destiny*," which preceded "*How He Lied*." She is charming and graceful in all that she does. Miss Helene Johnson played the part of *Aurora* and showed that she comprehended perfectly the type of woman Mr. Shaw intended for that character.

VAN RENSSLAER.

"Is your wife economical?"
"Very. She can fix over a ten dollar hat for fifteen dollars so it will look just as good as a new one."

AMUSEMENTS

NEW YORK THEATRES.

Academy of Music....."Checkers"
American.....
Belasco....."The Music Master"
Bijou....."Mr. Wix of Wickham"
Broadway....."Love's Lottery"
Casino....."Piff, Paff, Pouff"
Criterion....."Business is Business"
Daly's....."The School Girl"
Empire....."The Duke of Killierankie"
Fourteenth Street....."A Texas Ranger"
Garden....."The College Widow"
Garrick.....The "Coronet of a Duchess"
Grand Opera House....."Prince of Pilsen"
Harlem Opera House....."Her Own Way"
Herald Sq....."Dockstader's Minstrels"
Hudson....."Letty"
Irving Pl....."His Princess" in German.
Knickerbocker....."A Madcap Princess"
Lyceum....."The Serio-Comic Governess"
Lyric....."Taps"
Majestic....."The Isle of Spice"
Manhattan....."Becky Sharp"
Metropolis....."Sky Farm"
New Amsterdam,
 "The Rogers Brothers in Paris"
New Star....."After Mid-night"
New York....."The Old Homestead"
Princess....."The West Point Cadet"
Savoy,
 "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"
Third Ave....."The Marriage Vow"
Wallacks....."The County Chairman"
West End....."King Dodo"
Yorkville....."Sweet Kitty Bellairs"

BROOKLYN THEATRES

Amphion....."Spooner Stock Co."
Broadway....."The Way to Kenmare"
Columbia....."Mrs. Jack."
Folly....."A Prisoner of War."
Montauk....."The Maid and the Mummy."
Gayety....."A Night at Manhattan Beach."
Gotham....."Shadows of a Great City."
Majestic....."Girls Will Be Girls."
Novelty....."Why Women Sin."
Park....."Why Girls Leave Home."

SAVE A DIAMOND WIN A HEART

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

The present diamond market is such that it would pay anyone to make Christmas selections now.

THE LOFTIS SYSTEM

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BROADWAY WEEKLY

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Vol. IV. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 12, 1904. No. LXXXVII.

DEMOCRATIC ROSES ARE BLOOMING.

Three weeks before election, things look rosy for the Democrats. It is a saying of leaders that the fate of a party is settled at just about this time, because the great majority of voters have already made up their minds. It may be remarked that even these politicians do not relax any efforts in the ardor of their campaign. There are two reasons why the leaders have won back the confidence of the independent voters without whom no battle can be won. Those responsible for the management of the party have succeeded in eliminating the undesirable element in control of certain sections, and have induced the best kind of men to return and take part in organization matters. Then the nominations have been of such a high class, that they could not fail to attract doubting persons. Since Judge Herrick and Francis Burton Harrison were chosen to head the State ticket, there has not been anything urged against them, which reflected upon their high integrity and fitness. Now such men as Harry Payne Whitney are advanced for Congress, and the other men spoken of for offices are quite as desirable.

There are a number of men who were strong in Tammany Hall under Richard Croker's regime, who are still clinging to the memories of the day when they were the whole thing. They assail Leader Murphy behind his back under anonymous writing, and in every way excepting the manly way. They seem to forget that it was their administration which drove the Democratic party out of power, and that Mr. Croker himself knows this full well. In fact Mr. Croker was partly compelled to go abroad to avoid answering some questions which would not have injured himself, but which would have placed many of those who abused his confidence in awkward positions. And still they are declaring that the late leader may come back and take the helm again. But it is a safe bet that even if he did return he could not seize the reins of power. Probably he would be the first to support Mr. Murphy, and banish the very men that Murphy has driven out. In his day Mr. Murphy did more remarkable things than Croker ever did. He rehabilitated the organization when it was distrusted, disrupted and discredited, and it is now in the hands of men who are honest at least. There has been none of the grafting and corruption under the present administration that there was under that of which the disgruntled men were members.

It would hardly have been possible for instance for a high-class man like Victor J. Dowling to be nominated for the Supreme Court or one like Francis Burton Harrison to be named for the Lieutenant-Governorship under the old conditions. It is by the selection of men of standing that the public see an earnest of reform. For years old hacks who had held office acquired such a thirst for place and salaries, that the voters grew disgusted. Under one administration a man might be Commissioner of one department, and at the next distribution of places he would bob up as a claimant for another. There are a few now holding office who seem to think that they must be taken care of for life, but they will probably be retired after their term of office is over.

Judge Herrick left no room for doubt when he made his speech of acceptance at Albany. He declared in no hesitating manner that he intended to be Governor independently of party, although he was a staunch Democrat, and that he would expect the leaders to listen to his advice on all party measures. There is little fear for the party with such a man at the helm of the ship of State. In mealeymouthed way he said that the State accounts and finances should be looked into, and the Odell adherents are really feeling worried at the prospect of an investigation of their management of public funds and institutions. Betting is not a very sound way of judging of the prospects of an election, but it is notable that the odds at the time of writing are in favor of the Democratic State ticket.

The extraordinary silence of President Roosevelt these days is ominous. Surely some great influence inspires him to remain quiet while the most violent things are being said about his conduct of the Government at Washington. It is being told on the streets and in the clubs that the powers in

Wall Street have placed the Colonel under promise not to endanger his election by any utterance which might arouse opposition. It has been calculated that the Colonel will not do anything in the event of his election to interfere with the trust barons. In other words, that he is so frantically anxious to be President that he will eat anything he may have said which offended the great plutocrats. The Democrats are on the aggressive, and have the whip hand. New York State is practically yielded by the Republicans because of the exposures of the corruption of the Odell crowd, and for the first time in many years New Jersey Democrats are on edge with expectations of victory. The corporation-ridden State is aroused, and Charles G. Black, who has been nominated by the Democrats of New Jersey, has fought the railroad aggression and corporation lobby for years. On the other hand, Edward S. Stokes, the Republican candidate for Governor, has been associated with the old Sewell ring. There are signs which portend very plainly the election of Judge Parker.

WE LIVE AND LEARN.

An enterprising English writer has come forward with the assertion that the men who affect warlike appearance and military uniforms seem to be taller and of larger physique than those who desire to appear as every-day peaceable citizens. He has published pictures showing the height of the rulers of all countries; and it is learned for the first time that President Roosevelt is only a quarter of an inch taller than the jolly and good-natured King Edward of England. Indeed, the latter is somewhat taller than the War Lord of Germany, his military nephew. President Loubet of France is about the same height, and the Emperor of Japan touches the same sky line.

There are secrets among military men just the same as among actors. In the German Army the majority of officers wear a corset which is attached to the lining of their coats, and when they are at meals or entertainments they sit in chairs which have arms but no back supports. It is calculated that they receive sufficient support from the corsets. Even in the National Guard of our own State a candidate for enlistment is advised to wear high-heeled shoes if he is below the standard height for service. When the Spanish War broke out several secured retirement from their regiments because of this very reason.

Yet small men have shown up in more heroic light in history than big men. Napoleon was a short man, and General Roberts, the great English soldier, is hardly five feet five. England has recognized the fallacy of the old theory that one of her giant horse guards is any better soldier because of his height. She has even made the standard for her artillery five feet four. Gaillifet, the modern military hero of France is a very short man, and he bears scars and wounds which would have killed ninety-nine men out of a hundred. The fighting men of Japan have proved the wonder of the century so far, and Germany herself has found that the smaller a man the better a sharpshooter he makes. These are not the days of Ajax, Hercules or the giant gladiators. Even in the classic days, Alexander was a small man. In these times the common soldier is expected to have brains as well as the general, and brawn is more or less of a secondary consideration.

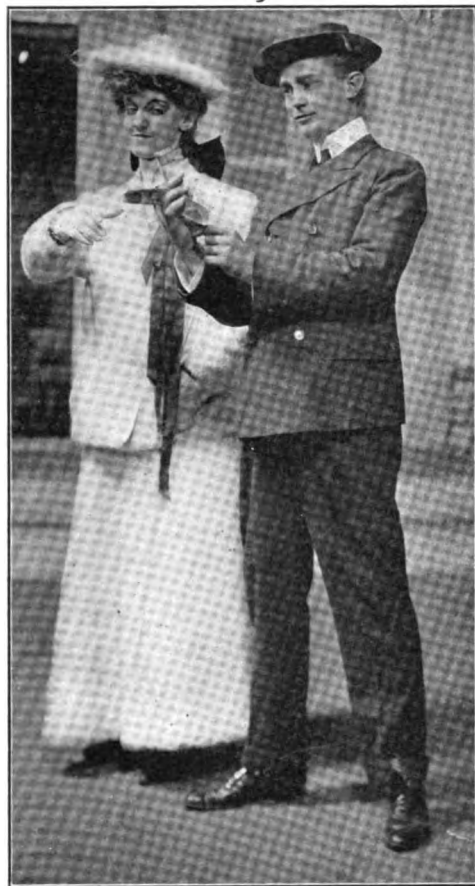
HORSE IS STILL KING.

The inventions of man—such as white ghosts, red devils or yellow perils of the automobile world—take no glory from the faithful horse. We have none the less love for this friend of man since the electric motor car was adopted for pleasure or business purposes. King Horse is to have his week, as any dog might have his day, when the coming show opens at Madison Square Garden on November 14. Those who have charge of the arrangements say that it will be the finest in exhibits and results of any in history. There is a big increase in the prize money, and the entries are of a higher standard. There will be several more classes than heretofore. Every such occasion is of benefit to a whole lot of people, for the wealthy who can afford it, take advantage of the opportunity to make displays which give work to a small army of dressmakers and others, who supply the wants of smart people at excellent profit.

INCREASED COST OF LIVING.

Commissioner of Labor Wright has been quoted by Republican orators as an authority that the cost of living has not increased. Mr. Wright told them that while bricks cost more, putty cost less. The first cost of living is a house to live in. *Country Life in America* publishes this month plans of a house actually built in 1897 for \$2,800 and says it would now cost to erect about \$4,500. Why? Labor costs a very little more; trust-cornered and tariff-protected nails, hinges, lumber, lead pipe, electric fittings and the like a great deal more. Putty a few cents less.

Humorous Bits from "The College Widow" at the Garden Theatre.



THESE SCENES CALL FORTH MUCH LAUGHTER AT EVERY PERFORMANCE. MR. ADE HAS SUPPLIED A DIALOGUE WHICH IS CRISP WITH WIT AND TOPICAL COMMON SENSE IN SATIRIZING THE FADS AND FOLLIES OF THE COLLEGE BOY AND HIS FAIR COMPANIONS.



The principals in George Ade's great football play do not have it all to themselves. There are several members of the cast who do splendid comedy and character work, and as they are all young, the critics and managers will do well to keep an eye upon them. In the above pictures may be seen, first—a type of the college boy and his sweetheart, of whom there is a whole crowd on the Garden stage. Then come Dan Collyer and Gertrude Quinlan as the athletic trainer and the waitress whose mother keeps a students' boarding house. Mr. Collyer is almost a veteran comedian now and does good work. And it must be said that Miss Quinlan, who is always a conscientious comic opera actress is now doing the best

work of her career. It would be difficult to find on the American stage a young woman who is a better eccentric and character comedienne. She has made with two others the hit of the play. In the third picture Edwin Holt as *Hiram Bolton*, and Dorothy Tennant as *The Widow*, make an effective picture. There are others in the company not in these pictures who deserve the highest praise, notably Frederick Burton as "*Bub*" *Hicks*, a most promising actor; J. Beresford Hollis as *Copernicus Talbot*, a post-graduate tutor, and Thomas Delmar as "*Silent*" *Murphy*, a centre rush. Mr. Hollis, who is an English actor, is a character artist of rare tact and merit.



"THE COLLEGE WIDOW" GIRLS SYMPATHIZING WITH A FOOTBALL MARTYR.

Tom Pearson, the right tackle, as played by Robert Mackaye, had been carried off the field in the victorious battle of his team, and while he is convalescing the pretty girls who had cheered him offer their hopes for his speedy cure. The trainer of the team, "*Matty*" *McGowan*, played by Dan Collyer, is not noticed at all.

Pride of the American Navy.

In the fair autumn sun the great red steel hull of the battleship Connecticut towered above the surrounding buildings, her large, black-painted hawserholes staring as two great, sightless eyes over the picture of color and movement. One moment after she was resting and immovable she stirred with life and slid gracefully out into the water. Miss Alice B. Welles, granddaughter of the Lincoln Secretary of War, was the ship's sponsor. She failed, however, to break the bottle of champagne against the side of the vessel as the latter started for the water, so a rigger of the Navy Yard, one Frank Ryan, with presence of mind, climbed out on the bows, seized the string which held the bottle, and dashed it against the steel plates.

No more notable launching of a war ship for the American Navy has ever taken place than that of the monster battleship Connecticut, which left the ways at the Brooklyn Navy Yard last week. There are many reasons why the day should be full of memories for the government officials concerned in its construction, and the people whose interests and country she is to protect. The launching like all such events, was of a festive character, but the aftermath was very serious when it was discovered that an attempt had been surreptitiously made to injure or destroy the giant of the seas.

Later it transpired that on no less than three occasions vandals had bored holes in the bottom, that rivets were bored; and that even after the launching, a compartment filled with water had to be pumped out. An obstruction found on the ways would have sent the great hull crashing to the river-bed and probably killed many hundreds. The efforts at destruction have extended over a year. The hole last discovered was clear through the half-inch steel keel plates of the ship's bottom. There were three thousand workmen at the yard, and the Commander says he has every faith in their loyalty, and that they would quickly bring an offender to justice did they know who tried to scuttle the latest pride of the Navy. But a very searching investigation will be necessary before the public is satisfied.

On pages 12 and 13 of this present issue of BROADWAY WEEKLY, appear several very wonderful pictures of the great ship before and after the launching. The construction is a triumph for Assistant Naval Constructor Richard H. Robinson, a young man to whose genius is attributed the successful building of the ship. He is but twenty-nine years old and when the work of his life slid through the ways, he was far down among the wreckage of blocks and timbers, supervising the final details of the birth of the child of his brain. He was flushed with pride, according to a workman who stood near him, and who added:

"He wept like a man, and he ought to be proud of it, for it was him that done the whole thing."

At the same time, Admirals, Generals and high officers of the Army and Navy of the United States, in dazzling gold lace, braids, and medals were being cheered aloft. Thirty thousand invitations had been sent out, and at least 35,000 attended. The authorities had made special arrangements to handle the crowd, and marines and yardmen were stationed at all the entrances and along the roadways leading to the launching. Commissioner McAdoo, who was at one time Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, when Secretary Whitney laid his plans for the new great navy which won fame in the Spanish War, sent a detail of 300 policemen who were to act under the instructions of Rear Admiral Rodgers. There were seven styles of tickets issued for admission at as many gates, and this caused some confusion, but the launching went off on schedule time, 11 o'clock. Four naval bands provided music, and the scene was gay with bunting and flags of the nation and its friendly allies.

The enlisted men and their families were given good seats, and the *Kearsarge*, dressed in colors, was black with men even to her fighting tops, while thousands more of the jackies stood waiting on the decks and rigging of the decorated *Kentucky*, *Hancock*, *Dauphin*, *Texas*, *Indiana* and *Chattanooga*. On every roof from which the brilliant scene could be viewed and every window men, women and children stood like specks of humanity, even on the Williamsburg Bridge, a mile away, waiting to shout when the big craft should seek its new home in the waves of Columbia.

When the Connecticut and the Louisiana are completed, the American people will be able to boast of having two of the largest battleships in the world. With a displacement exceeding 10,000 tons it is claimed by the leading naval architects, that the limit of size has been reached, and that no future construction will attempt to exceed the type of the new warships. In designing new craft there must be proper proportions to produce efficiency, and so guns, ammunition, armor, boilers, engines, coal and equipment have to be taken into consideration. The limit was thought to have been reached ten or twelve years ago in the Oregon, a 10,250 ton vessel.

On the Connecticut the battery is the biggest feature. Seven inch guns have been substituted for six inch calibre. The British have gone even farther and dropped from their main battery all the lighter pieces, mounting guns of 9-2 inch measure. While the Connecticut 7-inch guns throw projectiles weighing 165 pounds each, and her 8-inch guns give a moderate



MISS KATHERINE MULKINS.

A clever young actress who plays *Pert Barlow* in "Checkers," at the Academy of Music.

velocity to projectiles weighing 250 pounds each, the British battleships' 9-2-inch projectiles weigh 384 pounds each. The muzzle power of the British battleships is greatly in excess of ours, and the striking energy at an ordinary distance is comparatively still greater, for the heavier shell carries its momentum better.

A BIG SEXTET IN THE BROADWAY THEATRICAL WORLD.



HARRY CORSON CLARKE in "Mr. Wix."

He says he will organize a comedy stock company for New York.



LEW DOCKSTADER in Minstrelsy.



FREDERICK TRUESDELL in "The Collège Widow."

Being a Yale graduate himself he can readily impersonate one on the stage.



JOHN B. MASON in "Becky Sharp."



JEFFERSON D'ANGELIS in Comic Opera.



ROBERT B. MANTELL in Tragedy.

Ada Rehan will begin her season in New Haven. The plays announced are "The School for Scandal," "The Country Girl" and "The Taming of the Shrew."

Joseph Arthur, having finished most of the business that called him abroad, is enjoying himself in Paris, where he is perfecting his knowledge of French.

Marguerita Sylvia, who is now playing a short engagement in vaudeville, has been offered the leading prima donna roles at the Lew Fields Theatre for the coming season, but her strong determination to spend a year abroad in study has caused her to decline the offer.

Oliver Doud Byron, well remembered as a star in "Don Cesar de Bazan," and who played "Across the Continent" for twenty-two years, will return to the stage this season in the company of his sister-in-law, Ada Rehan.

Charles Hawtrey has concluded arrangements to present Isabel Irving in "The Crisis," in London next April. An entire American company will be taken.

Charles Warner has been engaged by Mr. Charles Frohman, and will return to America to create on this side of the pond the part in "The Chevalier" that Arthur Bourchier played in London.

Doings in the Musical Realm.

"LOVE'S LOTTERY."

Some people have wondered how Madame Schumann-Heink, after all her triumphs on the Grand Opera stage, "could go into comic-opera." Let all such waste no more time in wondering but go to "Love's Lottery," and be glad. Art is great wherever we find it and whenever we find it we must bow down and worship, and Madame Schuman-Heink gives it to us as freely in her merry loving magnetic *Lina* as in any grand opera part she ever sang. In the Polacca in the first act, she has opportunity that few contralto roles in grand opera allow, to show the wonderful range and flexibility of that great voice which can trill like a bird in sweet head tones as well as strike the depths of one's heart with those soft, thrilling cello notes that make a real contralto the rarest voice in the world.

The pathos and beauty that she put in "Sweet Thoughts of Home" made one want to shut one's eyes and dream. The rest of the evening she made us want to laugh and be happy, which will be the fate of all who watch her infectious merriment through this charming little opera. As for the "play," the book is inferior to the music but one really does not mind the triviality of the plot or the lack of dramatic situations. It is a sweet, merry little opera, with no touch of vulgarity or coarseness, and the music is far above the average. The cast is unusually good.

Mr. Brownlow acted the part of *Sergeant Bob Trivet* with spirit and sympathy. His greatest fault was in diction as it was difficult to understand a word he was singing. Madame Schumann-Heink, who had never spoken English until she learned the part of *Lina*, sang with such clear and distinct enunciation that every word was understood. Some of our American singers could learn much from her.

Miss Louise Gunning has a fresh lovely voice which she used very artistically. Her best work of the evening was in the quintette "Cupid's

a Lad" in the first act, where her light pianissimo was most exquisite and of wonderful carrying power over all other voices. All the parts were well taken. Mr. Thompson and Mr. Tallman both sang and acted well. John Slavin was as always clever and irresistibly funny in all that he said, did or looked.

The chorus was exceptionally good and the quartette and chorus of men's voices in the song "Sounds We Love to Hear," was beautifully



LULU GLASER.

Exceedingly fortunate is Miss Glaser in having secured such a bright operatic comedy as "The Madcap Princess" at the Knickerbocker Theatre. It promises to be as successful as "Dolly Varden."

rendered. Now and then in the solos and duets, the orchestra was a little too loud, but in the choruses and other *ensemble* numbers, there was nothing to criticise.

As a whole "Love's Lottery" is a great success and fills us with gratitude to Mr. Edwards, the composer, who has given us charming and melodious music instead of rag-time, to Mr. Whitney who has succeeded in gathering together a company of artists who can sing instead of the usual throng of burlesquers and voiceless show girls, and above all to Madame Schumann-Heink, whose great glorious voice and great glorious personality have inspired the whole production and lifted American Comic Opera to a higher level, where let us hope, others will at least try to follow in her wake.

M.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

Joseph Arthur has returned from abroad, after a long tour of various countries and a sojourn in Paris, summoned by David Belasco, who announces Mr. Arthur's drama "Seirine" as in preparation for production this season. Mr. Arthur will return to Europe in November.

"Parsifal" in English will be sung at the New York Theatre. The season will begin October 31, one week earlier than the date previously announced. Negotiations for the use of the New York have been pending some time.



THOMAS W. ROSS.

The star of "Checkers" company, who is now in the eighth week of his fourth engagement in New York City. The play was to have left the Academy of Music last Saturday evening, but owing to its success the stay has been prolonged three weeks.

Madame Schumann Heink in "Love's Lottery" at the Casino.



Madame Schumann Heink (as *Lina*) and George L. Tallman (as *Sir Hervey Tallman*).



Madame Heink, Louise Gunning (as *Laura Skeffington*) and W. H. Thompson (as *Squire Marmaduke Skeffington*).



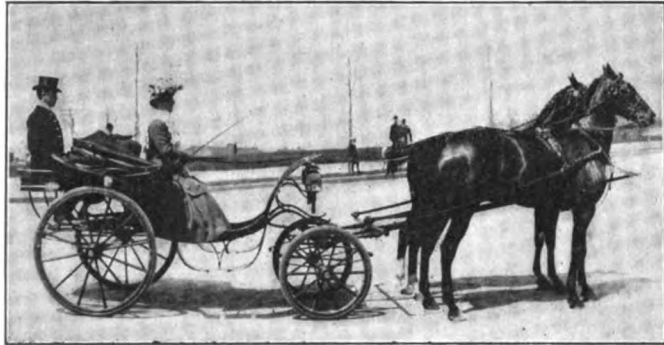
George L. Tallman, Louise Gunning and W. H. Thompson in a charming scene.



[Madame Heink and the female quartette in one of the most effective pictures.

Dramatic Gossip of the Week.

"A China Doll" will be the next thing to arouse general interest among theatre-goers, and from a preliminary glance at the cast that Mr. Aarons is making up for the coming event they may be assured of a popular comic opera, at any rate. The work is by Harry B. Smith, and is Oriental in character, the general trend of to-day. Miss Helen Royton has



ADELE RITCHIE OUT DRIVING.

The prima donna of "Fantana" is here seen handling the ribbons of her pet team on Riverside Drive.

been secured as the prima donna. It will be remembered that this talented young lady was first brought into prominence by the late Augustin Daly. Under Mr. Daly's instruction she advanced wonderfully in artistic ability and appreciation of the requirements of operatic work. He entrusted to her the role of *O Mimosa San* in "The Geisha," and from that she went to the prima donna role in "The Circus Girl," the ingenue poppy of "San Toy," and *Angela* in "Florodora." Miss Royton has recently been studying abroad under some of the best European teachers of vocal culture. She is a native of Dublin, and it is said it was the charm of her Dublin-English accent that first attracted the attention of Mr. Daly. She is to be assisted by such well-known talent as W. H. MacDonald, Irene Bently, Geo. C. Boniface, Jr., Albert Hart and others

Last Friday the Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School gave a matinee entertainment, presenting four one-act plays: "Dolly's Accomplishments," a comediotta, by Sydney Grundy; "Love in Idleness," an original comedy, by Evangeline M. Lent; "Hortense," an original play, by W. S. Armand (first production); and "Frank Glynn's Wife," a farce, by Maurice Hageman. The little plays were well rendered and showed some good promise of future dramatic art.

Hearing of extensive alterations in "The Serio-Comic Governess," I visited the Lyceum the other evening in hopes of seeing Miss Loftus given more of a chance to prove that she is an actress, but I was disappointed. The play has been improved, both the third and fourth acts record changes for the better, and some of Mr. Zangwell's puns have been erased from the first two acts. There is no longer the conglomeration of shouting music-hall artists coming to disturb the peace of the drawing-room at *Mayfair*. Instead Miss Loftus gives us another treat by taking up again some of her imitations. This new act is even more artistic than the first, for she combines it with some real acting on her own part that has genuine merit. The last act is changed even more, for *Nellie's* dressing-room scene is cut out and the whole action takes place in the manager's room at the theatre. The change does give Miss Loftus a slightly better chance; but, as a matter of fact, no amount of twisting and altering can make a play out of "The Serio-Comic Governess." Cecilia Loftus will have to have another play written for her before we can pronounce on her abilities as a star. But the revival of "Cissy" Loftus is as good as ever, if not better. However, the piece seems to have taken on quite well with New Yorkers, and it was possible to detect some suppressed emotions from some feminine sections of the audience over the unfortunate love scenes of poor *Nellie O'Neill*.

Another change must be recorded in theatricals to better suit the American taste. They no longer allow the one woman in "Taps" to be killed in the final scene. Instead the irate sergeant-major turns his weapon on the young lieutenant, her lover, who bites the dust in her stead. This probably would be highly shocking to German audiences, but here it seems at least more polite. "Taps" has gone *en tour* again to make place for Otis Skinner at the Lyric, but is promised for a return in January.

Mr. Arnold Daly and his clever little company left us very suddenly also, but say they will return again in December. I was getting quite in touch with the New Thought School, according to the teachings of Bernard Shaw, but, perhaps, this little intermission will act as an aid to mental digestion and give us time for thorough reflection in making the comparison of Bernard Shaw to William Shakespeare, to whom, I understand, he compares himself. Both the French and German plays are upon us and the opera season is drawing near. Altogether prospects for a brilliant theatrical season seem assuring.

VAN RENSSELAER.

If a husband doesn't like to have his wife save the old love letters he wrote to her, let him write her new ones.

WAITER—"What style will you have your eggs, Madam?"

MRS. PARVENU—"The latest style, of course."

"They say that Versus's wife married him while he was still a struggling poet, on the ground that so thoughtful a man must make a good husband."

"How did she get that idea about him?"

"When he wrote to her, offering his hand, he mechanically inclosed a stamped and addressed envelope."—*Judge*.



SCENE FROM "FANTANA," SHORTLY TO BE PRODUCED IN NEW YORK UNDER THE SHUBERT MANAGEMENT.



CAROLINE RILEY.

A beautiful young woman among the many of those in "Mr. Wix of Wickham" at the Bijou.

TURKISH DELIGHT FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

At last we have found a way to reach the pocket of Sultan Abdul Bey of Turkey. Neither guns or warships or soldiers are needed. A cable dispatch announces that the American minister, Mr. Leishman, has been invited to dine at the Palace in Constantinople, and that the acceptance of the invitation will induce His Royals to pay what he owes us. In consequence the Turkish Admiralty has been instructed to order a number of torpedo boats from American shipyards. We have a number of gentlemen here who would prove very useful in this diplomatic field, and it would not be necessary to go off Broadway to find them. Actors who are waiting for Charles Frohman to star them please take notice.

Let us pause. We had forgotten something which like a woman's postscript is the most important part of the suggestion. We have read in story books that the Sultan has a harem. There is nothing shocking in this when we consider our own dear old chaps of the Broadway Alimony Club. Here is their opportunity. We can spare them in the interests of the nation. Suppose we export every member in good standing to Turkey, and make a present of them to Abdul Mahommed or whatever his name is. The absurdity of legal forms of divorce would no longer trouble the matinee idols, and they could give dramatic performances in the Palace. Step up and volunteer gentlemen.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" IS REHEARSING.

Rehearsals have begun for the annual Drury Lane spectacle "Humpty Dumpty," which opens at the New Amsterdam Theatre November 14th, following Mrs. Patrick Campbell's engagement at that theatre. The enormous company, numbering four hundred, has been divided into squads to be drilled and taught systematically. Four different stages are being used, and while Herbert Gresham is rehearsing the principals, and Ernest D'Auban the corps de ballet, Ned Wyburn and his assistants are busily engaged arranging the specialties, concerted numbers and mise en scene.

Frederic Solomon, who collaborated with J. M. Glover, of London, on the score of the big production, is personally conducting the music rehearsals.

This year the great ballets will be "The Forest of the Singing Trees," introducing a novel bird ballet; "The Coral City," a glimpse under the sea, and a quadruple transformation scene which will represent the wedding of the hero and heroine and conclude with a novel ballet illustrating the silver, golden and diamond anniversaries.

Three distinct companies are required: one composed of comedians, vocalists and chorus; one of aerialists, acrobats and pantomimists, and the third a complete corps de ballet. Chief among the fun-makers will be Frank Moulan, Arthur Conquest, William Schrode, George Schiller, William McVeigh, Rice and Provost and David Abrams. Maud Lillian Berri and Edna Aug will be the principal boy and girl, respectively, and other prominent members will be Nellie Daly and Frederica Raymond.

CRITICISM IN THE HOOSIER STATE.

The following comes from Goshen, Indiana: "Master Giovanni, America's boy comedian, captivated a large and thoroughly delighted audience at The Irwin last Thursday night in the title role of *Buster Brown*. A well balanced company of thirty people, including the best chorus ever heard in Goshen, handsome ladies, beautiful costumes, specialties the best ever; and the dog Tige makes you feel a longing in your heart when the curtain rings down the last time—for more."

"It's like this," said the would be actress, "I can't quite make up my mind to—" "Oh! that'll be all right," interrupted the manager. "It doesn't matter about a little thing like that if you can make up the rest of yourself according to the requirements of the part."

SHE: "Mrs. Boretton called to-day and I thought she'd never go."

HE: "But you are so amiable I suppose you never gave her the slightest hint that you wanted her to go?"

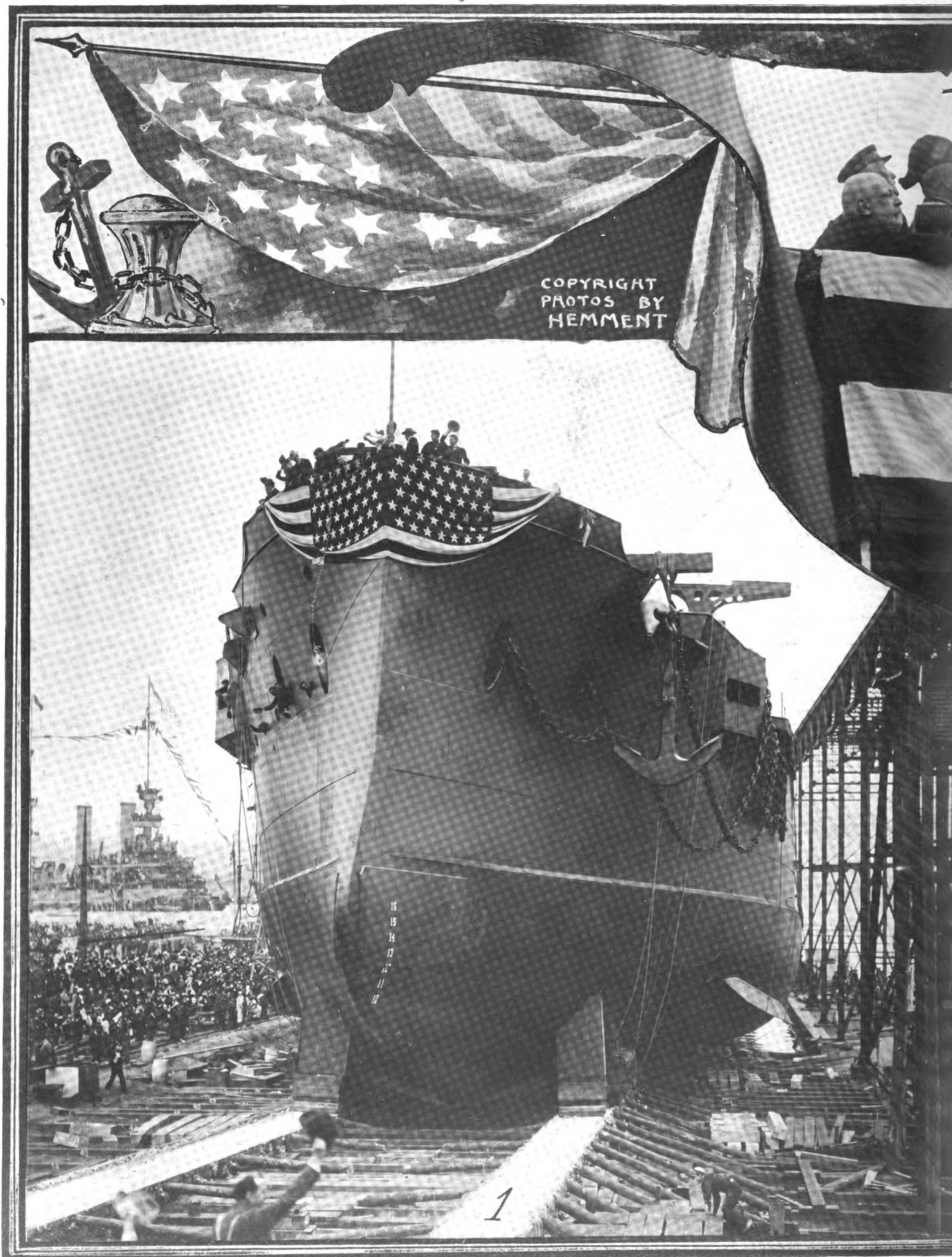
SHE: "Indeed, I did not. If I had she'd be here now."



LAURA GUERITE.

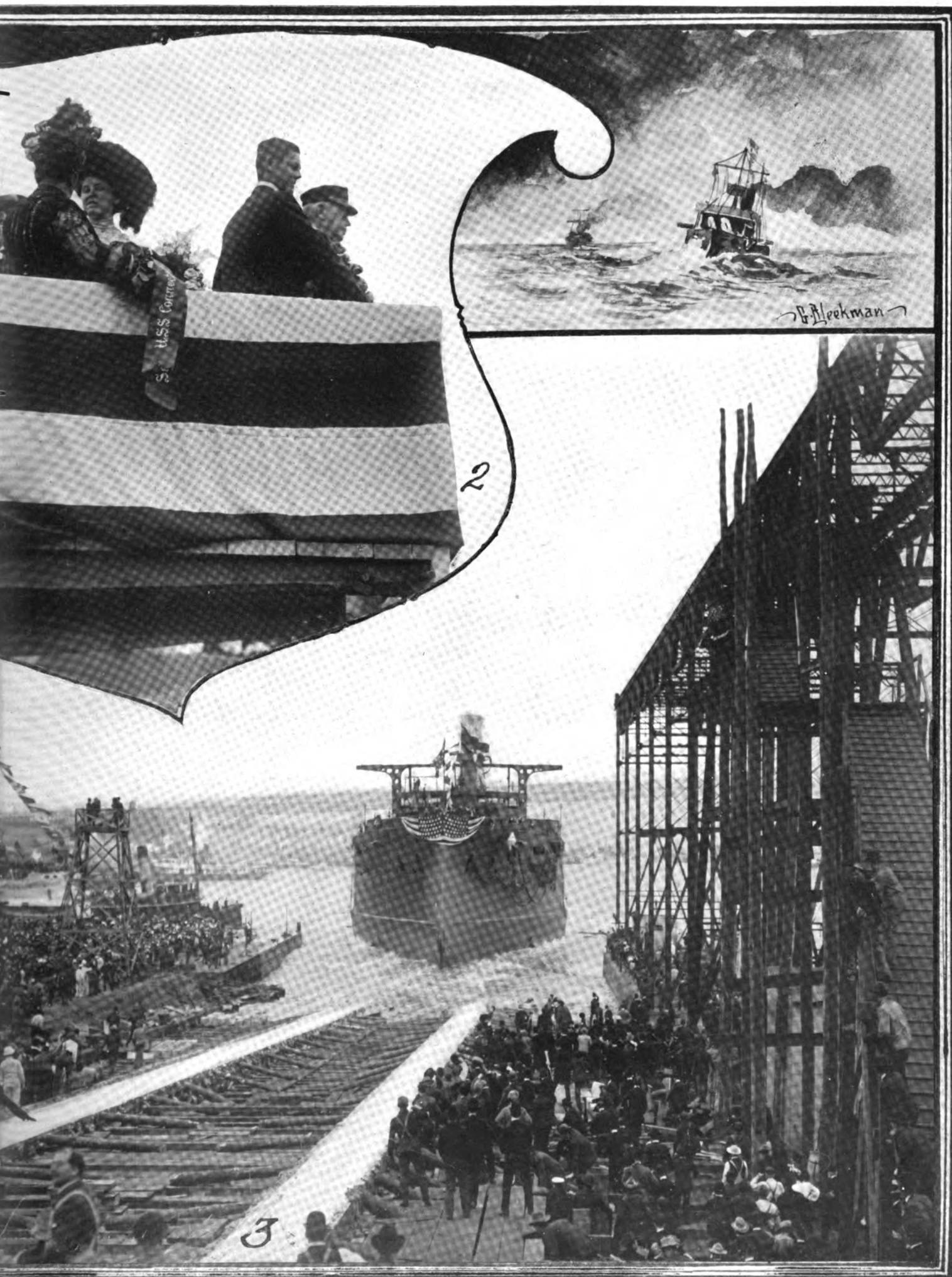
Like Miss Riley, a member of the "Mr. Wix of Wickham" company. She plays *Madame Marie*, proprietress of the Gentleman's Wants Supply Store.

SCENES AT THE LAUNCHING OF THE CONNE



1. Breaking the bottle of champagne at the christening as the ship left the ways at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. 2. Admiral Rodgers, Miss Alice

CUT, THE WORLD'S GREATEST BATTLESHIP.



who christened the Connecticut, and other notabilities, before the ceremony. 3. Cheered by the multitude as she floated easily into the river.

Around the Clock with the News.

If we have luck, and the Rapid Transit Commission makes good its threat, we shall be riding to Harlem on the Subway on October 25. The maximum capacity at first will be eighty trains an hour. We only need two per day for ourselves—one at morn and another at night—so we may get down to the city to make money and to take it home to mama and the babies. Consider what this means. Guess that all the money which will be taken from below Central Park to be poured into the cash registers of the traders of Harlem. And we have department stores up there too. It will require a big increase in trading stamp offers to induce mamma to come downtown, because it is said that several new big stores are to be erected on 125th street. There were twenty-nine new buildings projected in the Bronx last week in comparison with only fifteen on Manhattan Island. This is an indication of the upward tendency.

In no other city could the new movement inaugurated in Philadelphia be possible. People would not have time to spare. Some adipose citizens of Slowtown have organized a "Walk-up-Stairs" Club in a tall building, so that they can get exercise. There is no elevator service and dyspeptics are being urged to join; and those who have tried it find that their livers and digestive organs are in better working order. For ourselves we will be satisfied to ride up, and to walk down. How about removing every café to the 'steent'h floor from the ground floor? This would be the best temperance movement on record

If Thompson and Dundy are permitted to proceed upon their mad career we shall have a Luna Park or Dreamland on every block. They have already several hundred men at work on their new hippodrome on Sixth Avenue, and announce that with John T. Brush, they will open a place of amusement on Manhattan Field, which is to eclipse anything of the kind at Coney Island or in Europe. The sum of one million is to be spent upon permanent buildings, and the resort is to open on June 1, 1905. Score another for Harlem and the Subway.

Peace be to thee, brother! Not content with taking around the collection plate at the services in his place of worship in New York—St. Georges,

in Stuyvesant Square, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, a few days ago said "Pax Vobiscum," when he kissed Dr. Doane, the Bishop of Albany, on the cheek at their meeting with the Archbishop of Canterbury. Can it be that Mr. Morgan was touched with the words of that other strenuous apostle, the Reverend Dowie? We may expect to be called upon to believe anything now that the newspapers have discovered that William Waldorf Astor came here for the purpose of investigating the progress of Mrs. Eddy's Christian Science movement. What a touching moving picture it would make for the biograph man—the genial Mr. Morgan approaching his brother prayerfully, as he was about to osculate. Wall Street would have paid \$100 a seat in a grand stand to witness it.

No less important a person than William Hale, our Consul at Boulogne-Sur-Mer, says he has personal knowledge that two other consuls are paid higher salaries by the steamboat companies than they receive from our own government. This follows the revelation that the Consul at Canton had been dismissed for what is called grafting in New York. It seems that there are many irregularities in the consulates of the ports from which emigrants take their departure for America. The presumption is that a commission is paid to secure not over-zealous representation of their country's interests. Maybe it would be a good thing to have a change of administration, if only for the purpose of investigating conditions at the points abroad where Uncle Sam cannot always tell what is going on.

Colonel Watterson has reversed the advice of Horace Greeley to young men. The famous editor of the *Tribune* said: "Young man, go West." Henry Watterson said to his own son Harvey: "Go East, my boy, and grow up with the country." And Harvey did so. Now, although the the young man has only been a resident of this city for a few years, he has grown wonderfully politically, and the leaders of his Democratic party nominated him for Assembly last

fall in a hopelessly Republican district, but he made a good run and pulled pown the adverse majority. This year he was spoken of for Congress; and as he has taken up his residence in the Democratic neighborhood of Second Avenue, his chances seem to be good. It was suggested that he be nominated to succeed Francis Burton Harrison in Congress. Harvey will not be nominated this time in that district, but he will reach Congress as sure as he was born in Kentucky.

PORCUPINE,



THE GREAT ROTHSCHILD FAMILY.

This picture, taken on the race course at Deauville, France, shows Baron Alphonse Rothschild giving his last instructions to his jockey Crickmer before a race, and a most interesting picture surely to Americans. The famous family of financiers have vast fortunes invested in this country, and at present they are recognized as the financial force behind the construction of New York's great Subway. In every land since the days of the Louis Kings of France, they have controlled empires, kingdoms, and furnished the real sinews of war for combatants, with never a record of a breach of word, confidence, or trust. And generations of Rothschilds have held the secrets upon which the fate of millions of people and the progress of the world depended.

Plays and Players.

"The Isle of Spice" has met with such well-merited success that a No. 2 Company has begun rehearsals for a tour.

Messrs. Weber & Ziegfeld ought to feel encouraged by the enthusiastic reception they received last Tuesday evening, held in honor of Miss Anna Held. The boxes sold at auction brought fairly good sums, the first one going at \$375; the second choice brought \$325, and so on to the last, which came in to the modest tune of \$180.

"The West Point Cadet" took a very sudden leave on Tuesday night after a rather brief attempt at military duty. It might almost come under the head of desertion in the face of the enemy.

"Checkers" continues unabatingly in its successfully long run at the Academy. There is something very inspiring in the way that 100 to 1 shot, Remorse, comes to life in the stretch.

"The Music Master" and Dave Warfield appear to have captivated the heart of the theatre-goer. The Belasco is sold out every night and there are many who are obliged to wait their turn.

Mrs. Fiske still delights the artistic sense of the many loyal patrons of the Manhattan by the continuation of the "only" *Becky Sharp*.

The great violinist, Ysaye, will be here at Carnegie in January and is to give a joint concert with D'Albert, the pianist.

The first production of "Parsifal" this season at the Metropolitan will be sung on Thanks-

giving Day. Madame Nordica will probably be assigned the part of *Kundry* on this occasion.

Cultured Boston has taken up the Poe revival in a recent production of a mystical play called "Beyond." In this the melancholy poet is seen in the next world in search of his "lost Lenore." Here he finds her, and among others the familiar faces of Aaron Burr, Sappho, Mrs. Brandon, Sr., and Tasso. The play is said to be both classical and beautiful.

Mrs. James Brown Potter is still playing at the Savoy in London in repertoire. The failure of "The Golden Light," including the "emotional frocks," cost her the tidy sum of \$13,000.

We hear good reports from "The Two Orphans," Mr. A. M. Palmer's production, which is to spend the entire season *en town*. They had a very successful fortnight past in Philadelphia.

"E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe are to be seen here next week at the Knickerbocker in "Romeo and Juliet." This event has been held in anticipation for some time by the many friends of these two genuine favorites.

Annie Russell has in process of rehearsal a new play, entitled "Brother Jacques," to be inaugurated in the near future at Cleveland, Ohio.

The new Yorkville Theatre, which opened auspiciously with "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" for the first week, has gone over indefinitely to vaudeville.

Harlem enthusiasts have had an opportunity of seeing Maxine Elliot in her best role, "Her Own Way," at the Harlem Opera House.

VAN R



ORISKA WORDEN.

Cleopatra in the glory of her beauty was not one whit more impressive than this young woman, who is not the least attractive member of the Weber-Ziegfeld Company supporting Miss Anna Held. She is of the Ruinart brand.

In the Whirl of Political Life.

For the first time the theatres are to be used by the Democratic leaders as vehicles for the dissemination of political literature. Every person who occupies a seat at any performance will find at hand some leaflet or argument why he should vote the Democratic ticket. Senator Dowling, who is said to be the brainiest young man in local leadership—wise beyond his years—has for over a month been busy night and day to devise means to impress the voters what Odellism means. The Senator has had a fine chance while attending the legislature at Albany, to lay by a good stock of material, and it is the best method of placing it before the people, that has been puzzling his mind. There are several novelties in campaigning which he will adopt, and some of the old-time and easy going managers will open their eyes when he opens his literary shop.

A canvass which has been quietly taken in this city, shows that the independent, the German, and some very strong Republican elements are favorable to Judge Parker. It is a very safe way to gauge the political barometer, to ascertain the sentiment of the Teutonic citizen upon any mooted question which will be put to a ballot test. There are no more careful voters, or any who weigh the good of the country in an election more than such citizens. They look only to the points of sanity and safety, and the information which has been unearthed along these lines, satisfies the leaders that the silent vote will be found on the side of the Democracy this year.

Very amusing indeed is the scene at a political headquarters when there is hope of victory. The large class which only views politics from a standpoint of self-interest is very well represented. Indeed they use force in pushing aside men who have remained loyal throughout storm and fine weather; and will not be repulsed accepting even insult rather than miss any chance or opportunity to advance their fortunes. A notable example is one man who claimed to have great influence with Chairman Taggart of the National Committee. This individual, who is said to be a Wall Street man, conceived a scheme to clear \$500 a week by inducing two publishers to enter a deal for campaign literature. Mr. Taggart was asked about the matter, and informed that his influence was being advanced as an asset. He did not lose his temper but replied:

"You may go and tell that man that he lies. Offer to bet him \$1,000 that he cannot prove what he says. Furthermore, I tell you that I do not even know his name, but I do know that he is a Republican; that he is hide-bound in his party opinions, and that he always voted the Republican ticket. So you see we know who the people are who come here, and whether they are on the level or not. Yes, we have his record, and the record of all such."

The expenditures asked and estimated for the four years of President Roosevelt's incumbency aggregate \$2,641,724,019.75, which is \$211,-407,628.89 greater than the four years of McKinley's, although he conducted the Spanish War, and \$883,024,802.75 greater than the last four years of Cleveland. A table compiled from the reports of the Secretary of the Treasury shows the deficits and surplus of each year:

YEAR.	DEFICIT.
1894.....	\$69,803,260.58
1895.....	42,805,223.18
1896.....	25,203,245.70
1897.....	18,052,454.41
1898.....	38,047,247.60
1899.....	89,111,559.67
1900.....	*79,527,060.18
1901.....	*77,717,984.38
1902.....	*91,287,375.57
1903.....	*54,297,667.36
1904 (estimated).....	*14,000,000.00
1905 (estimated).....	43,121,939.28

*Surplus.

Judge Parker's favorite novelists are Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, and of the latter's works he ranks "Pendennis" and "Vanity Fair" highest. He does not pretend to be a literary critic, and general reading is, because it has to be, a side issue with him. Yet few literary critics would dispute his choice. So great is his mental concentration upon a sub-

ject when once in hand that members of his family hesitate to recommend a new book to him.

If once he sits down with it and becomes interested nothing can stop him. He will go on reading until three or four o'clock in the morning. Consequently, with the immense amount of work he has had on hand during the last few years in clearing the calendar of the New York Court of Appeals, which was several years behindhand when he became Chief Justice, he has grown accustomed to dipping into magazines so that he can finish a story or an article in a brief sitting. For the same reason he takes up now and then a book of verse—Eugene Field or James Whitcomb Riley.

From boyhood the Judge has been a farmer, and to-day he lives on a farm and manages it personally, with profit. As an active political worker he became the head of his party in Ulster County shortly after his graduation from a law school, then managed the State campaign that, after a hard, up-hill fight, made David B. Hill Governor of New York in 1885; and even now, wrapped up as he is in his judicial duties, he knows politics



From The Tatler, London.

BEERBOHM TREE IN "THE TEMPEST."

This remarkable picture depicts the great English actor as Caliban in the Shakespeare play which he is now presenting at His Majesty's Theatre, London.

better than a hundred men in the United States of wider repute. Now for the appearance of this man who has his chance of becoming one of the rulers of the world. His moustache is brown, with a tinge of red. His hair, turning a little grey, is a darker brown. His eyes, alive with light, are brown, with hazel colorings. Morning plunges in the Hudson, horse-back rides at dawn in winter snowstorms, and the August sun that beats on his hayfields, have tanned his unfurrowed face to the lasting glow of superabundant health. Here, one would say, is a great, ruddy engine of vitality.

It was a great shock to Judge Parker's kindly nature when, for the first time in his experience as a trial judge, he was obliged to sentence a man to death. The criminal was an Italian, and the trial was at Hudson. So harrassing was it to the Judge's mind that he was unable to sleep for worry over it that night, and, by a weird coincidence, while the Judge was harassed in thinking over the criminal's fate, the Italian hanged himself in his cell.

"Young man," said the head of the firm, sternly, "this lady says you acted discourteously."
"I only spoke the truth, sir," faltered the new assistant. "She wanted to know what was the correct thing in gloves."
"What did you tell her?"
"I told her that her hands were."

Chicot's Weekly Comment.

Allen, of the Boston Music Hall, whose joy it is to refer to himself as an "Orphan Calf," announces through a man by the name of Anderson his intention of opening up. Allen was put out of business last time through an over-eager surrender to the White Rat booking agency, which proved him to have been the calf at least. The same timorous valor appears to inform him now. Instead of realizing that the first person to give an entertainment in Boston not suggesting a smoker in a morgue will make money, he is loudly bewailing the fact that he has no outside affiliations. The last time he started William Morris was conducting a lively opposition to the established powers, and kept Allen going for a time as a part of his opposition to the powers that were. Now Morris is just far enough into the new Keith combine to keep him busy, and Allen has made George Brennan his right bower, vesting such plenipotentiary powers in Anderson, nominal head of the venture, as are usually given a high-grade janitor. Pitrot will give Brennan the advantage of his acts, which are not a few, but Brennan seems at a loss to find the rest of his show. It looked for a while as though Allen might enlist the Proctor interest, but a lengthy interview with J. Austin Fynes, the Proctor General Manager, consisted of a two-part performance, in which Allen spoke at length and Fynes shook his head.

Now comes that merry wag, D. F. Hennessy with the side-splitting declaration that the Association of Vaudeville Managers is still a body harmonious and unfractured. Hennessy is a better comedian than some of the men he gives work to, for not even the best of them could imagine so rare a jest as the declaration that Hyde and Behman and Hurtig and Seamon are still members, while Percy Williams is outside the breastworks. That was what Hennessy was saying the other day, and he seemed to be serious. Undoubtedly there still exists an undissolved Association which does not associate, but another person who stands somewhat closer to the Keith powers, seeks to clinch arguments in favor of the recent grab, by declaring that out of pure love for humanity the Keith combination is paying the entire cost of the Association offices from the private purse. The latter argument seems to be nearer the truth, for Percy Williams appears to have been coaxed into amicable relations with the new Keith formation, and it is understood that Hurtig and Seamon and Hyde and Behman have to book for themselves without the kindly aid of the gentlemen who congregate on the eighth floor of the St. James building. The Brooklyn and the Harlem firm are to be congratulated, but the spectacle of an alleged association fighting its own membership and favoring those who were amputated from membership, is thoroughly characteristic of the fashion in which vaudeville affairs are adjusted.

More rare humor of the week came from the Keith apologist other than Hennessy, who blandly painted a word picture of Keith as the kindly one who, when the Equitable agency broke through because of the lack of cohesion, came to the aid of those who were floundering about in indecision and announced that they could book through the Association for which he would pay the rent and clerk hire. It is characteristic of the Keith-Albee faction, that they should burn much midnight oil arranging plans for helping their fellow managers and would-be opponents out of holes, but the trouble is that they only plan to lead to pits of their own preparing, nicely padded with promises of lower salaries and increased profits. The real vaudeville business in America will have to be established upon other lines than these. There will have to be real community of interests if any such formation is to endure, and not the drawing of sustenance from the milk can in which the Keith dictatorship laps the cream from the top and permits the weaker ones to draw the thinner fluid at the bottom. Until such an idea can be placed upon a solid foundation, it would be better did each manager have the manhood to stand upon his own ability and not weakly yield vassalage to those no stronger upon the slightest show of opposition.

The new theatre in Winnipeg is original in that it is the only theatre on record possessing its private railroad siding where a car may be shunted to the stage door and save the cost of trucking. It will be devoted to vaudeville, and it is not yet announced that it will be added to the Keith circuit, though Mr. Albee has been West recently. It will seat 1,100 persons, and seems to promise a good vaudeville house for the Northwest.

Charles Leonard Fletcher is back from Europe with his pockets stuffed with picture souvenirs of his trip to South Africa. He hints at possible trouble in the veldt country within the next eighteen months, which might

make it hard for vaudevillers who are booked for that time, but just now he declares the business to be particularly good. Eighteen weeks' salary is paid for a twelve week engagement to cover the cost of traveling, instead of an increased salary as is paid to those who lose time on the Orpheum Circuit, and the trip is one of the really enjoyable experiences of a foreign engagement. Fletcher, like all of the others who have ventured abroad, declares that the only way for a player to get good time and money over the water is to show the act, and after appointing a good agent come home and wait until contracts for the following year mature; engagements being



Photo by Marion.

HELEN ROYTON.

She is playing in "A China Doll."

usually made a year ahead. He further adds the invaluable advice that to talk back to the gallery boys is foolish in the extreme. Several good acts have been killed in that way recently. Another tip for talkers is to have American slang words translated into their English equivalents. To expect the Londoner to recognize newly coined words is foolish in a place where last summers American songs are just beginning to grow popular.

Martin Beck has reversed his usual custom and had his Orpheum road company open the season in New York instead of closing here. As usual Beck had to offer the best he could get; and while the show lacks the element of novelty it had a couple of years ago, when he had two new acts of his own making and some European importations, it is well balanced and attractive. McIntyre and Heath and Cressy and Dane would make a firm foundation for any show. If Beck wanted a real novelty he should have had photo-phonographic records made of the recent conferences in New York and elsewhere between the Keith and the Orpheum people. Some of them were really funny, and as a motion-picture attraction would beat any pugilistic fight-pictures.

EPES W. SERGEANT (CHICOT).

Tattle of the Club Fellows.

It is wonderful how popular membership is in a big political club during a Presidential year. Here all the chappies whose fathers were political bosses—excuse us—leaders in days gone by, are simply crazy to rub shoulders with the men who dictate who shall get nominations. Really it is astonishing how members of the Manhattan are delighted to shake hands with Charles F. Murphy and his Cabinet officers, although one short year ago the social chasm was a hopeless Great Divide. And do you know you have to be real Picadilly and Pall Mall to be persona grata at the Democratic Club now. Papa Croker was himself very much de rigueur, but he made allowances for such irreconcilables as Uncle Larry Delamour, when the latter and his cronies refused to become kid-gloved. Uncle Larry has a French name, but when he loomed into sight on the Avenue the dream was dispelled. Mayor Van Wyck, John Keller and J. Serjeant Cram and the “literary fellers” who condescended to frequent the Democratic Club because they loved Thomas Jefferson, could always be depended to make a front in the Croker days; and even Judge Barret with some other bench dignitaries were favored. Material for judgeships and high offices had to be cultivated, but the men who delivered the votes were also most necessary. Yet there was always an armed truce between the college chaps and the men from the “deestriets.”

These ultras are very little in evidence now, because they have not evolved into the dress suit crysalis. Mr. Murphy has taken by the hand with a kindly light in his bright blue eyes, young Harry Payne Whitney, Francis Burton Harrison, Harvey Watterson, Jerome Siegel, and a host of rah-rah boys; and I venture to say that there are enough ‘varsity men to hold a chapter of the fraternity. For plain loyal party men who are opposed to plutocracy in any form, a dinner at \$50 a plate comes rather as a shock, and there some whose memories of conditions ten years ago, bring a smile to their faces when they gaze upon a napkin brigade of these days.



ELLEN TERRY.

New picture of the most beloved actress on the English stage, who is no less loved by American audiences who have seen her act.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Talented son of Joseph Jefferson, who has made a success in “Rip Van Winkle,” and other parts made famous by his parent.

This would not cause comment ordinarily but it will take a little longer to invest the Democratic Club with Knickerbocker atmosphere. When Judge Parker has been elected and all the ambassadorships, ministries and consulates have been given out, the old icy wall will again be frozen stiff between the Manhattan and the Democratic Clubs, and invitations to Newport will be scarce for four years more.

Center Hitchcock is positively in love with his new pet club the Brook, and it is ever so exclusive. It is called the “Monastery” by the set now sowing their wild oats. These boys are rude enough to say that Center and his generation should go home earlier. Then he says in reply that he and his friends started the Brook Club because they could not find a congenial hotel or place to rest for the night, when too late to go home. It seems that Mr. Hitchcock did not wish to disturb his servants one night, and could not get a room at his clubs or the Waldorf. He went to another hotel and did not care for the appointments, so he set up in a chair. The clerk thought he intended to shoot himself, so he went out disgusted, and walked around until his home was open. Other gentlemen with similar experiences joined him in the formation of the Brook Club.

At last the Lambs’ Club is taking some of the good rules or traditions of the English literary and dramatic clubs seriously. The trouble with the Lambs has been that it took itself very socially. It was all very chummy, convivial and quite a coterie. There was not the dignified and absolutely Bohemian spirit which there is at the Savage, the Greenroom and similar clubs. There are poor men who may sustain membership in one of such, but there are many very fine actors and professionals who feel that the expense of constant attendance at the Lambs is more than they can afford. Now the governors and members of the latter are to exercise more supervision over the conditions of admission and courtesies extended to strangers. There have been some very undesirable experiences with men from abroad who have acted here as they would never do in their own country.

RAOUL DE PUYSTER.

Mrs. W.: “The children tell me that while I was away you frequently used the expression ‘a high old time’ while talking to your friends.”
 Mr. W.: “Y-e-s my dear. Antique & Co. have a genuine ‘grandfather’s clock,’ which I was thinking about buying for you—eight feet high and a century old. I’ll have it sent up to-day.”

The Glad Hand on Broadway.

Of all the interesting people one meets along the Great White Way, and there are a score or so, maybe, and some more, too, no one is more interesting than A. M. Palmer. He is full of reminiscences, and is always "Hail, fellow, well met!" The other day he came across a newspaper man, who was in temporary hard luck. Palmer inquired the cause of his distress, and then invited him to lunch, adding: "Come every day, please. I absolutely hate to eat by myself. If they won't give you any work to do, I will feed you, anyhow!"

This may remind you of an old story of Henry Labouchere, but it is nevertheless true, about a boy you have heard of before, named Joe, who is a shining light in Charles Frohman's office. This said Joe may make mistakes sometimes, but, as a rule, he is almost too faithful. The other day a man came in to see Alf. Hayman.

"Mr. Hayman cannot see you at present," said Joe.

"And why," enquired the actor.

"Well, for one reason," replied Joe, "because he isn't in, and I don't think will be in the neighborhood for an hour or two."

But the real triumph that Joe won was over a newspaper man, who should have known better. Joe took him—the newspaper man—into his confidence some time since. Said he, "Did you ever know that I had been an actor?"

The idea was entirely foreign to his auditor.

"Well, I was once on a time, and a pretty good actor at that. The other day there was a vacancy in one of what Charles Frohman presents, and I offered my services. I have now got the part and would like you to see me in it."

The newspaper man was delighted at the chance of seeing and interviewing such a novice, or rather novelty, so down he goes to the theatre, tells his story to the manager, and asks for courtesies of the house so that

he can interview this same Joe. It is now a matter of history that Joe was not telling the truth, which placed the newspaper man in a rather ridiculous predicament.

"Just to tell the way times are going," said a newspaper boy the other day, "I can assure you that I have had more actors borrow money of me the last six months than ever before. I generally have a long list of creditors on my list, but this last season has been disastrous."

Apropos of this it is true that nowadays your shoeblack has more in his pocket than you have—if you are an actor.

"Isn't it easy to borrow money in New York?" Alfred A. Aarons turned around in his chair. "I think it is. Now watch." In came the regular bootblack. Aarons put his foot upon the stand.

"Oh, by the way," interrupted Aarons, "I am rather short to-day. Can you lend me five dollars?" The boy pulled a roll out of his pocket fit to choke and perfectly able to choke any future subway, handed the V to Aarons; whereat the latter turned around to the doubter with a smile on his face and said: "Well, what of that? I don't want the money, but it is easy, isn't it?"

Henry Miller says he was playing in "Michael and the Lost Angel" some time since, and wished one night to see whether his priestly costume would suit, so on arriving at his hotel late at night he donned the cassock, the clerical collar, the sash and cross, and other paraphernalia. The effort made him thirsty, so he rang for some iced water.

The bell-boy was an Irishman, who was sore at being waked up from a placid sleep, so he knocked at the door with some vehemence and put the pitcher down with a bang, saying, in a mad way, "Here's your iced water." Then turning around of a sudden he perceived Miller in a priest's robes, and immediately collapsed.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, father," said he, bowing and scraping, and went away with the idea that he had seen a real priest indeed.

E. L. HANCOCK.



AUBREY BOUCICAULT.

The matinee idol, who is know a member of the Weber-Ziegfeld stock company.



FRANK MAYNE.

Another handsome young actor who adds strength to the Weber-Ziegfeld company.



HARRIETT RAYMOND.

The new beauty signed for the Lew Fields stock company. William Raymond Sill, who is perhaps the best judge in this direction in New York, says she will become famous.



Patrons of the Grand Opera House are expectant over the prospective attractions, at the favorite old play house, for the next seven weeks. The powers "that be" in the booking line have decreed that seven prominent male stars follow each other in as many weeks, and discussion is ripe as to who shall prove the most popular. The test is to be decided by the attendance at the "likeably-priced" Wednesday matinees, which are great events on the West side of New York. The attractions in their order are as follows:

- Oct. 10.—Lawrence D'Orsay in "The Earl of Pawtucket."
 17.—William Collier in "The Dictator."
 24.—Thomas E. Shea in "The Bells," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,"
 "Othello" and "Richelieu."
 31.—Dustin Farnum in "The Virginian."
 Nov. 7.—Master Joseph Santley in "From Rags to Riches."
 14.—Richard Carle in "The Tenderfoot."
 21.—Raymond Hitchcock in "The Yankee Consul."

Each of the above has a large New York following and it is no easy matter to decide who will be returned the winner in the popularity contest. Collier, Carle and Hitchcock would seem to have the call on account of the mirthfulness of their offerings, but D'Orsay is backed by a whirlwind of Augustus Thomas success; Shea is always a drawing card with those who think New York slights the classics; Dustin Farnum's name is known in every nook and cranny where Owen Wister's clever story has been read, while a youthful star like Master Santley never lacks for large numbers of feminine and juvenile admirers.

The Grand Opera House is at present enjoying the height of prosperity. No doubt this is due to the policy of the house under Mr. Springer's leadership, of presenting the Broadway successes at a dollar for an orchestra

chair. New York managers looked askance when Mr. Springer declared his intention of having only the best attractions at his theatre and now that he has been vindicated not a few of them are somewhat envious.

Perhaps more than any other theatre, the Grand has a regular *clientele* which attends faithfully every week. It is a remarkable fact that some of the orchestra chairs have been held by members of the same families for upwards of twelve years. The immense foyer presents nightly a sort of social gathering and theatre-going at the historic old play house and assumes an air of gayety peculiar to itself which does not obtain at any of the highest priced theatres in the city.

For the balance of the season the management of the Grand Opera House announces a continuation of standard attractions. This verifies the catch-line, on the house programme, "Sooner or later everything good on Broadway comes to Eighth Avenue."

CANADA'S NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

A most interesting person is Earl Grey, who has just been appointed Viceroy of Canada. Still more interesting to the American people because of his progressive and peaceful career, and because the Dunkhorst religious sect, of whom there are several colonies in Pennsylvania and other States, have actually hailed him as their Messiah.

This is not the first time that the Grey family have represented their country on the American continent, for the first earl, as Sir Charles Grey, was a famous commander in the American War of Independence. Earl Grey is a scholar. Educated at Harrow and Cambridge, he took a Senior in the Law and History Tripos in 1873. His administrative qualities were tested in Rhodesia, where he succeeded Dr. Jameson as head of the Chartered Company.

Countess Grey, who will so soon be the "First Lady of Canada" is not only a woman of much distinction of presence but of great charm of mind. Her father was Robert Staynor Holford, M. P., of Westonbirt, Gloucestershire, from whom she inherits her somewhat unusual mentality.

The recently appointed Governor-General is the fourth Earl Grey, and with his Countess is exceedingly popular. Of their five children, Viscount Howick, who was born in 1879, is the only son.



EARL GREY.



DAVID WARFIELD.

The remarkable actor who has at last reached the high mark of his ambition in a triumphal portrayal of "The Music Master," at Belasco's. After long years of profitable yet distasteful work in burlesque, he succeeded in a serious drama.

"Jennie Jones," words by Ed. Gardenier and music by William H. Penn, is an old-fashioned kind of song, which should win its way into the heart of every music-lover. It is written in Penn's best style, and that's enough.

For a short, sweet song commend us to "Roses of Twilight," words by B. J. Perkinson and music by F. Ora Gamble. There is nothing pretentious about the words or the melody, but, being without a refrain, it will commend itself to any one who is sick and tired of ragtime and its paraphernalia.

"Uncle Sammy," the latest popular march by Abe Helzmann, is making a huge success. Helzmann deserves all he gets, for, some ten years ago, he was an office boy in the firm that he now draws royalties from. This last march gained the prize at the St. Louis Exposition over 1,162 others which were sent in for competition. It has a national style and is cosmopolitan in its treatment, and above all has a genuine American title. Helzmann got a thousand dollars for this march, and it is worth every penny of it.

F. B. Haviland Pub. Co. have a few songs, which are noticeable. The first, entitled "The 17th of March," it is hoped will be edited before next year. The words are so terrible that they would even frighten the most unpoet.



VIOLET HOLBROOK.

She is appearing with the E. E. Rice Company in "Mr. Wix of Wickham," at the Bijou Theatre.

With the Music Publishers.

Sol Bloom has some good songs on the market. "Spoonings," by Pycke and Engel, revised by Ed. Gardenier, is a really good little song. The chorus is eminently satisfactory, and the music ought to please every love-sick swain.

"A Bit of Blarney," by Hennan and Helf, is also excellent in its way. This song has had so much success that it is hardly worth while to descant on its merits at this hour.

"The Salt of the Sea for Me," words and music by Arthur A. Penn, is so good, as far as the words are concerned, that it seems a pity Mr. Penn does not write more. The music is equal to the words, and, take it all in all, this is a very satisfactory ditty.

"Contrary Mary," words by M. E. Rourke and music by Ellis R. Ephraim, is more satisfactory in the melodic way than the literary. Ephraim evidently was handicapped by the words, but he has turned out a very fair song, which should have a good share of success.

cal Irishman in creation. What do you think, my poetical friends, of "starts" and "March," of "pass" and "last," and so on and so on? The music is pretty fair, and would pass muster on any parade, even an Irish one.

"Why, Hello, Bill, Who's Yo' Friend?" is beyond criticism, while "Come Down from the Big Fig Tree" is respectable, and especially so in the chorus.

"A Rare Old Bird," by Edward Madden and Theodore Morse is respectable musically, but absolutely ridiculous in the wordy way. "My Honey Lou," by Thurland Chattaway, is the same old thing over again, and "Beansy," which requires no criticism except that two authors are a necessity, is just on the same lines.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

ETHYLLE: "Fitz Sappy was desperately in love with Priscilla. Why, he used to send her the most expensive flowers and presents almost every day for nearly three years."

FRADDIE: "Did he finally win her?"

ETHYLLE: "No. He earned her!"

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AMUSEMENTS

NEW YORK THEATRES.

Academy of Music....."Checkers"
American.."Le Bossu," Oct. 12 (Matinee)
"Un Chapeau de Paille d'Italie,"
Oct. 12, 13, 14, 15.
"Tartuffe," Oct. 15, 17, 18.
Belasco....."The Music Master"
Berkeley Lyceum, Henry E. Dixey in
"David Garrick" and Other Plays.
Bijou....."Mr. Wix of Wickham"
Broadway....."Love's Lottery"
Casino....."Piff, Paff, Pout"
Criterion....."Business is Business"
Daly's....."The School Girl"
Empire....."The Duke of Killierankie"
Fourth-enth Street....."Texas"
Garden....."The College Widow"
Garrick....."Joseph Entangled"
Grand Opera House,
"The Earl of Pawtucket"
Harlem Opera House,
"The Maid and the Mummy"
Herald Sq.."Dockstader's Minstrels"
Hudson....."Lettie"
Irving Pl.."Sein Prinzesschen"
Knickerbocker.."A Madcap Princess"
Liberty....."Romeo and Juliet," Oct. 17
"The Rogers Brothers in Paris"

Lyceum.."The Serio-Comic Governess"
Majestic....."The Isle of Spice"
Manhattan....."Becky Sharp"
Metropolis.."Dealers in White Women"
New Amsterdam....."The Sorceress"
New Star....."A Prisoner of War"
New York....."The Old Homestead"
Savoy,
"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"
Third Ave....."Down by the Sea"
Wallacks....."The Sho-Gun"
West End....."David Harum"
Weber Music Hall,
"Higgleydey Piggleday," Oct. 18

BROOKLYN THEATRES.

Amphion.
"When Knighthood Was in Flower"
Bijou....."A Night at the Circus"
Columbia....."Thelma."
Folly....."Two Little Sailor Boys"
Gotham....."The Charity Nurse"
Grand Opera House,
"The Street Singer"
Montauk....."English Grand Opera"
Novelty....."Deserted at the Altar"
Park.."The Child Slaves of New York"

NOT THE HOTEL DE ALIMONY.

Do not confound the two Ludlows. One in Ludlow Street is a place of painful memories to many actors, who have defaulted in alimony, but the other Ludlow is a place of peace and happiness.

Why is it that so many professional people live at Ludlow? Ludlow, you must know, if you don't already know, is just outside Yonkers, and Yonkers is a beautiful place, when you get just outside of it. If you happen to wander to the very outskirts of Ludlow, you will come across a handsome mansion belonging to Julian Edwardes, and see what musical comedy has done for one of its leading exponents. Near at hand is another equally enticing little palace belonging to W. T. Francis, and—there are others. A Sunday afternoon stroll is interesting up that way, especially if you know who's who, or where "who's who" lives.

FRIEND: "You've never been called in consultation, have you?"

YOUNG DOCTOR: "No; but I'd like to be. It's nice to charge ten times as much as the other doctor for saying that you don't know any more about the case than he does."

MRS. DOBBS: "How is your new neighbourhood?"
MRS. DIBBS: "Oh, just like the other one; all the rich people talk poor, and all the poor people talk rich."

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"BOBBY" BURNS, WHO WILL RETURN TO THE STAGE IN MUSICAL PLAYS THIS SEASON.

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THE MARCH OF NEW YORK.

Before we shall know who is to be the next President of these United States, the world will have received a practical lesson more impressive than all the battles of word and deed could have created. It is only because the medium of the sermon is so close at hand, that we have not awakened to the moral and progressive significance of the event. It is an easy thing to say that we can now travel from the Battery to the Westchester line in less than fifteen minutes, but it would take volumes to explain the effect which the great Subway movement will exercise upon the future of the metropolis which forms not a golden gateway, but the hospitable doorway of the promised land of milk and honey, where man can sell the results of his brain and brawn without obsequiousness to other than an elective ruler.

This peaceful public service will change the map of Manhattan more than any warlike movement recorded in history. The tendency will be a march of civic life towards the north, and in a little while the mantle of silence will fall over the entire lower section of the Island after the sun has gone down. It will have no other than a commercial value for its great water front, and even that will be offset to a considerable extent by the trunk railway which the Pennsylvania is constructing to connect the ocean shores of Long Island with the West. When a chain of docks shall stretch along the coast at Montauk, the products of the land will ship directly through New York to the water board. It is the intention that passengers shall embark and disembark at the same Eastern point.

Will the conditions then realize the prediction of a Macauley? Shall a stranger from New Zealand ever take his stand upon a broken arch of Brooklyn Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's? The voice of the North calls humanity, and before a few years the valley of the Bronx will be a scene of residential elegance for which it is so well fitted by nature and topography. Its great boulevards, parks, and foliage will serve as a fitting section for the home life of the Manhattanese, and the Island will be their workshop. Even now those who control the amusement world admit that the theatres of the future must be far north. And the other changes must be quite as surprising as those proposed now indicate.

GENERAL CORBIN WILL MEET DEFEAT.

If General Corbin had his way, there would probably be none but millionaires in the United States Army. He has expressed the opinion that no soldier or officer at least, should dally with Cupid when they have only their army pay to support them. Some little time ago the General won a great victory himself in the matrimonial battle, and married a most charming and estimable lady of Washington, whose dowry was nearly a million. Now, all the gentlemen under his command are not likely to be as successful in the same kind of a campaign. Cupid does not smile sweetly upon everyone as he did on the General.

Would he have a soldier go to war without having pledged his troth to some beautiful girl? What great soldier in history drew his sword without the picture of his beloved sewn within his uniform? Why should any man go to war except to fight for the women of his nation? What would be the incentive? No man would march to battle thinking that he had not a prize to get after being wounded or victorious. Then the General must consider that the girls have something to say in the matter. Indeed they have all to say, for have they not to live on the income, whatever it is. And they are all willing to live in a cottage on bread, and cheese, and kisses.

So, avault all such ideas! Cupid is too strong a favorite to surrender even to so distinguished a Commander as General Corbin.

It has always been an ironclad rule in the German army or rather a tradition even stronger than any written law, that no officer shall marry unless his bride is well-dowered. But there are many customs in vogue among nations which regard the army and navy as the principal pillars of

government which could not be popular here. Following the declaration of General Corbin, the officers of a Chicago bank have decided that none of their employees receiving salaries of less than \$1,400 a year can retain their positions if they marry. Prior to this the ban had been placed upon the smoking of cigarettes. All along the line of industrial life there is an inclination to take more supervision over the personal habit and manner of living of employees. In the old fashioned apprenticeship training in England, young men who were learning their trade for five or seven years, were not only compelled by law to pay attention to their employer's instructions in the shop, factory, or offices, but to obey them as they would their parents. They lived in the house with his family, and he saw that they attended church and punished them when necessary.

It is hardly probable that very stringent measures will be necessary to prevent any young man of sense in this Republican land to take steps which will blight his future. The expense of living in a city like New York should debar any person from allowing any young woman to take up burthens which would only end in unhappiness. The young farmer is the only class of person who may rush into matrimony with a disregard of financial strength. But it is a matter which cannot be settled by law or military regulation. The majority of people still believe that marriages are made in heaven, where the babies come from.

McADOO'S AWFULLY JOLLY FRIENDS.

Have you got a card from Police Commissioner McAdoo, and do you belong to the auxiliary automobile force which he has established? Then you are in danger of arrest. If you have a card you can race your auto at any old speed and never fear arrest. Indeed, you may be very saucy to the desk sergeant, captain or other minion of the law who interferes with you. The Commissioner is himself an ardent autoist, and he relates that he and his friends have been testing the efficiency of the corps of bicycle policemen. Thank you, Mr. McAdoo, you are just the party we are looking for. The Commissioner says he provided his friends with cards which would cause the desk sergeant to release them. For three weeks he and his cronies—those whom he could trust, of course, real clubby chaps—have been running their automobiles through the principal drives and boulevards trying to catch the bicycle policeman napping. And the Commissioner was arrested himself five or six times by one man—Rensselaer, although he changed his goggles and otherwise disguised himself.

Wonderful man, Mr. McAdoo; for he actually commended the policeman who told him the last time he was caught that on the next offence he would prosecute him whether he was Police Commissioner or not. If the Commissioner would effect some reform so that the citizens who do not own automobiles could have proper protection for their homes and lives at the hands of the burglars and thugs who infest the city, he would do a better service than permitting his friends to endanger life where it is not necessary. And why should Mr. McAdoo's friends be exclusively armed with cards of protection more than any other persons?

HAVE THE FORTUNES OF WAR TURNED?

Facts seem to support the men of experience who predicted that there would be a different story to tell of the progress of the Russo-Japanese War. It must be confessed that this is not a struggle to be classed with our own late unpleasantness. No newspaper can affect the movements of such troops as those gallant fighters of both armies now struggling in the far Orient. It is not a newspaper war. There is no heroic Theodore followed by a moving picture outfit and colored quartette to make history. And the news has been limited to facts. The glorious bravery of the Japanese men who have won their way to power by the arts of peace and light of civilization will last enduringly with time, but the Empire that Peter the Great founded took centuries to build until it has become beyond a doubt a great world force equal almost to that of any of the Anglo-Saxon nations.

The situation is very similar to that which existed at the outbreak of the Boer War, when the sympathy was with the under dog. But the English sympathy with the under dog now, is only an incident of the half century of hate between Russe and Britisher. The rumor that the experts in European politics firmly believed that England would inject herself into the Russo-Japanese contest before long, is not without plausibility. It would only be in the natural order of things that the two great European powers should indulge in their intermittent fights.

There must be regret that under the present prevailing spirit of the executive force of the American people, the inclination is more toward the strenuous assertion of the great physical force of the manhood of the country, than a desire to induce the combatants to cease a war that can only devastate the bloom of manhood in two countries.

A Yale Man's Idea of "The College Widow" at the Garden Theatre.

When called upon to respond to a Yale man's view of "The College Widow," I had very grave doubts whether my journalistic powers were sufficiently developed to enable me to tackle so mighty a subject. But seeing the play helps *soms*; in fact, I should say it's everything. "The College Widow" is all to the good from the ground up. Somebody asked me if George Ade was a college man. I haven't any statistics to crib from, but I'll tell you yes right from the start and back up this statement by my three years' experience as a college man that George Ade not only got his sheep-skin but passed all his side "exams" in the bargain. Anyhow he knows the *College Widow* all right, and lots of other things, too, that bring you immediately right down to home life on the campus as it is. While seeing the show, I actually got to feeling so deep in the plot myself that I almost expected to see Kirk drive around the corner with one of his deep-sea going vehicles to take a few of us out to the game that day, or, changing to a less rosy side of our strenuous daily life, I was in constant anticipation of meeting a certain accommodating Hebrew gentlemen when Heaven knows of all times when its just as well to obtain a day's grace, is the morning of some great contest like this one. But as far as *dunning* goes, *Flora Wiggins* supplies all that is necessary. I used to know a girl just like that in Freshman year. Somehow we don't seem to have a college widow, even within the memory of some of the old "grads" I know, just like *Miss Witherspoon*. If we had, you could stake your last copper we would have a football team every year that would carry the good old blue to victory and honors. I cannot say enough for Miss Dorothy Tennant. Without being too bold, I hope, I don't mind saying I should like to have this charming young lady see just what a Yale "Prom" is like and me to look after the flowers and carriages and things. *Mrs. Dalzelle*, though, is one we all ought to know and really is a typical "widow" herself. She introduces one feature that is different: that of kissing all the fellows that come back *publicly*; still this may be in good form in some of the smaller colleges which this play is naturally intended to represent. But the spirit is held so well that any college man can take it as his own. We couldn't expect any *Mrs. Dalzelle* to go around and welcome even our senior class alone in that demonstrative way, even though the old Yale democratic spirit does hold good.

Of course Yale College, as everyone knows is way above anything savoring of professionalism and yet *Silent Murphy*, who is one of the big hits of the play seems familiar somehow. I would like to describe him for the benefit of those who haven't had an opportunity to see this man who came to college to take a course in "Art" with a dead sure prospect of making "centre" on the team. Take him at the Faculty reception, when lemonade just flows and all the girls are having the time of their lives and let me ask you to imagine Shevlin wearing a pair of number five shoes and a borrowed dress suit that might be a fair fit for "Shorty" Moses, and there you have *Silent Murphy*. But you must see him though to fully ap-

preciate the take-off. Both he and "Bub" Hicks, the greenest of Freshmen, who blossoms out by Thanksgiving in all the ways that Freshmen do in imitation of the upper classmen, make two very strong phrases of college life. Of course the author meant no insinuation in the naming of the character *Murphy*. It is not intended to satyryze our own "Mike." *Silent* would scarcely be a proper epithet to apply to him when we know how busy he keeps the Recording Angel with the credit side of the cuss word folio of the ledger.

The faculty is well represented. I don't want to make direct comparison but J. Beresford Hollis plays the part of *Copernicus Talbot*, a post-graduate tutor that reminds me of somebody. I'll leave it to the class though.

But the game itself! If we want to win this year from our worthy rivals, I advise having the team transported to the Garden Theatre to witness that third act. It's simply great. I expect we are going to win anyway but the scene can supply more nerve and pluck in the face of a game going against us than all the training table can do in a hundred years. And every man who intends to root for the team ought to see "The College Widow" too, for the whole audience is just carried away with every tackle and "two yards to gain" that is all going on behind the scenes (that's the remarkable part of it), just as if the game was actually in progress and the "Yaleses" (taking the liberty of transposing the name), have got the bunch with them. I was looking around for some Princeton money right there when the boys trotted out from the Club House for the second half. The score was 5-0 against them but they were full of sand. Then it gets exciting.

The hero, best of all, the half-back who in the last few moments of play, Dewit-like, breaks through the enemy's line, picks up the fumbled ball and runs for 110 yards for a touch down, is one of our own people, Frederick Truesdell, from away back in the "nineties" somewhere. You can see the Yale spirit sticking out all over him. Then comes a lull while we wait for the goal and the shout that goes up shortly after tells the story of the game 6-5 in our favor. Its time for the long cheer now and boys if you are ready we'll give it and nine Yales for Bolton and his 110 yard run and another for Miss Dorothy Tennant, the *College Widow*, who was responsible for winning this game even if she did lose her own heart. M.



Photo by Otto Sarony.

DOROTHY TENNANT.

She is the charming young woman who plays the title role in "The College Widow," and this is her latest pose.

Mary Ann," at Charles Frohman's Duke of York's Theatre, London, was yesterday engaged by cable by Mr. Frohman for the balance of the season in London. It is possible that Mr. Frohman will bring him back to America next season.

Madame Réjane will open her New York engagement in November with "La Parisienne," "La Passerelle," "Zaza" and "La Robe Rouge" will follow.

Around the Clock with the News.

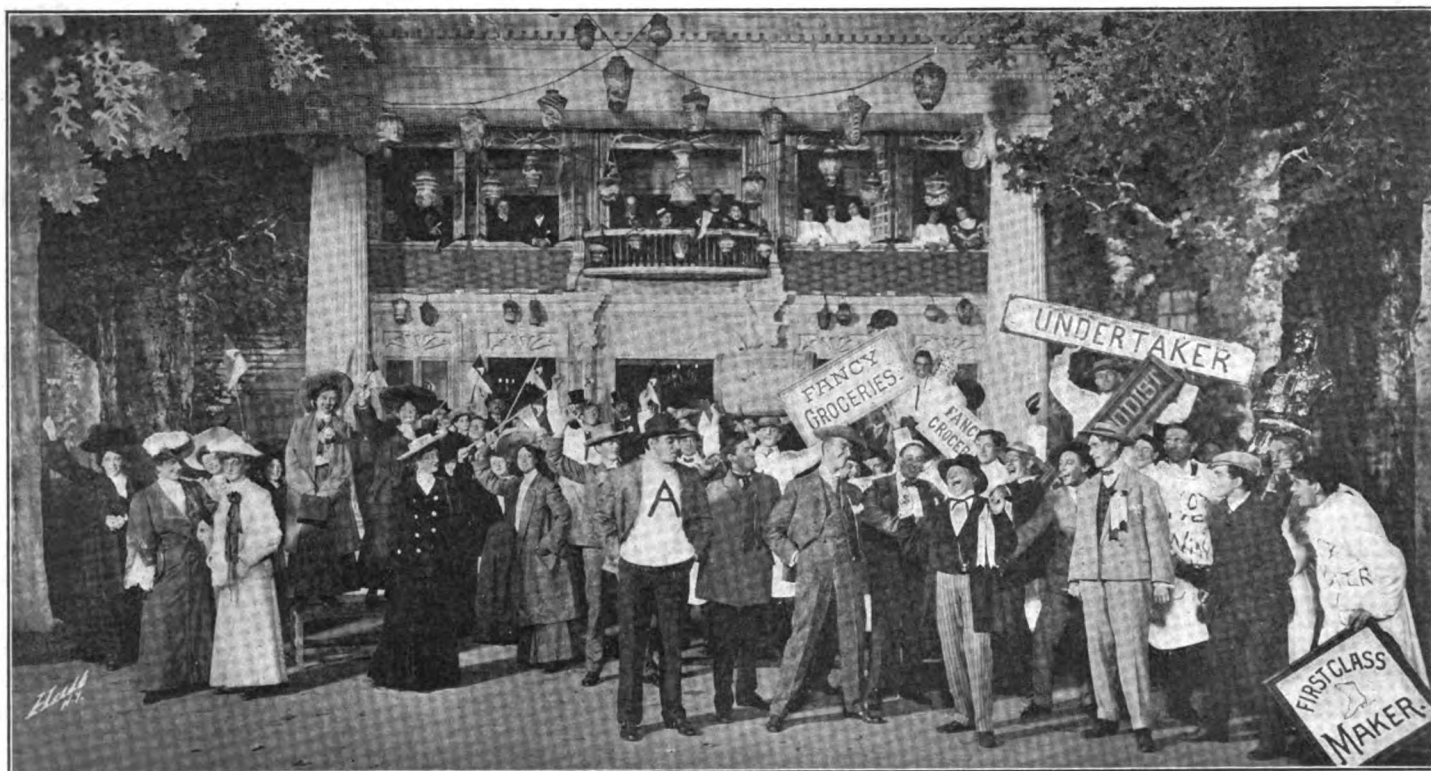
It could not have happened in Kentucky. Yet the physicians claim that twenty-five people, living in the district known as Stryker's Farm, between Tenth Avenue and the river, and Forty-fifth Street to Fifty-fourth Street, in this city, who died since September 28, owed their sudden departure to the consumption of whiskey manufactured in the basements of saloons in that territory. It has been ascertained that these same persons were known to have drunk whiskey, and it has been traced by means of bottles found in their apartments. They were regular drinkers, but surrendered to these particular brands of—not moonshine, but cellar-shine whiskey. No reports have been received from other sections yet, but there are those who aver that they have succumbed to the stuff offered across the polished bars of many cafes on Manhattan Island.

It is not generally known that Judge Parker once visited Europe, and that he is a student of Dickens, Scott and Thackeray. Some years ago he took a trip to Europe. The Continental cities interested him because they were wholly strange to him. But when he saw London he had an entirely different but a more interesting experience. Arriving at night, he put up

addition to the bill at the Paz Theatre. And she is a very clever performer. Mr. Levy has signed her for the Orpheum in about four weeks. She will become a favorite. There is a husband, Mr. Leopold, a disadvantage to a soubrette in Manila. Miss Gray is a serio-comic and balladist, and also a great dancer and worker in sketches." Poor Mr. Leopold!

Taking his cue from the Biblical story of Daniel and the lions, a clergyman of Buffalo has decided to encourage more marriages in his parish. The bachelors have been too shy altogether of late to suit the Rev. James F. McGlane, whose congregation is said to be the fashionable assembly of the lake city. Instead of a lion's den, he proposes to have a bachelor's den at his coming bazaar, and all the eligible young women are to be invited to see the bachelors, who are to have charge of it. The fact that they have been selected by the pastor is to be the guarantee that they are very proper persons, and the young ladies who are to be invited to call are to be considered of the same standard. Whether he will be a success as a matchmaker or not, the reverend doctor does not say, but the marriage dowagers are anxiously watching the progress of his campaign.

Harry Lehr and his dogs' pink tea has been outdone as a sensation by



GREAT SCENE IN "THE COLLEGE WIDOW," IN CELEBRATION OF THE FOOTBALL VICTORY.

at the Savoy. Early in the morning he was on top of a 'bus driving up the Strand. It was the first time he had been in London; yet he couldn't get the idea out of his head that he had seen it all before. It had a familiar look. The impression at first puzzled him. Then, according to his mental habit, he analyzed it, and the conclusion he arrived at was that London had grown familiar to him even before he had seen it from his reading of Dickens.

The author of the "Pickwick Papers" is one of his favorite writers, and among Dicken's works he prefers "Pickwick," ranking "Bleak House" next. The character drawing, the human sympathy, the strain of humors and the heart in Dicken's writings attract him.

Another feature of the new Colonial system which we have copied from our British cousins has developed. When our soldiers took up their residence in the Philippines, a necessity for some amusement for them arose, and naturally—variety being the spice of life—managers opened a vaudeville theatre at Manila. It seems however that the world is pretty much the same all over, for according to a dramatic notice just received, stage husbands are unpopular there as here, only the critic is rather more outspoken than he would be in New York. Speaking of one young woman who has made a hit, the editor says: "Miss Dora Gray is the only notable

the Sultan of Johore who is now in London. Instead of glorying any canine however, he has himself been the central figure of an incident about which all London is talking. The memory of Williams and Walker has been eclipsed as bediamonded bipeds. His Majesty possesses a wonderfully beautiful set of teeth, which he displays on every occasion, and he also rides about town in a gilded and crested automobile, the sides of which are empaneled with his many coats of arms. We are assured by careful and usually truthful writers that large lamps of many candle-power are not necessary at night when the Sultan goes out riding in the London fog. He has merely to part his lips and dazzle the cockneys with the diamonds in his frontal ridges of exquisite molars, and in their frames of gold they flood the atmosphere with brilliant light. The fashionables dread his appearance at the opera, all excepting Mrs. Bradley Martin and the members of the American Colony.

PORCUPINE.

Wilton Lackaye, under the management of William A. Brady, will play a starring engagement of 12 weeks, next summer, at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago. He will appear in "Othello," his own play, entitled "Jean Valjean"—from Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables"—"The Pit," "Trilby," "A Pillar of Society," "Children of the Ghetto," "The Middleman," "The Silver King," and "Charles O'Malley."

**JANE MAY.**

Sister of the beautiful Edna. Miss Jane, who plays the part of *Norma* in "The School Girl," has developed into a very clever actress. She is an excellent foil to her sister.

**THE ONLY EDNA MAY.**

In many respects the young American girl is an international celebrity. She has impressed the English so favorably that they have adopted her as one of their own daughters.

**MILDRED BAKER.**

A remarkably beautiful young woman of Charles Frohman's London company, who plays the *Mother Superior* in "The School Girl" at Daly's Theatre, supporting Miss May.

Society, clubland, the theatrical profession and the general public, which take deep interest in the trend of dramatic drift, are all curious about the remarkable engagement which Miss Edna May is now playing at Daly's Theatre. That such a keen judge as Charles Frohman should find it necessary to so change his original plans as to be compelled to arrange for an extended season for Miss May at the Herald Square Theatre is a very striking fact in managerial circles.

The real truth is that Miss May is much stronger than any person supposed, with the cream of society, and the large intellectual class who will pay any price demanded for a real good evening's entertainment.

And it is not because the young actress has been unduly featured or advanced by the artificial publicity used to advertise even the greatest stars. She has—if the expression may be permitted—won her spurs fairly and honestly. It is no longer the case of a pretty girl applauded from

patriotic motives, but an artist who can fill every demand made upon her in her present line of work. She has evidently studied hard, and has acquired methods of singing, acting, and an utter lack of self-consciousness and affectation which bode well for her future. It is doubtful if any actress in recent years has developed such progress, and much is to be expected from her.

Mr. Frohman is wise—if report proves true—to accede to Miss May's desire to devote her time and talent in future to straight comedy. She possesses all the attributes which it requires, and even if she were a less handsome girl, she has an archness and earnest style which will always interest. In company with such clever people as George Grossmith, Harry Blakely and Fred. Wright, she evinces an easy dramatic force and instinct which is very creditable. It will be a long time possibly before the public is again offered such a fine performance as "The School Girl." J. D. B.

**THE PRETTIEST SCENE IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL" AT DALY'S THEATRE.**

George Grossmith, Jr., as *Sir Ormsby St. Leger*, is singing "My Cosey Corner Girl" to Miss May. The song is an improvement upon the popular song "In a Cosey Corner," which has been public for some time, but the exquisitely-refined rendition by two such artists as Mr. Grossmith and Miss May make it the gem of the otherwise excellent production.

In the Shadow of Politics.

Whenever before have we had such a quiet and uneventful Presidential campaign? Certainly not during the present generation. And wise men regard it as a great omen of surprises. They argue that there has been a great public awakening, and that every voter not tied to a political machine will be influenced alone by his judgment as to what is best for the country. It would not astonish many of the leading thinkers if the large majority voted one way on the Presidential ticket and another upon their own individual State tickets. This revolution in opinion is chiefly due to the revelations made during the past few years of corruption in office, which has become commonly known as "graft." All eyes have been turned towards Missouri, where in the face of almost hopeless opposition, Joseph W. Folk has routed the combination which ran the State for its own benefit. This courage and success of principle over corruption has aroused other States in which a more or less similar condition existed. In New Jersey the Democrats, while hardly expecting to elect Parker electors, feel confident that Charles G. Black, the nominee for Governor, will be chosen. Indeed, if the entire National and State ticket should be elected



HUMOROUS INCIDENTS IN AUTOING.

Mr. Teste is here shown in putting a slipper on Miss Ashlyn after the Vanderbilt Cup auto race. Mr. Teste broke all the records up to 90 miles. Mr. Orth is seen on the right, and the two others are Messrs. de Machlins and Loughlin.

it will be due to the remarkable fight against railroad encroachment and irregularities in taxing corporations. Mr. Black is an authority upon taxation, and he would have been nominated for Governor years ago had it not been for the influence of railroad capitalists, who controlled the Democratic as well as the Republican party.

In New York State there is a feeling that Judge Herrick may pull through because of the exposures which have been made of the undesirable element, to say the least, which has fattened upon the public contracts, and which is now aptly described as Odellism. Judge Herrick is proving himself a very good candidate, and the State and city leaders are working very hard for his success; but the National headquarters people are entirely at sea, judging by the manner in which they are conducting the campaign. The difference between the methods of the National and city leaders may be quickly understood, when it is stated that the Tammany people are already deliberating upon their mayoralty campaign for next year. The literary bureau at Tammany Hall should be a model for all such organizations throughout the country. Unlike the annexes at National headquarters of the both parties, everything is cleanly managed by practical newspapermen. Alfred M. Downes, the Secretary of the Fire Department, who was secretary to Mayor Van Wyck, is in charge. Mr. Downes, who is a Yale graduate and a lawyer, has for many years been political editor of leading New York newspapers, and when he was asked by Tam-

many to take charge of the bureau, he went at the work just as a clever, practical newspaper man would. Consequently a lot of money will be saved, and he has organized as good a press service as there is in the country. And it may be remarked that his assistants are not ornamental, men drawing large salaries for doing nothing, but hard-working writers who know what to write about, how to write it, and then see that it gets published.

THE U. S. ARMY COSTS MORE THAN ANY OTHER.

Startling are the figures given by Senator Culbertson of Texas, to prove that President Roosevelt spends more upon his army than the monarch of any other nation. The Senator says:

"The total cost of the military establishment, exclusive of pensions, during the four years of President Roosevelt exceeds that of Cleveland by \$515,000,000.

"The War Department has furnished me a statement of the war budgets of Great Britain, France and Germany for the year 1903, including pensions, and I desire to insert at this point in the brief statement I am making these budgets from the War Department, to which I have added those of the United States for 1903 and the estimated expenses of the military establishment for 1905."

Statement of budgets of Great Britain, France and Germany during 1903:

GREAT BRITAIN.

Army—Ordinary budget.....	\$168,709,355.00
Navy—Ordinary budget.....	172,287,500.00
Total.....	\$340,996,855.00

FRANCE.

Army—	
Ordinary budget.....	\$131,348,048.00
Extraordinary budget.....	6,212,000.00
Navy—Ordinary budget.....	62,694,905.00
Total....	\$200,254,953.00

GERMANY.

Army—	
Ordinary budget.....	\$143,401,436.00
Extraordinary budget.....	16,082,267.00
Navy—	
Ordinary budget.....	23,367,048.00
Extraordinary budget.....	35,344,467.00
Total.....	\$218,195,218.00

GREAT BRITAIN.

Ordinary total budget (1903)—	
Army.....	\$135,424,355.00
Navy.....	172,287,500.00
Total.....	\$307,711,855.00

UNITED STATES FOR 1903.

War.....	\$118,619,520.15
Navy.....	82,618,034.18
Pensions.....	138,425,646.07
Total.....	\$339,662,200.40

UNITED STATES FOR 1905.

War.....	\$142,294,000.00
Navy.....	106,841,000.00
Pensions.....	138,152,600.00
Total.....	\$387,287,600.00

These figures were furnished by the U. S. War Department and are official.

What a difference between the Low and McClellan administrations! There was never any intimation that Mayor Low countenanced any corruption in any of the departments, but he did not believe that any man he had appointed would be guilty of corruption, which was alleged, and he did not remove any of them until public opinion forced him to do so. Not so with Mayor McClellan.

J. D. B.

Chicot's Vaudeville Review.

Almost as numerous as the reports of fresh acquisitions to the Keith circuit (and about as correct) are the declarations that this or that house is to be added to those controlled by F. F. Proctor. The two most frequently mentioned are the Auditorium, in Philadelphia, and the Boston Music Hall. Now these two have been offered Mr. Proctor as have many others outside the pale of Keith "Protection," but it may be authoritatively be said that none of these reports is correct. The terms upon which many of the leases have been offered have been most tempting at first glance, but Mr. Proctor is a business man and not a wild-cat speculator, and he does not care to take the initiative in a venture not assuredly profitable, nor lend the influence of his name to others who seek affiliation for schemes not financially sound. As the only manager controlling a number of houses in good territory who is not connected with the Keith schemes, Mr. Proctor could advance formidable opposition to the Keith combination. That he does not do so is due not to fear, but to the comfortable assurance that his present ventures are yielding an income more than sufficient, and the feeling that he has now earned the rest he is enjoying.

To seek opposition would mean a constant worry until the houses were firmly established and the return would not be sufficient to repay him for the expenditure of time and nerve force. He owns such of his theatres as are in the market, and in each he is presenting a form of entertainment best suited to the particular clientele to which the house appeals. His business is showing a generous and steady increase, and he is fortunate in having a well organized staff of executives. Under these circumstances Mr. Proctor is not going to engage in the present vaudeville wars for the benefit of others, and all stories concerning his leadership of a problematical opposition are pure fabrications.

In the past six months perhaps fifty houses have been offered to him upon various terms. To every one the same answer has been given. Mr. Proctor has been the owner or lessee of as many as eighteen theatres at one time, and not once has he failed to keep every obligation of the lease. Now he sees no reason why he should assume losing ventures for the cheap glory which comes from being at the head of a greater number of houses than he can conveniently manage, and unless some especially good offer comes from within the narrow boundaries of his compact circuit the present houses will be the only ones bearing the Proctor name.

The Keith people have again taken occasion to make themselves popular with the International Artisten Loge. Recently they took upon their circuit Willy Zimmerman, who last summer made a hit upon the Hammerstein roof. Zimmerman there developed an imitation of Oscar Hammerstein which made a hit there, and fared even better when he took it to the Williams and Proctor houses. At the opening matinee it was cut out at Keith's with no particular explanation. Not being intimately acquainted with the local conditions, Mr. Zimmerman probably does not realize that perhaps the imitation was cut because in a sense Hammerstein is one of the unregenerates in that he does not book through the Keith Association. To deprive a player of his best hit is a rather remarkable proceeding, and on the surface explainable only through the theory of jealousy or antagon-

ism. Both the Circle and the Fifth Avenue theatres, which are nearer the Hammerstein house, were glad to see the imitation making a hit. Why the Keith people, who have been left behind in the uptown march, should object is a mystery.

WILLY ZIMMERMAN IS THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE I. A. L. IN AMERICA.

Grace Gardner, of The New Coachman sketch, states that the professional stage manager who was supposed to have bettered the Cressy original, did not stage manage, and that the present version of the sketch is her own. Since the evidence appears to lie in her favor she should be given credit for having made a good sketch out of what was not in its original form better than a hack offering.

Hyde & Behman are credited with ambitions to have a circuit of their own. It is pointed out that Harry Williams' death in Pittsburg makes it possible to get the Duquesne, and Allen, having failed to interest Proctor, has offered them the Boston Music Hall. Brooklyn, Chicago, Boston and Pittsburg do not make a circuit; but there is a chance that Mike Shea might come in an association, with Behman instead of Pat Shea at the head, and there are others who will be more or less tired of Keith methods by the time the other houses are acquired. There is bound to be a revolt of some sort, and Hyde & Behman are well qualified to head it.

One of the best things in vaudeville this season is the "Very Grand Opera" which Gustave Kerker and R. H. Burnside wrote for the Lambs' gambols, and which was done at Proctor's last week by Charles K. Murray, Clara Lane, Hilliard Campbell, Leon Parmette and others. It is plenty Murray and Lane have done to vaudeville in the past, but they make splendid atonement. This is not only good music well sung, but it is one of the best travesties on operatic methods shown in a long time. An alarm of fire is given shortly after the curtain rises and it takes twenty minutes of solos and converted numbers to induce the occupants of the threatened apartment to flee, even the firemen dropping their hose to take part in the sextette. It is something really deserving of praise in generous measure.

The same cannot be said of Odette Tyler who is wasting time and opportunity in a sketch with neither rhyme nor reason. One-half of the audience does not arrive at an understanding of what it is all about, and the rest are sorry that they have. Miss Tyler is a clever actress and if she kills the man who wrote this sketch, and then plays it before a jury she will find

ready acquittal. She has a good support and all she needs is a vehicle suggestive of some sense.

Amy Stone is doing well enough with Pinero's "Love Will Find a Way." In this instance Miss Stone has the play but not the players. None of those who assist her seem to care whether they play well or not, and a dreadful scandal is suggested by the appearance of the young woman who plays the part of the daughter. As her mother is clearly of English origin, and her father's name is Butterworth, her clearly Semitic appearance calls for an explanation.

EPES W. SERGEANT (CHICOT).



LATINA.

This comely young woman is regarded in vaudeville as a remarkably clever acrobatic poseur and contortionist and she is well-known on the circuits.

Chatter in the Club Window.

The blow has fallen at last. Society has decided that in judging the appointments of an entry at horse shows, the hirsute appendages of the grooms must be considered; that is, that several points must be deducted from the good marks of an equipage, when the groom or manservant in charge wears a mustache. For many years the European custom of making a serving-man shave his face has prevailed here among the very smart people, but there were several of the old families which did not require their men to make this sacrifice. Under the rules which guided the judges at the smart Taconic Polo Club's show at Charter Oak Park, Hartford, the entry of L. E. Pike, while admittedly the finest in the class for pairs of horses and victorias, was denied the blue ribbon because the appointments were not up to the standard. An explanation proved that the only fault was the fact that the coachman and footman wore mustaches. The fashionable attendants were shocked, but the decision stood. The mustaches were counted as "appointments." Next!

Kaiser Wilhelm leads in the race for surprises. He has kept abreast of our own Theodore so far, but now it is announced that he drilled the ballet at the Imperial Opera House in Berlin. It is recorded that he ascended the stage and demonstrated to the dancers, who were needlessly frightened, exactly how they should pose; what movement they should make; what gestures properly to interpret the sentiment that inspired the composer of the ballet "Coppelia." But the music was not being played to suit His Majesty, so he took the baton from the conductor and led the forty musicians through a large part of the score of the Slavonic dance. Why, oh, why, does not a certain Personage of Washington come over and help Herr Director Conried? Already the hours of the ballet are stretching their lovely toes in the air in the practice room of the Metropolitan Opera House, where every passerby on the opposite side of Broadway may see them. But the Personage would need no baton—he would have his Big Stick.

In contradistinction to this happy little incident of city life, let us turn to the recent Charity Fete given by Mrs. Clarence Mackey at Harbor Hill, Long Island, where O. H. P. Belmont and Foxhall Keene acted as bartenders with real white coats and aprons and mixed drinks for the Four Hundred. Clarence Mackay, the hostess' husband, took the male visitors in charge after they had walked over the grounds and inspected things, and finally steered them into the "dive," as it was called, where the millionaire bartenders made up the cleverest kind of cocktails and sours for all who desired them. The other booths were deserted and the saloon was crowded. Mr. Belmont's valet followed him when he went behind the bar, and held a white jacket which he exchanged for his frock coat. They all had real fun and drank real whiskey. It was all real jolly and not a glass was broken.

Lady Beresford, formerly the Duchess of Marlborough, sailed for her English home after only two weeks' stay here. It is not yet known whether she succeeded in inducing the executors of the Hammersley will to provide for her son by Lord Beresford. Her claim that the fortune of her former first husband, Louis Hammersley, should be devoted to the maintenance of the son of her third spouse, is regarded with some amusement by the set in which she once shone as a beauty, but the staid lawyers to whom the proposition was submitted for advice were positively shocked out of their wigs. Settlements by courtesy are not uncommon in England, where estates are entailed, but are not popular yet in this democratic country. Otherwise the network of dowers for the children of divorcees would send even a Philadelphia lawyer into a sanitarium.

Nearly two million dollars a year, it is said, will be added to the income of William Waldorf Astor in consequence of his recent visit here. This is mostly because many of the old leases of the Astor estate have matured and new leases are being adjusted. The holder of the lease has been given the preference. It is doubted if the increases have been other than normal or anything near as large as those of other owners who have been benefited by the completion of the Subway. Then Mr. Astor has greatly improved some of his own property; built new hotels like the Astor; new apartment houses like the great Graham block on Seventh Avenue, above the Park, and in many ways advanced the character of neighborhoods. He may be unwilling to remain among us as citizens, but his independence does not go as far as refusing to accept the income which is raised by the industry and progressiveness of the people of New York. In the course of time we may presume that the heirs of Mr. Astor will pay us

similar visits, to collect the money which they need to live a life of ease and luxury abroad. Such a thing would have been impossible in ancient Rome, or even to-day in any monarchical country, without the payment of a greater tribute than the Lord of Astor has to pay. But, bless us, we are really easy.

RAOUL DE PUYSER.



Photo by Burr McIntosh.

LIDA McMILLAN.

In "The College Widow" the character of *Mrs. Prinley Dalzelle*, the professional chaperone, as played by Miss McMillan, stands out in strong contrast to the part of the star.

REHEARSING "GRANNY."

Mrs. Gilbert is rehearsing "Granny" at the Lyceum Theatre. The company includes William Lewers, Marie Doro, Dorothy Hammond, Frank E. Aiken, Sydney Rice, Jennie Riffarth, Olive Murray, Frank Brownlee, William Davenport, and Nellie Laurie. The play will be produced October 24th.

What Does Auto Racing Mean?

In canvassing the results of the great auto race for the Vanderbilt Cup, every side of the subject should be dispassionately and coldly considered. Public clamor should not be permitted to cloud any usefulness or good object which may have been accomplished, nor should enthusiasts be allowed to urge unfair advantages for their pet hobby. The only viewpoint to be seriously and permanently adopted is the value of the automobile as a means of rapid conveyance of passengers and freight from one point to another, without any danger to life, limb, or property. To a certain extent the general public is in the same position as the doubting members of England's parliament, when George Stephenson proposed to construct the first steam road in that country.

Again with the adoption of electricity for trolley roads, there was much opposition and loss of life before the citizens learned how to protect themselves from death in the swath of the surface cars. In course of time the new methods of travel became popular, and are now indispensable for rapid transit purposes. Coming down to the present moment, the latest form of electric travel has claimed the attention of the public, and now awaits a verdict as to whether a speed beyond the highest rate a locomotive can travel, shall be tolerated on the common highways. It may be that in years to come this will be as possible as trolley car travel is at present, and the automobile is undoubtedly at a disadvantage, because it has been recognized so far only as a means of pleasure for the rich and leisure class. Yet a vehicle which can be utilized at a

moment's notice, and will cover space at a higher rate of speed than the fastest locomotive, may under certain circumstances be preferred, because it can reach any point without special way for its exclusive use.

If the automobile does no other service by its demonstrations than to arouse the authorities who have the mapping out and construction of public highways that the time has arrived for proper provision for comfort, safety and speed, it will have done its share in progressive life. The accidental death of a chauffeur during the recent contest cannot be laid at the door of those who projected the race. It has been shown that it was a personal management of the auto which caused the fatality. The winner of the terrific struggle came out of the battle safe and sound. A fair and

unbiased judgment of the test indicates that on a clear roadway with obstacles and danger removed, the automobile could prove valuable if it was accorded the right of way privileges of a steam railroad.

George Heath, an American, driving a Panhard machine, covered the 300-mile course at an average of 52.37 miles an hour. He was followed by Clement, a Frenchman, in a Clement-Bayard car, one minute behind. The car speeded by Heath was for the Automobile Club of France. The 90-horse-power winner crossed the tape at 6-12, and finished first at 12-32-40. Heath's average for the race was 52.37 miles an hour. He is a man of wealth and before the race said that it was suicide to run at such high speed over such roads. His extreme caution may have had something to

do with the result. He has won many races in France, Italy and also in Germany.



JULIE OPP.

The beautiful wife of William H. Faversham, who is supporting him in "Letty" at the Hudson Theatre.

JOHN W. GATES APPRECIATES READY WIT.

Everybody who attends the performances of "The College Widow" enjoys a good laugh when, during the football game, one of the actors announces excitedly that a big bet has been made on the result.

"Who made that bet? John W. Gates?" asks another anxiously.

This sally always receives great applause and there have been occasions when the cheers lasted long enough to prove Mr. Gates' great popularity with the general public and college men particularly always cheer the remark.

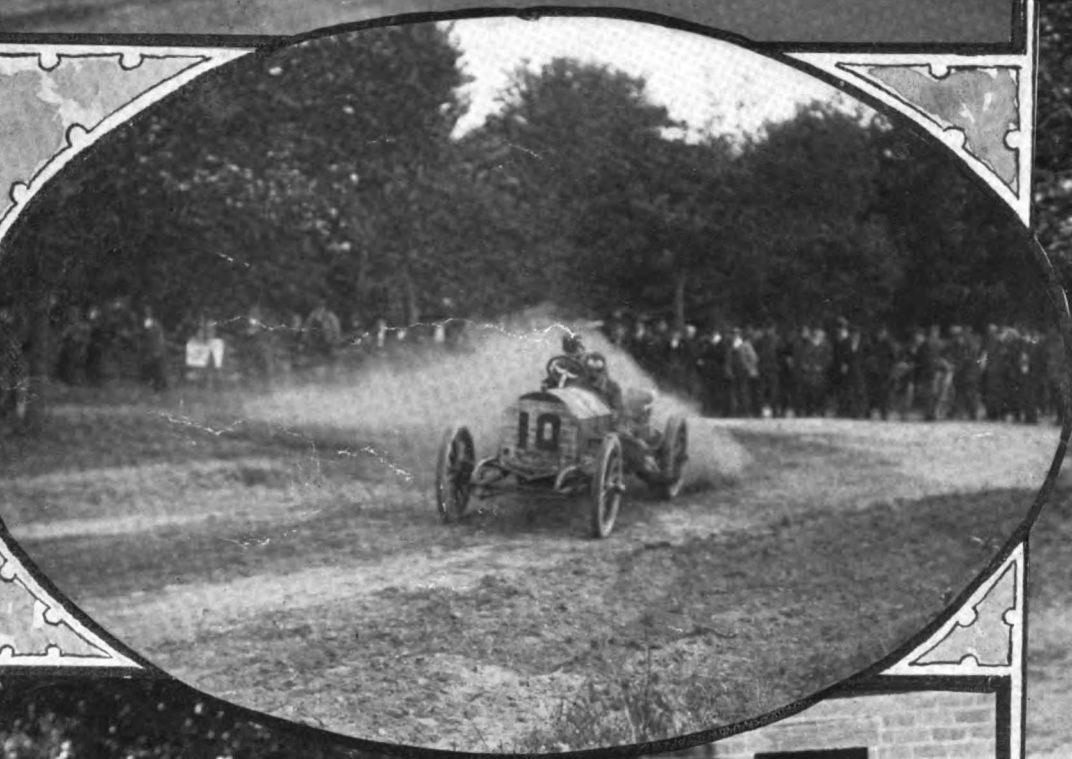
But few know how the good line crept into George Ade's libretto. On the opening night, Mr. Gates being a loyal first-nighter, was passing to his box, when one of the principal players espied his well-known personality and quick as a flash

he interposed the line: "Who made that bet? John W. Gates?"

The entire audience saw the point and cheered, and for the rest of the performance every opera glass in the theatre was levelled at Mr. Gates' box, and Mr. Gates enjoyed the joke as much as any one.

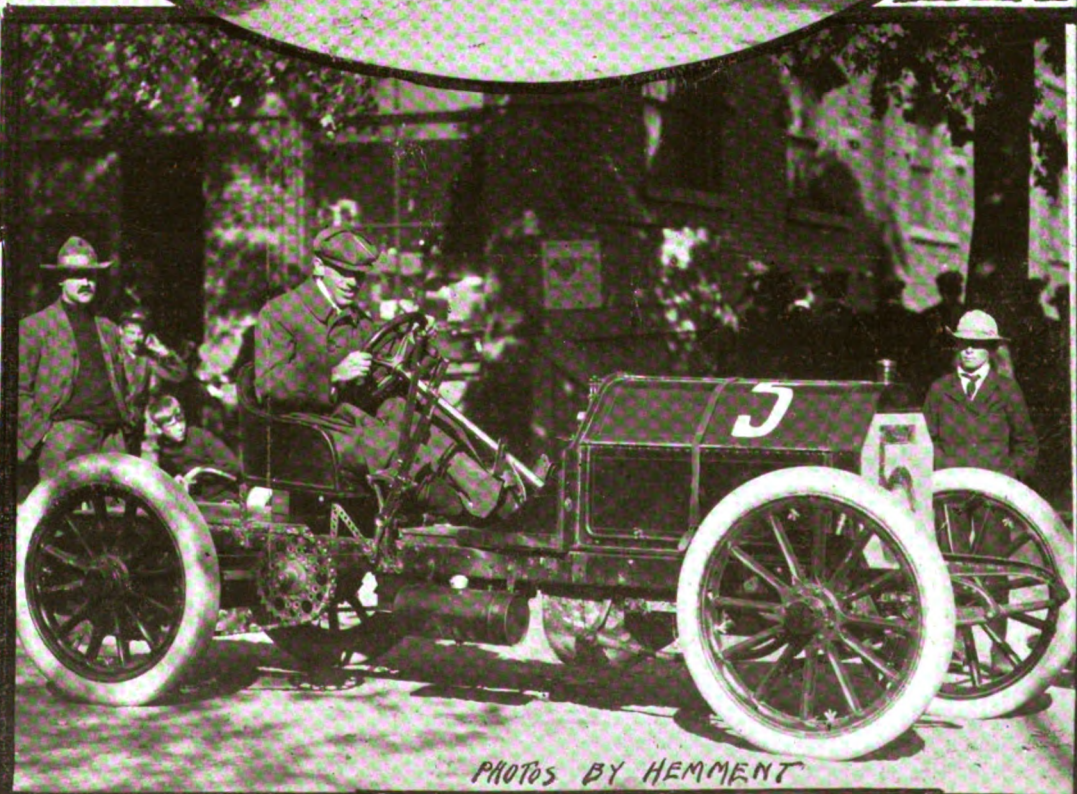
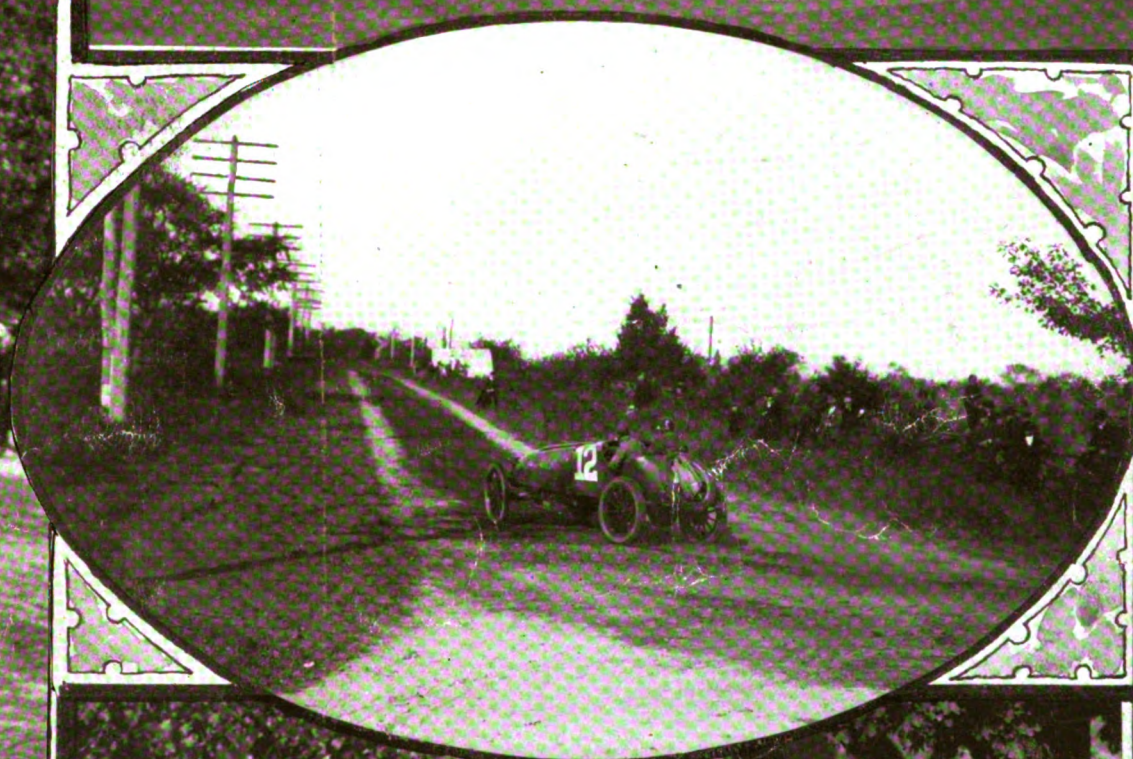
Grace Cameron despite the rumors that she is going on the stage as a solo star in vaudeville is going to do nothing of the sort at present. She is certainly going to star, but it is in comic opera, and—well wait awhile.

Daniel Frohman has secured for the Lyceum Theatre the American rights of A. W. Pinero's new comedy, "The Wife that Never Smiled."



From left to right on the top are: Hawley, in E. R. Thomas' car, doing great time; the crowd rushing to the spot where Wormser burst a tire; and Clement making a good turn at Bethpage Corner. In the b

UP WHICH WAS OF INTERNATIONAL INTEREST.



PHOTOS BY HEMMENT

el in hot pursuit of Campbell, second lap, at Bethpage corner. In the centre row are: Making the turn at Bethpage corner; Heath making his
ow are: Gabriel in his de Dietrich; Lytle finishing his third trip; and George Arents, Jr., in his car.

Dramatic Review of the Week.

"THE HARVESTER."

It is questionable, judging from a first night performance, if so rustic a title as "The Harvester," a "drama of the fields," as it is styled, even with the great name of Otis Skinner to go with it, appeals sufficiently to the dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker. "The Harvester" somehow gives suggestions of reaping and bringing in the sheaves, not even wild ones, and all that sort of thing that is not akin to automobiling or the strenuous life of cities. It does open up peacefully enough, a true touch of local color in French Canada with a royal setting of the harvest time and simple folks wandering about and dreaming mostly of crops, but some few of the ruling passion. It is the latter, however, that proves the greater strength and with it the play grows and becomes strong. While this adaptation of Jean Richepin's "Le Chimineau" is in itself a good play, full of strong emotions and here and there poetical sentiment, I doubt if it could ever be a success here without the truly magic touch that Otis Skinner puts to it.

A mere passing criticism is inadequate to do justice to the wonderful



Photo by J. Ellsworth Gross, Chicago.

EDWARD MARTEDEL.

His excellency Flai-Hai, the Sho Gun of Ka-Choo, in the new George Ade opera at Wallack's Theatre.

powers of this actor; but those who love art will go to the Lyric Theatre because, like the play, the name of "The Harvester" will grow. The audience plainly was not used to the ways of these simple folk—in fact, some of the love-making and intended dramatic situations almost caused a mirthful panic more than once. I doubt not, too, that many considered it monotonous to have one act following another to the extent of five—all of the rich farming lands of far-away Canada. It must have been expected that the good people would get down at least as far as Montreal for an act and engage in a few antics more in sympathy with the man-about-town. However, the audience responds when Otis Skinner strikes the sympathetic chord in the happy-go-lucky and thoroughly human character of the wandering vagabond known by all only as *The Harvester*.

The applause that came after the third act was generous and whole-souled. It was compelled not only by a superb piece of acting on Mr. Skinner's part, but because the sentiment of the scene reached the people.

The play was in the main well acted under the magnetic spell of the leader. Miss Lizzie Hudson Collier, as the fascinating *Toinette*, was buxom and blithe. She represented a woman of remarkable hold on youth. The hand of Time touched upon her very lightly after a lapse of eighteen years. She, too, frequently received well-earned applause, and in the first act a kiss that was truly a marvel for depth and displacement. That kiss was almost startling, especially in such a quiet pastoral spot as the first act presented. Miss Durbin and Miss Abbot both took their parts well. George Clark made a bit of an exaggeration as *The Seigneur*. It was a very timely thunderstorm that enabled *The Harvester* to work on his superstitious learnings and thus bring happiness to many interested parties. The strength of the play lies in the personality of the strolling gypsy harvester. He is rather too poetical, perhaps, for one such, but when in the last scene he is swayed between a love for those about him and the old longing for the joys of "the road," and finally decides on the latter, Mr. Skinner's "charms and powers" are brought out in the form of the highest art.

MRS. CAMPBELL, IN "THE SORCERESS."

Mrs. "Pat" Campbell was in her element in the Victorion Sardou drama, "The Sorceress," in which Sara Bernhardt scored such a success both in Paris and London. Mrs. "Pat" has a natural fondness for dramatic situations both on and off the stage, and this one too has the additional advantage of giving her, as the heroine *Zoraya*, an unusual opportunity for displaying her arms and shoulders, of both of which this celebrated actress has good right to feel the importance. Her gowns, while not many in number, owing to the quick action of the play spread over five acts, are dazzlingly rich and luxurious creations wrought from silver and gold and precious stones, and her palatial oriental quarters, the home of the Sorceress, are perfumed with myrrh, aloes and cinnamon. The five different scenes are fascinating mosaic pictures, both in the stage settings and the life which fills them, in the brilliant coloring in which Sardou loves to paint.

As to the play—for there is a play of course—we are transported back to the good old days of 1507, in the time of the Spanish Inquisition. The fair Moorish enchantress, she is wondrous fair, falls in love with a Christian nobleman, *Don Enriquez de Palacion* and he with her, though not too desperately, since he marries complacently *Joana*, the daughter of the Governor of Toledo. This makes a complication right away, for jealousy is bound to crop out under such circumstances and it carries terrible havoc in its path this time. Murder and trials and tortures and hypnotic trances, and finally a beautifully executed double billed suicide, just cheating an execution, all combine to bring our imaginations up to a lively pitch. Mrs. Campbell does it well too. She has studied deep in the art of acting it is plain to see. Guy Standing, playing the part *Don Enriquez*, intended, evidently, to be a forerunner of the twentieth century, was Guy Standing. The two women brought to trial for witchcraft, Alice Butler and Gertrude Coghlan, called forth applause, and the latter was given the opportunity for a fine bit of acting which she accepted. The time of the play is not always easy to imagine. There are parts that might well be mistaken for the days of King David—but what does that matter? Its another great Sardou drama and Mrs. "Pat" Campbell is in it and naturally everybody is going to see it.

"THE SHO-GUN."

I thought it was about time for another Japanese comic opera to strike this town, for ever since the melodious "Mikado" started a taste for this kind of thing, the theme has been pretty well worn and the music has descended from generation to generation. In spite of much reported success in other cities, I feared this might be the case with "The Sho-Gun," but I was most agreeably disappointed. True it is, of course, that George Ade doesn't write anything below par nowadays, and throughout the whole two acts of this musical piece the really brilliant wit of our latest recognized playwright is plainly to be seen. In some cases it is too keen for the audience even. "The Sho-Gun" is not strictly Japanese, being of Korean construction, although the Island of Ka-Choo, on which the action takes place, is a very small speck on the map, right off Korea, somewhere in the Sea of Japan. The piece, though, is entertaining and amusing from the start to the finish. While it cannot lay claim to many airs that are termed "catchy," the music is good and exceedingly well rendered. The plot is simple and original. George Ade has the genius of constructing his plays out of the finest thread of a plot. The Yankee promotor in foreign lands that he introduces is a stage character that has become pretty well played out, but in this case, with such able assistance as Charlie Evans gives to the part of *Spangle*, the successful promotor of "Goo Goo Chewing Gum," it is given entirely new life. His sayings

Georgia Caine as a Society Woman and in Stage Character Dress.



Photos by Marceau, New York.

This talented young woman plays *Omeo-Omi* in "The Sho-Gun." She has within a few years won her way to the front rank of leading women in musical plays, since she left the convent walls. It is a well-known professional secret that Georgia Caine is loved by every man,



woman and child who is acquainted with her. She is of a very sympathetic nature, whole-souled, serious and brilliant in private life. Her success in every play in which she has taken part causes a demand for her services. On Broadway she is an especial favorite.

throughout are bright and strictly up to date. *Spangle* is in search of ancestors. He needs them. He had some, but they were misplaced. Having made his wealth out of "Goo Goo," the next desire of the Yankee is to get into society. He falls in by chance with *Omeo-Omi*, widow of the former *Shogun*. Owing to a peculiar custom regarding royal marriages in Korea, she has never even seen her late husband. Another custom they adhere to is that in such cases the bereaved one must offer herself as a sacrifice, the method being that at sunset the gates of the city are closed and the victim is left outside. "Then the tigers come down from the hills" and devour her. Widowers are, I believe, exempt from this rule. *Spangle*, by shooting the tigers at this very critical moment, gets into trouble by interfering with royal decree. The atmosphere is entirely cleared for him, however, in the second act by his clever introduction of all sorts of promotion schemes and operations in high finance. The natives bite readily enough, which enables *William Henry Spangle* to maintain his position and make a big successful *coup* in the bargain. Miss Georgia Caine played well the part of *Omeo-Omi*. David Torrence, resembling a giant boll-weevil in the first act, as *General Kee-Otori*, fills cleverly a very usual comic opera role. Christie MacDonald, always a favorite in such parts, sang extremely well and was very charming as *Princess Hunni-Bun*.

The stage training was noticeably good. George Marion is responsible

for this. I predict "The Sho-Gun" will be popular and enjoy a long run at Wallack's.

"JOSEPH ENTANGLED."

One must begin to believe that "the things we enjoy are not good for us," if we are to take a general view of the entanglements that involve the foremost figures in the large majority of the plays that have come to New York this year. Even though the participants in the joys are quite innocent of any wrongdoing, as in the case of *Joseph*. *Joseph* is not *Joseph Chamberlain*, although he is made up near enough like him for a resemblance, but simply *Sir Joseph Lacy*, a man of taste and refinement and a record for gallantry among the opposite sex, and, no doubt in the world, he did enjoy his little chance breakfast with *Lady Verona Mayne*, under her husband's own roof, after passing the night there, although each other's presence was quite unknown to the other. Henry Arthur Jones has used this theme for building his latest comedy and may be congratulated on making a very clever little play out of it. The idea brings to view an adventure among London's smart folks which, though accidental and not involving anybody's honor at the beginning, leads to an almost serious affair. The way in which Mr. Jones formed his plot, with simple and natural situations and clever light dialogue in the two scenes of the first

act, which is certainly very droll, must have made him pleased with himself even. It was assuredly pleasing to any one appreciative of this kind of art. But "*Joseph Entangled*" has, before the play is finished, to be *untangled*, and in this the whole action is made to revolve around the one thing—the incident of the chance breakfast which not only *Joseph* but *Lady Verona* enjoyed quite thoroughly and innocently. *Lady Verona's* husband, who takes an entirely different view of the affairs, gets quite worked up over it—after it all comes out through the clubs and the servants and a destable old cat living across the way. *Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lavender* happen to call at the *Mayns* residence that morning quite by chance, about breakfast time. Frederick Tiden, as *Lavender*, made an excellent thing of this part, that of a rather helpless and hopeless member of London society. These two worthy people agreed to keep the affairs entirely quiet on account of the lady's honor being so sadly at stake. Laura Crews, *Mrs. Lavender*, did a clever bit in the second act where every one is calling on *Joseph* at his apartments, either to take a hand in the scandal or to get out of it, as in this case.

Mr. Stanley Dark graced the part of *Jermyn Pyscroft*, a London club man and Walter Allen was a good *Prof. Tofield*, *Sir Joseph's* uncle. It is a pleasure indeed to welcome Henry Miller back especially in a role he

action was the accepted standard down to the present modern ideas, from which, as we well know, many an adaptation is taken direct from the French for both English and American plays.

"*Le Bossu*" was the first play presented, which interpreted means "*The Hunchback*." In view of the fact that all these strangers were far from home and their own environment, it was creditably rendered. Mr. Jean Dulac is an actor of no small ability and his efforts were warmly appreciated by his audience. Many other players were worthy of mention, and it is my intention to give the French plays more careful review next week, which I am obliged to forego now for lack of space. I am bound to say, however, that as acting is an art that can be understood in any language, those who appreciate it will make a point of seeing some of these plays even if they do not understand a line in French. It is the spirit that appeals in a case like this.

VAN RENSSELAER.

THE IRVING PLACE OPENING.

Heinrich Conreid inaugurated the season's opening of the Irving Place on Thursday, October 6th, with a fine production of a new play for New York audiences—"Zein Princesschen." The gala night however occurred on the Monday following when in commemoration of the 100th an-



Photo by Burr McIntosh.

JOSEPHINE KARLIN.

One of the sweet faced girls who will tell all their troubles to William Raymond Sill in the Lew Fields Stock Company. Other managers do not blame the girls but they envy Sill.



Photo by Roe and Bishler. N. Y.

HELEN GRANTLEY.

She is the star of the company playing "*Her Lord and Master*" on the road. It was the piece in which Herbert Keiley and Effie Shannon appeared at the Manhattan Theatre in this city.



Photo by Windeatt, Chicago.

GEORGIE BARON.

Lew Fields is evidently determined to have beauty well represented in his new stock company. Miss Baron will be in the front row of the charming bevy of girls at the new theatre.

takes up as naturally as *Lacy*. It is a new departure for him after recent years of more serious vein but we like him in this play because he is almost the only one who does not get serious when we are led to expect pure comedy. That is the only comment I would make on this charming, clever, little play—they all grow very serious, and in the second act the droll situation is a trifle prolonged. Miss Hilda Spong played *Lady Verona* with spirit and, except at times over serious, with a fine conception of the part. "*Joseph Entangled*," is another play that is bound to become popular.

THE FRENCH PLAYS.

The American Theatre has put on a complete change of theatrical attire during the past week, for in place of thrilling episodes of melodrama we are having there for four weeks the delights of real French comedy by French actors. This works a change in the clientele of the American. I sincerely trust that Mr. Leon Meyer's venture may meet with the success it merits. It is to be remembered that French comedy has long held high distinction for clever action and an inborn conception of true wit. Back of it is a training school of years, even centuries, of acting, from the times when the unity of time, unity of place and unity of

niversary of the death of the great Schiller, the first of a series of revivals of his works which are being produced in the Fatherland, was given in a magnificent performance of "*Maria Stuart*." In this New York welcomed three new stars, Margarete Ruhmkorf, of the Hoftheatre at Weimer, played the part of *Maria Stuart*. She is a beautiful and most talented and cultured young woman and assumes the role ideally. We may almost imagine the Queen Martyr herself is before us.

Max Freiburg from the Hoftheatre of Stuttgart as *Leicester* acquitted himself nobly and no less could be said of Paul Hagemann, from Hanover, in the role of *Mortimer*. All these stars display a fine sense of dramatic fervor and intense interest in their art.

AMUSEMENTS IN BROOKLYN.

The Brooklyn theatres are offering some good plays this week. Mr. Herndon is presenting at the Park the big scenic melodrama, "*The Lighthouse by the Sea*," with Col. Harry B. Bradley as the "keeper of the light." "*The Earl of Pawtucket*" comes from Manhattan to the Broadway, and the tuneful "*King Dodo*" is at the Folly. A full list of all the attractions there will be found on another page of BROADWAY WEEKLY.

Music and its Composers.

Schumann-Heink treasures as her most precious souvenir of the opening performance of "Love's Lottery" a handsomely bound score of the opera, containing portraits of the authors and autographs of her company. This copy was made especially for her by M. Witmark & Sons, publishers of the opera, and is the only one of its kind in existence.

"Fantana," the new opera by Robt. S. Smith & Raymond Hubbell, in which the Shubert Brothers are starring Jefferson De Angelis at the head of a notable company, is a success at the Garrick Theatre, Chicago, and is coming to one of the Shuberts' New York theatres.

"A China Doll," by Harry B. and Robert Smith, with music by Alfred Aarons, which had a satisfactory try-out in Philadelphia last summer, will be put on for a Chicago run in November, with a company including Corinne, Irene Bentley, Helen Royton, William H. MacDonald, late of "The Bostonians"; Albert Hart, George Boniface and Arthur Cunningham. There is also a new "pony ballet," imported from London expressly for this production.

"Baroness Fiddlesticks," the new opera composed by Emile Brugiere, the young California millionaire, book by George De Long, is in rehearsal under direction of Al. Holbrook, and will be ripe for production early next month. The score will be published by the Witmarks.

The ballad hit of Dockstader's minstrel show at the Herald Square Theatre is Fay & Oliver's now famous song, "Good-night, Beloved, Good-night," as rendered by Grace Weller.

Dave Reed, Jr., is credited with two of Witmarks' biggest song-hits of the season, namely, "Lucy Linda Lady," which is featured in "The Girl from Kays," and "Listen to the Big Brass Band."

"The Girl Who Cares for Me," Gus Edwards' latest humorously sentimental song, is proving equally popular with comedians and ballad singers.

There is a remnant of rag-time in "Bessie, I Love But You," by Alfred Anderson and Will Dickson, but it is only a remnant. "Blackeyed Baby" and "My Brow Skinn'd Lady" are at their limit, if they have not



PETER J. DAILEY.

The rotund comedian whose inimitable personality has attracted a large following. He is typical of Broadway and is now with the Klaw and Erlanger forces.

been for some time. "Baby Mine" and "Moon do Shine" are also out of date. However, "swans sing before they die," and this may be, and charitably will be, the very last of rag-time.

Lyle Gardner, with Vogel's Minstrels, is featuring "Good-bye, Little Girl, Good-bye."

"When the Organ Starts to Play," by two authors—and who do you think they are?—James T. Powers and Ed. P. Moran, while the music, waltzed out by Seymour Furth, is all right, as it must be. The organ starts out with a capital "O" in the chorus, but that is only to be expected. This is a catchy song and—that's about all.

"'Cause I Only Had a Quarter to My Name," by Frank Abbott and Nat Osborne, is an out-of-date song, in which the words are better than the music.

"When We Were Sweethearts, You and I," words and music by Sid J. Mullin, with an Andante Espressivo, makes one ask oneself if some of these songs are ever produced in respectable form. Professional copies are all right, all right, but was it really worth while to produce this piece in a really respectable form? It may not have been, as only the professional copy is before us, but it certainly was not worth while to go very far ahead with such a ditty.

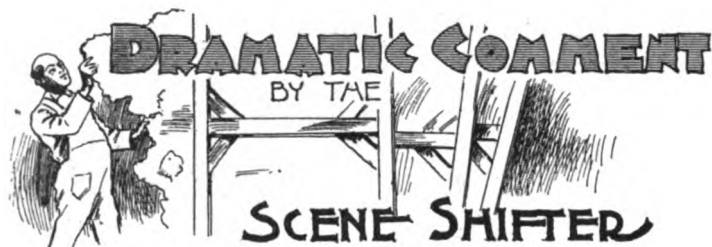
"I'm Longing for You, Sweetheart, Day by Day," words by Wakefield Smith, and music by James W. Casey, is a pretty ballad, and, if it hadn't been for the rhyme of "September" and "remember," would have passed muster without a word. The music is very respectable, and there need be no captious criticism over it.

THE DRUMMER BOY.



CHARLES W. HAWTREY.

He has resumed a starring engagement in "A Message from Mars," which is one of the greatest of modern comedy successes.



In proof that good times are not at an end, and that the amusement managers are building on the assurance that the public wants to spend money to be amused, we have to point to the unusual variety of entertainment that New York is now offering or promises for the very near future. In addition to the standard long list of plays running over all classes of the drama and no falling off in the vaudeville entertainments, many of them quartered in new and lavishly constructed playhouses, we have in view an interesting season of Grand Opera, a *repertoire* of standard French plays in that language, a thoroughly organized and trained school of burlesque, the Shakespearean drama, an up-to-date minstrel show of the first water, "Parsifal" in two languages, a musical programme of unusual talent, the greatest of Drury Lane spectacular shows, a renowned French star and other attractions that are novelties, to say nothing of Bernard Shaw and one or two winter circuses. Never has this great city come forth in such a profusion of attractions, all magnificently appraised. It seems as if the only thing lacking were a colossal Uncle Tom's Cabin Co., with a triple bill of *Evas*, *Topsy*s, bloodhounds, etc., etc., to make the circuit absolutely complete.

* * *

It has been announced that Madame Calvé is to be accorded the creation of a new character on the operatic stage, that of *Amica*, in Mascagni's new opera of that name. The piece has been purchased by Chandeus, who has already made a fortune from his purchase of "Faust" from Gounod for \$2,000. "Amica" will first be produced at Monte Carlo, before being seen at Paris, sometime in March. Musicians, who are in a position to pass judgment say that Mascagni has surpassed his famous "Cavalaria" in the music and arrangement of this new opera.

* * *

When "The School Girl" removes October 24th from Daly's to the Herald Square Theatre, it will be succeeded by "The Cingalee," the new and original musical play produced last March by Mr. George Edwardes, at Daly's Theatre, London. This is the latest of the very interesting series of English musical pieces, which includes "The Geisha," "San Toy," "The Country Girl," and the production will surpass in elaboration any of the other works, its locale, Sunny Ceylon, lending itself admirably to the most picturesque effects in scenery and costumes, while the cast will include favorites of Mr. J. C. Duff's earlier productions, and the principal comedy part, a unique character likely to prove a distinct novelty in the line of comedy creations, will be played by Mr. William Norris, who will surely give a good account of himself.

* * *

Miss May Irwin will be seen at the Bijou, New York City, commencing November 7, in her production of "Mrs. Black Is Back," a comedy by George V. Hobart, author of the "John Henry" stories. It is said to provide her a happy medium for a return to the stage after a two years' rest. Miss Irwin has long been one of the most popular comedienues in America, and was the first to raise the coon song to an acceptable level. She will sing two of her own songs during the course of the play. They are "I'm Worried to Death about That" and "Dat Ain't Nothin' but Talk." Both the words and the music of these two numbers are by Miss Irwin herself. In addition to these, Miss Irwin has a whole evening's budget of real coon songs. One is "Bible Stories," by Al. Johns, author of "Go Away Back and Sit Down." Others are "Dinner Bells," "In the Shadow of the Pyramids" and "Bygone Days Are Best." Miss Irwin has gathered to her support the following clever people: Al. S. Lipman, Edgar Atchison-Ely, John G. Sparks, Nick Long, Arthur Sanders, Charles Lane, Roland Carter, Johnny Johnson, Charles Church, George A. Nichols, Al. Johns, William Sutton, William Price, Jane Burby, May Donohue, Frances Gordon, Vira Rial, Beatrice Grenville, Madeline Anderton, Lillie Lawton, Gertrude Taylor, Evelyn Wade, Kate Gotthold and Dorothy Banes. Miss Irwin's retirement from the glare of the footlights is reported to have done her a world of good. The old force and vivacity have returned, and all of her old and new friends may depend upon an entertainment which will be as good as ever.

HENRY E. DIXEY AT THE BERKLEY LYCEUM.

At the Berkley Lyceum, a young woman in black tights whose name does not appear on the programme (a fact which she mentions in her introductory speech) requests at the opening of the performance that critics will check their hammers at the coat room. Criticism is thereby forestalled.

The perennial Mr. Dixey furnished a large part of the evening's entertainment, introducing the sudden translation from youth to extreme age at which he is so skilled and with which we are familiar. It is unfortunate that he did not employ the famous legs, which are as shapely as ever, to greater advantage, for their only labor was to trip through the minuet in his first number. In his second, "Over a Welsh Rarebit" he enacted the aged clubman very happily.

The remainder of the performance by Mr. Dixey's company was a cross



CARMELINA.

She is the youngest and most recent of the Spanish dancers, and the prettiest that has yet visited us from Old Castile.

between an inferior music hall show and a "drawing room entertainment," partially redeemed by the clever impersonations of Miss Violette Dale and the singing of Miss Annette Packbiers. The whole finished with a one act play, "Agatha Dene," in the style of those exhibited by the pupils of Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft, which formerly held the stage at this theatre.

Mr. Dixey announces in his program that he is making a "pronounced departure" from ordinary theatrical methods. But whether this will appeal to the cultured class for whom it is intended, remains to be seen.

The prospectus is unfortunately reminiscent of the ill-fated play house of Mrs. Osborne.

J. C.

Since the above was written the theatre has been closed.

Work on the Great Hippodrome.

Several hundred men are busy blasting, excavating and laying foundations in one part of the block on Sixth Avenue between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Streets, while other artisans are already building up the structure which is to shelter the new great Hippodrome of Thompson and Dundy and the various classes of performances they intend to offer the New York public, beginning in January next.

The Thompson of to-day is a greater showman in his day and generation than Barnum was in his; and few who stop to watch the giant cranes and army of workmen know that the bright-eyed young man who is responsible for the project may be seen on the ground at all hours. He may be in the rigging telling some men how to accomplish some difficult piece of work, or he may be caught superintending a crowd of bricklayers, but he works harder physically than any dozen men on the contract, not to speak of the great mental strain which he is under. If anything is wanted Mr. Thompson does not wait until it is brought, but he jumps into a red-devil of an automobile, always in readiness, and goes and hustles things along.

Now the question is, who was responsible for the erection of the pyramids of Egypt, the Temple of Solomon and the famed hanging gardens of Babylon? There is a theory that Fred. Thompson is a reincarnation, and that he lived in those days and has come to earth again, to do some more wonderful feats in the line of building. The most hopeless derelict who has abandoned all expectation of ever amounting to anything in this life will feel as if charged with the elixir of a new life after he has talked to Mr. Thompson for a few minutes. He could convince J. Pierpont Morgan to turn over his vast fortune to him. If you do not believe, listen to his tale, and it is not an Arabian Night yarn either:

"You would not think that mass of bricks and mortar would be ready by the end of the year, as you see on the billboards. Maybe, you're right. I fancy myself that about the end of January will find us in our new building. Anyhow sometimes it seems as if we would never get in. However, we are ambitious and we never give up.

"Now, of course, all of you think that this is going to be a circus. I don't mean what you mean, but to be serious, this is not going to be a circus in the strict meaning of the term. It is going to be a circus only in that it will introduce circus acts. We are going to have musical extravaganzas, and on that we will stake our reputation. It is probable that our first venture will show how a Yankee circus goes to Mars. That is new, isn't it, and won't interfere with even Chas. Hawtrey and his trip to the same place. The second half of our entertainment will be purely dramatic, and very dramatic at that, for it will introduce all of our horses. That's where the circus will come in. Possibly we may have side shows, but—wait a minute, and come and see the model of our stage."

Mr. Thompson led the way to a little work-shop at the back of the building, and exhibited a representation of what the inside of the Hippodrome will be.

"You see," said he, "there will be two promenades, and smoking rooms, and heaps of fire escapes. You will further observe that the stage is entirely operated by hydraulics. The scenery is all swung in from the side, and it is all on iron. There is a double proscenium, and two rings with a tank. I believe we shall be able to seat about 5,500 people.

"We cater for, or are going to cater for, the masses, which we think are over here at all events ninety-five per cent. of the people. They will have our attention, and for their special benefit we will offer our entertainments.

"Concerning the side shows, if we have many, drop curtains will be so arranged that, while the other entertainments are going on, the former will be entirely obliterated. You know it is very hard exactly to say what we are going to do and what we are not going to do at this length of time. Every day brings forth some new idea, and we are only too glad to listen to anything which will add to our enterprise—yes—even if it does put some

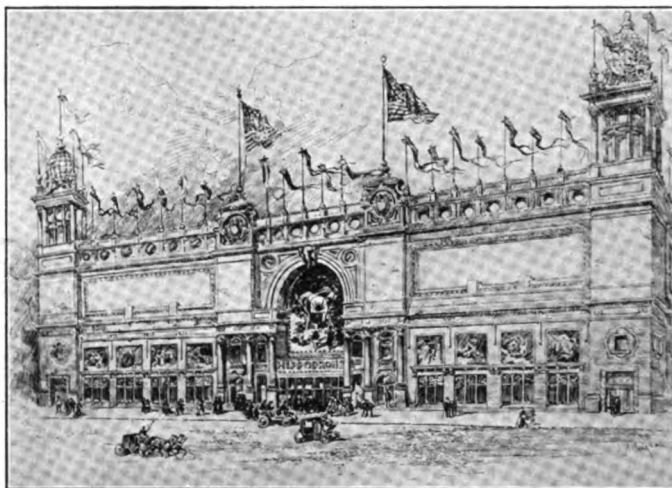
money into someone else's pocket. I mentioned this fact about the side shows because we intend to have our performance quite sequential, if we can. We—but what's the use?—wait and see. No one wishes to give away his plans rightaway.

"Uptown we hope to have a great big Park scheme. We want a grand out-of-door spectacle. We trust, too, to have it a little different to Luna Park in that we wish it to be on one idea. That means to say we wish, if possible, to do away with the side shows, at all events, in this particular place.

"I suppose I could go on all day telling you what we are and what we are not going to do, but let me sum it up in this way: Our seats will range from 25 cents to \$1.00, so that every one will be or ought to be satisfied. We have our own staff in every department, and—well, you may have heard this before, but it is as well to bring it up again—we are going to have English girls for ushers. I don't know whether this scheme will work. Anyhow it is a novelty, and, under the matron from the Palace Theatre, London, I trust it will turn out all right.

"I fancy that is about all I can tell you at present. Look around, if you please, but be careful you don't get yourself into a mess. This place is as bad as behind the scenes."

And away went Mr. Thompson with the final remark that he thought the idea of having the outside of the Hippodrome decorated with elephants' tusks decorated with electric lights was rather natty. No doubt, and so is the entire scheme.



This picture shows how the new Thompson & Dundy Hippodrome, at Sixth Avenue and Forty-third Street, will look when completed.

The building will be 200 feet⁺ by 240 along Sixth Avenue front, and 72 feet high. The stagehood will be 110 feet high, and the latter between walls will measure 195 feet. The full depth of the stage is to be 104 feet; and the water stage is to be 106 feet by 62 feet. The proscenium arch will be 104 feet wide, and the length 44 feet. Seating capacity for 5,200 will be provided. There will be a main floor, balcony and gallery, and the main entrance will be 60 feet wide. Two promenades 200 feet long will be features of the building, and the smoking room will measure 45 feet by 196. The two cafes will be 54 by 65 feet. L. T. H.

NINA DAVID'S DEBUT HERE.

The first musical event of importance outside the operatic stage is announced for Monday evening the 24th inst., when Robert Grau introduces Madame Nina David at Carnegie Hall. This event is one that has been looked

forward to in the musical world of New York, as Madame David has been much talked about abroad as a soprano of remarkable powers. The arrangement for the evening follows:

1—Overture Tannhäuser, Wagner, New York Symphony Orchestra. 2—Aria "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix" (Samson et Delila), Saint-Saens, Miss Elaine de Sellem. 3—Concert Variations, Anton Hegner, Mr. Anton Hegner. 4—Recitative and aria "Infelice sconsolata" (The Magic Flute), Mozart, Madame Nina David. 5—Concerto G. minor, Max Bruch, Mr. Maurice Kaufmann.

Second Part: 1—(a) Ase's Death, (b) In the Hall of the Mountain-king (from Peer Gynt suite), Grieg, New York Symphony Orchestra. 2—Aria "Lend me your aid" (The Queen of Sheba), Gounod, Mr. George W. Jenkins. 3—(a) Chants Russes (Lento du Concerto op. 29), Lale; (b) Dance of the fairies, Popper, Mr. Anton Hegner. 4—Charmant Oiseau (la Perle du Bresil), F. David, with flute obligato by Mr. Edwin A. Franklin, Madame Nina David. 5—Duet from "Il Trovatore," Verdi, Miss de Sellem and Mr. Jenkins. 6—Cortege de Bacchus (Ballet "Sylvia"), Deslibes, New York Symphony Orchestra. Conductor—Mr. Rudolph Von Scarpa.

"Cupid and Company," under the management of J. Fred. Zimmerman, Jr., will have its first performance on Nov. 14, at Wilkes-Barre, Pa. After the holidays the production will come to New York. The book is by E. Tracy Sweet, the music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Already engaged for prominent parts in the piece are Junie McCree, Hughey Dongherty, Herbert Carr, Edouard Durand, Walter Dyett, Gertrude Millington, Blanche Remington and Florence Young.

In the Glad-Hand Country.

Pinky Panky Pooh tore to shatters the criticisms of "The Sorceress." Evidently a very well educated dog, and a dramatic critic as well in its own line. Well, everyone is humanizing dogs nowadays, so there is no reason why this little—what did you say?—beauty?—should not be a critic in its own way. Besides, when you try it on the dog, the dog at times is apt to turn and growl.

Is it not a pity, they are asking up and down Broadway, that recognized actors of the first water are going into vaudeville? Now here is Charles Warner, who certainly is by no means "small beer," as they say in England, announced to try his luck at a condensed version of "Drink." This seems painful—not the drink, but the system of condensation, at first, but, no doubt we shall get over it. A little of that sort of agony goes a long way, even if you have to wait for it till the next morning.

Willie Collier has been telling a good story about his experiences in receiving and answering letters.

"You ought to come around, dear boy," quoth he, "and see some of the missives I receive. The other day a man wrote to me, though who

Neither spoke for a minute, and then Bellew thinking that she wanted some tickets for the show, or, maybe, wished to exploit her talents on the stage, ventured with:

"And may I ask you what I can do for you?"

The young thing with the broom blushed, and blurted out:

"Will you, please, examine me?"

This took Bellew's breath away, but recovering himself he asked:

"And whom, pray, do you think I am?"

"Why," said the simpering miss, "from all those glass things on your bureau, I thought you were a doctor."

Bellew explained that he only doctored to matinee hearts, and no more explanations being necessary, he gave her two seats for that night's performance, and later she returned to thank him and say that the treat she had in the audience at seeing him on the stage had cured her of whatever particular ailment she had.

The great question at present "on the pike" is whether the theatrical season, as far as it has gone, is a success. This is by no means a conundrum, but still it is one of those that requires an answer. No doubt every manager would like to answer this question in the affirmative.



ALICE McCENEY.

With "Mr. Wix of Wickham." She is generally a beauty feature of musical plays, but she is also an excellent actress and a charming young woman.



MADGE LESSING.

Every theatregoer on Broadway knows Miss Lessing who is now in England where she is a star in pantomime, and she will be over here next season. She is of the Ruinart brand.



CORINNE.

Still very young, but no longer "Little Corinne," the child star. She is now very prominent in "A China Doll," which will be presented here shortly.

he was I had no more idea than I know the maiden name of your defunct grandmother, and put this in black and white."

"Maybe, you could send me two tickets for Wednesday night?"

"And you answered?"

"Thusly!"

Collier actually smiled at the reminiscence.

"Maybe I couldn't!"

"And," added the genial one, "he never wrote again."

Kyrle Bellew, who is certainly truthful—though, bless you when you want to be brilliant, you cannot always be accurate—says that when he was in Milwaukee some time since, his voice gave way to an alarming extent, so much so that he had to call to his aid medical assistance, and in the end, the bureau in his room at the hotel was covered with all sorts and kinds of glass things with which he had to syringe his throat, etc., etc., and very much etc. One day while sitting in an easy chair in this same room a knock came at the door. He said dreamily, "Come in!" The door opened, and he perceived a dream of bleached hair which surrounded a female with a broom in her hand. She looked at him and he looked at her.

Billy Van, who is just about to start out on the road, says that the other day he was passing along Broadway and at the corner of Forty-third Street he came across a foreigner, well dressed and affable, who had a little marmoset monkey on his arm, attached by a chain. Around him were ladies, who were chiming in with expressions like, "Isn't he cute, etc., while one enthusiast, who had the bargain fever asked whether the monk was for sale. The foreigner said it was, if he could get his price. The lady offered one dollar, whereat the monk's owner said he wasn't selling the chain but the monkey.

This put a temporary stop to the proceedings, but presently the crowd increased, and such questions as "Does he bite?" "Does he scratch?" were fired at the foreigner. He answered that the monkey was perfectly harmless. Then came a still, small voice from the end of the crowd from the inevitable funny man: "Say, mister, is he married?"

This question being so absolutely unnecessary, someone said that the next entertainment would take place at the end of the hall, and the crowd dispersed.

E. L. HANCOCK.

"CHAIRS? Yes, ma'am," said the salesman. "I suppose you want something stylish and yet comfortable—" "Not too comfortable," replied the customer. "My chairs will be used mostly by callers."

The Man Without a Face.

By THE MAJOR.

The Doctor, the Lawyer, the Major, and the Bishop were seated in their usual place, the cosiest corner of the club and the silence around them was only disturbed by the tinkle of a spoon against a glass until the Doctor's reverie was broken by the discovery that the glasses were empty and his movement toward the bell aroused the attention of the others who however made no attempt to thwart his hospitable designs.

"The same, John!" to the attentive waiter, and when the glasses had been replenished the Doctor spoke to his friends:

"I have been thinking boys that we four have occupied this corner at pretty regular intervals for a long time and in that time we have calmly and judiciously discussed art, politics, religion and the affairs of state, and I am sure that none of us has any new thoughts to offer on these subjects; and we have also definitely settled the outcome of the war between Russia and Japan.

"Therefore it seems that unless something new is thought of as an excuse for these pleasant meetings we will have to sit around in and thus degenerate into mere thinking brutes and the Bishop is liable to drink too much.

"I would suggest therefore that we devote a part of each session to a relation by one of us of some peculiar experience in his life, for I am sure that each in his time has had more than one that will bear telling. It need not necessarily have happened to him but anything out of the ordinary that he know to be true. What do you say?"

"A sort of a modern De Cameron as it were?" said the lawyer.

"Exactly."

"I trust that it will be more moral in tone than Bocaccios," said the Bishop, whose title was strictly an honorable one, bestowed by his friends in deference to his statement that his father wanted him to prepare for the church.

"I fully concur with the Doctor's idea," said the Major, "and am also in accord with the Bishop's high moral tone, though I fear that if strictly moral experiences only are to be related he will either have to strain his imagination to tell one or be content with a listener's part."

"I am agreeable, Doctor, suppose as proposer of this entertainment, you start off," said the Lawyer.

"Hold on!" interrupted the Bishop. "I move that strict merit yields to age we let the Major have the honor. Probably he has one or two acts of daring on the blood stained field of battle yet to relate and we ought to get them off the reel before men of peace can receive proper attention."

"I have no objection," the Major said, "and while I am thinking of a modest one the Bishop will sign for a round."

"All right, Major," said the Bishop, "but please remember that 'Magna est veritas,' said the good book."

"It is of course true," began the Major, "as the Bishop says, that I have had many experiences on the battle scarred field that would hold you breathless in rapt attention, but an item of news in the paper this morning brought up so vividly an experience of two years ago that I am tempted to relate it, for while I am not as you know a nervous man, it came nearer bringing on a physical collapse than anything has ever done.

"You all know that there are times when civilization falls on me and at such time I head 'the call of the wild,' and disappear.

"It was on one of these occasions that I became connected with the company building the new railroad in Cuba and at the time I am speaking of I was engaged in securing the right of way from the dons and clearing it of its tropical growth and my duties carried me far ahead of the construction parties."

"Always in front, the Major," remarked the Bishop.

Not heeding the interruption the Major continued.

"I had established my headquarters in the little town of Cascorro where I had a small house and with a native servant to look after things I was tolerable comfortable in a lonely sort of way.

"Every town has its big man, I suppose, and for Cascorro, the alcalde or mayor, Jose Fernandez, filled the position. He with his brother owned most of the land around there and had the only store in the place which was also the post office and village club. He was also daily adding to his wealth from several contracts that I had given him on the work. Altogether from a financial standpoint I should have been pleased to have changed places with him.

"On this particular evening he gave a sort of reception and dance, to which I lent the honor of my presence for a few moments, but Cuban dances were stupid things to me and after drinking the mayor's health a few times—in the native rum, I returned to my quarters a few yards away."

"I was working on some figures connected with my work when I heard the muffled report of a rifle to which I paid no particular attention as it was not an unusual occurrence at Cuban merry making.

"A moment later however, my servant rushed into the room his face pale with excitement and fear." "Don Arturo! Don Arturo! is terrible thing! come quick! Don Jose has killed himself!"

"Without stopping to question him I ran across the street to Jose's house and found the guests standing in a crowd in front of the door of a small addition to the house Jose had lately added to accommodate travelers passing through the town.

"Every one started to talk to me but knew nothing more than that they had heard the shot in the room where Jose had been seen to go but none had dared to enter in the dark and quickly made way for me."

"Telling some one to bring a light, I entered the room. It was absolutely dark but I heard a curious, whistling sort of moaning coming from a corner to which I grouped my way.

"Reaching it my foot came in contact with what I could feel was an

human body and I stopped to raise it when as if touch had given it new life and strength it rose to its feet and grappled with me.

"I am not a weak man, but as I struggled in this maniac grasp and could feel warm drops which I knew to be blood spurting on my face, I felt weak and sick and shouted loudly for a light.

"It seemed a long time before it came and in the meantime I was exerting every ounce of my strength to throw my opponent and the smell of blood and the horrible gurgling noise, he was making were sickening and gradually overcoming me.

"As I struggled I could feel something hard and painful pressing against my side and as I at last heard the welcome words, '¡uqui vieve la bela' (here comes the light), I made one supreme effort to crush my



FRANCES WILSON.

A bright young actress who has attained the E. R. Rice standard of beauty in "Mr. Wix of Wickham."

antagonist and as I pressed him to me he gave one convulsive gasp and was limp in my arms."

"Weak and nauseated I laid him gently on the floor and men brought in the light and reeling and sick I saw a sight that I shall never forget."

"He had no face.

"A fragment of a chin and forehead, a horrible bleeding hole with a few broken teeth and one eye hanging by a long tendon were what I saw as I staggered from the room.

"Exclamation of 'Ave Maria, puresima!' 'goun Diu mis!' 'que lastima!' and the wailing of the wife and children reached me as with the aid of a stiff glass of rum I tried to bring myself to my normal state.

"It was half an hour later before I felt sufficiently recovered to heed their request, to enter the room.

"The body had been decently laid on a bed, and the poor faceless head kindly covered with a white cloth which I declined to have raised, one sight of what it covered being enough for a lifetime.

"It seems that I was the immediate cause of his death, for you remember that I spoke of something hard pressing against my side as I struggled with him and this proved to be the handle of a knife which he had attempted to drive into his heart before placing the muzzle of the rifle in his mouth. My final effort forced the knife into his heart and ended the awful strain on my nerves.

"The rifle, a Remington carbine of 50 calibre was found on the floor of the blood bespattered room."

May I be spared another such experience for it was days before I could refrain from thinking of "The man without a face."

"It must have been horrible," said the Doctor touching the bell. "I think we all need a drink."

"Yes, the same, John."

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AMUSEMENTS

(Week of Oct. 17th.)

NEW YORK THEATRES.

Academy of Music....."Checkers"
American, "Tartuffe," Oct. 19 (Matinee)
"La Tour de Nesle," Oct. 19, 20,
21, 22 (Matinee).

"La Boule," Oct. 19, 20, 21.

Belasco....."The Music Master"
Berkeley Lyceum.....Henry E. Dixey
Bijou....."Mr. Wix of Wickham"
Broadway....."Love's Lottery"
Carnegie.....Nina David
Casino....."Piff, Paff, Pout"
Criterion....."Business is Business"
Daly's....."The School Girl"

Oct. 24, "The Cingalee"

Empire....."The Duke of Killcrankie"
Fourteenth Street....."Texas"
Garden....."The College Widow"
Garrick....."Joseph Entangled"
Grand Opera House....."The Dictator"

Harlem Opera House,
"Secret of Polichinelle"
Herald Sq... "Dockstader's Minstrels"

Oct. 24, "The School Girl"

Hudson....."Letty"
Irving Pl....."So Ich Dir."

Uriel Acosta (Oct. 21 only)

Knickerbocker....."Romeo and Juliet"
Lyceum....."The Serio-Comic Governess"
Lyric....."The Harvester"

Liberty,
"The Rogers Brothers in Paris"
Majestic....."The Isle of Spice"
Manhattan....."Becky Sharp"

Metropolis,
"The White Tigress of Japan"

New Amsterdam....."The Sorceress"

New Star....."The Factory Girl"

New York....."The Old Homestead"

Princess....."A Message from Mars"

Proctor's 58th Street,
"Shadows of Great City"

Savoy,
"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

Third Ave....."A Trip to Africa"

Wallacks....."The Sho-Gun"

West End....."The Street Singer"

Weber Music Hall,
"Higgledy Piggledy"

BROOKLYN THEATRES.

Amphion....."A Night at the Circus"

Broadway....."Earl of Pawtucket"

Bijou....."In the Palace of the King"

Columbia....."The Three Musketeers"

Folly....."King Dodo"

Gotham....."Rags and Riches"

Majestic....."Shore Acres"

Montauk....."William Gillette"

Novelty....."Robert Fitzsimmons"

Park....."Lighthouse by the Sea"

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DEPARTMENT 18

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SISTER: "If you are so dreadfully in love with her,
why don't you propose to her?"
BROTHER: "She gives me no encouragement."
SISTER: "Nonsense! Only yesterday I heard her
advise you to let your moustache grow, because shaving
it so much made it stiff."

GERTRUDE: "Some people think Jack is a good swim-
mer, I think he is wretched."

MARIE: "I know he is when he swims with you."

MISS YOUNGTHING: "And what would you think,
George, if I were to tell you I didn't believe one word
you say regarding the lasting qualities of your affec-
tions."

MR. OLDBOY: "I should think you were far too
wise for an ordinary man to marry. Good-bye."

MRS. MCPHIDGET: "Who wrote the song, 'There's
Only One Girl in the World for Me'?"

MR. MCPHIDGET: "Adam, I suppose."

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BROADWAY WEEKLY

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Photo by Marceau

IRENE BENTLEY WHO LOOKS LIKE LILLIAN RUSSELL.

Miss Bentley has created more roles in new productions in the musical comedy line than any other actress. She is now to be the prima donna of "A China Doll," which is to be projected by Alfred E. Aarons. She has been seen in "The Wild Rose," and "The Girl From Dixie," of late.

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Vol. IV.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1904.

No. LXXXIX.

LAWYERS ARE NOT VERY POPULAR.

In prospecting the advantages of the election of Judge Parker to the Presidency, the political managers, while they should be credited with a desire to insure the election of a man of the highest character, ought to take into consideration the temper of the people upon many little prejudices which seem to be lost sight of by the wisest leaders. Undue stress has been laid all through the campaign upon the necessity of having a President who is thoroughly versed in constitutional law—in fact, one who in himself is a lawyer of deep learning in matters which affect the autonomy of nations and the letter of diplomatic breach. The public was accorded the privilege of reading a pronouncement issued by a host of members of the New York bar, whose patriotism was said to have been jarred by the acts of the present incumbent of the great office of President. It was signed by distinguished counsellors and men of high judicial attainments. These men, the highest privileged class in the nation, honored the voters by advising them which way to vote. All of this, of course, was very interesting, and proved that the bar was quite as jealous as the army and navy to uphold the dignity and safety of the country.

But their fiat should not prevail without some very wholesome animadversion. Even although these good people are deserving of attention, the great majority of the people are not hidebound to rules and forms when the good of the State is in question. Indeed, there are some very worthy and sensible persons who were affronted by the edict of the gentlemen who styled themselves the Committee of Constitutional Lawyers. It is a grave fact that the legal profession is not very popular with the rank and file of honest and perfectly peaceful citizens. The experience of people individually with all kinds of lawyers, constitutional and otherwise, has been very expensive, harrassing, uncertain and unsatisfactory at the best. The roughest diamond who ever sat in the White House had sagacity enough to surround himself with the best legal advice when he needed it, but law should be a pillar of government, not the corner-stone of a peaceful and industrious nation.

The greatest of Russian monarchs placed a ban against lawyers and liquor sellers, and at least rendered them subordinate to all other classes of citizens. In our day and generation the constitutional tail has wagged the national dog. Lawyers make the laws, suggest new laws, control the system of justice, and have become above all law. Some of our most fearless officials have been honored by the people, but when they were called to the service of corporations and trusts, they have shielded themselves under the cloak of privilege, and battled against the very people who brought them into prominence. Too much prestige has been accorded the legal profession in determining fitness for office and positions of public trust.

BOY ORATORS IN THE CAMPAIGN.

All the frothing of a year ago denouncing the frauds of officials in the National Administration, the post office corruption, irregularities in purchasing supplies for the army, gravestones for the old soldiers, and the glorious grafting of rural free delivery, seems in the vista as the calling of the wind. Where are now the wailings of the indignant press, the grand assaults of lese majeste which the knights of the quill charged upon the donjon keep of the White House moat? The echos are lost in the wilderness and the vastness of the forests. And Theodore is militant, defiant and silent. Yet pause; one brave soul in the vast city whose heart is Manhattan Island, has said: "Lest we forgot!" It is the veteran of a hundred wars—the dauntless George Washington Plunkitt, who is now fighting for political life in his Senatorial district. This Leonidas of the Western Thermopole who is fighting a Xerxes who has arisen against him in the person of one Saxe formerly an assistant district attorney, has in the winter of his career sought the service of a legion of the flower of

the boyhood of his district, and every night the young orators go forth to tell the voters why the Democratic party should triumph as a body politic, and why George Washington Plunkitt should be sent back to Albany to round out his life service to the people.

Had the Senator lived in the days when Venice, Queen of the Adriatic was ruled by a Republic, he would have surely worn the purple and fine linen of a doge. For beyond question a man who has won his way to the Capitol at Albany almost continuously since the Civil War, must be possessed of Oriental gifts in the diplomatic line. And his legion of spellbinders ranging from the infant age of ten to the adolescent stage of sixteen annos, spurn the canopied tent, the shelter of an assembly hall, or other roof to cymbalize their eloquence. With the starry heavens above them, perched upon the security of a soap box, and cheered by the multitudes, they tear the Republican Administration to smithereens, and Ajax-like, defy, demand, assault, challenge, and oratorically demolish the entire Republican party.

But they are doing what their elders have failed to do. Go thou and listen to the burning words with which they lay bare the awful iniquities of the Roosevelt management of affairs at Washington. Hear the truth about the plundering and blundering of the bureaucracy; and praise in dulcet tones the many virtues of their Senatorial patron. It is an Attic feast, worthy of the Roman Forum or the parliament of any land. Out of the mouths of babes come words of wisdom. It is a sad commentary that these young Ciceros should be the most forceful critics of the man who has denounced race suicide. The Theodosian spirit evidently does not flourish in the vicinage of Stryker's Farm.

HOPEFUL SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Two very hopeful signs appeared upon the horizon of New York life during the past week. One voice, crying out from the crowded and dense East side, announced that the library statistics of that section showed that there had been an enormous increase in the reading population, and that books of true worth and of an educational character had been in far greater demand than fiction. Indeed, it was stated that the children of the industrious families east of Broadway made but few requests for the latter class of literature, and such as were made were for volumes of a classical description. Secondly, Charles Frohman presented at a local theatre two very competent actors, Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. Edward H. Sothorn, in a Shakespearean play. The offering of one of the works by the great English master would not cause much notice in these days of preference for lighter dramatic fare, were it not that a manager of the standing of Mr. Frohman had projected a revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at a great cost and with scenic splendor.

That the return to the legitimate struck a responsive chord in the public heart was very astonishingly proven by the announcement that over \$12,000 was received in the first day's advance sale, when messengers and enthusiasts stood for hours in line awaiting a turn to purchase tickets. It was not expected that the production would equal, from an artistic and scholarly standpoint, many of the historic performances of the past, but it aroused hope in the breast of those who wish for better conditions in the world of drama, when the venture of Mr. Frohman was so magnificently hailed by the thoughtful and higher class of playgoers.

So that there is hope for better things in the higher life. Although the surroundings in the thickly peopled parts of the city have not been congenial for residential purposes, it must be said that the industrious citizens who dwell therein have displayed for a long time a desire to reach out for better ideals. The dramas which have been produced at the theatres attended by the devotees of the Yiddish literature have been noted for their truth and the remarkably earnest work of the players. And the reading of these people has been on a higher plane than other races in the same walks of life.

King Edward himself is not as exclusive as the ladies who rule the social circle of White House etiquette expect to be this winter. They have met and set down rules for the admission into society. Evidently the people of these United States are losing their grip, and will be in a short time the mere appurtenances of a royal entourage for the pleasure of the ladies of the Cabinet. It is sad to think that the house which sheltered Jefferson, should be turned into an assembly place for boudoir chatter and scandal, which is inevitable with ambitious women whose social prestige means more to their hearts than the impartial recognition of common citizens. The description given of the method that is to be followed as given by a well-known writer, is quite a la the Court of St. James.

Dramatic Review of the Week.

"ROMEO AND JULIET."

'Tis well! For verily it is a joy forsooth in these strange days of strenuousness and stress of nations that in our midst are come a man and woman who can so delight and please. Praise for William Shakespeare in giving to the world this one of many masterpieces is highly out of place here. To speak the name is to make acknowledgment. It is more in my humble line, and my sincerest compliments go with it, to give the praise that is due to both Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe for their artistic rendering of "Romeo and Juliet."

The production as presented at the Knickerbocker, in acting, rendering and staging, tells a tale of masterly study and intelligence in the

of the foremost American actors. As *Romeo* he is neither too mournful nor too morbid. He is a sincere *Romeo*, however, and one who goes in for tragics full heart and soul. It would be absurd to proclaim that he had eclipsed every other player in this role of the past, but he has studied carefully and well and performs feats of strength in his acting which demand appreciation and applause. No greater praise could I bestow than by stating the fact that there were moments when the identity of Sothern was lost and *Romeo* himself was before the audience. Moreover, the part calls for intense feeling, and *Romeo* is different from many men, even in love, and who, I should like to know of those who criticise, had studied Shakespeare for these very points any deeper than Mr. Sothern? Who, in fact, will take his place to-day?

The latter may be said also of Miss Marlowe. With a grace and charm that are rare to see do we behold her *Juliet*. In the tragic situations Miss



EDWARD H. SOTHERN.

Critics do not agree upon the art of Mr. Sothern in Shakespearean roles, but in all his work, including "Romeo and Juliet" at the Knickerbocker Theatre, he always reveals his high ideals and a scholarship not possessed by any other actor on the stage. Certainly he has overcome the disadvantage of being the son of one of the greatest actors of the day—the great Edward Aspin Sothern, beloved as Lord Dundreary.

dramatic art. Would that the immortal bard could cease from, but for a night, no matter were it a first night, his long sleep at peaceful Stratford and look upon his work in this A.D. 1904. Would it be so strangely out of keeping with his own idea of the passions that sway and move the temper of this world? Would Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe fulfill his ideals in the places of *Romeo* and *Juliet*? To the former I should venture no, although we should have to give necessary consideration to the change of the manners and the times. To the latter—that is to consider. Mr. Sothern has all the temperament of a man overcome by the all-enduring passion in playing the part of *Romeo*. As an actor of the romantic school, with aspirations toward the great Shakespearean roles, we have to congratulate Mr. Sothern on the accomplishment of his hopes. His interpretation of *Romeo* is stirring and must serve to place him now upon the list



JULIA MARLOWE.

The actress impersonating Juliet in the majority of instances if she has beauty as Miss Marlowe has; and if she has loved, as Miss Marlowe has, should always be able to give a good reading of the part, and she has infinitely the advantage of any actor who is not a youthful genius, but Miss Marlowe brings an experience and dramatic talent to her aid, seldom displayed by any young woman of the stage.

Marlowe also takes high position in the art of acting. However, it cannot be said that she is in every sense of the word Shakespeare's *Juliet*. Certainly not in the first scene. Our imagination would for this preliminary of the play picture a maiden far younger in her manner than the one we see. Nor in the balcony scene does Miss Marlowe rise to those heights of fire and love that played such havoc with our real *Juliet*. She has great charm and personal magnetism and is undeniably sweet. All these combine to carry her through successfully as no one can deny. Her best scene is in her garden with *Nurse* when she returns to *Juliet* with glad tidings of *Romeo*. I have rarely seen Miss Marlowe do a better piece of acting than here. Other scenes where she showed great dramatic force were in the two chamber scenes and in her scene with *Friar Lawrence*.

For a Shakespearean play the supporting cast was excellent. Both

Harrison Hunter and Norman Hackett gave us finished parts of *Mercutio* and *Benvolio*. Mrs. Sol Smith was very good as *Nurse*. Her mannerisms were effective and made good contrast where needed for enlivening those scenes where *Nurse* appeared. One small part well played because it could be easily overdone was Malcolm Bradly's *apothecary*. Mr. Crompton too was impressive as the good *Friar Lawrence* and acted strongly this part.

All in all the production under Mr. Sothern's care was artistically done—most artistically done. One thing though I could not account for—because it did detract. Why do the principals come before the curtain to bow after every scene? There are 18 scenes in this "Romeo and Juliet" and some very short ones, yet this custom was strictly followed nearly to the very end. But we must suppose this may have been due to the fact that the audience was highly appreciative and glad to have Shakespeare with us again with two stars of the first magnitude to carry out his grand ideas.

THE CAZELLE FRENCH PLAYS.

I am glad to see the French plays at the American meeting with so much success. As I said last week, much may be learned from the French in the drama, and it is worth a trip over to the American, which now assumes quite a foreign air, even to the three raps of the stick for the curtain



HENRY MILLER, IN "JOSEPH ENTANGLED."

Mr. Miller has found a splendid play in the new work of Henry Arthur Jones. For several years the English dramatist has not done anything equal to his earlier works, but now he has hit the bull's eye.



HILDA SPONG.

It is but natural that the daughter of an artist should succeed in any of the higher professions, and Miss Spong who is very popular in her native Australia and in England, is a brilliant example of this. She has given us many delightful performances, notably in "Trelawney of the Wells." Now she is *Lady Verona Mayne* in Henry Miller's cast of "Joseph Entangled."

to go up, if only for a study of plays and players from the old standard works, associated with names most familiar to us in connection with the French drama. No matter what play is presented it always seems so simple, although that scarcely describes the precise character that the French put into their dramatic work. They take life naturally and acting with them is but one of its many phases.

"Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie," by MM. Marc Michel and Labiche



ANOTHER VIEW OF HENRY MILLER.

was side-splitting. Even to one not versed in the French language the droll situations throughout would instantly appeal. The cast that enacted this ever-amusing farce did splendidly. To follow all the adventures of *Fadinard* because, on his wedding-day, a horse he was riding behind had the indiscretion to eat a special Italian straw hat from the head of a Parisian lady, and she insisted on remaining at his apartments until he had duplicated the precious article, follow thick and fast. *Fadinard* has time to get married, however, and the whole wedding party, in true French manner upon the occasion of a *noce*, continually pursue him in his forced trip around Paris to buy a hat that will remove the strange lady from his home. The French know how to make and handle a genuine farce just as

old gestures. Nothing departs in the French or, at least, it takes a long time to. Not a line was omitted. M. Perrin essayed the part of *Tartuffe* and won much applause. His diction was especially fine. Mme. Renot, of the Ambigu, Paris, made a clever hit as *Dorine*, a maid, quite *en famille*. She was very *piquante* and acted with much spirit. Mme. Milliares also did nobly as *Elmira*, and Mme. Costard, as *Marianna*, looked the part. M. Dorban accredited himself well in the part of *Orgon*.

"Ruy Blas," one of Victor Hugo's plays, was presented on Wednesday night. It scored a great success. This piece gave opportunity for some of the members of the company to display their talents to good advantage. It was rendered quite in accord with true academic principles and was cordially received by an enthusiastic audience.

VAN RENSSELAER.

CHARLES HAWTREY REPEATS HIS TRIUMPH.

There should be no surprise at the fact that Charles Hawtreys' revival of "A Message from Mars" should meet with such extraordinary success, that the management proclaim it a triumph and announce that the present engagement is for an indefinite period. When the Princess Theatre curtain arose on Monday night last, the applause given by a fashionable audience which filled every seat and some standing room, it was felt that Mr. Hawtreys was again in luck, and that it would probably be months before he would need a date book.

Yet as the performance progressed, luck fell into the background in the face of the merits of the play, the delightful art of the star and perfectly smooth production of Richard Ganthans' quaint philosophical conceit. Like old wine the dramatic fare, improves with age, and all the points were brought out with the same fine effect as during the long run of the play on its first presentation here. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hawtreys will not again desert the regular stage for vaudeville. He is needed in comedy, for there are none who can approach him in finesse, the light and shade and temperamental qualities so necessary to high comedy. His style is so unaffected; his delivery so natural, and his methods so delicate, that during the entire play in which he occupies the stage almost continuously, the effect is restful, refreshing and refining.

It is easy to understand his success. His work appeals to the highest class of audience, and how few there are like him! Fred. Thorne gave a perfect characterization of the tramp; Henry I. Hadfield an ideal impersonation of the Messenger, and the remaining parts were carefully and truthfully played.

Hope is generally expressed that Mr. Hawtreys will find as a successor to his present play—when it becomes necessary—another which will appeal as strongly, and afford him an opportunity to reveal still more the admirable art that is in him.

J. D. B.

Some Late Footlight Chatter.

George Ade's "The Sho-Gun" will begin its third week at Wallack's on Monday night.

"The College Widow" begins the fifth week of prosperity at the Garden Theatre on Monday night.

Mr. Wilfred North, the original *Dobbin* of "Becky Sharp," returned last week to fill this classic role with Mrs. Fiske's Company at the Manhattan.

The play, "The Music Master," at the Belasco could fill a much longer engagement than scheduled for it at that always fortunate play-house.

Madame Schumann-Heink is responsible for success at the Broadway in the truly musical comic opera, "Loves Lottery." Many music lovers who have heard this artist's wonderful voice are not content with seeing the play once.

"Piff, Paff, Pouff," seems insatiable in its power of attraction. In spite of a long run, Mr. Whitney is reporting crowded houses nightly at the Casino.

Mr. Crane still finds that "business" is good at the Criterion.

"The Duke of Killcrankie" is certainly "all to the good" at the Empire. Judging from popular comment about town John Drew has made a remarkable impression in his latest role of so bold and persuasive a duke as *Killcrankie*.

The Rogers Brothers are on their next to last week at the Liberty. Still their many followers show no signs of letting them off easy.

This is the last week of the "Isle of Spice" at the Majestic. Next week "Bird Centre" will be the attraction.



EFFIE SHANNON AND HER PET GREYHOUNDS.

One of the sweetest and most charming actresses of heroic parts on the stage. Miss Shannon has succeeded in plays which failed. Her suppressed yet impressive methods are a delight to the highest class audiences in the country. That she and Mr. Herbert Kelcey have found a splendid vehicle for their talents in "Taps" is a matter for universal congratulation. The author of the play is coming from Europe to see their performance.

well as they do a salad and get all the essence out of it. They are also peers in pantomime, and that adds greatly to the dressing. M. Maury played the part of *Fadinard* and proved himself a most capable actor. Mlle. Danza, as *Clara*, the milliner, was very clever.

Molier's play, "Tartuffe," followed the "Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie."

This was of a far more serious vein. I have seen this good comedy at some earlier period—I should hate to announce when—but we will say in the late seventies. To me it was a wonderfully vivid reproduction. Nothing had changed. Even the costumes looked as if they had been put away in a handbox and brought forth to faithfully produce the play as Molier exactly intended it. There were the same old wigs and the same

Comment on Sporting Events.

BY CHARLES F. MATHISON.

Why should the young man who desires to secure a college education go to the expense of a term at one of the Big Four Universities—Yale, Harvard, Princeton or Pennsylvania? Why should he seek Mr. Low's educational mecca on Morningside Heights, when he can achieve better intellectual results elsewhere at reduced rates? Possibly the youth who goes to Yale or Harvard may achieve a social prominence impossible at Amherst, Annapolis, Syracuse, or other obscure resorts where brain culture is practiced. But it has been demonstrated that so far as solid mental development is concerned, the smaller colleges are on a par with the larger ones, and in many instances outstrip their rivals. Convincing proof of this assertion is found in the recent foot-ball scores.

For example take the great mental struggle between the intellectual Giants of Princeton—Old Nassau, the Freshmen affectionately refer to it—and the supposedly inferior midshipmen at Annapolis. When the combat of gray brain matter had ceased, the chalk marks said ten for the Middies and but nine for the Princetonians. The faculty at Annapolis were much elated over the result, showing as it did their superior educational methods, while the professors at Old Nassau are correspondingly depressed.

Then there is the case of Yale, affectionately referred to by the Freshmen as Old Yale. Her brainiest students met the hopeful scholars of Syracuse. True, Yale showed intellectual superiority, but the score of 17 to 9 reflects great credit on the former, especially as Yale is reputed to send out an eleven with severely classical educations.

Possibly the most striking instance of the advancing educational prowess of the smaller colleges was brought sharply home to New Yorkers. Columbia has the reputation of manufacturing a superior quality of intellect, but when the book worms from lowly Amherst came here and showed the power of mind over matter to the tune of 12 to 0, why the mental and financial advantages of attending less pretentious temples of learning at once became apparent. Not once did the bulging brows of the Columbia Cohorts, directed by the learned Sheriff Morley, get within striking distance of the Amherst goal line, while the deep thinkers broke through the Columbian defense like a knife through an egg shell.

Then the brainy cohorts of Harvard advanced on the amateur military heroes at West Point, and were successful by the meagre score of 4 to 0.

Assuredly the students and faculties of the large universities will be compelled to rest themselves if they desire to keep in the van of the great educational race or battle as seen yearly on the football fields of America.

The news that Frankie Neil, America's highly prized bantam champion, had been cuffed to a peak by Joe Bowker, the British brand of 116 pound effectiveness with the mitts, caused a feeling of dumb terror among the gentry who thrive by squared circle events. They couldn't believe that England had produced another fighter of merit, for since the days of Plimmer and Pedler Palmer, the English fighting man has been a dismal disappointment. As Neil was the best man at his weight in America, and as Bowker remained in the ring for twenty rounds in a condition of extreme wakefulness, and the American there all the time, it cannot be denied that Bowker is made of good material. Cabled reports of the bout show that Neil put it all over his man in the first nine rounds (Bowker being decidedly groggy in the ninth), but the American lost steam at that point. His blows lacked force, and the Briton recuperating rapidly took the aggressive, and had the better of the remaining eleven rounds. Referee Tom Scott handed the decision to Bowker, which under the circumstances was all he could do.

It was a severe blow to Neil, who will have to do some lively scrapping here in order to re-establish himself in the esteem of the American public. It may be that climatic influences had something to do with Neil's failure to keep at his man to the end, but, then, that is part of the game.

Bowker is doubtless much cleverer and stronger than any one here supposed.

As a matter of fact, there was no basis for a correct estimate of his ability, as he had never met an American boy of class. He is a round-bodied boy, something after the plan of Young Corbett, and evidently has much of the physical vigor of the Denverite.

The Neils, father and son, were so confident of victory that they wagered all their available cash on the result. They bet \$1,500 on the side. The purse was \$1,250, of which \$1,000 went to the winner. As Neil got \$360 for expenses over and back, he is all right on that end of it,

but financially he is doubtless rather low. Taken altogether, it was a serious setback for the American boy, but as a means of booming boxing in England it could not be excelled. It is the first time in history that an American boxing champion has gone to England and been fairly beaten by the British title-holder, and it will tend to accelerate interest in the game to a marked degree. Americans will not rest till they get a boy capable of taking Bowker's laurels, but there is at present no very likely candidate. Hugh McGovern cannot make the weight of 116 pounds, despite the gaseous trumpetings of Joe Humphreys, and is therefore out of the question. McGovern was offered the bout before Neil accepted, and Sam Harris admitted that Hugh could not do better than 118. As Bowker will not concede weight, there is small chance of McGovern crossing the pond.

Tommy Murphy can probably do the weight, but he has not shown the form necessary to insure a victory over Bowker. However, Murphy would doubtless give a good account of himself, and may get the next chance at the Englishman. There is at present a dearth of good 116-pounders in America and it will be necessary to develop some good boys in that line if the defeat administered to Neil is to be wiped out.

The next English fighter who stands ready to defend his title against the American challengers is Jabez White, who holds the English lightweight championship. He will probably be faced before the Winter is far advanced by Young Corbett, Jimmy Britt or Joe Gans. Corbett is the most likely opponent of the Briton, as he has already offered to meet him for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side in England. Corbett is to meet Battling Nelson in 'Frisco the latter part of November, and then, returning to New York, will arrange details of the match with White. Charley Mitchell, who has been in America all the season making an ineffectual attempt to beat the bookmakers, has indulged in much talk of matching White and Corbett. However, as Mitchell is not on the visiting list of the National Sporting Club, he will hardly match them for that organization. It is questionable if they could box anywhere else in London. White will not come to America, and neither will Bowker, all assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. A. F. Bettinson, manager of the National Sporting Club, is too shrewd to permit his attractions to slip away from him just at a time when he has a chance to build up the sport in the tight little Isle.

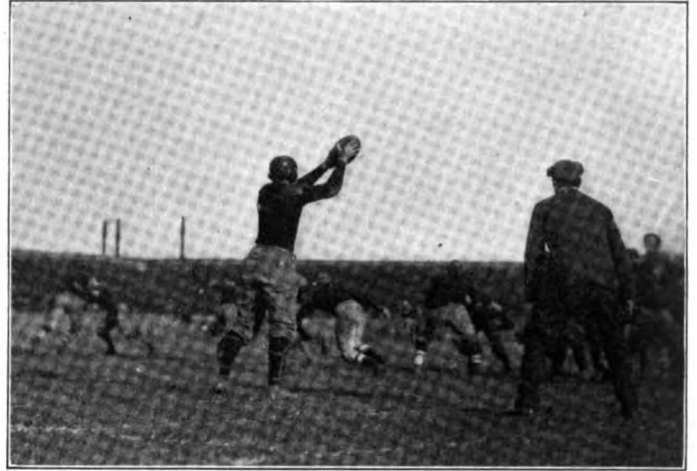
That Gans-Britt match set for San Francisco October 31 has a decidedly peculiar look. It strikes me that Gans has consented to a deal of some sort and that Britt thinks he is to get the title of lightweight champion minus the thumps that Gans can inflict. If there is such a deal, Britt would do well to consider the case of Erne, once the brevet champion of that division. After much persuasion, Erne consented to meet Mistah Gans in a six round canter in Philadelphia, for revenue only. At Erne's dictation, Gans promised solemnly (and how solemnly these sable-skinned gentry can promise!) he would not hit the white boy with enough force to rock him to sleep. In fact, it was to be a tapping match of six rounds, after which the fighters were to gleefully divide the spoils furnished by a purblind public. But Mistah Gans had a few deep, dark thoughts after making the promise to Erne. One of these thoughts was in effect that the first opening he got he would send Erne to Dreamland faster than he could go by boat or trolley. Erne must be a mind reader. Either he read Gans' thoughts, or else the black boy talked in his sleep. At any event Erne, who arrived in Philadelphia at 5 p. m., had a whispered consultation with his friends and left by the next train, saying he had been warned of impending treachery by the negro. Mistah Gans and the patrons of the bout were very much disappointed by Mr. Erne's sudden departure. If Britt is doublecrossed by Gans, it will prove that the Californian is not a close student of pugilism.

Mr. John T. Brush, the astute President of the National League Baseball Club in this city, is not, as has been generally supposed, averse to playing with minor League Clubs. Some weeks ago Mr. Brush was quoted as saying that the Giants did not care to play with teams representing minor Leagues, this in response to a challenge from the New York team of the American League. Manager McGraw, of the Giants, also declared he could not be induced to play a post season series with the New York Americans, because he did not wish to have his players contaminated by American League methods. Either the gentlemen were misquoted or else they have changed their minds most radically. Mr. Brush now says he will be pleased to play the Bostons next spring, and also with the American Champions next fall, providing the question of the division of gate receipts is satisfactorily settled. Well, as the Americans will consent to almost any basis of division in order to get a chance

Strenuous Incidents in the Brown-Pennsylvania Football Game.



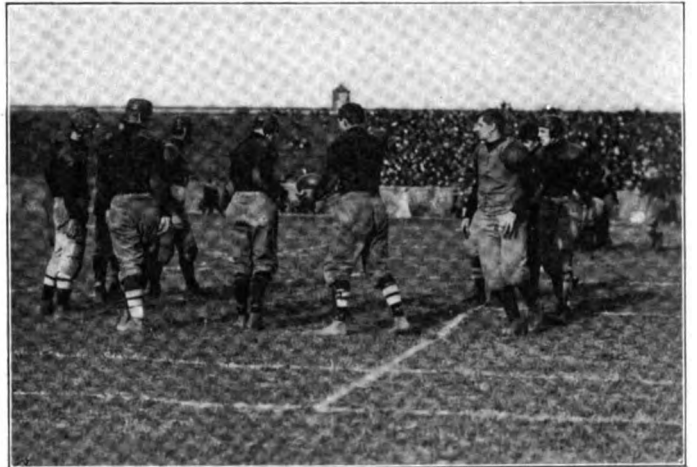
CAPTAINS TORREY AND SCHWERIN DISCUSSING LENGTHS OF HALFS BEFORE THE CONTEST.



SAVAGE RECEIVING THE BALL AND MAKING A FIFTY YARD PUNT.



SMITH WITH BALL GOING THROUGH TACKLE FOR THE ONLY TOUCHDOWN.



THE BROWN TEAM PASSING THE BALL TO WARM UP BEFORE GAME.

to show their palpable superiority over the Nationals, Mr. Brush's request will doubtless be complied with.

Mr. Brush can evidently see a bit further than the end of his nose. The storm raised by his refusal to play the American Champions convinced him that if he desired to retain the patronage of New Yorkers, the sooner he crawled, the better. He did it gracefully and quite ingeniously. He has come off of his high horse and saved his bacon. It now remains for John McGraw to write a graceful little note to the papers announcing the pleasure it will give him to arrange a series of games with Ban Johnson & Co.'s Club.

Brush's action is a recognition by the New York National League Club of the American League as a body. The recognition was tardy, but will serve. Brush's attempt to make it appear that the American did not class with the National was made to look absurd by the trouncing Pittsburg got from Cleveland. Both Brush and McGraw made serious blunders when the Highlanders challenged. Instead of saying to Gordon and Griffith:



EX-CAPTAINS HILDEBRAND, COCHRAN AND EDWARDS, CHAMPIONS OF THEIR YEAR, WHIPPING THE TIGERS INTO SHAPE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Photos by J. C. Hemment.

"When you win your pennant, we will discuss the matter with you," the officials of the Giants rushed into print, denouncing the challengers and refusing to play for purely personal reasons. As it was merely a question of sportmanship, the public disagreed with Brush & Co., and so clearly indicated its disapproval, he was glad to right about face. Wise Brush!

The announcement was recently made that George F. Slosson is now the best balk-liner in America. That assertion was doubtless based on the belief that all the other balk-liners are now in Europe. Most of them are, but one little man who can trim Mr. Slosson any time they meet is in this country. Willie Hoppe, who is rusticated up the Hudson, has emerged and will play Slosson for \$1,000 a side any time the Student desires. Hoppe challenged Slosson last spring, but the Student, who had not recovered from the trouncings from Cure, Vignaux and Sutton in Paris, declined. Gentleman George is now said to be in excellent condition and he should show his marvelous skill to New Yorkers.

Views of the Political Outlook.

There is a touch of pity in the utter passing of Senator Thomas C. Platt from the open battlefield of political effort. Since the nomination of Higgins for Governor, his name has been mentioned but seldom, and he has been thoroughly effaced by the assertiveness and notoriety which has enveloped the Casca of the party—Benjamin F. Odell. Yet with Mr. Platt in retirement, and Richard Croker closing his years like an aged Sabine upon his English farm, a great chapter in the history of New York is ended. In the ordinary course of events this would be accepted as only natural, but the succession to power on the Democratic side, and the Republican, is of very different complexion. In Mr. Croker's case the reins of organization management fell into the hands of Charles F. Murphy, who has the complete confidence of every respectable element of the party, while on the

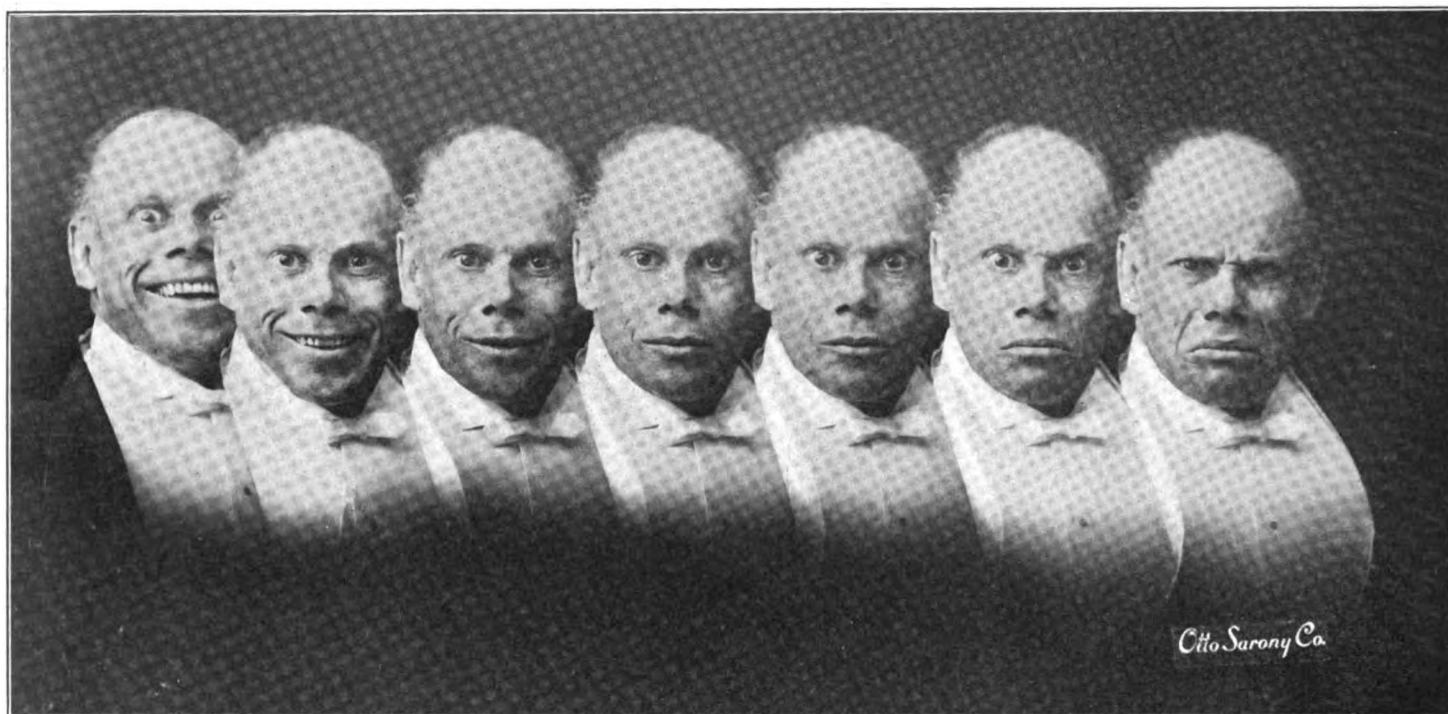
but that he did not size up to a National standard. There could be no more forcible advice given to all the leaders, sub-leaders, and subordinates than Mr. Smith's. He is beyond question the ablest practical political chief in the party to-day.

* * *

"I do not share the belief entertained by some persons," said the Senator, "that Judge Parker cannot be elected. As far as New Jersey is concerned the State can be carried not only for the State but the national ticket as well.

"If the National Committee and the State Committee will get together there is no doubt in my mind of the result. I am trying to get them together now, because there is ample time to swing the State. With the proper facilities, management and energy we can succeed.

J. D. B.



MARSHALL P. WILDER'S REMARKABLE GIFT OF EXPRESSION.

The diminutive comedian is now on his way to Japan with his great entertainment. He is to appear at the Court Ball in Tokio next month, when he will make the Mikado smile in spite of the war trouble. Study the many faces here presented. Can you blame the Mikado?

rival side the reverse has happened, and the men who stood with Senator Platt in all his battles have viewed with disgust the accession to power of Mr. Odell. The silence of Mr. Platt is eloquent, and any disaster to his party cannot be charged against him. By the time his term expires in the United States Senate, he will surely drop entirely out of sight as a public man, but not of his own volition. He has as surely been forced out by the man who is actuated solely by a greed for power. His removal from the scene of his political activity will not, however, be mourned with the same sympathetic and sentimental regard as the departure of Senator Platt from the councils of his party.

* * *

The most important utterances of any Democratic leader during the present campaign, was the declaration of former Senator James Smith, Jr., of New Jersey, that Judge Parker could be elected even now, if the National Committee did some hard work. Surely Mr. Taggart can no longer laugh at the sarcasm of the press over his strange conduct of the campaign. It seemed as if the Senator had spanked Tom, the Piper's son, and said: "Now quit your foolin' Tummy and go to work." The rainbow chasing Thomas must be prepared for a very lively time after election, if the Judge is not chosen. He cannot fall back upon the plea that Messrs. Belmont, Sheehan and Co., were to blame for any disaster. Taggart was appointed National Chairman because he had already cleverly nailed the National Committee, who like a flock of sheep endorsed him without consulting any of the real Democratic leaders. The chief argument used was that he was "regular," that he had not bolted the ticket when Bryan ran. It did not take long to find out that Thomas was all very well in Indiana,

The indictment against Odellism, which has been spread broadcast by the Democratic State Committee has been prepared from the books of the State Comptroller. It says:

"Ten consecutive years of Republican rule in the State of New York are characterized by reckless, wasteful, wanton expenditure of public moneys.

"The increased cost of government alone equals the total expenditures under Democratic administration and is 66 per cent. in excess of those under Gov. Flower in 1894.

AMOUNT.

1884—Last year of Gov. Cleveland's administration...	\$10,479,517.31
1885—First year of Gov. Hill's administration.....	11,879,581.17
1891—Last year of Gov. Hill's administration.....	13,072,059.84
1894—Last year of Gov. Flower's administration.....	15,713,578.20
1904—Last year of Gov. Odell's administration.....	26,041,200.33

"The appropriations for 1904 exceed the estimated revenue of the present fiscal year by nearly \$4,000,000. They exceed by \$16,000,000 those of the last year of Gov. Cleveland's administration, are double those of Gov. Hill's last year, and nearly \$11,000,000 greater than those of the last year of the Democratic State administration in 1894. During ten years of Republican rule the population of New York State has increased but 21 per cent. and its equalized valuation only 27 per cent., yet the expenditures have increased 66 per cent."



THREE "HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY" GIRLS AND FRANZ EBERT AT WEBER AND ZIEGFELD'S.

Songs and Their Publishers.

Hamilton S. Gordon makes a very fair showing in songs. "The Blacksmith's Lay," by Frank Dupree and C. A. Egner, would do, if it has not already been done, in light opera. True, there are some rather terrible rhymes, but even "clamor" and "hammer" can be overlooked under the circumstances. Maybe it is also an item that the sun has a small "s" in the first part of the song, while later on it is capitalized. Probably, however, the sun had risen meanwhile. By the way, if this is not captious criticism, does a blacksmith "peal his roundelay" in "a black abode," where "the sun never shines"? But all said and done, this is an excellent ditty in its way—even its subway.

Walter A. Phillips is to the fore with an instrumental piece entitled "Riding in an Auto-Car." This is easy and catchy, but why, Mr. Phillips, did you have your music put to words by a semi-anonymity, who hides himself under the initials "G. S. H."? As a "March and Two Step," this piece is distinctly all right, but, when one turns over and comes to the "March Song"—well, it is anything but

"Joy, joy, joy, joy, thus ends our ride in an auto-car,
Rah, rah, rah, rah, for the car that would not move," etc., etc.

"Without You," words and music by J. Louis MacEvoy is simple, and ought to take, while somehow or other one seems to think he has

heard something very much like "When the Fields Are White With Daisies" before. Maybe it is only a coincidence.

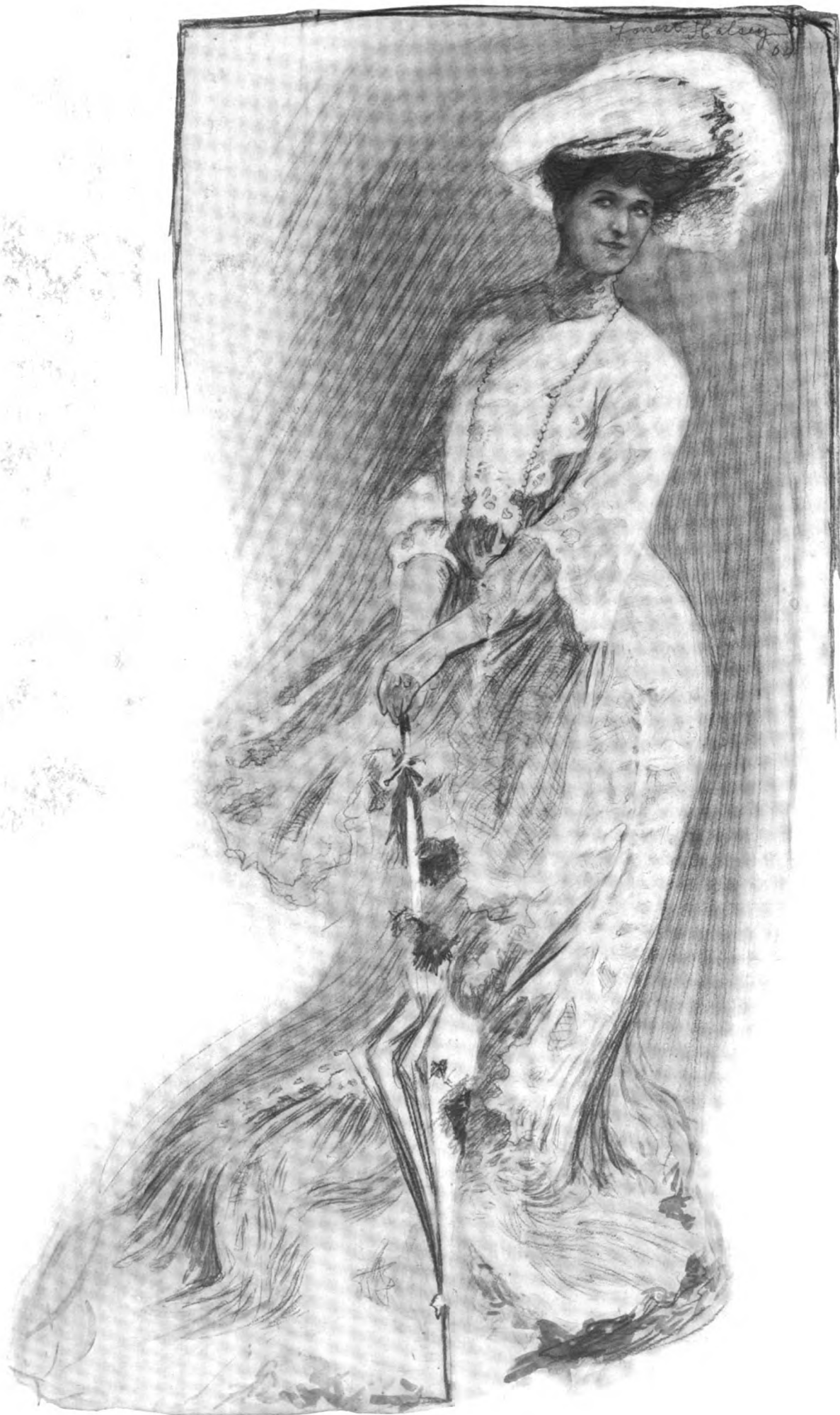
"My Sweet Savannah Lize," by Walter Hilliard and Chris Smith is the same old thing over and over again, and "Car'lina Lou," words and music by Smith and Bowman isn't at all bad in its way. It has some distinction.

"My Love Sweetheart For You," by F. S. Warren and L. C. Bowie, is good musically, but commonplace in the words.

J. Aldrich Libbey is strong in the poetical way in "Nora," with music by Thomas H. West. When Libbey says that "the beauties of Florida can't hold a candle to charming Nora," one is compelled to believe that Nora must be a most enticing young lady. This song is very good and should place Libbey and his partner amongst the first ranks of song writers.

Now come two songs by Mildred Moore and Everett Evans, one of which, "Since I First Met Thee," is bad, and the other very trying. "Close Thine Eyes." In the first named ditty the author uses "thee" and "you" indiscriminately, which is extremely bad verse anyway, and there are other faults, which are inexcusable.

THE DRUMMER BOY.



MISS ALICE FISCHER IN "PIFF, PAFF, POUF."

Copyright applied for
by Forrest Halsey.





MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL IN HER GORGEOUS COSTUME AS "THE SORCERESS," AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE.

GEORGE EDWARDES' NEW PLAY.

The new musical comedy which Mr. George Edwardes, by arrangement with Mr. Frank Curzon, will eventually produce at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, London, will be in two acts. Mr. Paul Rubens and Colonel Newham-Davis have written the "book," and Mr. Rubens and Mr. Howard Talbot, the music.

A young fellow who has joined the yeomanry will be represented by Mr. G. P. Huntley; Mr. Louis Bradfield and Mr. Fred Emney playing two

adventurers, and Mr. Maurice Farkoa, Miss Delia Mason and Miss Madge Critchton also being in the cast.

Charles Major and Paul Kester, the author and dramatizer of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," were in town recently to sign over the English rights of the piece to Julia Neilson and Fred Terry, who will shortly produce it in London. Bertha Galland will open her season in the play at Washington on Oct. 17.

The Art of Forrest Halsey.

It is to be doubted if any living artist has made as many portraits of the great dramatic and operatic stars as Forrest Halsey, who by the way, is the great nephew of Fielding Lucas, the patron of Rembrandt Peel, who made the last and one of the best portraits of George Washington, and on pages 12 and 13 of this number of BROADWAY WEEKLY will be found a reproduction of the two latest works of Mr. Halsey; Miss Henrietta Crozman in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," and Miss Alice Fischer in "Piff, Paff, Pouf." They speak eloquently of the art of Mr. Halsey, and are types of his original methods which combine the best elements of the free and portrait schools of drawing.

It would be quite a long list to enumerate all those who have given him sittings, but it may be briefly said that his pen and brush have depicted Adeline Patti, Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Leslie Carter in many roles; Henry Miller, in "The Only Way;" Vincent Serano in "Arizona;" Ellen Terry, Olga Nether-

sole, Josef Hoffman, Eleanor Robson as *Juliet*, and Fay Templeton. The American Stage contains many of Mr. Halsey's drawings. The remarkable feature of his work is its rapidity, which has often been necessary because great stars have but little time to stop for posing. Yet he has been known to attend a performance twenty-four times in order to get the character atmosphere of the part in which the subject is to pose. He is a student of mood and temperament, which qualities stand out very clearly in all his impressive work.

His society type is original as compared with those of Howard Chandler Christy, George Wharton Edwards, Walter Shirlaw, with whom he studied. His series include the Southern girl, the girl of the West, the New York and the Boston girl. He has also pictured a dozen young women typical of the outdoor sports of the country, and his gambling scenes among the lower classes prove that he is gifted in color work.

It is only natural that there should be a mingling of romance and a love of literature in his make-up. On the
(Continued on page 22.)



THE HONEYMOON SONG FROM THE "SHO-GUN," AT WALLACK'S THEATRE.

Three excellent pictures of William C. Weedon, as *Tee-To'-Komura*, and Christie MacDonald, as *Princess Hunni-Bun*, showing the various expressions of the song, "Your Honeymoon Will Last."

Last week rang in important changes that went from the sublime to the ridiculous; "Romeo and Juliet," at the Knickerbocker, for the sublime, and "Higgledy-Piggledy," representing the ridiculous, at the old well-known music hall, where assembled last Thursday night the *élite* of New York's smart, sporting, pleasure-loving and Ruinart sets, and no doubt many other sets. There was included, too, the improbable, or unlikely, "A Message from Mars," at the Princess. This week it is the pathetic, for who can witness the production of "Granny," at the Lyceum, without a touch of sentimental feeling to think it is dear old Mrs. Gilbert's last appearance on the stage? So they come and so they go, and while it is only the *Scene Shifter's* duty to note the passing show he would like to roll the scenes back a few years for Mrs. Gilbert and let some of the rising worldly-wise generation profit by seeing this charming actress of the Old School.

It is, perhaps, noticeable to old theatre-goers how little lately we have been treated to a genuine mirth-provoking farce. Is it that we are desiring to grow serious or is farce-comedy only hiding behind a curtain for a time, waiting to pounce out on us when we are all thoroughly charged with problem plays, horse plays and serio-comics and give to our senses the magic spark that humor brings that is necessary to keep us well-balanced men and women? To be sure, our plays contain frequent situations that bring out laughter in its heartiest forms; but, touching on this subject, let us recall what Brander Matthews has said in a chapter on the "Penalty of Humor": "In the theatre, farce is looked down on even by those who prefer it. Yet farce is a legitimate form of the drama of the most honorable antiquity. It is a form of the drama in which Aristophanes

and Plantus delighted, in which Shakespeare and Moliere wrote masterpieces, in which Goldsmith and Sheridan excelled, in which Regnard and Labiche revelled. * * * But the broad body of play-goers are ashamed to confess the profound satisfaction they take in it; they begrudge the comic dramatist the double reward of praise and laughter, and thus they make him pay the penalty of humor."

Our Boston correspondent tells us that all the town turned out and thronged the Tremont Theatre in loyalty and appreciation of what their fellow-townsmen, Thomas Bailey Aldrich has done for them in producing a four act biblical tragedy, called "Judith of Bethulia." Miss Nance O'Neill assumes the title role of *Judith*, and very faithfully and intelligently brings out the excitable temperament of the Jewish nation in this part. Our correspondent complains that many features of the play and especially the *corps de ballet*, are not truly orthodox. *Holofernes*, Charles Dalton, the Assyrian General is duly beheaded although not in full view of the audience. The play is lamentably weak in the fourth act after the decapitation when a brilliant climax should be led up to, showing that others must have lost their heads besides *Holofernes*. It would appear that with some good stage management and a little trimming up of the piece, a really thrilling drama might be made of it.

Is any one taking seriously the altogether startling theory of George Meredith, the celebrated English author, to limit marriage contracts to ten years? If the plan were to go into effect it must apply to the professional ranks as well as to any others, and you young folks of the stage must think well beforehand in contemplating marriage whether or no you will be able to hold out ten long seasons of winter and summer with a helpmeet—and no prospect of a change before time is up. Seriously, however, there is not the slightest danger of this menace to the moral standard of society gaining any foothold whatever. The divorce business is scandalous enough, but we doubt not that professional people are shortly going to become more sensible as they grow in intelligence and grace and will take up this problem of marriage in the way it was first intended and show Mr. Meredith that his absurd theory is not only revolting and degrading, but also quite unnecessary to human happiness.



SCENE FROM ACT I. OF "THE SHO-GUN," AT WALLACK'S THEATRE.

Charles E. Evans, as the adventurous American promoter; Georgia Caine, as *Omeo-Omi*; William C. Weedon, as *Tee-To'-Komura* and Christie MacDonald as *Princess Hunni-Bun*.

Two Notable American Women in the Public Eye.



LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

The serious illness of Lady Curzon of Kedleston has aroused universal sorrow throughout this, her native country, and the British Empire, and in India the sympathy has extended to the native population, with whom both the Viceroy and his consort are deservedly popular. It is announced from Walmer Castle that, although Lady Curzon's condition remains grave, there are slight signs of improvement.

For eight centuries, they say, the family of Lord Curzon has lived at Kedleston, in Derbyshire, a country which was very efficiently managed for generations by the Curzons, who acted as sheriffs, escheators, members of parliament and so forth, and where Lord Scarsdale lives still. The family baronetcy came in 1641. Rather more than a century afterwards the fifth baronet was thoughtless enough to accept a peerage, the existence of which is the dark shadow on Lord Curzon's life. He has openly avowed his dislike of the prospect of being barred by an English title from sitting in the House of Commons. His own peerage, of course, is an Irish one.

Old members of the House still look back with a solemn joy to those twelve years during which George Nathaniel Curzon leavened the Unionist Party in Parliament, and especially to the seven years during which his facts, his phrases and his frock-coats were the glory of the Treasury Bench.

Lord Curzon's appointment was the cause of a singular romance of the publishing trade, the expenses of which fell, as usually happens, on the author concerned. The work in which the young Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs described his journey along the Indian frontier had been completed, handed to the publisher, and actually set up in type, when the choice of a new Viceroy was announced. The objections to a book on India by a Viceroy were considered well-nigh as insuperable as the objections to a book on the Army by anybody having practical experience thereof, and Lord Curzon postponed the publication of his volume.



DR. IDA C. NAHM.

Dr. Ida C. Nahm, the Corresponding Secretary of the Women's Professional League and a member of the hard-working Bazaar Committee, is an interesting member. Her desire to be self-supporting first led her to the stage, and having a voice, her first appearance was in the chorus of the Metropolitan Opera House. From this she rose to more important positions, but, despite encouragement from well-known professionals, she was not satisfied. "I felt that I had no real talent for the stage, and longed with all my heart to study medicine," she says. "While playing two performances a day, with a stock company in Chicago, I commenced my medical studies in that city, and eventually graduated among the honor ten from the Medical College."

Dr. Nahm practiced with great success in the West for some time, but finally came East to make her home. At present she is not practicing her profession, being engaged in business as the manager of a prominent Broadway concern.

"I knew nothing of business when I undertook this managership," she says, "but I believe that I am making a success of it. After all, it simply means business-like methods applied to the particular branch. Yet I feel that my retirement from active medical practice will be but brief. I simply cannot get away from medicine. I once went to Europe for a vacation, and dropped my medical prefix. I did not want to work. A few days out from the harbor, someone slipped and broke a leg at my very feet. Of course my professional instinct prompted me to go to his assistance before the doctor arrived, and the latter at once declared that I must be a physician. After that I frequently assisted him with cases in the steerage on that voyage. You see, it was quite useless to attempt escape."

Dr. Nahm's ambition is eventually to have charge of a sanatorium of her very own, and this energetic, forceful little woman of the serene countenance and gentle manner, will doubtless accomplish her aim.

Plays and Players.

Maude Adams will make a tour of the South before coming to the Empire Theatre in December. Her company is now rehearsing, in New York, "The Little Minister," "L'Aiglon" and "'Op o' Me Thumb," which will be the repertoire for the season. It is announced that William Gillette is writing a new play for Miss Adams, which she will appear in during her term at the Empire.

Yvette Guilbert will appear in New York next October in a musical comedy. She will play in English.

David Bispham has arrived in New York from England to begin presently his farewell concert tour. Next summer he will enter the light opera field and will be seen in London in a new piece, entitled "The Vicar."

Ida Conquest, who will be starred by Thomas W. Ryley this season, will give especial performances of Browning's "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon'" during her appearance in New York.

Israel Zangwill is now in this country to see Cecelia Loftus in "The Serio-Comic Governess." He has not been in New York since the production of "Children of the Ghetto" four years ago.

The Jealous Dresden Statue.

BY WELLS HAWKS.

Vibbard had the mussiest studio in town. There were bits of paper and scraps on the floor that he would allow no one to sweep away and they had been there since he moved in. Vibbard was just as untidy as his studio. His friends said it was genius, but he knew it was laziness. When he felt like it, or, rather, when he really needed the money, he would fuss and fume over the clay until he had worked something, and then it was sent off to be cast. His bronzes were always original and sought after. But, sad to say, the dealers would get tired of seeking, and whenever Vibbard would strike anything good, he had to peddle it just like a beginner, but it always sold. Then he would live a little more, go broke and in a few weeks was at the clay again.

But this day the clay wouldn't work out. He had the idea—a dreamy, half-vague sort of a notion of a maiden all veiled in the sea-spray, floating on the crest of a wave and reaching hopelessly for a star. He was going to call it the "Mermaid and the Star." But the clay stuck together in lumps and work as he might it would not fit the model that haunted his soul. He tried and tried again. Then he threw it all down in a heap and walked across to the mantle. He filled his pipe, took a deep draught of beer, lighted his pipe and threw himself in a chair. His eyes gazed across the table. He smiled and reaching over picked up a tiny, delicate Dresden figure.

It was a little dancer with fluffy skirts and shapely legs, with a striped bodice and a peaked cap that was fringed with bells and which sat coquettishly on the side of her flaxen head.

"Ah, La Fleur," he said, "I almost forgot. My little dancer's birthday. Three years old, my little fairy, and you are not a bit older-looking than the day I saw them bring you from the case. Oh, but you were a sorry sight all packed in sawdust."

He pressed the Dresden to his lips and kissed it. Then he held the figure meditatively before him and blew wreaths about it. The dancer seemed to be gazing at him in a half quizzical way as if wondering where his dreams might be.

"You saucy little miss," he exclaimed, "I know what's the matter. You want your birthday present and lazy dog than I am, I haven't a sou to buy one." Then he looked over at the ill-shaped clay and sighed.

He stood by the window frowning. Then a smile came over his face. He opened the top drawer of the carelessly kept chiffonier and rummaging about in the host of things that kept the drawer half open he pulled out a paint box.

"Oh but you shall have your present," he said.

Then he took the brush and dipping it in a tube painted a garter of gold about the shapely little leg and fashioned a tiny buckle just over the dimpled knee.

"Now," he said, "are you not happy." He placed the figure on the edge of the mantel and sat in his chair and smoked and watched it.

Again he tried to shape the clay in to the mermaid that reached out for the star but all of the lines were bad and he threw it down and went out.

The night was raw and damp and there was a mist that was almost rain. A deep despondency came over him. A dream that was not the half-realized possessed him. He had one drink and then another. He kept on down town. It was night and the theatres were lighted and many were announcing new bills. Here was a flaming sign that caught his eye:

"LA FLEUR"

FIRST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA.

He read it again and again. All of the visions of the old days came back. The work hours with the first lessons, the wild crowds around the boulevard tables, the reckless dances of the student's ball. And La Fleur. They did not know her then except in the little halls where they fought and broke the chairs and yelled for her to come back. The wild scramble at the stage door to take her home. It was his good luck so often.

He went in and saw her. It was the same La Fleur. His whole being reeled with the memories of the past. The dance carried him deeper into the dreams. He was waiting at the stage door. She came out alone, all veiled and timidly, as if fearing the new country in which she was making her debut. He called out her name. She gave a soft little cry. They were in the cab together. She laughed to find that he was still the same careless, penniless Vibbard and she swore that she would change him and make him great. Then the wine and the talks of the old days. He told her of the namesake—the little Dresden that had become his sweetheart. She laughed with a fascinating glee when he told her of the Dresden La Fleur's birthday and the gilded garter he had painted.

And morning came. He left her at the great hotel and she kissed him and he promised to be back in the afternoon.

Vibbard climbed the stairs to his studio. His dreams were in broader lines. He was going to become great because La Fleur had promised to help him. They were going to live and love and help each other. And the Dresden bit—Little La Fleur with the gilded garter would be the mascot. He lighted the gas and went to the mantle. The figure was gone. His foot struck something that crumbled on the hearth.

"La Fleur, La Fleur," he cried, "why did you do it. Why didn't you wait for me. It was going to be so bright."

But the bits of china lay on the hearth.



BLANCHE BATES.

Star of the Belasco Company in the "Darling of the Gods," who will probably go to London very soon to appear in a new play written for her by Mr. Belasco.



DAVID BELASCO.

No doubt is expressed in any quarter to the assertion that David Belasco is the genius of the English speaking stage as a dramatic producer. This picture betrays his student and thoughtful nature.



MRS. LESLIE CARTER.

New York theatre goers are anxious for Mrs. Carter's return. The public is most loyal to her, and no matter what the dramatic offering she has to make, her audiences are appreciative.

In the Glad-Hand Country.

An Englishman couldn't see this joke. It is a joke anyhow. Two ladies drove up to Daly's Theatre the other night, and alighted with some after dinner alacrity. They proceeded upstairs until they encountered the immaculate evening dress form of Stanley, who is Chas. Frohman's representative at that particular theatre. Said one of these damsels to the latest Benedict:

"We are not quite decided as to where to go to-night. Would you mind tossing up a coin to decide this momentous issue?"

Perhaps she didn't say quite all this in these particular words, but she meant as much. At any rate Stanley just to oblige, and there is no one who can oblige like this gentleman, said that he would toss up a coin, and he did so, although it was only a cent. The coin fell down with head upwards.

"Thank you," said the lady, "heads meant we would go to the 'Broadway.' Goodbye!"

And Stanley was left wondering at the wiles of women, and thinking that it was a dreadful paradox of some poet or other to have written:

"Oh, remarkably long is a woman's hair,
And short are a woman's wits,
I learnt that all in a lump, my boy,
You'll learn it in little bits!"

* * *

Up at Frohman's office is a young lady typewriter, who goes by the name of Mark Hanna. People have asked why she is so nicknamed, because if anyone was less like that departed statesman, it must be she. Well, this is the tale over a bottle or Ruinart.

Once on a time she had a room mate, who was so entirely—what shall we say?—ingenuous, that she didn't know anything about anybody. You must know that you will meet such people at times. On the day that Mark Hanna died, she turned round with perfect simplicity to her friend at Frohman's, and said:

"And who may this Mark Hanna be, pray?"

This so convulsed Mr. Frohman's miss that she had to repeat the incident all around about, and so got for herself the soubriquet of Mark Hanna.

E. L. HANCOCK.



Photo by Coover, Chicago.

VIOLET DALE.

She was a member of the Henry E. Dixey company at the Berkeley Lyceum, and she is a clever mimic and actress.



Photo by Hall's Studio.

HENRY E. DIXEY.

One of the most remarkable men on the American stage. He is probably the most versatile entertainer and all-round character comedian of all.



Photo by Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, O.

COLONEL HARRY B. BRADLEY.

A well-known actor now playing *Caleb Gale* in "The Lighthouse by the Sea." He is a great favorite with lovers of melodrama throughout the country.

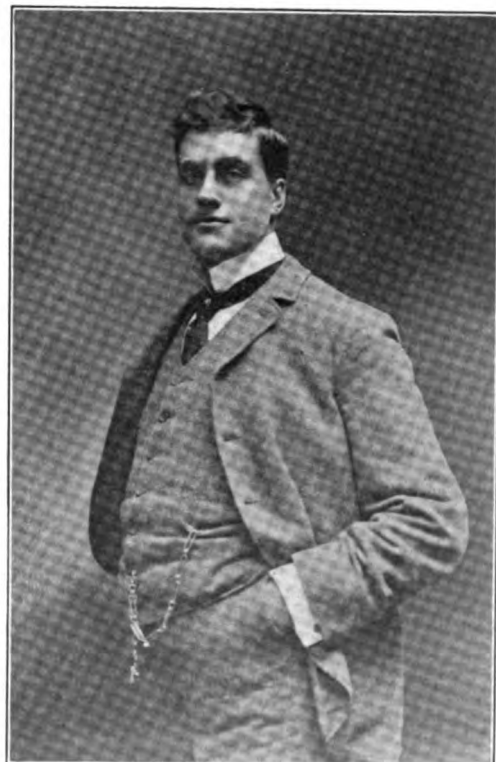


Photo by Hall's Studio.

AL. HART.

The comedian in comic opera with a voice. Mr. Hart is now rehearsing with "A China Doll" company, in which he will no doubt make a hit—as he always does.

Stars Who Are Great Favorites on the West Side.



WILLIAM COLLIER.



THOMAS E. SHEA.



MASTER JOSEPH SANTLEY.



DUSTIN FARNUM.

It is a notable fact that Broadway stars without exception are always pleased to play an engagement at the Grand Opera House. When they are booked at that theatre they know that the management feels they can draw large audiences because the seating capacity is so great. Then it is perhaps the best equipped combination theatre in the country. The foyer is equal to the finest theatre in Paris or London, and the auditorium and modern conveniences for the comfort of its patrons are roomy, cheerful and well attended by polite employees.

The stage, dressing rooms and other appurtenances are excellently arranged, and as a whole the house is a people's theatre in the fullest acceptance of the term. For the years during which the house has been managed by John H. Springer and son, nothing but prosperity has attended upon it every season. It has been said at times that Mr. Springer has been too independent, but the long lines of industrious people who wait to book seats ahead would affect the mildest man in this direction.

This year, having numerous business enterprises in hand, the Messrs. Springer have selected as their right hand man, Bronson Douglass, a newspaper man of ability who graduated to the dramatic field. He has given the star press representatives of the city a hard run in letting the public know what is going on in his vicinity. William Collier, in "The Dictator," just closed a record-breaking engagement, following Lawrence D'Orsay in "Lord Pawtucket." This week Thomas E. Shea, the melodramatic star, is drawing the crowds, and he will be followed by Joseph Santley, the boy star; Dustin Farnum, in "The Virginian"; De Wolfe Hopper, William H. Thompson, Kyrle Bellew, the Rogers Brothers, James K. Hackett, Frank Daniels, Lew Dockstader and George M. Cohan among others; in fact, all the season's leading and best attractions.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

Nat Goodwin has engaged Ruth Mackay, of London, as leading woman for his company.

Franz Adam Beyerlein, the author of "Taps," is coming over to see the American form of the play.

Ida Conquest will come to New York in December in "The Money Makers."

Bianca Froelich has arrived for her engagement as one of the premier danseuses with the Metropolitan Opera Company. Enrica Varosi, the other premier danseuse, is expected to arrive soon.



MARIE PETTES.

She is the support of Dustin Farnum, who will play "The Virginian" at the Grand Opera House.



DE WOLFE HOPPER.

The handsome blonde matinee idol who prefers to be a star comedian who can sing real music, rather than play love-sick swains who make goo-goo eyes across the footlights.

Chicot's Gossip of the Week.

Last week was a let down at the theatres. There was practically nothing new in town, though several bills offered things new to their patrons. Venie Atherton, a sister of the late Alice Atherton, had a sketch at Proctor's on Twenty-Third street, and at Keith's there was a shadow-graphist for those who liked that sort of thing. For the rest the bills were good though not rich in novelty. It is merely a lull, for the books of the various houses show much that is novel under contract, and in spite of the old cry that European work has been exhausted there is a heavy scheme of importation of which both Pitrot and Feiber have a share. There is much that is good if not startling in the booking and there is promise of much new work.

This week Rose Coghlan has a sketch by Hartley Manners which she is showing at the Fifty-Eighth Street Theatre. Manners seems to be coming forward as a vaudeville playwright, having supplied Jessie Milward and others with offerings. He is a young Englishman with a gift for writing graceful dialogue and planning plots. Just now there should be plenty of opportunity for sketch writers, for some of the recent vaudeville recruits have stood sadly in need of proper offerings and others would make the vaudeville attempt could they find the sort of sketch they want.

F. F. Proctor has gone to the World's fair at St. Louis. Before he returns he will have visited Pittsburg, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Buffalo, and other points. He contemplated a Western trip when in the early summer his plans were upset by the automobile accident which laid him up for several months. He is still compelled to be careful, especially upon stairways, but he walks without the aid of a crutch.

Fred Edwards, who with May Edouin scored in a sketch here, has booked two years in England and Africa at a salary in excess of that he received here. It is his intention to run over here next summer for a look around at Broadway, but the probabilities are that he will not play here for at least two years.

Maude Caswell is also doing nicely abroad. She works alone and secures a higher salary than she did when here she worked with Arnold. She has a natural gift for press work, and has placed herself well up among the star turns. Just now she is in Alexandria, Egypt, after a month in Cairo.

The Vaudeville Agent's Association seems to have lapsed. The only thing that holds them together is the knowledge that they have \$25 each in the common fund. They would hold together if the amount were but five dollars, but they seem to be making no great progress in the matter of adjusting the labor bureau law. Possibly they await the result of the election.

Venie Atherton, whose chief claim has hitherto been that she is a sister of the late Alice Atherton made a vaudeville venture at the Twenty-third Street theatre last week. Miss Atherton, in spite of a rather weak vehicle, made it evident that she is able to make a name for herself. Her sketch runs along the lines of eccentric characterization, and tells of a rural character who makes a wife of the woman who dabbles in matrimonial advertising. It was fairly well played and while not a headline offering of the first rank it made good in the position accorded it, and showed Miss Atherton to be a capable character actress.

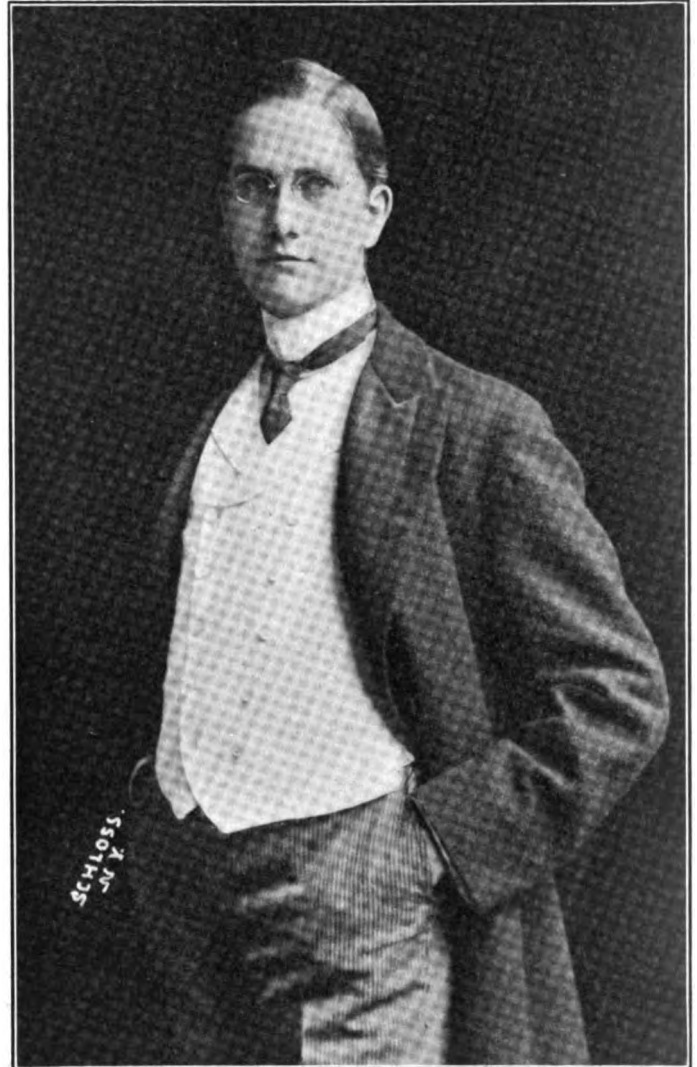
George Wilson, on the same bill, was very much minstrel. It is odd that those who have been in the burnt cork brigade for long cannot realize that the vaudeville audiences are ahead of the patrons of minstrelsy. The only minstrel who really made good as a headline attraction in vaudeville was Lew Dockstader with his odd sketches on noted political characters which he did in white face some years ago. George Primrose and the Foley Boys do well but their offering is not one of talk.

Paul Spadoni, whose recent hurts have prevented him from balancing automobiles upon his shoulders, is doing as well as ever making the cannon balls the feature of his act. There never was to the auto trick a return for the effort expended, and while Spadoni's lame back is a matter for sympathy, he is to be congratulated upon having made the discovery.

Robert Girard returned to these precincts last week with good health and a new hammer. Girard, who is affectionately referred to by Mr.

Albee's Mr. Hennessey as the Mrs. Nagg of vaudeville, has been out on the Pacific slope taking a vacation. He started in poor health, but returns much refreshed and ready as usual to do business at the old Orpheum stand.

Another one of those child acts is in town at the Proctor houses. This is the Chadwick trio, in which a not particularly clever child is made the



DOUGLAS J. WOOD.

He plays Ollie Mitchell in "The College Widow" and is one of the bright and handsome young actors under Manager Savage's care.

excuse for the appearance of two grown persons who surely would never have ventured had it not been for the child. It is but a poor act at best, and the man even finds fly paper to be funny. It was in the long ago when some of their other jokes were new, but it's been a long time since half of a five-cent sheet of fly paper could save two adults and a child from artistic extermination.

Ed. Mullen and his trained dog Dixie are working about town. It is a pity Mullen cannot find some one who will afford him the same educational facilities as Dixie has enjoyed. Until Mullen finds it necessary to learn how to speak the English language, the dog will stand as the better educated of the twain, since Dixie seems to have availed himself of his opportunities and Mullen has not. It is one of the odd things that the preceptors of trained horses and other animals are never able to come on the stage and act like ordinary human beings.

It was rumored that the Keith people were to have a theatre in Sioux Falls.

Later the report was denied.

EPES W. SERGEANT (CHICOT).

MARVELA OBESITY REDUCING CREAM

For reducing over-fatness of any part of the body to which it is applied

by a gentle massage, without affecting the health; being too fat is both unhealthy and unsightly. No change of diet necessary. Neither greasy nor sticky; clean and delightfully perfumed. **ACTS WHILE YOU REST.** Guaranteed to reduce from three to five pounds weekly. Used by the leading society ladies and actresses, whose testimonials may be seen at our office.

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(Continued from page 15.)

maternal side he is of Virginia, descended from an ancient old Dominion family, while on the line of his paternity, his great-grandfather, Colonel Luther Halsey, the bluff but courtly soldier, was an aide-de-camp on the staff of the Marquis de Lafayette. In New Jersey where the Halsey's have been the most notable family with the Frelinghuysen's for over two centuries, tradition has handed down many anecdotes of the forceful character of the Halsey's whose collateral line is still dominant in Burke and Debrett, holding the old estate from mediaeval times. Mr. Halsey's father, a banker, was well-known as a writer, and his humorous works had a wide circle of readers. The artist's preference is for the Renaissance and French history and he has illustrated many famous scenes and incidents in this connection.

Personally Mr. Halsey has old-fashioned ideas about doing things. Thousands have seen and admired his work, but few know him personally. He has since childhood worked away from the madding crowd, at one time having his studio and workshop over his father's stable adjoining the family residence in New Jersey. His private industry and perseverance compelled recognition, and he is now magnificently ensconced in a luxurious studio just off Fifth Avenue, where, amid artistic surroundings, he is happy and content. The family likeness is strong in him, and he has the usual Halsey six feet of physique. He is a clean-cut, clean-minded, amiable young man—a most satisfactory type of an American gentleman.

SHE: "And are you so much better since you returned from your trip abroad?"
HE: "Yes indeed! I'm quite another man, I assure you."
SHE: "Well, I'm sure your friends will be delighted to hear it."

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FLIPP: "I hear that they use all sorts of materials in the manufacture of illuminating gas nowadays."
Flopp: "True. They even make light of the consumers' complaints."

LAWYER: "Then, too, there will be the court crier's fee."

Fair Litigant (breach of promise): "Oh, I shall do my own crying. I should never think of trusting anybody else to do that."

JONES (who is broke): "I have one faithful friend left."

Brown (also broke): "Who is it?"
Jones: "My pipe. I can still draw on that."

Mrs. DE SWELL: "You seem to be a great lover of the weed, Mr. Puffington. Does your father smoke as much as you do?"

Puffington: "Well, I should hope not."

Mrs. De Swell: "What do you mean?"

Puffington: "He has been dead ten years."

POLLY: "The way that man looked at me was positively insulting!"

Dolly: "Did he stare at you long and insolently?"

Polly: "No. He gave one glance, and then looked at something else."

POLICEMAN: "Who've you got there?"

Mrs. B.: "It's Bill Bailey, an' I'm taking him home!"

Richard Mansfield has received from T. Russell Sullivan a completed translation of Giacometti's "La Morte Civile," an Italian classic which one of Tomasso Salvini's most popular plays. Mr. Mansfield will add it to his repertoire this season.

AMUSEMENTS—FOR THE WEEK OF OCTOBER 24TH.

NEW YORK THEATRES.

Academy of Music..... "Checkers"
American.....Cazelle French Plays
Belasco....."The Music Master"
Broadway....."Love's Lottery"
Casino....."Piff, Paff, Pout"
Criterion....."Business Is Business"
Daly's....."The Cingalee"
Empire....."The Duke of Killcrankie"
Fourteenth Street....."Texas"
Garden....."The College Widow"
Garrick....."Joseph Entangled"
Grand Opera House.
Thomas E. Shea in Repertoire
Harlem Opera House.
Lew Dockstader's Minstrels
Herald Square....."The School Girl"
Hudson....."Letty"
Knickerbocker....."Romeo and Juliet"
Oct. 31. "Much Ado about Nothing"
Lyceum....."Granny"
Lyric....."The Harvester"
Liberty....."The Rogers Bros. in Paris"
Majestic....."The Isle of Spice"
Oct. 31. "Bird Centre"
Manhattan....."Becky Sharp"
Metropolis....."The Missourians"

New Amsterdam....."The Sorceress"
New Star....."No Wedding Bells for Her"
New York....."The Old Homestead"
Oct. 31. "Parsifal" in English
Princess....."A Message from Mars"
Savoy.
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"
Third Avenue....."Deserted at the Altar"
Wallack's....."The Sho-Gun"
West End....."The Volunteer Organist"
Weber Music Hall.
"Higgledy, Piggledy"

BROOKLYN THEATRES.

Amphion....."In the Palace of the King"
Broadway....."The Virginian"
Bijou....."The Charity Girl"
Columbia....."Jim Bludsoe"
Folly.
"More to be Pitied than Scorned"
Grand.....Russell Brothers
Montauk....."The Yankee Consul"
Majestic....."Down the Pike"
Novelty....."Why Girls Leave Home"
Park....."Her Mad Marriage"

BROADWAY WEEKLY

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OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.

Before another issue of this paper appears the day will have passed when throughout the land the ballots silently falling will proclaim a President for the next four years for this Republic. It has been the comment of all that this has been an unusual and unprecedented campaign. True it is that there has been less active demonstration than in former great political times. The changes in the temper of the people sometimes are almost unaccountable. Nevertheless there are many who are vitally interested in the present issues, and before next Tuesday night it will show most demonstratively that apathy over so important an event in our national welfare does not exist in the hearts of the people. It is not true however that there are not great differences at issue between the two great political parties; nor that we are choosing merely between the personalities of the two candidates, nor that Theodore Roosevelt is more of a Democrat than Judge Parker as we have heard propounded by some individuals not yet thoroughly awake. To the thoughtful minded, to the student of the political economy of nations and to the patriot, there is more at issue in this campaign than there has been since the days of the Civil War. This is apparent to many; it will be apparent to many more by the time election day dawns and a decided trend that the Republican party entirely ignores has been steadily in progress towards the Democratic lines.

From the earliest times, as soon as the Republican party felt itself firmly intrenched in the Government and the spirit of arrogance began to crowd out its nobler sentiments, the policy to *claim everything*, even the bountiful gifts of Heaven, has grown with each succeeding generation and to-day is more than ever apparent in the attitude of this party in face of the present situation. With a ferocity little short of boorishness they defiantly but incorrectly maintain that the Democratic Party has declared nothing in its platform; that its leaders will not proclaim what they are going to do if elected; that the present strenuous policy of government shows a surplus no matter how little; that a high tariff is what the country is still in crying need of for its own "protection" (great word—"protection?") and that this hue and cry by the incompetent Democrats about the shameless Cortelyou scandal is merely a "silly" argument. And meanwhile with scarcely a serious reply to the profound questions put to them by their opponents, with no evidence of reflection as to the purposes of our glorious Constitution, now lost sight of behind the shadow of the emblazoned banner of Imperialism and conquest, they rejoice loudly in the truly characteristic if inelegant impression of their intention to "stand pat." Can anyone of reasonable intelligence side with them in their absurd assertion that the Democrats do not put themselves on record for demanding any needed reforms in our Government, after noting the recent magnificent speeches by ex-President Grover Cleveland and ex-Secretary Carlyle and Judge Parker? These statesmen in a few words propounded more food for serious reflection than has been put forward in the whole Republican campaign, platform included. Yet the next day all that the Republican organs could say in reply was that these leaders had as usual, "avoided the issues." It is an ancient fault, but as true to-day as two thousand years ago, that if they do not see, it is only because they do not want to.

Grover Cleveland in his speech at Carnegie Hall uttered many forcible truths. Truth undoubtedly hurts sometimes and the efforts to avoid it are lamentable. "I beg them to remember that the true greatness and glory of our nation cannot safely rest upon wealth which finds its way to the few at the expense of the many; nor upon such material success as contaminates the purity or blunts the potency of patriotism; nor upon expansion in disregard of our national mission and intent; nor upon achievements that put in question our national morality." Are not every one of these questions, concerning which no patriotic citizen of these United States can ruthlessly disregard? The moral effect which the ex-President here refers to when the desire for gain becomes our uppermost thought, cultivated by the shining examples set by the "protected few," is one question alone

over which there should be no hesitation. It is our honest conviction that Theodore Roosevelt has the interests of this nation at heart; that he intends it shall become yet greater than in the proud distinction it holds to-day; but the methods of great ambitions and the social evils that spring up and thrive in the path of misdirected energy are dangerous to a nation's welfare. These are the greatest evils, because they are subtle and unsuspected for a time by the mass of the people. Enough to mention the effects of what a plutocracy would bring upon the nation to cause a serious contemplation of them. It is the intention of the Republican Party now to "rest on its record" and, saying as little as possible while making betting odds of 4 to 1, sweep their candidate safely over the goal of election day.

If Theodore Roosevelt is elected President of the United States, the Democrats may safely feel assured that their turn will come in 1908. With four more years of the Dictatorship of a man who says in so many words, "trust all to me; I know what is best for you, the underlings of this nation," the underlings will awaken. But why not now regulate our own welfare, rather than wait, when minds may be more excited and less sensible to reason than now, and elect to the Presidential Chair one who believes in the governing policy as founded by our illustrious forefathers in the Constitution, and is not afraid to advocate laws that are needed now first of all—at home—for the safe guidance of our Ship of State—one who would be in every sense a representative head of *all* the people—Judge Alton B. Parker

CONSOLATION FOR MARRIED MEN.

There is consolation for benedicts, in the discovery by a great statistician, that they live longer than bachelors. And it is just what might be expected. In spite of all that has been written and pictured by humorists, the married man is better off than he thinks. What a dunce he is to envy the poor single man when he thinks of the awful experiences he went through when his fate was in the hollow of some fair one's hand, and his heart and happiness depended upon the fancy of the adored one. According to the computation as a bachelor he would have been one of the twenty-seven per cent. from the age of 30 to 45 who die, while as a married man he has a chance of being one of only eighteen out of a hundred who linger in the shadow of the reaper Death at the same ages.

And for forty-one bachelors who attain the age of 40 there are seventy-eight married men who laugh at the wily old reaper. But the older the married man gets, the more immune he is, apparently, to a taking off. At sixty years of age there remain but twenty-two bachelors for forty-eight married men. At seventy, eleven bachelors die to every twenty-seven married men, and at eighty, three bachelors for nine married fogies.

Therefore Mr. Henpeck may cheer up. He can toast his shins at his own fireside and grin as he thinks that the fools who do not give their hearts and hands away, are taking more chances than he is. Matrimony may be a lottery, but it can be made a success. It is a give-and-take arrangement of each others foibles and faults. But things may look very different on a bright morning from what they are on a cloudy, damp night, and a little patience is a fine remedy for many marital ills. And remember a soft word turneth away wrath, and that a woman even at ninety, loves a compliment as much as when she was sweet sixteen spooning through the meadow on a sunny Sunday afternoon.

RED HAIR VERSUS PARKER LUCK.

A controversy has arisen concerning Judge Parker, which is sufficiently out of the line of politics as to be a feature of an otherwise featureless campaign. The adherents of the White House who desire to see the present dynasty continued, have settled upon an undisputable obstacle to the election of the jurist from Esopus. He has Red Hair! Think of it! A man with Red Hair in the White House! And of course a gray horse in the stable. It could never be; for there never was a red-haired President in the White House. There have been red-headed men as they are styled in the vernacular, but Red-Haired men never. Perish the thought! As Judge Parker is said by those who have seen him to be Red-Haired, he may as well give up the idea of ever growing gray in the service of the nation.

Yet up to 'Sopus things are different. The good folk who call the Judge neighbor, argue that he will be chosen President because he has a "hunch." The "hunch" in this instance is that the Judge has what is known as Parker luck, because of his success in every enterprise in which he has ever embarked. And this is the way the people of Esopus have decided the matter.

The dream book school of politics is a "mighty onsartin," method of conducting a fight, and it is a significant fact that there are sections up the State vouched for by reliable persons, where not a single picture of Judge Parker or any campaign literature has appeared.

Mathison's Sporting Comment.

BY CHARLES F. MATHISON.

According to the assertion of James Williams, second baseman of the New York Americans, what is inelegantly termed the "spit ball" caused his team to lose the deciding game for the pennant of that organization. Two distressing errors made by Williams in the 7th inning, and which killed the chances of the New Yorkers for the flag, are attributed by the fielder to the fact that the leather had been manipulated by Jack Chesebro, the master of the "spit ball" or "salival spheroid," as the Bostonese have it.

Two victories were needed by the New Yorks in order to dislodge Boston from the championship, and of course the flag hinged on the opening game. Chesebro pitched for Griffith's team, and he utilized the spit ball throughout with demoralizing effectiveness on the Bostons.

The New Yorks gathered in 2 runs in the 5th, and the outlook seemed rosy. Then came the fatal 7th. Lachance got a single, and Ferris drove a sharp grounder straight at Williams. He got his hands on it, but failed

9th, and then there would have been the second struggle to decide possession of the former.

Many persons have censured Chesebro for the loss of the pennant, but he is in no wise to blame. He pitched magnificent ball, and with better support would have won.

It is seldom that Williams makes two such glaring errors in one inning. While the first ball hit at him was revolving swiftly, yet he has stopped thousands of that sort and got them to first in time. The second grounder bounded right in his hands and he had plenty of time to throw to Kleinow.

When he was asked for an explanation, he said that both grounders were spit balls, and they slipped in each case.

The past season has demonstrated that the "spit ball," has played havoc with the batsman, especially those who have faced Chesebro, who is the original master of the ball. But if it is to handicap the efforts of the fielders, it becomes indeed a serious problem, and calls for the serious attention of the baseball lawmakers.

The spit ball was discovered by Elmer Stricklett, a California League pitcher, who used it with considerable effect in the season of 1903. In-



JACK KLEINOW.

He is the wonderful catcher who handles the new spit ball delivery adopted by Jack Chesebro.



JACK CHESEBRO.

The New York American team's pitcher who has perfected the new spit ball delivery—the baseball sensation.

to hold it, the ball rolling to centre. Criger's sacrifice put Lachance on 3d and Ferris on 2d. The New York infield closed in to prevent scoring. Dineen chopped a bouncer into Williams' hands, and the lumbering Lachance rushed for the plate. Taking deliberate aim Williams threw the ball on the ground 2 feet in front of Kleinow. The sphere sharply bounded away from the catcher and rolled to the stand. Both Lachance and Ferris scored. The next two batsmen were retired.

Although Chesebro made a wild pitch in the 9th, giving the winning run, yet it made no difference, for had he not made the wild pitch, the first game would have gone two extra innings. Even supposing the New Yorks had won the first game in 10 or 12 innings, there would not have been sufficient time in which to play the second game, which was won by the local team by 1 to 0 in 10 innings.

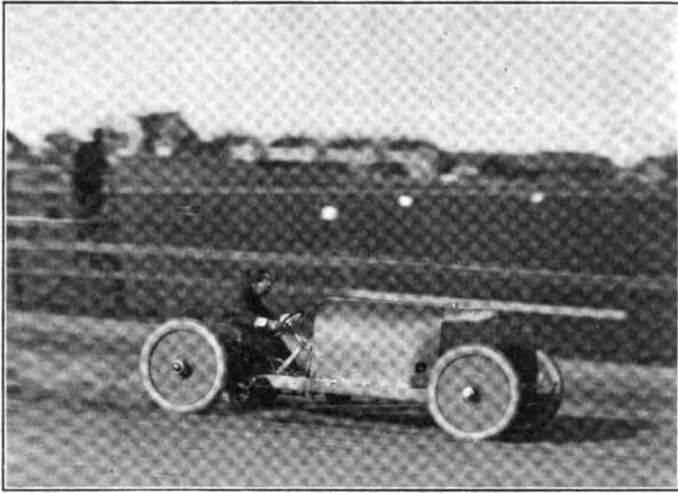
Therefore the Highlanders would have still lost the pennant. Had Williams played perfectly in the 7th, the final score would be 2 to 1 in the

stantly the major League pitchers began to experiment with it. Chesebro practised all last winter and when he faced the opposing batsmen of the American League last Spring he was a master of the ball. Others in both the National and American Leagues have followed suit but none has attained the effectiveness of Chesebro.

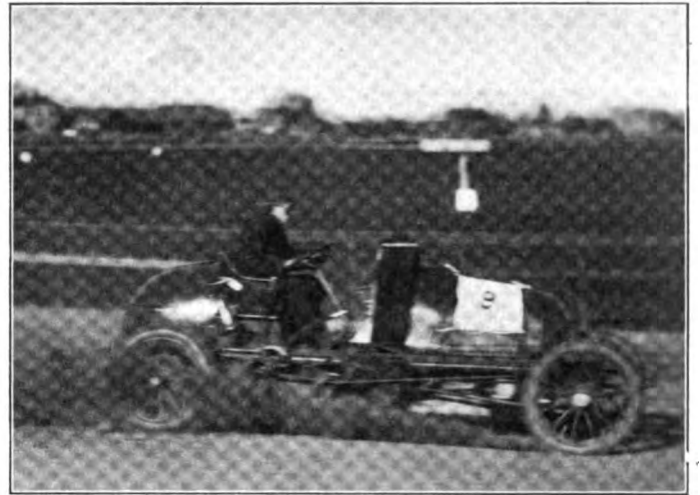
The delivery of the ball is with the same movement as ordinarily. But the first two fingers of the pitching hand are moistened, and to this is due the elusiveness of the ball.

When a pitcher prepares to send a dry ball to the plate, he grasps the sphere with the thumb and first two fingers, the third and fourth fingers being doubled into the palm. As the ball leaves the hand, it rolls off the first and second fingers, the friction giving the rotary motion and resulting in the curve. Contact with the fingers also reduces the speed of the ball, for it is well known that the greater the speed with which the ball is delivered, the smaller the curve. Therefore, when a pitcher desires to send in

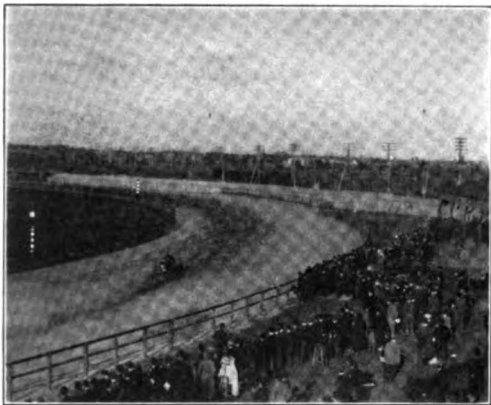
Features of the Great Auto Race Meet at Brighton Beach.



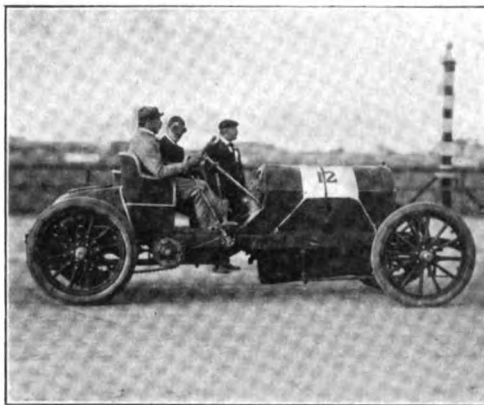
Barney Oldfield, doing his best in his 60-horse power Green Dragon, in the race for the International Cup.



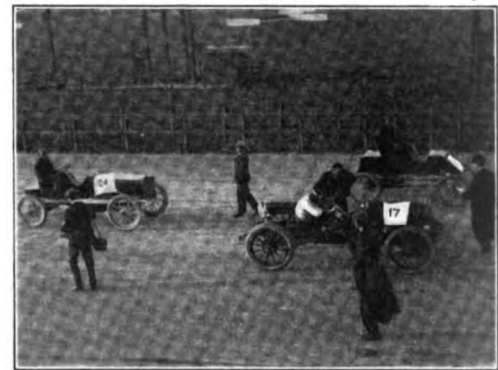
Bernin, in W. Gould Brokaw's 60-horse power Renault, winning the International cup race of five miles.



Bernin taking the upper turn of the course in faultless style on his victorious run.



Alfred G. Vanderbilt's 90-horse power F.I.A.T., ready for the International cup contest at the starting point.



C. G. Wridgway in his Peerless, starting in his heat for the Brighton Cup, in which he was hurt.

a ball with all possible speed, he throws it with as little contact with the fingers as he can, the ball traveling perforce on a straight line.

* * *

The most wonderful quality of this new and startling addition to the pitcher's art is that the ball, sliding off the moistened fingers of the pitcher, not only attains the maximum of speed, but also performs the widest and sharpest curves. Not only has the ball puzzled the batter to the limit of distraction, but it has also rendered the position of backstop more hazardous and dangerous than ever.

The catcher may signal for an outcurve, but he is by no means certain he will get what he calls for. The pitcher may deliver the ball with a firm determination to give the catcher what he asks for, but the ball may have other purposes. It may start out as a well regulated outcurve, but before reaching the catcher may deteriorate into a deceptive inshoot.

The pitcher may wig-wag to the catcher to prepare for a "high in" ball. The latter gets his big mitt ready for the ball as signalled, and is pained and astonished to have a vicious "drop" hit him on the shins.

So far as Chesebro is concerned, he has the spit ball under nearly perfect control, and makes very little work for his catcher, but the backstops of those pitchers who are learning the new delivery have had a merry time the past season.

No doubt every pitcher in the land will vigorously practice with the spit ball during the Winter, and next Spring they will advance to the firing line with supreme confidence in their ability to hold the opposing batsmen to a few scattered hits.

* * *

Pitchers with "glass wings," and ossified "salary whips," can by the use of the "spit ball" become effective, and young pitchers will have small chance to show their ability in 1905.

Kid Gleason, a veteran player, and a consistently good batsman, said to me that the spit ball is the severest handicap the batters have encountered since the discovery of the curve ball. He asserts that it is almost

impossible to gauge a spit ball, and that a batter might as well shut his eyes and thrash away with the hope of luckily meeting the ball. He is strongly of the opinion that legislation should be directed at both the spit ball and also the foul strike rule as the batting feature of the game is rapidly being reduced to a minimum.

For years the baseball lawmakers have directed their efforts towards reducing the effectiveness of the pitchers, in order that the spectacular feature of heavy batting might get the upper hand. In spite of all their efforts, the pitcher's skill has steadily outgrown the batsman's effectiveness. In the past few seasons the foul strike rule, by which strikes are called for balls hit into foul ground, has kept the hitting down to a low mark. If the spit ball is to flourish on top of the foul strike regulation, the batter's position will indeed be unpleasant.

Several persons assert that the spit ball is not an innovation, but was used years ago. It is possible that some of the pitchers of the long ago may have attempted to use it, but they never succeeded. Now they have perfected it, and a theory has changed to a condition. Baseball history will record the fact that the spit ball was first successfully employed in the major Leagues in the season of 1904.

* * *

Clarke Griffith, manager of the New Yorks, also employs the spit ball, but not so effectively as Chesebro. He says that is because he lacks the speed of Chesebro. Griffith asserts that the speedy pitchers are the ones who will make a success of the ball, as a swiftly thrown spit ball takes shoots and twists never dreamed of by a sphere not sent so rapidly.

Mathewson, the crack pitcher of the Giants, has not yet experimented with the spit ball, but it is predicted when he does he will become invincible.

In the West the disgruntled batsmen tried trickery to prevent the use of the spit ball. They surreptitiously rubbed oil of mustard on the ball, and when the pitcher sought to moisten his fingers he experienced a sharp,

(Continued on page 22.)

Rose Stahl's New American Type.

Rose Stahl, an accomplished actress, is appearing at Hurtig and Seamon's this week, and will be seen at Keith's next week in a vaudeville play which has made the big success of her career. James Forbes, author of one of the most interesting stories published in the monthly magazines, "The Extra Girl," in *Ainslie's*, dramatized his novelette and the stage version has served too as the medium for the introduction to vaudeville of Miss Rose Stahl, formerly the star of "Janice Meredith" and an "American Gentleman." Miss Stahl's success has been of such an enviable character that she is now established as one of the important headliners in vaudeville. The story of "The Chorus Lady" recites the experiences of a woman of New York's 400, who having become infatuated with a famous tenor in a grand opera company joins the chorus in order to be near the object of her adoration.

By chance she is assigned to dress with a chorus girl who has been singled out by the tenor as being worthy of his attentions. To the astonishment of the society recruit, the girl treats disdainfully the advances of the favorite, preferring the honest love of a humbler person to the fleeting passion of the tenor. Rattling on in an aimless manner the girl treats her companion to many bits of gossip current in the theatre and shows her the folly of susceptible women bestowing hysterical love on stage heroes. As the seasoned and prosaic "chorus lady," ready of wit, Miss Stahl is said to sound the right note in a very interesting character



Photo by Sarony.

ROSE STAHL.

She has made a vaudeville success in James Forbes' playlet, "The Chorus Lady," and is now appearing New York.



Rose Stahl.

Photo by Sarony.

Another picture of Miss Stahl, who thus gives an excellent portrait of the chorus lady as she is known to Broadway.

and to embody with rare fidelity a type of womanhood apparently toughened by experiences behind the scenes but devoid of real vulgarity and likable by reason of the saving grace of her good heart.

Miss Stahl gained her first experience in the classic drama. She then appeared with the Frohman forces playing in several of the Empire Theatre successes. Shortly afterwards Miss Stahl was engaged as the leading woman of the Girard Avenue Stock Company in Philadelphia, a position she held for two seasons, winning there the distinction of being its only occupant whose individual success in the title role of a play warranted a change in the established policy of the theatre. "Camille" and "Madam Sans Gene" plays affording widely different characterizations were presented for a run of two and three weeks respectively. Miss Stahl's more recent appearances have been as co-star of "An American Gentleman," "A Man of the World," and in "Janice Meredith," in which she succeeded Miss Mary Mannering.

She will present "The Chorus Lady" in the London Halls, at the end of her American tour. It was Mr. Forbes' original intention to dispose of the English rights of the comedy revising it for the London stage, by making its central figure a cockney instead of a typical American chorus girl and transferring the locale from the Metropolitan Opera House to Covent Garden. The American agents of the English music halls have persuaded him that the American chorus girl whose foibles are so neatly satirized in "The Chorus Lady" is now a recognized London institution and that Miss Stahl's characterization will be speedily recognized and appreciated.

"Did you see Mr. Smifkins this morning?" asked the bookkeeper.
 "No," replied the publisher. "What did he want?"
 "He desired us to advance him fifteen shillings on his forthcoming work, 'Hints to Young men; or, How to Be a Financial Success.'"

MAMMA (to a friend who is lunching with her): "I don't know why it is, but I always eat more when we have company than when we're alone."
 TOMMY (helping himself to a third piece of cake): "I know why it is. 'Cause we have better things to eat."

The Woman's Professional League.

By ELISE LATHROP.



MRS. W. G. JONES.

It would be impossible not to say ungallant for any man, woman and child to say anything otherwise than kindly of the lovable women who give zest and spirit to the life of The Professional Woman's League. Mere man in the person of flippant flâneurs of the press, had at times envied the favored few of his sex who have been lionized at the receptions, but the League has grown to be a power in feminine clubland.

On February 17th, 1893, eight women met and incorporated a club to be known as "The Professional Women's League." These women were: "Aunt Louisa" Eldridge, who became first vice-president of the new club, an office which she has held ever since, in spite of changes in other offices; Mrs. A. M. Palmer, who was the first president, and held the office for eight years, although unfortunate differences caused her to tender her resignation from the club more than a year ago; Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, who has also resigned; Miss Rosa Rand, Miss Mary Shaw, Mrs. Charles A. Doremus, the playwright; Miss Bertha Welby; and Mrs. Rachel McAuley, first of the charter members to pass away.

The club membership, which increased rapidly, was at first limited to those en-

gaged in dramatic, musical and literary pursuits, but associate members have since been added, besides the original three classes, with an honorary membership for women eminent in art, science, literature, or philanthropy, who pay no dues, hold no office, nor may they attend business meetings nor vote, but have all other privileges of the club. The dues, \$5.50 a year, have been augmented by an initiation fee of five dollars. The aims of the club are best stated in its own words:

To bring together women engaged in dramatic, musical, literary, artistic and scientific pursuits, with the view of rendering them helpful to each other; to minister to the financial needs of members, at the



THE GRAND OLD MRS. G. H. GILBERT.

discretion of the Executive Committee, and according to the ability of the League; to provide class instruction in Literature, Art, Languages, Music, Physical Culture, Dancing, Fencing, and all studies that the members may desire, at the lowest possible rate; to arrange and conduct a department to provide members with such outfit as is necessary for obtaining employment.

Under the second heading comes the loan system, not the least useful of the club's many undertakings. Any member in good standing, applying to the Executive Committee, may borrow a sum not to exceed twenty-five dollars with no other security but her own note of hand, or a sum not to exceed one hundred dollars by giving security.

The classes in Art, Music, etc., are conducted under the auspices of the club, and in the club house. The fencing class this season is under Professor Manrique. Membership in



MRS. AGNES ARDEN.

these classes is not confined to the club. Another department is that of wardrobe. Suitable costumes for the stage are rented or sold to members for small sums, thus often enabling a woman to take an engagement which might not have been possible.

The second Monday afternoon of each month is set aside for the regular business meetings, but on each other Monday afternoon some form of entertainment is provided. Literary meetings are held on the first, dramatic meetings on the third Monday of each month, when an interesting programme is prepared by the member appointed to have charge. The fourth Monday is reserved for members alone, to meet specially invited guests of prominence, and is known as the Social Monday.

The Professional Woman's League is probably the largest woman's club in New York rejoicing in its own club house, No. 108 West Forty-fifth Street.

It would be an omission not to mention the annual bazaar, which will be held this year in the Astor Gallery, on the afternoons and evenings of December 15th, 16th, and 17th, and promises to be a success both financially and otherwise.



MRS. E. L. FERNANDEZ.



"AUNT LOUISA" ELDRIDGE.

Klaw and Erlanger's Revival of "Humpty Dumpty" Pantomime.

When the curtain rises at the New Amsterdam Theatre on the night of November 14th, the first genuine pantomime seen in this country in thirty years will be presented. The spectacle has been brought to this country from Drury Lane, London, by Klaw and Erlanger. There have been pantomimes offered since that time, but not since the days of George L. Fox have the characters of *Clown*, *Harlequin*, *Pantaloon* and *Columbine* made their appearance together on a New York stage.

The coming production will be splendidly staged and will employ a cast and stage staff of over 800 people. Klaw and Erlanger will utilize only the scenery, costumes and some mechanical effects from Drury Lane, providing much that

vaudeville, where he "Humpty Dumpty" and *Columbine*, in the interpretation of which many American players became widely known, like W. H. Bartholomew, Harry Hunter and Walter A. Gerard. Howard Prevost, Mr. Rice's partner in vaudeville, will be the *Harlequin* in Klaw and Erlanger's production, J. H. Powers will play the *Pantaloon* and Nora Sarony will be the *Columbine*.

The production which Klaw and Erlanger will make at the new Amsterdam Theatre will mark a new era in pantomime in America. There will be a vast difference between it and the production of "Humpty Dumpty" made by George L. Fox at the old Olym-

has been a strong card for several years. With one instantly recalls the *Harlequin*, *Pantaloon*,



Photo by Hall.

JAMES A. RICE, THE CLOWN.

He will play Humpty Dumpty's brother in the production of the pantomime at the New Amsterdam Theatre on November 14.

is new. John J. McNally has written an entirely new book and Cole and Johnson have provided an original musical score.

The mere mention of the name "Humpty Dumpty" in this country recalls memories of George L. Fox, Tony Denier, Robert Butler, James S. Maffett, Edwin Croueste, Charles Lauri, John Foster, Thomas E. Miaco, George D. Melville, Fanny Herring, who appeared as a female *Clown*, George Caron, the Hanlons and George H. Adams, who styled himself "Grimaldi" Adams, all of whom gained fame as comiques in whitened face and motley dress. Fox and Denier are undoubtedly the most famous *Clowns* in American stage history, especially the former, for time has not faded the memory of his genius, but rather has cast a halo about it.

As many young actors have aspired to portray great dramatic characters, so have several young men aspired to the fame of Fox and Denier. Two of these, William C. Schrode and James A. Rice, who have made a remarkable reputation as chalk-face comedians, considering there has been no conspicuous vehicle provided for the exploitation of their class of stage work in many years, have been engaged to play *Humpty Dumpty* and *Humpty Dumpty's Brother* in Klaw and Erlanger's coming production. Mr. Schrode is a pupil of the Hanlons. Mr. Rice is a graduate of the circus ring to



Photo by Hall.

WILLIAM C. SCHRODE.

The new *Humpty Dumpty* who will play the title role in the Klaw and Erlanger spectacle at the New Amsterdam Theatre.

pic Theatre in New York in 1868. More than \$150,000 was expended on the production at Drury Lane, and Klaw and Erlanger will expend fully \$60,000 in adapting it to the American stage. While trick scenery was used by Fox and Denier in their productions, then considered very elaborate, all the great resources of advanced stagecraft have been brought to bear in preparing for the coming production. The magnitude of the scenic and mechanical portion of this production may, perhaps, be appreciated when the statement is made that more than 200 stage machinists, property men, stage clearers and electricians will be required to work the piece. Eighty-four men alone will be employed in working the traps, the trick scenery and the mechanical devices of the most novel design.

In addition to the four famous pantomimic figures above referred to, another great pantomime character will be introduced by Arthur Conquest, the son of George Conquest, once a great acrobat and aerialist at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, who came to this country many years ago, played a very successful engagement, and then returned to England. The younger Mr. Conquest will play the part of the *Disappearing Demon*, and the antics between him and the *Clown* will recall to the minds of some of the very old theatre goers the production of "The Gnome and White Warrior," in



Photo by Hall.

TONY DENIER.

As he looked when playing *Humpty Dumpty*, after George L. Fox had made the part famous in this country.



Photo by Sarony.

GEORGE L. FOX AS HUMPTY DUMPTY.

The father of pantomime in America, whose performances delighted audiences over a generation ago. He is ranked with the Grimaldis in history.

which the Ravels originally appeared in this country and which was subsequently presented by Fox and Denier.

Could the Ravels, the Zanfretti, the Martinetti, the Butlers, the Foxes, the Maffetts and the Deniers, in their heyday, from 1832 to 1875,

have looked forward and have seen the wonderfully lavish spectacular productions now called pantomimes which have grown from year to year from comparatively insignificant productions up to those costing over \$100,000, they would have stood aghast in wonderment. Several seasons ago Klaw & Erlanger brought from the Drury Lane Theatre in London and produced at the Broadway Theatre in New York "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast." Up to that time it was the greatest spectacle that had ever been seen in this country and created a tremendous sensation, running for thirty

in importance. The leading characters will be played by William C. Schrode, the clown; George Schillar, Frank Moulan, John McVeigh, James A. Rice, Howard Prevost, J. H. Powers, Nora Sarony, Nellie Daly, Maude Lillian Berri, Arthur Conquest, Fredericka Raymond, David Abrahams, and Fred Ostrado. The two latter will act a *dog* and a *cat* respectively.

For the past five weeks, the different sections of this great company have been rehearsing under the direction of Herbert Gresham, Ned Wayburn, Frederick Solomon, Ernest D'Auban, ballet master of the Drury Lane Theatre in London, Arthur Conquest, and Elise Sarocco, of the La Scala Theatre, Milan. The stages of four theatres have been constantly employed in these rehearsals, outside of the New Amsterdam, which has been given over to the great scenic and mechanical effects.

"Humpty Dumpty" will be staged in twelve massive scenes and will present at the end of the first act a marvelous ballet with an "under the sea" effect, called the "City of Coral." The final feature will be a magnificent transformation and ballet called "The Four Seasons of Wedlock."

Pantomime, as it is presented today, does not mean that the entire story is told in dumb show. Most of the principal characters in this "Humpty Dumpty" will have lines and for most of them, John J. McNally, who wrote the American book, has provided a large measure of entertaining comedy. The main interests of the piece will be comic, musical and spectacular, with a cast of talented people.

It is a popular supposition that genuine pantomime was brought to this country by the Ravel Family. This is not the fact. Long before their advent here, a slack rope dancer and posturist, calling himself "Il Antonio Diavolo," attempted, with the aid of his children, to introduce an Italian pantomime at Niblo's Garden in New York. There was also a prior exhibition of pantomime by Polichinelle. Both proved failures.

The Ravels were not Italians, but of French origin. They made their first appearance in America at the Park Theatre in New York in 1832. This troupe consisted of ten performers and included Gabriel, Jerome and Jean Ravel, who afterward became very famous.



Photo by Hall.

WILLIAM C. SCHRODE, THE CLOWN.

He has been known for many years as a clever pantomimist and was specially selected for the title role of *Humpty Dumpty*.

consecutive weeks at the Broadway Theatre to receipts of over half a million dollars. This production revived interest in pantomime, or spectacle, in America, and since that time every production of this character which Klaw & Erlanger have presented has attracted great attention.

Their coming production of "Humpty Dumpty" will not only possess the interest of reviving the clown and his colleagues, who have not been seen on the stage in any important production for nearly thirty years, but it will far surpass in magnificence of costuming, gorgeousness of scenery and elaborateness of electric and mechanical effects anything that has ever been conceived in this country. When Klaw & Erlanger built the New Amsterdam Theatre, the statement was made that they had

provided dressing room accommodations for 700 people. There was then a quiet laugh among the wisecracks of Broadway, who could not conceive of any possible reason why such accommodations as these should be provided. When the curtain rises on the performance of "Humpty Dumpty" at the New Amsterdam, November 14th, they will readily understand why such dressing rooms were installed in this theatre, as they will be taxed to their utmost.

Klaw & Erlanger have engaged an extraordinary company to appear in this production, not only from the standpoint of numbers, but also



Photo by Hall.

JAMES A. RICE.

One of the rising young clowns of the country. As he looks off the stage. He will appear in "Humpty Dumpty."



Photo by Hall.

TONY DENIER.

Present appearance of a famous clown in his day who introduced George L. Fox in pantomime. A present he is living retired in Chicago, a man of wealth.



Photo by Hall.

GEORGE L. FOX.

The greatest of American pantomimists as he appeared in private life. He died in Chicago after his last production in 1875.

Vaudeville Review by Chicot.

Affairs in Chicago must be lively in the extreme just now. Hyde and Behman find it no easy matter to lead the public into the Iroquois Theatre yet, though it is doubtless the safest house in town now, and there are many thoughtful attentions paid them which amount almost to conspiracy. One of the graceful courtesies extended has been the installation of a gaudy fire-alarm box almost directly in front of the main entrance, though the house is provided with the proper boxes, and certain of the sensational papers keep the old horror alive. This is a far more serious matter than the threats offered by the Kohl-Castle people, but eventually the public will go where it can get the best show, and these threats of the high displeasure of the old-established will not alarm players, some of whom would rather stand well with Hyde and Behman than with the Western end. Even Cleveland, hampered as he is by the refusal of the commissioners to let him change scenery or otherwise conduct his house as a real theatre, has made headway against his opposition, and Cleveland plays a lone hand at that. The day of monopoly is passed for Chicago vaudeville, and the "oldest inhabitants" should realize this fact and make their preparations accordingly.

Down in Pittsburg an odd condition of affairs prevails. There is friction upon the stage and factions among the "grips." A stage manager has been imported from New York, and he the others seek to overcome. He does not appear to be properly backed up by managerial authority, and the result is that the stage is loosely run. This sort of thing is no help to a house, but so long as a manager is afraid to offend the labor unions, this trouble will continue.

This stage condition was in part responsible for the return of the Mansfield-Wilbur outfit to town ahead of the completion of their contracts with Keith and Co. Wilbur made presentation last Summer of "The Shadow," a new melodramatic sketch, which was booked by the Keith people and their tributary houses after it had been witnessed by most of those in the agreement. It was successfully played in Detroit by James Moore, and was booked to follow at Pittsburg. The connection was close, the train late, and there was no opportunity for a scene rehearsal, with the result that at the matinee the warring stage hands loafed over the setting and there was a stage wait to which Davis objected. There was no question of their real hit, but Davis filed objection with E. F. Albee, who shadowed "The Shadow" into Cleveland, where it played the first Keith house. There was a two-hour conversation, in which Albee insisted that the salary be cut for the Keith houses if the remainder of the time was to be filled. He was willing to let them keep the rest of the contracts as they stood, or double on other managers, but the direct Keith bookings must show the cut. Wilbur refused to make the cut, and found that not only was the Keith contract broken, but that other managers were forced to follow suit, with the exception of Burke, who insisted upon having the act for Washington. The matter has aroused no little comment in and about the Association headquarters, where there seems to be a feeling that they are to be made catpaw for the vaudeville chestnut in the financial fire. That, and the fact that the performers have developed a trick of calling the theatres in Baltimore, Buffalo, Detroit and elsewhere "Keith's," and regarding the owners as resident managers, may break up Keith and Company in the long run.

Some one should provide a good grammar for the Orpheum people in Minneapolis. Recently the new addition to the Orpheum circuit was opened there, and to announce the fact there were sent out engraved announcements and cards. The letter sheets announced that "The Orpheum Company has," while the plural form was used on the cards. Possibly they sought to get one of the two right, but it would have been more advantageous to have sought out some schoolboy for information instead of instituting a guessing contest.

Mabel McKinley was doing a switchback stunt with the uptown and Twenty-third Street theatres as the ends of her journey, and she advertised her newest compositions in fine style. Hayes and Healy did well with a new act somewhat like the old, and the Quigley Brothers, with a good programme place, more than held their own. They have made great improvement since the days of the old Toll Gate. Vaudeville seems to draw as well uptown as combinations, the Yorkville not contributing opposition.

Rose Coghlan was vaudeville's "one best bet" last week. She headed the bill at the Fifty-eighth Street theatre, where a vaudeville show was on

instead of the usual combination. Miss Coghlan scored in a sketch by J. Hartley Manners, who gave her something new in a Philippine sketch. "Lady Clivebrook's Mission" (the title of the sketch) is to get possession of those letters dear to the heart of the dramatic author. The theme is old, but the play was good and scored strongly. The special scenery carried has the one objection that the nipa hut in which most of the action takes place, shuts off the view of a part of the audience. Miss Coghlan makes her first entrance on horseback, and in costume, as well as playing, reminds of her Lady Gay Spanker in London Assurance; a most delightful reminiscence. She had with her Lynn Pratt and another good actor.

Josephine Amoros is going to add a singing specialty to her trapeze act. She is doing one song in Newark this week, her sister, Charlotte, putting in some juggling to fill in the wait. For a costume change, Miss Amoros is not content to stay in one rut, but seeks versatility that will enable her to accomplish a lot of things. These Europeans seldom stand content with a single string to their artistic bow.

And by the way watch for Paul Conchas who comes to Hammerstein's shortly. He is the leader of all the heavyweights, and is said to have fur-



Photo by Hall.

JESSIE MAY HALL.

She is playing with the Columbia Theatre Stock Company, Brooklyn, and is a talented young woman who has made many successes in repertoire.

nished Spadoni with inspiration. He wears a military uniform and makes use of cannon and gun carriages instead of automobiles, while for lighter objects he employs Krupp shells and other trifles. He will be worth seeing.

EPES W. SARGENT (CHICOT.)

SPORTING NOTES.

Bat Masterson, urging the New York Italians to cease shooting and slashing each other, was one of the amusing things of the past week. In the rough-and-ready days of Colorado Bat is said to have had 37 notches on the stock of his trusty shooting-iron.

What's this about E. R. Thomas losing \$95,000 to the bookies and determining to sell his horses? Somebody should send a case of nerve tonic at once to 8th Ave. and 50th St.

Tommy Ryan is reported to have a desire to meet Jeffries. Not socially, but in a 24-foot ring. Scat, Thomas, Scat!



SCENE FROM OTIS SKINNER'S PRODUCTION OF "THE HARVESTER," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.
Maud Durbin, as *Aline*, the *Signeur's* daughter, tells 'Toinette, (Lizzie Hudson Collier), that she loves 'Toinette's son, Tony, (Walter Lewis.)



*"If I profane with my unworthy hand
This Holy Shrine, the gentle fine is this —."* —ACT I, SCENE 5.

TWO VERY EFFECTIVE SCENES FROM THE SPLENDID PRODUCTION OF "ROMEO AND JULIET," A



*' I et me be ta'en, let me be put to death.
 " I am content, so thou wilt have it so."—ACT III, SCENE 5.*



ANOTHER SCENE FROM OTIS SKINNER'S PRODUCTION OF "THE HARVESTER," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

The *Seigneur* (George Clark), begs his daughter (Maud Durbin), to recover from her love for *Tony*, whose father (Otis Skinner), listens disdainfully.

Dramatic Events of the Week.

"GRANNY."

Mrs. Gilbert is seen for the first time as a star in a new Clyde Fitch play called "Granny" at the New Lyceum. *Granny* in the play is an old lady of the manner born, used to good living and of punctilious habits, proud in bearing but of a warm heart and sympathetic nature. Sunshine, which, however, is mostly of her own brand, and shadows play over her life during the part of it disclosed by Clyde Fitch in the four acts of this play. She tells her little white lies when they are necessary, of course, like the dear old lady she is, and she provokes fun when the occasion offers by her witty speeches and mannerisms. Mrs. Gilbert fills this character to a fine point of perfection. The play will be a success because her many friends and warm admirers will want to see her in a role that no one else to-day on the American stage can fill.

Most of us have seen Mrs. Gilbert back as far as when the Augustin Daly Company was in its prime, and always then and since then her style of acting and charm in pleasing placed her above criticism. We always had a good word for Mrs. Gilbert after the play. And so my only criticism now is that I wonder they didn't make her a star before. As to "Granny," Mr. Fitch has done better. You may take it, if you like in the ambiguous sense expressed. Both apply. "Granny" frees us at once from any idea of a problem play. Everything is open and above board and explained minutely enough for anyone to understand. A well-to-do family, apparently, live in a comfortable old mansion, in a comfortable old New England village somewhere within the circle of the *Springfield Republican*. John Allenby has had the misfortune to lose his wife, the daughter of Mrs. Thompson who everyone familiarly calls "Granny." While preserving her memory he desires to again unite in matrimony to a Mrs. Mason, a divorced woman, recently come to town to forget her troubles and bring up her daughter, Dora. *Granny's* notions and his do not agree and his son Jack is also very firm on this tender point, so both leave the home and go out into the world. John Allenby, himself, should have



Photo by Sarony.

ANOTHER PICTURE OF MRS. COOK.

Mrs. Cook as she appears in private life. She is the mother of Eleanor Robson.



Photo by Sarony.

MADGE CARR COOK.

The clever woman who has made one of the biggest hits of the season in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," at the Savoy Theatre.

gone out into the world, it seems to me, for he needed sadly a little polishing up and some of the rough edges taken off. After six years they come back. The former Mrs. Mason turns out not so bad after all. Jack is in love with Dora although he never saw her before apparently, and they have a grand old-fashioned wind-up with all hands forgiven.

It is to be regretted that Mrs. Gilbert has not better support throughout the cast as it would strengthen the play materially. Anyone would rather imagine that Jack, for example, had returned from four years at Columbia College rather than six years experience with the army in the Philippines. And there were other examples. But Miss Marie Doro played Dora very sweetly. It was supposed to be a sweet part anyway. And Frank Aiken made a genial and kind-hearted father to Allenby and smoked a great many cigars with good stage presence. Frank Brownlee was good in a very small part. At the end Mrs. Gilbert recited an epilogue which together with her acting magnificently the part of "Granny" proved conclusively that we are only as old as we feel anyway.

"HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY."

The Weber and Ziefeld Stock Company needed to observe all the signs attending good fortune when they presented "Higgledy Piggledy" upon the unsuspecting public, and so they departed not from the traditional Thursday night opening. The name must have been stuck on like much of the dialogue—made up as you go along, in a haphazard, spontaneous, rollicking spirit, but everything is funny to the patrons of the Weber Music Hall and what's in a name anyhow? The play is made up into two sections—exhibit A and exhibit B. Exhibit B is the "all-parlor-car" through vestibule section while Exhibit A contains the ordinary day coaches and the baggage car ahead. So one may linger a little over one's after dinner coffee and yet be in time not to miss the fun. What matters it to the humorously inclined New Yorker if he does miss a few of the puns with which both sections are generously besprinkled. Edgar Smith, the author of the dialogue and lyrics seems to believe with Zangwill that the pun is again to return to popular favor.

"Higgledy Piggledy" has a plot but it is so easily digested that those



Scene from Act I of "Bird Center," which is now being presented at the Majestic Theatre; Sue Kellher, as *Mrs. Matthy*; Maida Athens, as *Miss Cousins*; Charles Wayne, as *Riley Peters*; and Grace Field as *Miss Meadows*.



In the third act of "Bird Center," are seen: Louis Payne, as *Smiley Green*; George Richards, as *Captain Fry*; Willie Archie, as *Sheridan Grant Greene*; Rosa Cooke, as *Mrs. Greene*; and Blanche Chapman, as *Mrs. Milton Brown*.

who see may as well have the pleasure of working it out for themselves. It is something like the prize puzzles in the Sunday Magazine Supplements. In spite of its defects however there is enough good material in the new "rigmarole" to keep everybody in good humor and when George Marion, the stage manager, who came over through the courtesy of Col. Savage, gets the run of things, it would not be a difficult matter for the skilled hand to pull together and shift around so that a very entertaining evening can be derived from a visit to "Higgledy Piggledy." Horse-play there is a plenty and those who take delight in German dialect with loose fitting clothes and extraordinary waistcoat accompaniment have a full measure in their old favorite, Joe Weber, who plays the part of the Mustard King with much enthusiasm. Harry Morris gives us a new German comedian type that is good and refreshing. He makes up as *Kesler* or *Gesler*—the millionaire president of the American Swiss Cheese Sandwich Trust is droll and he makes a good contrast to Mr. Weber that is needed in these German caricature burlesques. There are only two real hits in the first act—exhibit A, Marie Dressler working hard to entertain, takes the audience with a song, "A Great Big Girl Like Me," and likewise with a great big picture hat, very becoming to her style of beauty. The "Swiss Porters' Dance" is the other, a clever delusion, engaged in by six pretty members of the prettiest chorus ever seen on any stage.

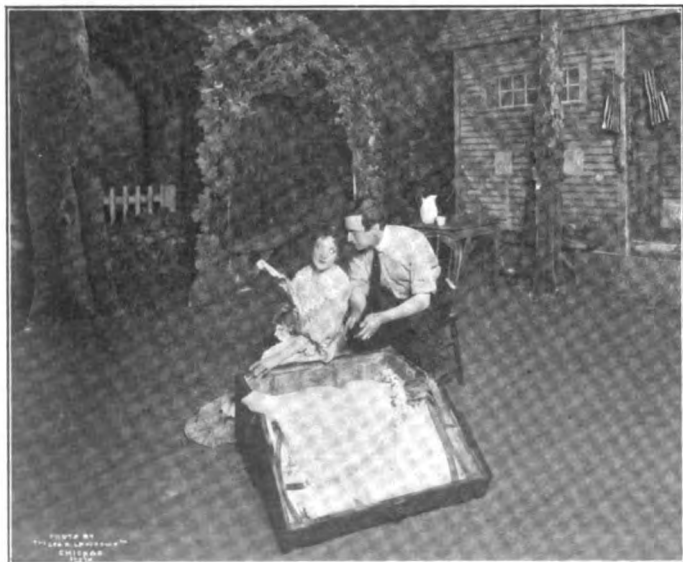
The scene of the second act is laid at Armanonville, rearranged for stage effect according to the rules of poetical license. Under the stimulating French atmosphere all hands liven up—but it must be admitted that

Anna Held speaks by far the best French. This young lady of the slender waist and beautiful shoulders continues to lend spice to every scene and hasn't lost an admirer. Some features are really ludicrous in this act. *Gesler's* will, which he reads for the better understanding of *Adolph Schnitz* (Joe Weber) and his daughter *Philopena* (Marie Dressler), is very funny. Charlie Bigelow isn't as comical as I have seen him, even with his good make-up, but that may be because he hasn't a chance to be. Frank Mayne as *Waldorf Lamb*, a New Yorker, most certainly looks the part. There was another novelty in this act when Charlie Bigelow with one lone eagle's feather stuck up on his bald pate sang a song about a big Indian and a little Indian Maid with a lively and shapely Indian Chorus dancing around him. These spirited braves in their war-paint gave us all the appearance of a real savage band of Sioux with their life-like whoops and dare-devil antics.

May McKenzie was delightful and there was one song that is going to be popular. The name of it is "A Game of Love."

"THE CINGALEE."

An English musical play for London tastes is eminently proper and an English musical play, transplanted to a Broadway play-house may be equally appreciated, especially if it contains tuneful music and many English fancies, as does "The Cingalee;" but a strictly English modern comic opera handed over to American players to make the best of is a very pathetic thing to contemplate. Of course, we admire the numerous



In this scene from the second act of "Bird Center," are: Mabel Stickland, as *Kate Fry*; and Clayton Legge, as *Tom Hornbeck*. It is one of the most effective hits in the performance.



Another scene from Act I of "Bird Center," in which appear: Louise Sydneith, as *Mrs. Witherby*; George Richards, as *Mr. Tom Marshall*; and William Burres, as *The Village Barber*.



Photo by Sarony.

GERTRUDE W. GREEN.

She is the new leading woman for Richard Mansfield, and will support him in repertorial when he plays in New York.

rickshaws and the palm trees and the tinkling temple bells, for there is a smell of the mysterious East quite apparent in "The Cingalee." But after rambling idly about with no particular calling we rather long in time for the steamer that will carry us on to Ransoon or Mandalay or even farther, to the Lunetta of Manilla where at least, there is something to expect even though we do leave behind the pretty chorus girls of Ceylon. And the Hengler sisters too! It isn't right to think of leaving these two little dears so far from their native haunts, but the spirit for travel is strong and the mystery of how they got entangled so far from Broadway would not alone detain us.

The music, through the efforts of many composers, is worthy of better attention. The song that took best with the audience was sung by Mr. Hallyn Mostyn, and called "There Isn't Much More to Say." It is a singularly fitting song, I think. "The Cingalee" is pretty, and all the young ladies that come and go before us back of the foot-lights are pretty, but no one must expect to take "The Cingalee" seriously. Mr. William Norris works very hard to be funny and amuse us as a Baboo lawyer, but he is not sympathetic. Miss Genevieve Finlay is capital in the role of *Nanoya* and sings her songs delightfully.

VAN RENSSELAER.

THE CAZELLE FRENCH PLAYS.

At the American, the French Comedy Company advertises to produce the best examples of French drama to appreciative audiences. That they have filled their contract is apparent to all who have visited the American and witnessed these delightful and instructive plays. "La Boule" was presented on Oct 22d and continued to the following Wednesday matinee. This charming play is a genuine French comedy by Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halevy. It was carried out with fine dramatic ability and artistic taste. M. Perrin and M. Dane took the leading roles. Both played enthusiastically and were greatly appreciated by the audience. Madame Dane, also as *Rosalie* made a success of the part.

On Wednesday and Thursday evenings following, the company gave

a most acceptable performance of "Denise" by Dumas Fils with Mademoiselle Coralie Armand in the leading role. "La Maitie Forges," a comedy by Georges Ohnet was successfully carried out on Friday and Saturday matinee.

Great encouragement should be given this company which so admirably produces both the classic and recent French plays, especially at this time when so much stir is being made against "commercialism in the theatre."

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

The Rogers Brothers will end their current New York run in "The Rogers Brothers in Paris" at the Liberty Theatre Saturday evening, November 5th. The following Monday they will begin their annual tour of the principal cities, opening at the Chestnut Street Opera House in Philadelphia, where they will remain three weeks.

Klaw and Erlanger have arranged with E. S. Willard, the widely-known English actor, to present "Lucky Durham" at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York the latter part of January.

Peter F. Dailey, Fay Templeton, Joe Coyne, Virginia Earle, Lee Harrison, Charles McDonald, Louis Kelso, Lillian Hudson and other members of the Klaw and Erlanger permanent musical stock company, which this management will maintain at the new Liberty Theatre after the engagement of George M. Cohan in "Little Johnny Jones," will begin rehearsals Monday, November 7th. Their first vehicle will be a new musical comedy by John J. McNally. The Liberty Theatre, where the Rogers Brothers have been playing during the last three weeks, has proved a hit as a music and comedy house. Although the lower floor will seat 546 people, the last row is but 48 feet from the footlights, an innovation in theatre construction. The fact that the house is wide and very shallow "brings the audience right on top of the stage."

**MARGARETE RUEHMKARF.**

The talented and handsome woman who leads the Heinrich Couried Stock Company at the Irving Place Theatre.

Just Before the Political Battle.

What are the people going to do about it? Is there a man living whose wise judgment can give any plausible hint as to how the election will result? To be honest, one would have to say there is not. All the soothsayers and prophets of either side may protest that they can give an accurate forecast, but it would be all guesswork. Even they, who in former contests ventured to make a figured table, do not attempt it this year. There has never been such a campaign in history. The professional politicians and leaders who set themselves up as directors of the battle, by virtue of controlling an organization reputable or otherwise, have fallen to such a low degree in public estimation, that the people have taken very little notice of the inspired work which has cost millions in salaries to men who at other times of the year, are as the drift and wreckage of the civilization they prate so much about. Leaders who give all their time to political machinery may not get any financial pay for their services, but as a rule their interest is from selfish motives, so that they may reap a larger reward by a supposed influence with the voters. This is merely the pressure of the black hand, within a velvet glove.

Thoughtful people, and they are not the politicians, consider the coming plebiscite a more vital point in the history of this country than any which has been decided by a bloody battle or other force. We have arrived at a juncture when we are compelled to compare ourselves as a nation with forms of government which have lived and died in the past. From a peaceful Republic of industrious people, banded together for the pursuit of happiness according to the ideals adopted by the Fathers of the Nation, we have drifted away; the very thing which the good and patriotic men who founded the Federation had planned and shed their blood for.



HENRY H. ROGERS.

No man in the country is more in the public eye at present than the powerful financier who is the chief spirit of the Standard Oil Company. The disclosures by Thomas F. Lawson have been the sensation of the day.

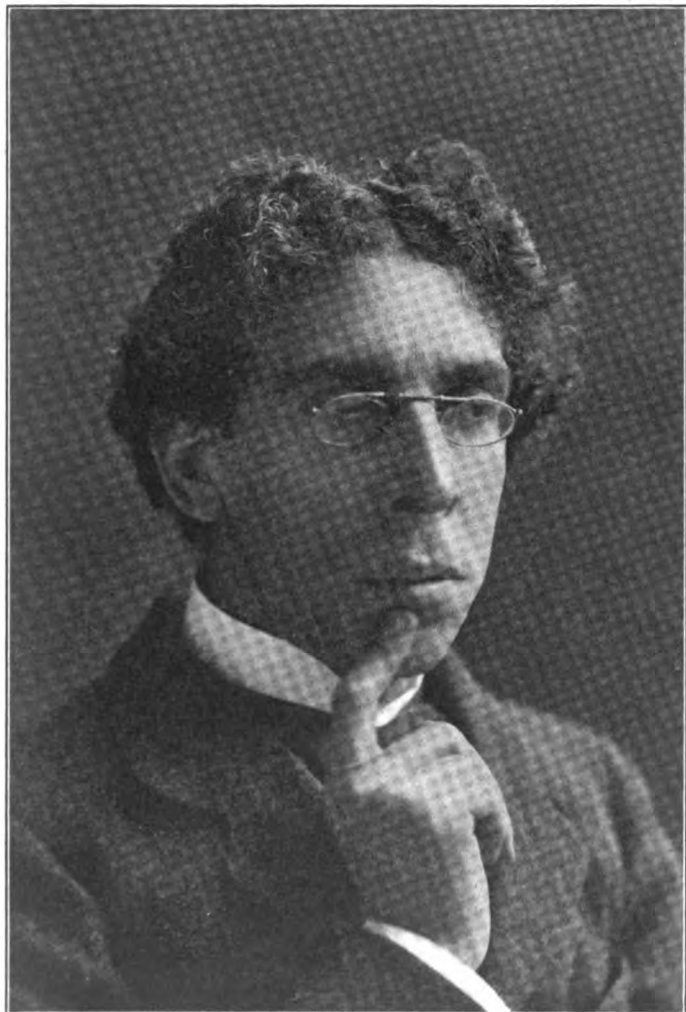


Photo by Rockwood, N. Y., Copyright 1898.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

The learned but youthful author and dramatist whose books have made him famous. He is now in this country in the interests of his Zion movement.

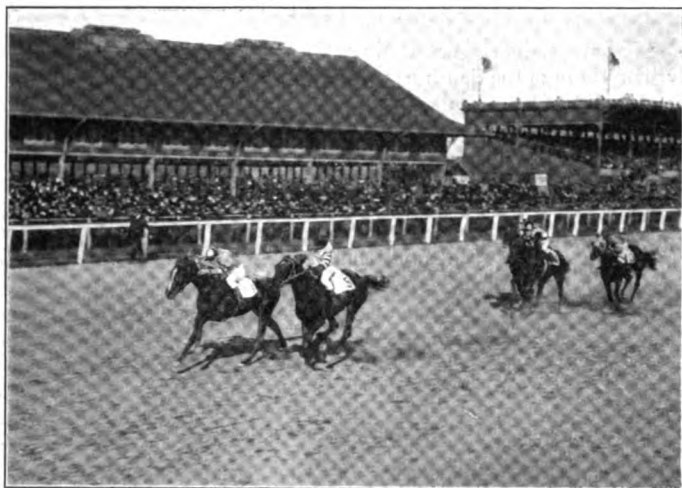
Where will the ambition of those who are responsible for the deflection end? The present coming ballot will also serve to settle definitely the exact influence of the newspapers as a power with the people, in exposing the relative values of party platforms. So far there have been none who can be given credit for an absolute independence. All, every one in New York, are partizan to the core. Being great institutions commercially, they are victims—to put it mildly—to a system which is dependent upon the industrial and other combinations which control trade advertising and supplies. Great newspapers are no longer edited from the quiet and deliberative atmosphere of the editorial writers' room, but from the business office. It is all a game of dollars, dollars, dollars.

Not the least effective fact in the premises is the argument used by very able writers and speakers, that there is very little divergence between the declared policies and platforms of the Democratic and Republican parties. It must be confessed by any honest partizan that there is some truth in this. The point adds to the uncertainty, but there is one plain and awful fact which dumbfounds all the big leaders. The registration all over the country of those citizens who are entitled to vote is far and away beyond any on record. Taken in connection with the apparent apathy or deaf ear turned to the politicians, this must augur something. What does it portend? Whichever party is humbled in what is thought will be a landslide, will have a struggle for political life when the smoke has cleared away. There is surely something rotten in this political Denmark of ours. We are in a dangerous state of transition.

The trusted statesmen of both parties like the late Senator Hoar, who were respected for their patriotism and wisdom whether in or out of power, are passing away, and we are setting up new political heroes to worship. It is the earnest hope of sensible people that men like Judge Parker will be advanced to the places of honor to fill the necessity of the occasion.

J. D. B.

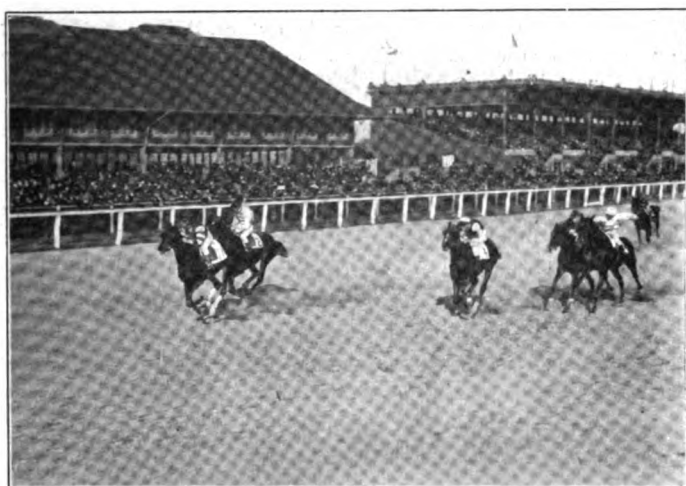
Scenes During the First Week of the Race Meeting at Jamaica.



Glisten winning the three-year-old race from Gravina on the Sixth Day.



DeReske winning his great victory in the Garden City Stakes on the Fifth Day.



Heart's Desire and Bedouin fighting it out at the Oceanic Stakes cheered by a great crowd.



Dolly Spanker winning her race from Orthodox and Hamburg Belle in a game run.

There was great joy in theatrical circles when the cable announced that Evelyn Florence Nesbit had become the wife of Harry K. Thaw, one of the heirs to the Thaw millions of Pittsburg. Evelyn is now sister-in-law to Lord Yarmouth. It has been stated that the Thaw family was not

pleased with the match, yet Miss Nesbit, or rather Mrs. Harry K. Thaw, comes from an equally good, although not as rich an ancestry. Her father is Winfield Stuart N. Nesbit, a lawyer of the Smoky city. The bride's mother was one of the most beautiful belles of that city. It is a coincidence that the Thaws always live at the Manhattan Hotel when in New York, and Mrs. Holman, Mrs. Nesbit's mother and her daughter were also guests there. Those who know the girl bride well—and she is certainly not over twenty years old—say that she will prove a devoted wife and an honor to her new connections. When she was quite a child, artists who saw her, craved her mother to allow them to sketch her. Her marvellous features were so often reproduced, that before she was fifteen she was the best known model in the country, and then Mrs. Holman refused to allow her daughter to pose any more. She was seen in a few of the Lederer plays in small parts, and always attracted attention, until she was sent to a convent to be educated. In less than two years she was back again on Broadway and behind the footlights. Last year she went to London to appear in musical comedy, and

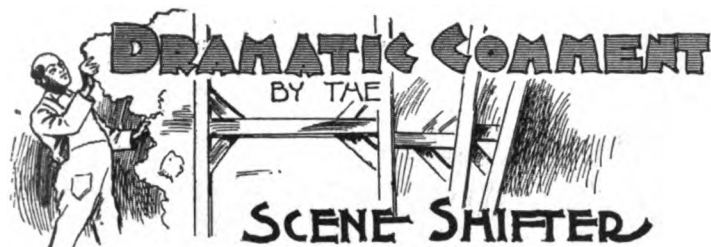


R. T. Wilson, Jr., and August Belmont comparing notes in the paddock before a race.

made several visits to Paris where she met Mr. Thaw again. He had long admired her and a love match followed. Now she is, at a youthful age, the wife of a very wealthy young man, and a happy life is predicted for them. She has retired from the stage permanently.



Jockey Redfern with his favorite pie before his great race on Dolly Spanker.



Latest reports from London inform us that that city is all agog over the wonderful girations of a mechanical doll. So pronounced has been this doll's fame that even censors and keepers of the public morals have investigated to see to it that the amusement is an innocent one and that the doll isn't a naughty doll needing to be chastised. Mr. Pinero wrote the play "A Wife Without a Smile," in which Miss "Dolly" is the drawing card. His explanation for this work is that he was determined to write something that would be appreciated. When he produced "Iris" the critics were very severe on Mr. Pinero as a destroyer of morals, so he sat down again to attempt to please the public and brought forth "Letty." Feeling certain of his art he met with disappointment at the slight praise this production elicited. Not disheartened however he sat himself to studying what sort of play the public would agree to delight in. "I'll give them a dancing doll," said Mr. Pinero, and so he wrote "A Wife Without a Smile." Verily the epigram on which the late Phineas T. Barnum builded his great achievement in life holds true the world over, apparently. "The more you fool them the better they like it."

Thus far the managers have chosen wisely and well, for an unusual number of plays of the season of 1904-05 have not only contained real merit but have been most cordially received by the public in general around America's greatest theatrical centre. While saying nothing yet about classics, some of these successes may be set down as the standards of the year.

"Love's Lottery," "The College Widow," "Joseph Entangled," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "The Music Master," "Piff, Paff, Pouf," and "The School Girl," have all earned that name because they are talked about far and wide and must continue to draw crowds for weeks yet to come. Three noted revivals have drawn as well, "Becky Sharp," "Checkers," and the "Old Homestead;" while there are many who will wish, if they have not seen them, the leave-taking in the near future of the "Duke of Killcrankie," "Letty," and "Business is Business," might be deferred. Still "the world do move" and good things have to be made room for. Ethel Barrymore is coming soon in the great London success, "Sunday." Chas. Wyndham is to be seen in "David Garrick," and Fay Davis and Nance O'Neill are scheduled to star very shortly in new plays.

It may be of interest to know that Will T. Hodge who has made the part of *Mr. Stubbins* in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," has just published a book entitled, "Eighteen Miles from Home," which reminds

us of an incident that happened to *Mr. Stubbins* in that popular play and which the author has dedicated to the late James A. Hearne, who first brought out *Mr. Hodge* on the stage.

We have glorious news of New York's favorite star, Maude Adams. Her trip through the South has met with more than ordinary success. Her friends will be glad to know that in every Southern city she has received a most cordial welcome, but yet more will they rejoice to know that she is coming here early in December, although the play has not yet been decided upon.

Mrs. Fiske and the Manhattan Company will make the second offering of their season at the Manhattan Theatre on Thursday, November 17, when Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" will be presented to run for four weeks only. "Becky Sharp," which has had its run extended on account of its success, will continue the bill until Wednesday evening, November 16. In the forthcoming performances the cast will be undoubtedly the most remarkable that ever appeared here in an Ibsen play. John Mason will be the *Eiler Lovborg* and George Arliss the *Assessor Brack*, while William B. Mack, will again play *Tesman*, in which he made such a hit last season. Laura McGilvray will have the role of *Mrs. Elvsted*; Mary Maddern continues as *Aunt Julia* and Emily Stevens will play *Berta*. There will be a complete new setting for the play.

Henry Blossom, Jr. and his erstwhile partner, Robyn, are engaged on a new opera, which will be brought out anon, presumably under the auspices of Henry Savage.

According to a report from Seattle, a syndicate has been formed there for the purpose of building several vaudeville theatres in Washington and British Columbia. Timothy D. Sullivan, of New York; John W. and Thomas J. Consadine, of Seattle, and John J. Malone, of Tacoma, are said to be financially interested in the new scheme. A site has been purchased in Tacoma as a starter, and work will be begun soon on the first of the new houses.

J. M. Barrie, the author of "The Little Minister," cabled Charles Frohman that he has just completed the new comedy written for Miss Ellen Terry, in which she is to appear in London in January next under the management of Charles Frohman.

David Belasco and Maurice Campbell have arranged for Henrietta Crosman to appear in Philadelphia at the Academy of Music in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" early in November. The Academy was rented many months ago by Mr. Belasco and Mr. Campbell. It was at this house that Miss Crosman appeared last year for one performance, the gross receipts for which were a trifle over \$4,000.

Henrietta Crosman will probably appear next year in "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," which was temporarily shelved owing to her engagement for "Sweet Kitty Bellairs."

Songs and Their Publishers.

N. Weinstein, of the Flatiron Building, has a good song in "Oh, Laddie; or, Had I But You." The poem, if it is a poem, and it doesn't fall very far short of being decent verse anyway, is by Sennett Stephens, while the music comes from the brain of F. W. Vanderpool. This song is high class, pathetic, and has only one verse. That it is not more prolific may be a recommendation in that it is presumably an encore song; but, whatever it was meant to be, it is excellent in its way, if sung and played properly.

Al. Trahern sends two songs, which are both excellent. "Just a Picture of You," by Trahern and Lee Olean Smith, makes one wonder why the latter gentleman does not send out more of his compositions for the delectation of the public. His music is always high class, and he never fails to insure an amount of attention that other composers fail to obtain. One of these days Mr. Smith—Lee Olean, for there are a heap of Smiths—will attain an ascendancy which will surprise even his friends. Al. Trahern's words are feeling and good and the song itself deserves the highest praise.

M. Witmark & Sons are to publish the music of the productions of the new Lew Fields' Theatre. The first production, composed by Victor Herbert, is already in the hands of the publishers. The Witmarks will also

publish the score of "The Enchanted Isle," Mr. Herbert's new opera, scheduled for production at the Majestic Theatre, following "Bird Center."

One of the latest song hits introduced in "The Wizard of Oz" is entitled "I Love You All the Time." It is by Will R. Anderson, composer of "Tessie," which was for two seasons a feature of "The Silver Slipper," and is still being sung with success in England and Australia.

Moran & Furth's "Mary Canary," as sung by Miss Rose Beaumont, is one of the musical features of "The Errand Boy," in which Billy B. Van is starring, under direction of Messrs. Sullivan & Harris.

"My Sunburnt Lily," words and music by Al. Trahern, described as a "decidedly novel Southern ditty," may or may not carry out its description, still it is decidedly good in its way and should have a run. The young lady who poses as a star outside is distinctly beautiful and her pose is more than attractive. The covers of these two songs are good and might with advantage be "siliarized."

Fred Helf who has long been associated with a well known firm of music publishers, has elected to go into business for himself. Naturally he is located in Twenty-eight Street, and equally naturally he has some good songs on hand.

The Glad Hand on Broadway.

They are all coming back from St. Louis, and they all have check-books in their pockets. Instead of the St. Louis people fleecing them, the press agents have about done up the St. Louis crowd. How they did it, no one will ever quite know, but there are rumors that quite a big benefit put some thousands of dollars into the pockets of eight or ten of these

siderations, every actor and actress goes back again to the legitimate as soon as they can find an opportunity. Apropos of this, Charles Hawtrey, who is much too good an actor to be wasted on vaudeville, opens after next week in his old love, "A Message from Mars." So it ought to be.

* * *

There is around Broadway—no matter where—for that is a secret—a curious little place, which has only its equal in England. There is a big

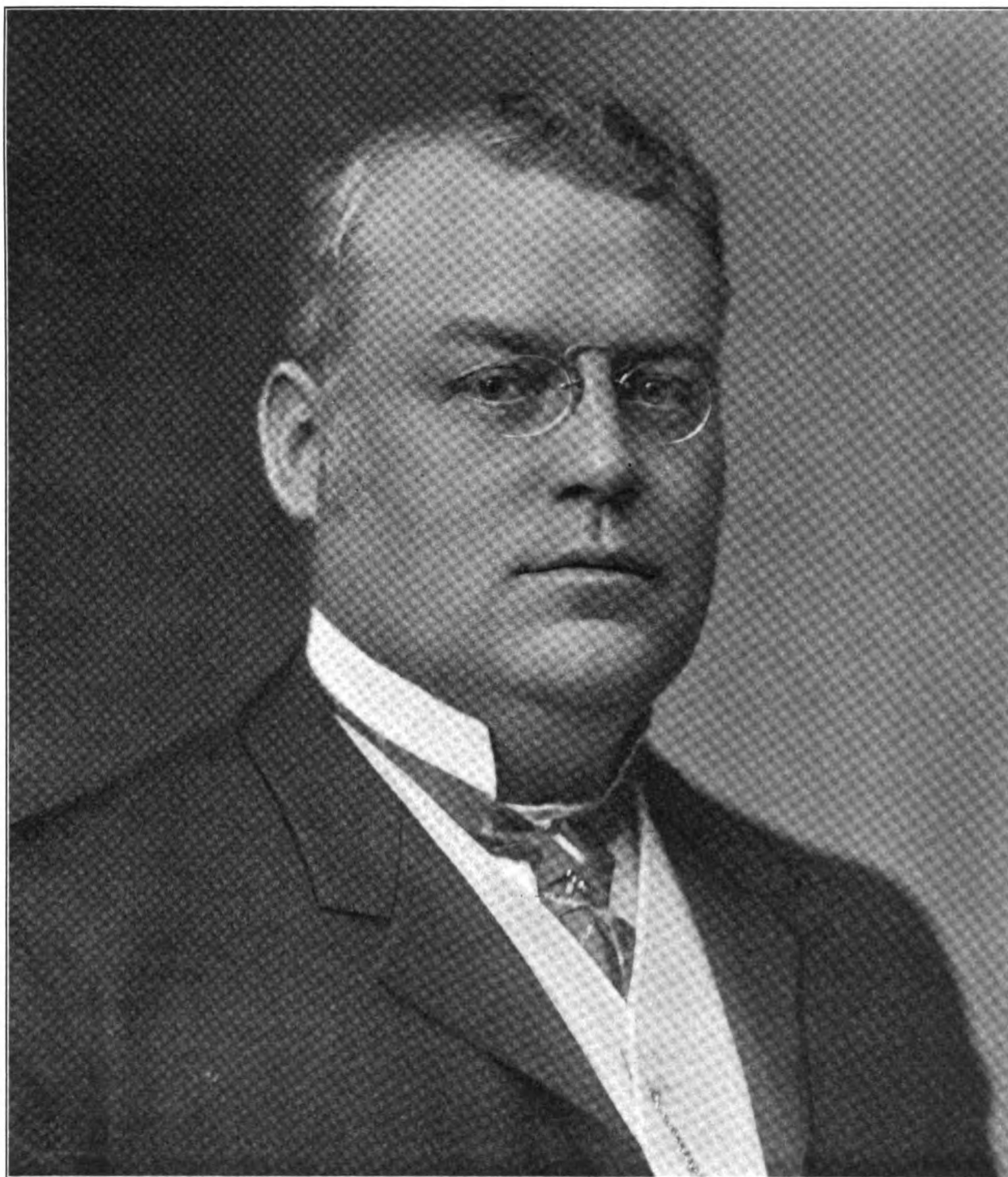


Photo by Pach Bros., N. Y.

CORPORATION COUNSEL OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK JOHN J. DELANEY.

One of the brainiest of Democratic leaders. He is the ablest of the younger men who have assumed the party control.

enterprising gentlemen, and for the next—how long shall we say?—two or three weeks drinks galore will be in evidence. To hear the tale of "how they got it" is really too amusing. It is also instructive. Go and hear it.

* * *

There seems to be a doubt whether a retirement to vaudeville hurts an actor's or an actress' standing in the profession. Maybe it does, and maybe it doesn't, but it is a firm fact that, notwithstanding the monetary con-

room with a piano and flowers galore, and a roof garden alongside. Around this big room, which is similar to a ship's saloon, are twelve rooms, all outside, some small, and some bigger. They are all beautifully furnished, and are just as cheap as they can be. There is a bathroom, and all modern improvements. This is not an advertisement by any means, but the place itself is a novelty, and the price absurdly cheap. Ruinart is quite popular there.



(Continued from page 5.)

burning sensation in the mouth. Therefore, it can readily be seen that if the spit ball is to be countenanced next season, some action should be taken to prevent the rubbing of deleterious substances on the ball.

Robert Ewing, pitcher of the Cincinnati National League Club, who has used the spit ball effectively, is still of the opinion that it cannot be controlled. He says all a pitcher can do is to throw and take his chances of having the ball go in the right direction to deceive the batsman. This naturally makes it difficult for the catcher.

But Chesebro has demonstrated that the spit ball can be controlled, and the other pitchers will no doubt perfect it before next season is well along.

When Chesebro first began to mow down the heavy hitters of the American League with the spit ball, he was queried by the other pitchers as to the effect on his arm. He told them that while it was a hard ball to hit, yet it was trying on the arm. He added that it had already lamed his pitching arm and he was afraid he would

have to abandon it. This scared off several of the leading pitchers, who did not try the ball for some time. When they did, they found it was easier to deliver than the ordinary curve, as there is practically no strain on the arm. Chesebro chuckled at his strategy.

Doctor: "I am strongly inclined to think that your husband has appendicitis."

Wife: "That's just like him: he always waits until anything has pretty well gone out of fashion before he decides to get it."

"If you were married would you believe everything your husband told you?"

"No. But for the sake of peace I'd make him believe I believed it."

Mamma: "I'm very cross with you, Margie — you shouldn't speak so harshly to your dolly."

Margie: "Oh! she's a French doll and can't understand a word of English."

"Johnny," said his mother, "I don't want you to play with those bad little boys in the street any more."

"All right, mamma," replied Johnny. "But you don't care if I fight 'em do you?"

"You're the first girl—" "Oh! dont," she said;

"For whether or no, the past is past —

The point now is to make me feel

Quite sure that I shall be the last."

LITTLE JOHNNY was playing with little Mary next door. "Johnny," said the little girl, "your mother's called you twice. Aren't you going in?"

"Oh, no," said Johnny.

"But won't she whip you?"

"No, not to-day. You see, she's got company, and when I go in she'll just say, 'The poor little man has been so deaf since he had the measles.'"

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"WELL," said the young lawyer, after he had heard his new client's story, "your claim appears to be good. I think we can secure a verdict without much trouble."
"That's what I told my wife, and yet she insisted at first that we ought to engage a first-class lawyer."

AMUSEMENTS—FOR THE WEEK OF OCTOBER 31st.

NEW YORK THEATRES.

Academy of Music..... "Checkers"
American Nov. 2-4, L'abbé Constantin,
Nov. 5, "Marie Jeanne," (In French)
Belasco..... "The Music Master"
Bijou..... "Mrs. Black is Back," Nov. 7
Broadway..... "Love's Lottery"
Carnegie Lyceum, Symphony Orchestra
Nov. 6
Casino..... "Piff, Paff, Poff"
Criterion..... "Business Is Business"
Daly's..... "The Cingalee"
Empire..... "The Duke of Killcrankie"
Fourteenth Street..... "The Errand Boy"
Garden..... "The College Widow"
Garrick..... "Joseph Entangled"
Grand Opera House..... "The Virginian"
Nov. 7, "From Rags to Riches"
Harlem Opera House,
Lew Dockstader's Minstrels
Herald Square..... "The School Girl"
Hudson..... "Letty"
Knickerbocker,
Much Ado about Nothing"
Liberty..... "The Rogers Bros. in Paris"
Lyric..... "The Harvester"
Nov. 7, "La Douleureuse"

Majestic..... "Bird Center"
Manhattan..... "Becky Sharp"
Metropolis..... "A Woman's Struggle"
New Amsterdam..... "The Sorcoreas"
New Lyceum..... "Granny"
New Star..... "The Female Detectives"
New York..... "Parsifal" in English
Princess..... "A Message from Mars"
Savoy,
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"
Third Avenue..... "A Struggle for Gold"
Wallack's..... "The Sho-Gun"
West End..... "The Ninty and Nine"
Weber Music Hall,
"Higgledy, Piggledy"

BROOKLYN THEATRES.

Broadway..... "Maid and the Mummy"
Bijou..... "La Tosca"
Columbia..... "Fabo Romani"
Folly..... "Tracked Around the World"
Gotham..... "Robert Fitzsimmons"
Montauk..... "The Tenderfoot"
Majestic..... "Captain Barrington"
Novelty..... "Escaped from Sing Sing"
Park..... "Dealers in White Women"
Paytons..... "What Happened to Jones"

ALONG THE RIALTO.

Every one is congratulating Arnold Daly because he has had the courage to carry out his convictions, which were well founded, that Bernard Shaw's plays would attract the public. The silly reason that they would be above the heads of the public has been dissipated, and Daly is crowing over his pessimists. It is a pity that these shows are not given at a larger theatre than the Berkeley Lyceum, for in any play-house they would draw audiences which are sick of the eternal musical comedy. Daly is and has been courageous, and, when he went to England this year to interview Shaw, he managed to induce him to write a new play, which has been produced with great success.

So Lillian Russell is really to blossom forth again as a comic opera artiste. Her "Lady Teazle" should be a treat, and, though John Kendrick Bangs thinks that his opera will be produced entire—that is, as he wrote it—his disillusionment will not harm the success of the opera.

"Dear me!" remarked a man on Broadway, as he passed an actor with one of those eternal smiles on his face. "I wonder if that man has a private joke; or whether that is his natural expression?"

An encounter was obviated as an introduction took place, and all hands retired for refreshment.

BROADWAY WEEKLY

VOL. V., No. I.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 9, 1904.

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Photo by Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, O.

EUGENIE BLAIR, COMING TO THE WEST END THEATRE AS THE STAR OF "IRIS."

BROADWAY WEEKLY

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Vol. V.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 9, 1904.

No. I.

SUBWAY TRIUMPH PICTORIALY DESCRIBED.

All that has been written about the great civic and engineering triumph in the construction and practical operation of the Subway, fails to picture to the mind the scenes which attended the formal opening and dedication by Mayor McClellan and the men whose genius and enterprise carried out the work to a successful ending. It has remained for the artist to secure a record which will convey to future generations the actual happenings, and preserve for posterity a true vision of the occasion. BROADWAY WEEKLY has the unique and much-esteemed privilege of publishing the only convincing photographs of the chief incidents of the day of opening. They were taken by Mr. J. C. Hemment and his staff of assistants, which is an incontrovertible proof of their excellence, truth, and artistic expression. One can linger over them only to find still greater beauty of detail and absolute fidelity of finish. Certainly this is the most genuine souvenir of an historic event, and the people of New York should take this opportunity of securing the most comprehensive memento. It is worthy of a costly frame as an ornament, as well as being a milestone in the life of the greatest city of the Western hemisphere.

The artist, Mr. Hemment, has made his name famous throughout the world for his work in the past. No man in his profession has developed so wonderfully the skill of committing to indelibility, scenes of great events. All the best pictures of the international yacht races; the automobile contests of world-wide interest; the big classic contests at the race tracks—in fact every public demonstration in society, sporting, and civil life, has been focussed in the Hemment camera.

A WORD TO THE VICTORS.

The deed is done. The exigencies of publication involving the fine art pictures which are a feature of BROADWAY WEEKLY necessitates the paper going to press too early to comment upon the results of the Presidential election, but the verdict is surely the honest opinion of the voters, according to the best light they have of governmental conditions. The people were never in a more sober mood to deal with their own interests, and whatever they have done, they must have considered deeply the cause of country. There may have been many millions of dollars spent by one or other of the parties, but it is doubtful if it deflected any important section of the vote from the direction in which the majority of the suffragists felt was the right destination. Even the defeated may find consolation that both the candidates were men of high character, and while differing as to policy they were actuated by a sense of patriotism and love of their countrymen. Having exercised their prerogative, the electorate may go on their way and attend to their daily avocations. Business will naturally rearrange its lines on an even base, and strengthen those which have been weakened for months by the uncertainty as to the outcome.

The victors should not lose sight of the fact that in the possession of power they have simply been given a trust; and that there will be a day of reckoning should they abuse the confidence of the people. They now not only represent the men who elected them, but the whole nation. The American people under the great system which has made the country foremost in the family of nations, are compelled to relegate to honored and worthy persons the execution of forms of government; and while at times some of those trusted have proved unworthy of the prize of office awarded to them, only the deep respect for the will of the people, and the sense of righteousness have saved the Republic from quick dismemberment and the ridicule of other countries.

Under all circumstances the late election was a triumph because there is no occasion in history when a gigantic vote of millions was cast under such decent conditions and with less acrimony. Excepting for the news published in the newspapers as to the doings of the political organizations, and the sayings of the candidates, there was very little excitement or what is called enthusiasm. Yet more votes were polled than ever before. New

York's last Mayoralty election was far more exciting than the Presidential contest, but there was more serious interest, and even greater issues were at stake.

THE SIMPLE LIFE IN NEW YORK.

A good man, whose vocation in life is the caring for souls and whose name is Wagner, has come to our shores to talk of the necessity of living simpler lives, about which he has written some very interesting books. Mr. Wagner has not told anything new, of the philosophy which he considers the essence of happiness; but he has said things which we knew, in a new and delightfully simple way. There are thousands of minds which have meditated along the same lines as the Alsatian pastor, but they have never put them into print. It cannot be said that he has come as an apostle to the poor, for his words are chiefly applicable to the rich or well-to-do who have been drawn away from the great truths of man's mission on earth, by the prosperity which dims their sight to the wants and sufferings of others. In many a household where there is a struggle for bread, all of the homely virtues which Mr. Wagner champions, prevail. It may wound our pride to be told that as a people we have been too selfish, too extravagant, and too inconsiderate of our neighbor's comfort, but it will do us good.

Under the present bound-up conditions, with the absolute trust control of commodities, transportation and necessities of life, it is quite possible to live a simple life in New York. Indeed many are compelled to do so whether they like it or not. How many men and women are they who are limited to a hall bedroom for shelter; to a meal ticket for sustenance, and all its adulterated food stuffs; to a free library for their amusement; and to the twittering of the birds in the park for companionship? Here in truth is the simple life exemplified. There is no room for complications which will make a soul wander away from the problems of life, and eternity. When the meager reward for toiling in the sweatshops of the city is due, all of the recompense for the week previous has vanished. Not a penny left to tempt the weary laborer to plunge into that reckless extravagance of which he has been accused by the Captains of Industry.

Yes there are thousands of men and women living the simple life on Manhattan Island, who are purified by poverty, and whose gentle natures are as roses in the chaos and oasis of what is called modern society. They are lost in the race, in which self-assertiveness and selfishness triumph. It is not to such as these that Pastor Wagner comes to speak, but to the madding crowd, who cannot rise to the glorious opportunities which they have for doing good to their fellow man.

THE DEAR OLD ELEVATED RAILROAD.

The greatest moral to be drawn from the opening of the Subway seems to have been lost sight of by the writers and critics of the great enterprise. The humor of it is quite paradoxical. For years the poor old elevated railroad system has been the butt for all conceivable kind of jokes, gibes and insults. Prayers most fervent were offered for a generation, that some philanthropist would construct an underground method of rapid transit, so that the disgruntled passengers could get downtown to their business without the delays and discomforts so frequent on the elevated roads.

Even when the railroad company provided express trains on the Ninth and Third Avenue roads, which made the distance from Harlem to the commercial centres in fifteen minutes, the grumbling did not cease, and complaints about overcrowding were just as loud. When the Subway work was begun, travelers were afforded a fine cause for jest at the expense of the elevated roads, and it became a daily quip with the sleek, well-fed, and cranky passengers, that all their ills would cease when the tunnel was finished.

Well; lo and likewise behold! the Subway is working overtime and the poor old elevated has a rest. But the humorous part of the situation is, that those who condemned it for years are now proclaiming its virtues and singing its praises. It is no easier to get a seat on Mr. Belmont's subway cars than on the elevated. The daily newspapers are also much wrought up because they find that every express train cannot dash to Harlem as quickly as an elevated express train. The crowds are greater than can be accommodated at present, and yet there has been very little falling off in the traffic of the elevated and surface roads.

So the complaining passenger continues to ride on the elevated express trains, and he does not kick at the crowds or the time table. Instead he is belaboring the poor Subway just the same as he did the elevated. And the latter is being called pet names as its cars flit from the banks of the Harlem to the Battery. All of which goes to show that it is not wise to abuse an old friend and call it names, even if it is a railroad arrived at the age of maturity.



Photo by Marceau.

LILLIAN RUSSELL, THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN OF THE AMERICAN OPERATIC STAGE.

Mathison's Comment on Sports.

BY CHARLES F. MATHISON.

The result of the Gans-Britt fight was a surprise in all respects. It proves conclusively that Gans cannot fight strongly at 133 pounds, and proves that Britt is a shrewd matchmaker. That the white boy should so far have lost his head as to strike his opponent while the latter was down is inexplicable. From all points of view it was an unsatisfactory bout, and there may be much of it requiring explanation.

Barney Oldfield regained his nerve when he got to the Yonkers track, and the way in which he raced away from his competitors showed he was still the world's champion. The "going" makes some difference to these autoist flyers.

Despite the pernicious activity of the police, those New Yorkers with a fondness for pugilism insist on seeing an occasional bout. They gratify their desires at great personal risk and inconvenience. Recently some 300 boxing enthusiasts were gathered in a cheerless, barn-like structure in the Bronx waiting for two combative lightweights to begin operations. Ring ropes had been stretched and the men were ready to enter the arena when an appalling discovery was made. The young man who was intrusted with the duty of bringing the gloves to the battle-ground had carelessly left them locked in his escritoire, several miles from the scene of the battle.

It was too late to purchase boxing gloves, so there was nothing to do but let the youth go as fast as possible to where the gloves were. The affable announcer explained the unfortunate omission to the waiting crowd and begged them to have patience. It was a forebearing crowd, and there was a general disposition to grin and bear it.

Time dragged along, and at 1:30 A. M., the man who went after the gloves had not reappeared. The patrons of Queensbury sport were jocosely conjecturing what was detaining him, when all were startled by a series of shrill whistles.

These were followed by the thud of horses hoofs, and the boxing devotees realized that they were surrounded by mounted police. Instant action was taken. The ring ropes came down with a rush and were thrown into a dark corner. Then the crowd formed a circle about a well known spellbinder. In response to pounding on the door, the portals were thrown open, and in rushed a score of blue coats. As the policemen dashed for the crowd, the spellbinder raised his voice and said:

"Fellow Citizens, I tell you the election of Alton Brooks Parker and Henry Gassaway Davis is a National necessity. We who do not want the Big Stick but prefer the Constitution must vote for them. Do we want Roosevelt, rapacity and riot, or do we want Parker, peace and prosperity?"

"Fellow citizens, I think from your attitude here to-night you will cast your ballots for the constitutional candidates. The iniquities of the Republican party have been handled without gloves by the speakers here to-night, and there seems to be no question as to your action at the polls. Now, fellow citizens, before the meeting adjourns let us give three cheers for our National standard bearers."

The cheers were given with a will, while the astonished cops looked on in open-mouthed wonder.

"Where's this here prize fight?" finally inquired one of the blue coats.

"Prize fight?" echoed the spellbinder. "There has been no prize fight here, my dear man. This is the weekly meeting of the Bronx Park and Davis Club. You don't see any prize fighters here, do you?"

The policemen were reluctantly compelled to admit that there were no signs of a scrap, but they remained on the ground till the lights were turned out, and the last member of the Bronx Parker and Davis Club had departed. The young man with the gloves had not arrived at that time. Jack Dorman and Jack Roller, who were to have fought twenty rounds, decided to postpone their bout on account of the weather.

Frankie Neil, who came home a few days ago, after his failure to beat Joe Bowker, the British bantam champion, brought evidence with him of having participated in a rather boisterous contest. Both eyes were puffed up and discolored, and as it took him a week to come home after the bout, it can readily be seen that Bowker took great liberties with Neil's countenance. The American said he had no fault to find, except with the referee, Tom Scott. Scott, says Neil, would not permit him to fight at close quarters, according to the American style. He says that as soon as he tried to bore in and inflict body punishment, he was warned by the referee, and was compelled to fight at long range, in which particular the Briton

was his superior. Neil admits that Bowker is a very speedy man on his feet, and has got the art of self-defense to a very fine point. Neil would very much like to meet Bowker in America and fight him on the American plan. He thinks he would be able to stop Bowker inside the limit of 20 rounds. There is an excellent chance of Bowker coming to America in January. I am in receipt of a communication from Bowker's manager in which he says he may bring him on between Dec. 25 and Jan. 25. If he does so, the Briton will probably meet Tommy Murphy, Pinkey Evans and some others in Philadelphia, and then go to the Coast for a 20-round affair with Neil. The Englishman certainly would be a good drawing card here, and it looks as though he would be compelled to come across in order to get a match, as the other American bantams, with the exception of Johnny Burdick, are afraid to meet Bowker on his own stamping ground. Burdick says he will make 117 pounds, but I fear Bowker will insist on 116. Hugh McGovern, who has done much trumpeting through his manager, Joe Humphreys, cannot scale lower than 118, and is out of the question.

What a fearfully mixed up thing that football championship is going to be this Fall. Penn has beaten Harvard, but won't get a chance to play Yale. If Princeton defeats Yale and then Yale beats Harvard, who will dare say which is the better team. There seems to be no question, that Yale was not in form when she met Syracuse and West Point. Murphy is an experienced trainer and he would hardly get his boys on edge several weeks before the critical games with the Tigers and Crimson. Judging by the painful walloping Old Eli gave to Columbia, the New Haven boys were just rounding into shape at that time.

The boys from Morningside Heights seem to be a poor lot, and the sooner they get a capable professional like Murphy, McMasters or Robinson, the sooner they will be enabled to hold their own with the big colleges. Ex-Sheriffs are useful members of society, but not especially valuable on a football field.

As I said last week, Yale and Harvard consider that the championship will be decided when they meet in their game. West Point must certainly be considered one of the best teams in the country. Losing to Harvard by a narrow margin and beating Yale decisively, the soldiers have downed minor teams with the utmost ease. Now that Yale is in condition, another game with the West Pointers would be very interesting.

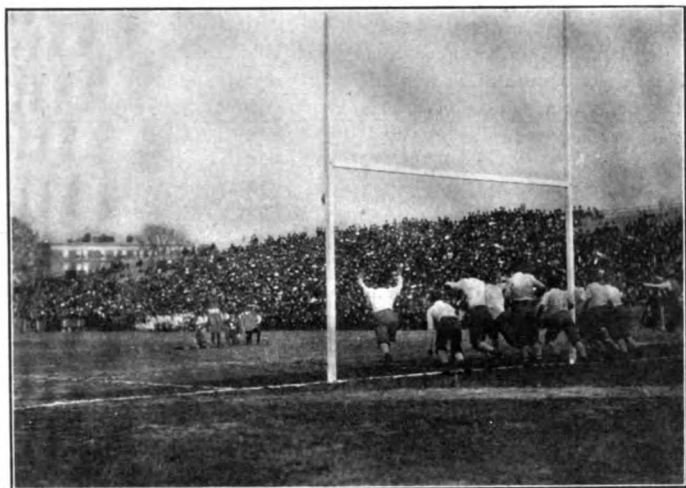
If Penn., Princeton, Yale, Harvard and West Point could go into a series now to decide the championship, there would be great interest in it. Then the winner could play Michigan for the American honors. But, of course, they won't. College men have so many questions of athletic propriety to settle that there will never be a definite settlement of the football championship.

The big teams waste altogether too much time playing weak teams and that's how men get hurt—those on the weaker elevens suffering. There are few injuries to players on the evenly-matched, well-conditioned teams. Weaker elevens should play among themselves until they develop more strength.

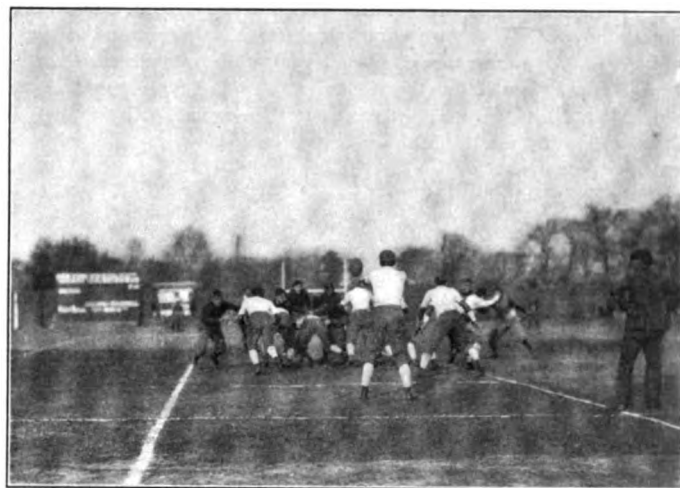
Joe Gans in discussing the rules with Referee Graney, said the Queensbury regulations permitted a man to hit so long as he had one hand free! No, they don't Joseph. The rules simply provide that contestants must not hold. If a man has but one hand free, it is reasonable to suppose, he is holding with the other, and therefore if he holds with one hand and hits with the other. A boxer should not hit except when both hands are free, and then it matters not if his opponent is holding. Incompetent referees have done much to confuse the boxing game by ruling that men may "hit in clinches," "with one hand free," "fight themselves free from clinches," and other absurdities. The man whose hands are free (both of them be it understood) can punch away, even if the other chap is holding. The latter should at once be commanded to break and if he fails to do so should be disqualified. If a man were not permitted to hug, hang on and otherwise violate the rules there would be fewer long drawn out bouts. If Referee Graney permits any man to hold with one hand and hit with the other, he does not know the rules.

The amiable pugilistic oracle is again to the fore. He says that John L. Sullivan was world's champion because he defeated Kilrain, who had beaten Jem Smith, alleged champion of England. As the bout between Smith and Kilrain was a draw, it can readily be seen that the amiable oracle is all at sea. For the benefit of those who may have been misled I will say that Sullivan never was champion of the world. Sullivan side-

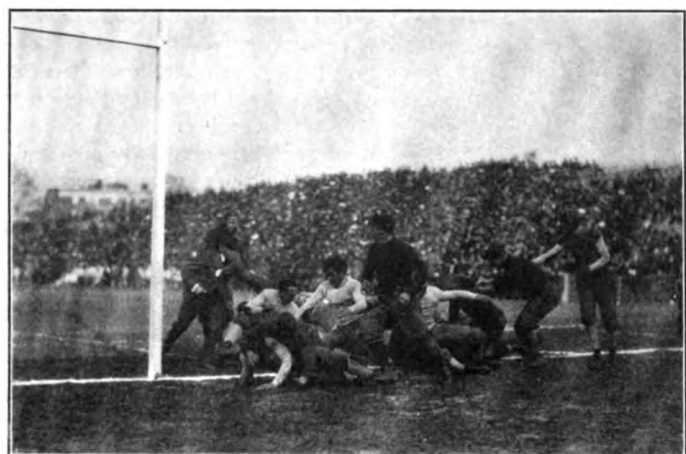
Scenes and Incidents of the Yale—Columbia Football Contest.



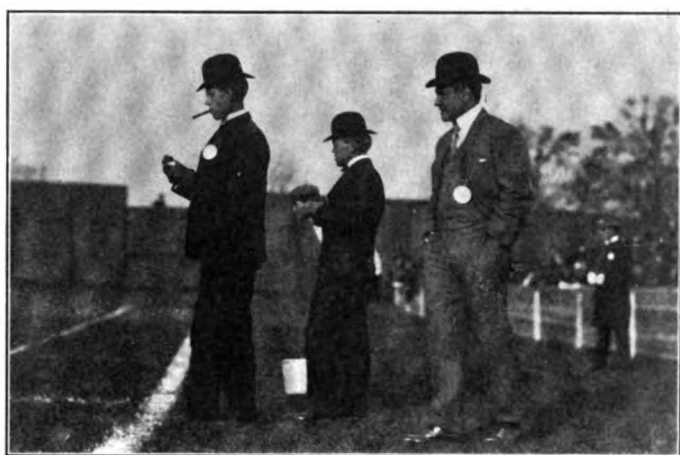
Hoyt kicking the first goal for Yale, a moment of suspense for the Columbia boys and their enthusiastic well-wishers.



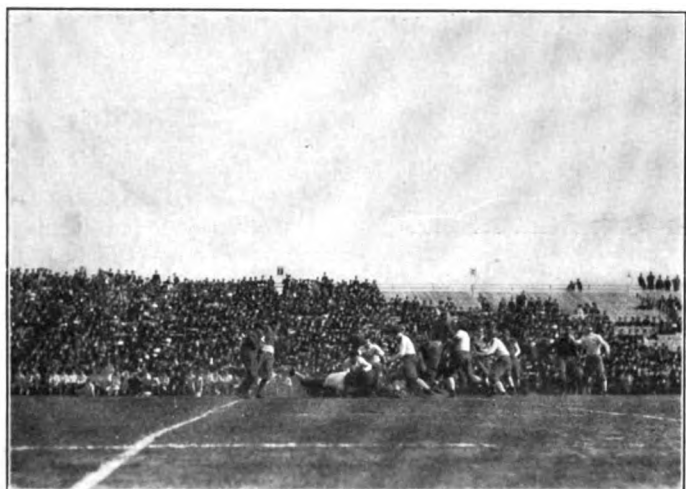
Fisher is receiving the ball for a punt with the contesting teams lined up to follow up the advantage pro and con.



Hogan coming over for Yale's first touchdown, his team interfering and general view of the mix-up with the excited on-lookers in the background.



From left to right, Harold Weeks, Coach Morley, and Graduate Manager Chrystie on the lines watching Columbia. Note the different expressions on their faces.



A happy moment for Columbia as Metenthin ends his run just after the kick-off. The Cathedral Heights crowd went wild with delight.



This is a splendid illustration of the way Hogan brought his men through a good opening, and how the thousands stood on tip-toe awaiting the result.

Photos by J. C. Hemment, Copyright.

stepped Peter Jackson who was the real heavyweight champion of Australia and England. Sullivan also avoided battles with Goddard and Slavin, who were then in their prime and who chased the American champion? from pillar to post demanding a match.

Jack Munroe is taking matters easily in this city. He says he will not don the mitts again till the first of the new year, when he will doubtless box Ruhlin. If Ruhlin has not mislaid that left hand jab that put

Sharkey to sleep twice, the Akron man should conquer the miner. By the way, Munroe did not go "back to the mines" after his defeat by Jeff. It was rumored that he would.

In all his pugilistic career, Peter Maher has never been troubled with insomnia. He has no trouble going to sleep in the centre of the ring, and in spite of the hooting and howling of the spectators. It is an admirable quality to possess, and Maher is to be congratulated that he can sleep so peacefully despite his continuous pugilistic reverses.

The People, Not the Politicians!

Now that the strife is over and the generals are resting, it is proper to recall certain threats which were hurled at the people during the fever of the campaign. Of course there are some who will be relegated into private life, and others who will be satisfied to retire with honor now that they have added another Presidential election to their record. But there is one grand exception to the class, one whose retirement announced by himself, will call for comment throughout the land. When David B. Hill came forward at the outset of the campaign and said that he would voluntarily quit the political arena after he had done his best to help elect Judge Parker, some heeded it as mere persiflage, but he reaffirmed his declaration, and now the psychological moment has arrived when he must "make good" as they say in the classics. Every Democratic eye in the country is turned in the direction of Wolfert's Roost. If the cap and feather is hung up, to be regarded as a sacred relic all will be well and no questions asked, but if on the contrary the shrill cry of the Wolfert rooster is heard in the land, it will be as the voice of one calling in the wilderness.

We are likely to have a rather stormy time next year when the time arrives to elect another Mayor; not that there is any chance of turning the tables and placing a Republican in the chair now so ably filled by Colonel McClellan, but the Democracy feeling in its strength and union, is likely to differ in opinion as to who should be nominated. There is a section of the leadership in this city which thinks that it should have more voice in the giving out of patronage. It would be foolish to deny it, but there are grave but silent quarrels between some leaders. Already there are indications that the friends of Mayor McClellan will try to create a sentiment for some other candidate. There is no suggestion that the Colonel has not made a splendid Mayor, but the friends of the latter have taken a very high standard of qualification for office. This has pleased the better class of citizens, but the organization men in many districts cannot get many of their old stand-by workers placed. Then the powers that be in Tammany are inclined to take into counsel many young men who will exercise much influence in the future. They are in many instances college men, perfectly worthy, but they have never been identified with district work, and the men who for years have been members of the old guard do not like it. We may look for much bickering before the fight for the next Mayorality nomination approaches.

The intrusion of what are humorously called "patent-leathered" persons into leadership, has been the cause of much Celtic satire. Indeed it is certain that when the average Hibernian has recourse to Horatian methods, he can command a vocabulary which would shake the bones of Dr. Samuel Johnson in his tomb. The old guard refuses to follow the Democratic light as far as Sherry's or Delmonico's, and this suggestion is perhaps about as clear an explanation as can be given of the present conditions. Dwelling in the midst of his people, has been the very political life of a leader. Once he moves away from the scene of his usefulness, he may as well resign his official position.

There were some queer mix-ups in the late canvass. While the *Sun* advocated a split ticket headed by Roosevelt and Herrick, some individual voters had funny ideas of combinations. On Eighth Avenue and in

some other sections of the city where William R. Hearst was running for Congress, people had placed pictures of Colonel Roosevelt and Fairbanks along side of that of Hearst's. A more strange combination could hardly be imagined. It is not recorded that Mr. Hearst objected or demanded that his picture be taken out of this company. Neither did he acquiesce in Mr. Murphy's suggestion that all Democratic nominees for office refuse to allow their names to be placed in nomination by the populists or any old kind of a party.

There are many who think that Police Commissioner McAdoo's argument in favor of the removal of Police Headquarters to the Longacre section should have been adopted. Instead, it is to be taken even farther downtown to Grand and Centre Streets. By the time the new building is finished the location will be almost entirely given over to business purposes, and the few people still living there are the most peaceful and honest to be found anywhere. On the other hand the exposures made concerning the conditions in the New Tenderloin above Forty-Second Street are deplorable, and something will have to be done to purge the neighborhood of the unspeakable criminals who infest that section. It is the blackest spot on the city's map.



Photo by Marceau.

M. FRANCIS LOUGHMAN.

An able young merchant, the democratic candidate for Congress in the Fifteenth District of New York. He is one of the coming men in political leadership.

It must have been some extraordinary pressure that induced Secretary of State Hay to go on the stump in the late contest. Mr. Hay has been very delicate about his public appearances, being content to bask in the popularity which he had acquired as an astute diplomat and remaining discreetly silent upon his works of the earlier part of his career. And it seems there was good reason for his discretion. Towards the latter end of the fight attention was called to the writings of Mr. Hay, notably his "Castilian Days." The sentiments expressed in those writings do not place him in a very favorable light with the people who have come from other lands to make this country their own. Indeed, he would appear to hold some of the very strange aristocratic doctrines of Henry Cabot Lodge. This is putting it rather mildly. The matured judgment of Mr. Hay would probably decide to squelch many of the things he wrote when a young man. Yet, as late as 1880, he revised and stood by all he had said. As in many other things, the newspapers used good judgment in refusing to exploit these opinions in the interest of modern political parties.

During the campaign Judge Parker said: "In our latter days the claim is often made, not only by practical men, but by students of economic history, that our rapid industrial progress is the result of the development of machinery. This theory assumes that whatever our ancestors did in the way of building up institutions and industry, everything is now so changed that we have now become dependent upon the machine, and must be content to remain so hereafter.

"The fact, however, is overlooked that whatever machinery may have done, it has been devised, created and adapted by man's ingenuity, has been perfected by humane patience and industry, and that it must be operated by men of mind and bone and muscle. Nobody will presume to deny that it has become an important factor in industry, but it is merely an incident, an auxiliary."

Dun's latest index number, just completed, shows the average cost of the principal necessities of life to have been \$99.43 per head on Nov. 1. That is an increase of \$1.04 in the past month, of \$1.60 in the past year and of \$26.97 since July 1, 1897.

J. D. B.



Photo by Sarony.

MADAME REJANE, THE DISTINGUISHED FRENCH ACTRESS, NOW AT THE LYRIC.

New York has gradually learned to appreciate the best of French dramatic fare, not as we have been having it for years—ruined by transition into the English tongue, the very antithesis of the Gallic flavor—but with all the charm and character of the original French atmosphere. Con-

sequently the present engagement of Madame Rejane which opened at the Lyric on Monday night, is likely to prove not only artistic but very profitable. There are thousands of people in this city sufficiently familiar with French to support a season of French repertoire.

Some Very Effective Poses of Anna Held in "Higgledy Piggledy" at the Weber-Ziegfeld Theatre.



Photos by Reutlinger, Paris.

No foreign artist who has come among us to make her home in many years has so entered into our affections as Anna Held; and she is now a fixture on Broadway. There is a good reason for her popularity. Those who have observed her work note one feature which is absent from the methods of almost every other artist in her line from the stage of Paris. Madame Held has never offended any audience in the slightest by a word or act, and her charm has a refinement and delicacy far above the average. She has won her place in public affection.]

An actress who can entertain without any boisterous effect, and who is the personification of dainty grace, will always be welcomed by American audiences. They may laugh at horse play, and even tolerate vulgarity on the part of some popular idol of the music halls, but such methods would be impossible to Anna Held. When one has left the theatre, there is a memory of the delightful personality of this little French woman, which lasts after the laughter attending antics of a hoyendish and romping actress has died away. Anna Held is always acceptable.



JULIAN EDWARDS.

The composer of "The Wedding Day," "Friend Fritz," "Madeline or the Magic Kiss," "Brian Boru," "The Singing Girl," "Dolly Varden," "Love's Lottery."



Photo by Otto Sarony Co.

MRS. SARAH COWELL LEMOINE.

An actress who has distinguished herself in all the parts that she has undertaken. She is a finished artiste.



Photo by Bonney and Staples, South Bend, Ind.

GRACE TYSON.

This young woman is one of the vaudeville team of McWatters and Tyson, well-known throughout the best circuits.

Musical and Operatic Notes.

The Opera season is to open brilliantly on Monday, November 21st, with "Aida," for the first performance. Madame Emma Eames will sing the part of *Aida* and Miss Edith Walker will be the *Amneris*. The male voices for this evening are Caruso, Scotti and Plancon. Miss Beanca Froelich heads the grand ballet. Vigna will conduct. This is to be followed on Wednesday by "L'Elis d'Amore," with Mme. Sembrich and Mm. Scotti and Caruso. "Parsifal" follows on Thursday, with Mme. Nordica for the first time as *Kundry*, and Bergstaller, Van Rooy, Goritz and Blass. "Carmen" will be given Friday, with Mme. Fremsted as *Carmen* and Mmc. Ackte as *Michaela*, Saleza as *Jose* and *Journet*. "Don Pasquale" is for the Saturday matinee performance with Mme. Sembrich, Scotti and Dippel. Herr Conried is to be congratulated on the praiseworthy manner in which he has organized his forces for his second season of grand opera, and certainly if this first week of music is a forecast of his

His first appearance in New York under the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is arranged for December 8th.

Joseph Hoffman's first recital will take place at Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 19th. His selections are to include the "Don Juan" fantasia of Liszt.

Madame Gadski arrived on the Kaiser Wilhelm this week and is preparing for her American concert tour.

Mme. Melba has chosen Portland, Me., for the opening of her concert tour on Nov. 19th.

WILTON LACKAYE IN REPERTOIRE.

Wilton Lackaye is to have a repertoire next season that will be wonderfully attractive from every point of view. It will, moreover, demon-



SCENE WITH DAVID WARFIELD AS "THE MUSIC MASTER," IN HIS VERY SUCCESSFUL PLAY AT THE BELASCO THEATRE.

plans for the season, patrons of the Metropolitan may feel assured that the direction is in most capable hands.

Music lovers are looking forward eagerly to the coming of November 19th, when Mme. Sembrich gives her only recital for the season at Carnegie Hall.

Mme. Emma Calve has been playing to crowded houses in Germany. Her latest tour has met with a most pronounced triumph.

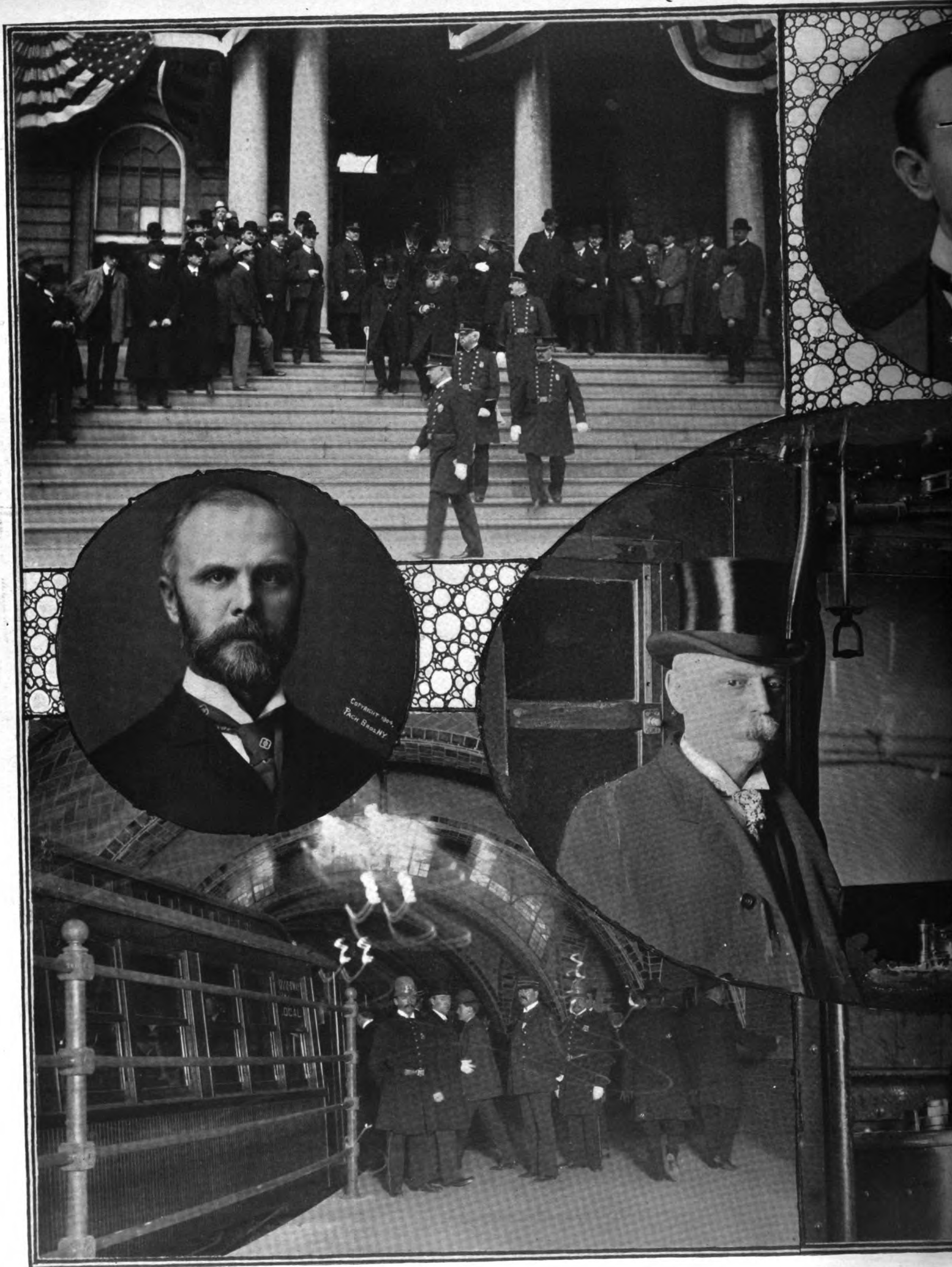
Reports from Convent Garden inform us that Miss Alice Neilson has made a tremendous success there principally in the role of *Mimi* in "La Boheme." Her voice has increased in strength and richness and it is said she has stood favorably the comparison with Melba.

Ysaye has his opening concert in Philadelphia on November 18th.

strate in a very marked degree the versatility of the celebrated actor. Arrangements are now being made for Mr. Lackaye to appear after the regular season in Chicago, where the plays will be produced and the company that is to support him on the road next season will be rehearsed. The first play to be done will be "Othello."

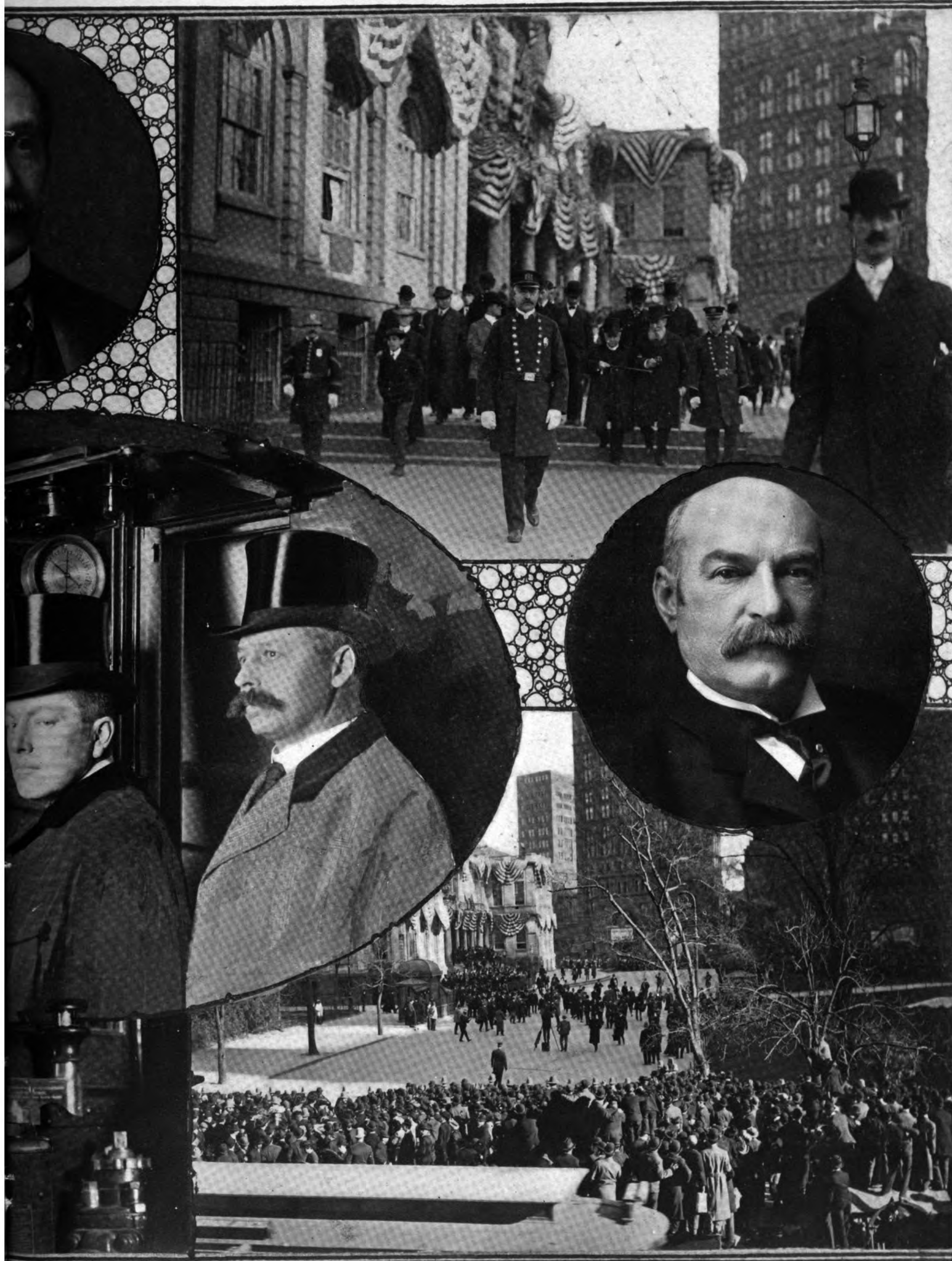
It has long been Mr. Lackaye's ambition to appear in that role, and his contract with Wm. A. Brady calls for a production of this piece on very elaborate lines. "The Pit," in which Mr. Lackaye has won perhaps his greatest success, will, of course, hold a conspicuous place in the list. Then there will be a production of "Jean Valjean," Mr. Lackaye's own dramatization of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," Ibsen's "Pillars of Society," "Trilby," in which the actor won such a triumph as *Shengali*; Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto," of which play his *Reb Shemuel* was the principal feature; "The Silver King" and "The Middleman."

Mr. Lackaye appeared in these last named plays in San Francisco, and they are among his favorite parts. Mr. Lackaye will be seen in all the principal cities of the country in this repertoire within the next two seasons.



Photos of the Scenes copyright by J. C. Hemment; those of Messrs. Belmont, Parsons and McDonald, by Pach Bros., New York. Copyright, 1904.

The upper row of pictures represent: Archbishop Farley, Mayor McClellan and President Orr, of the Rapid Transit Commission, escorted by its way. On the second line of pictures are: William Barclay Parsons, the distinguished engineer who designed and planned the enterprise; John B. McDonald, the great contractor, whose work made the Subway an accomplished fact. On the bottom row are: pictures of the first



the City Hall to the Subway station; August Belmont, who represented the financial power which constructed the Subway; the dedication party on
Clellan at the lever of the first train to run at the opening of the Subway; Vice-President Bryan at the left and Manager Hedley on the right; and
the famous silver lever with which the first train was started; and the scene in City Hall Park during the ceremonies.

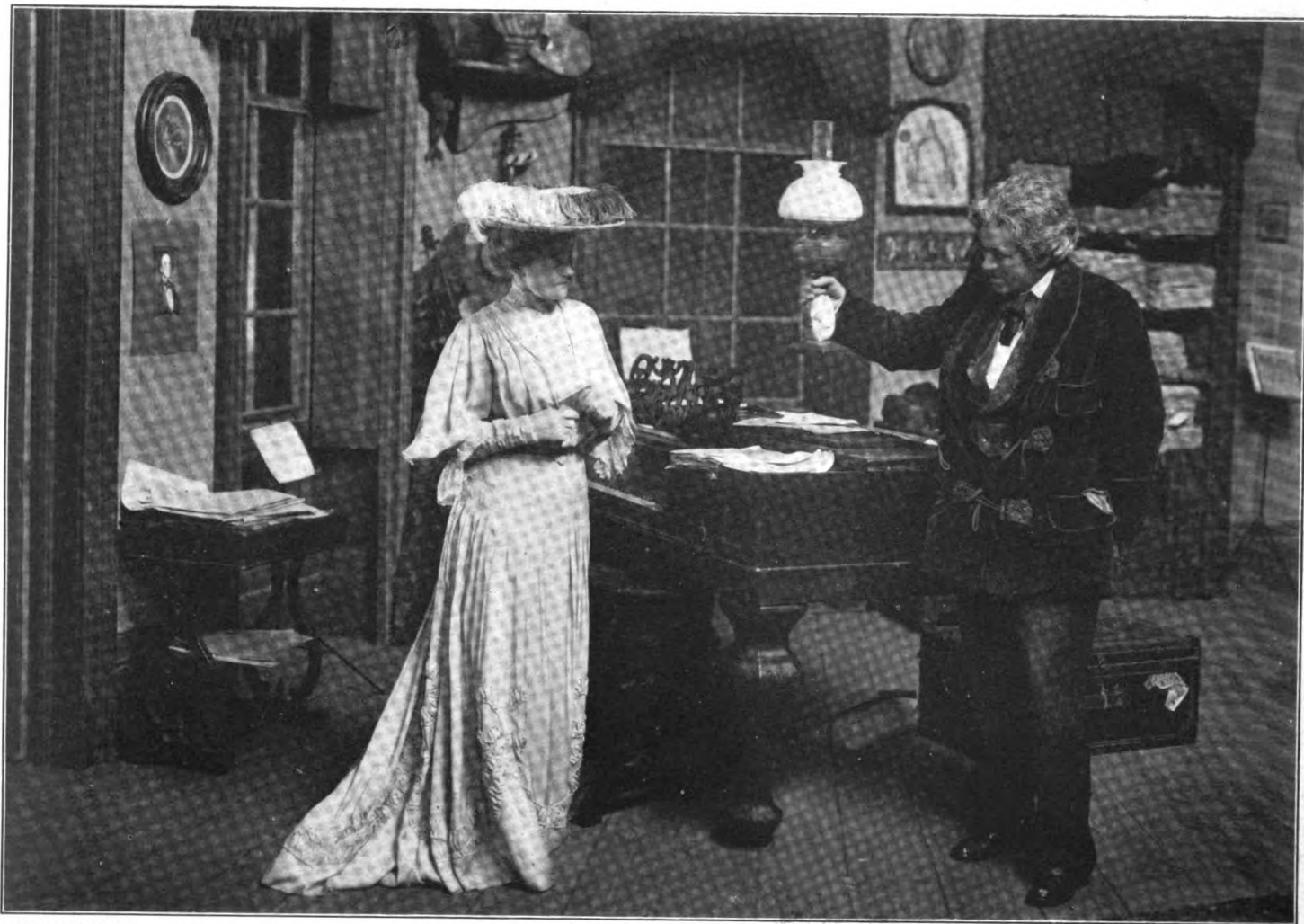


Photo by Hall.

AN EFFECTIVE SCENE IN "THE MUSIC MASTER," WITH DAVID WARFIELD, AS *HERR ANTON VON BARWIG*.



CHARLES E. EVANS IN "THE SHO-GUN," ENLIGHTENS KOREANS AS TO THE WONDERFUL YANKEE LAND.

The Week at the Theatres.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

Fortunate are those who have not missed the opportunity of seeing Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe in Shakespeare's happiest mood "Much Ado About Nothing." I feel sorry for those who did not. Perhaps, too, there were some who saw but did not appreciate all that Mr. Sothern has done in the name of art and for the advancement of the drama. There are such thoughtless people still in the world and I am sorry for them too—but it must be admitted that the audience that welcomed this brilliant revival apparently contained few of them. They came, they saw, and they were duly and truly conquered—and gloried in it. This Mr. Sothern is a studious and scholarly individual. The result of many days and hours of delightful research coupled with the effects of personal imagination, that necessary attribute to art, is more than ever apparent in his role of *Benedick* in "Much Ado About Nothing." It makes us feel with the poet that there is:

"No man born into the world whose work
Is not born with him."

We have cause to rejoice then that Mr. Sothern's work caught the breath of life and that now in the fullness of its prime it can do so much to instruct as well as delight.

This comedy of Shakespeare's is to some minds the best of all for dramatic force. Containing as it does in the first place an ardent romance, that which is so strictly necessary for the *raison d'être* of a play it is replete with both manly and womanly acts, coquetry in its most bewitching form and wit of exceedingly high order. Why it is that we do so seldom



FRANK POLLOCK.

This is the latest picture of the American tenor, who is called in Italy "The New Campanini," and who has just returned to this country under engagement to sing leading roles in the Metropolitan Grand Opera season with the Conried management. He comes fresh from the Royal Opera at Stockholm. This, the first engagement of an American tenor for New York's Grand Opera, marks a new epoch in this country's appreciation of its native talent.



WILL T. HODGE.

He has made a lasting success as *Mr. Stubbs*, in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and will probably star next season.

have "Much Ado About Nothing" for our delectation can only be explained by the self evident truth that the good things of this world are exceedingly rare. Both Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe appear before us in true sympathy with the atmosphere of the play. He, in masterly conception of the man of romance without braggadocio and she in the ideal magnetic graces that make the real women of the world.

It certainly seems as if *Benedick* were Mr. Sothern's most natural part of all Shakespearean roles, and Miss Marlowe's *Beatrice* assuredly has the power to captivate her audience by the true womanliness and vivacity she puts into it. The desire of *Beatrice* to love and to be loved, though effectually cloaked by her bantering and assumed diffidence, is so artistically portrayed by Miss Marlowe that she instantly wins our hearts.

Mr. Sothern's rare good taste and skillful management are again apparent in the stage setting and the *ensemble* of the scenes by his company. We have not really seen "Much Ado About Nothing" since Augustin Daly's magnificent production of it along with his other great achievements devoted to the Shakespearean drama. Mr. Sothern's production, too, is gorgeous, even lavish sometimes, yet nothing is overdone. This is noticeable, too, in the training of his players. They are perhaps not all Shakespeare imagined his people to be in the higher roles of this piece. These parts seem a little heavy for them, containing as they do more than the minor characters have in some of his other plays, but under the inspiring influence of their two leaders, they take heart, and rarely—if at all—overact. All in all, this production of "Much Ado About Nothing" is an artistic triumph, and too much praise cannot be allotted to Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe for what they have done for us.

"LE MAITRE DE FORGES."

One of the best plays of the short French season at the American was given last week, "*Le Maître de Forges*." *Tout le monde et sa famille* turned out to see this production evidently in anticipation of something

extraordinary. We are already acquainted with the English version "The Ironmaster," which has been seen in New York on more than one occasion. It is a play drawn on strong dramatic lines and the manner in which the French Comedy Company rendered it in some instances lent even more spirit and perhaps better directed force to the theme. The cast was adequate to the occasion and brought out the emotional scenes with fervor. *Madame* wept and *Monsieur* was brave and applauded vigorously. The story is about a woman of eccentric temperament who contracts a marriage out of pique. Rebellion against her husband follows, but finally her intellect is brightened by the light of truth discovering to her her errors and she capitulates and is happy at last.

There is a great deal necessary to be gone through to bring this about and many characters enter actively into the life of the play. Most prominent of these were *Phillipe Derblay*, the *maitre de forges* admirably performed by M. Breant, *Moulinet*, the dry and humorous philosopher, the "chocolate man," played by M. Perrin in his usual excellent manner, the

ideal of what is known as the Wagnerian cult, or whether Teutonic ethics according to the Conried school have been violated; the fact remains that the highest musical intelligence of the nation which is respected by the Continental iconoclasts, has accepted this Anglo-Saxon reading with seriousness and approval. It would be an insult to the high mental calibre and fair-mindedness of a people which has contributed so many great artists to the realm of grand opera and oratorio, to infer that the audiences which have seen this English "Parsifal" lacked judgment and discrimination. The same persons, who are the main and really only true upholders of grand opera as it is presented at the Metropolitan Opera House, formed no small part of the audiences at the New York Theatre. In a general sense the scenic appointments, costumes and ensemble of the New York production equalled at least that of the Metropolitan, and the work of the great master was offered with all the dignity which was demanded of the manager, his stage directors and the scholarly authorities who were engaged to present it. Therefore the musical and classical features are alone subject



Photo by Hall.

LUCY CABEEN,

The young actress who plays *Bertha Tyson* in "The College Widow." She is expected to be still more prominent in future Savage productions.



Photo by Aime Dupont.

ADA REHAN.

This gifted actress has made another remarkable success in "The School For Scandal" having opened her season at New Haven last week.



Photo by Lovejoy, Phila.

FANNY McINTYRE.

The melodramatic star of "The White Tigress of Japan," which is attracting large audiences to the popular priced theatres.

Baron de Prifonds by M. Maury, *Duke Bligny* by M. Beranger, *Claire de Beaulieu* by Mlle. Millieres. Mlle. Costard was very taking in the part of *Suzanne*.

"L'ABBE CONSTANTIN."

This charming comedy by Halevy followed "Le Maitre de Forges," and brought forth nearly as big a following. The well-known romance is a pretty one and has decided character. M. Perrin and Mlle. Millieres again distinguished themselves, the former in the title role and the latter in the part of Mme. Scott. M. Maury was well liked in the part of *Paul de Lavardens* and Mlle. Schuller must be given credit for her *Pauline*. Mlle. Costard played *Bettina*. The audience was well pleased and once more a French comedy was produced that American actors might look on and gain something in instruction. The season closed Saturday night. I shall give attention to the remaining three pieces "Bebe," "Le Gendre de M. Poirier" and "Marie Jeanne," next week.

VAN RENSSELAER.

THE SAVAGE VERSION OF "PARSIFAL."

It matters not whether the talented people who are in the casts of the Henry W. Savage production of "Parsifal" arise to the academic



Photo by Armstrong.

EZRA KENDALL.

The popular and clever eccentric character actor now starring in "Weather-Beaten Benson."

to criticism. Two casts of principal artists render the leading parts alternately.

On the opening night Mme. Kirkby-Lunn's study of the character of *Kundry*, while not a performance of compelling power, effectively characterized the contrasted phases of Wagner's creation. Her voice is admirably fitted to the music of the part, full and rich in its lower register and penetrating in its upper. She sang in opera here two years ago, but she did not then reach the level upon which her *Kundry* moves at the present time.

Mr. Pennarini's *Parsifal* is an engaging figure. He has a voice of resonance and power, but it is not wholly free from the German tenor's faults of production. He labored under a handicap in singing in a language strange to him. His singing, under the circumstances, was highly creditable.

Gurnemanz was represented by Mr. Griswold. His voice is powerful and resonant and of agreeable quality, and his diction admirable. Mr. Bischoff's *Amfortas* is also admirable in voice and in style, and the scene of the uncovering of the Grail he delivered with genuine tragic intensity. Mr. Homer Lind's *Klingsor* is effective, though his voice leaves something to be desired in quality. Mr. Parker sings the words of *Titirel* with tunefulness. Words of highest com-

mentation are deserved by the several choruses. The chorus of Flower Maidens is rich and flexible in its tone, and to the eye is a picture of beauty.

The panoramic transformations were well worked.

"Parsifal" was repeated on Tuesday evening with a change in all the principal characters. This second cast gives a performance only a little inferior, on the whole to that presented on Monday evening. The singers are not, on the whole, quite so competent; yet they have certain elements of superiority. Mr. Francis MacLennan, who takes the part of *Parsifal*, with a voice of striking purity and power, has the advantage of native English speech.

Miss Hanna Mara's *Kundry* is an attractive figure in the second act, but she has scarcely the force or the variety and readiness of resource to indicate all that *Kundry* should be.

Mr. Franz Egenieff's *Amfortas* is excellent, little inferior to his predecessor in the part, and alive to many of its possibilities. His English, too, is good and well enunciated. *Gurnemanz* takes on a more prosaic and every-day air in the hands of Mr. Ottley Cranston. *Klingsor* is not fortunate in this production, and Mr. J. Parker Coombs is less satisfactory in the part than Mr. Lind. Mr. Moritz Grimm conducted with skill, but with less finesse than his predecessor at the conductor's stand. Had Mr. Savage chosen to accept the directorship of the Metropolitan Opera House when it was tendered him, he would have proved a brainy impresario.

THE GENESIS OF "PARSIFAL."

Wagner's "Parsifal," his last and greatest music-drama, which Henry W. Savage produced in English at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, on Oct. 17, for the first time on any stage, was a work of very slow growth. Wagner first became acquainted with the poem "Parzival" of Wolfram

von Eschenbach, on which "Parsifal" is founded, in 1844-45, when he was making his studies for "Lohengrin."

The first real step in the genesis of "Parsifal" is found in a sketch of a Biblical music-drama written in 1849 which was to have Jesus of Nazareth as the central figure. One finds strong parallelism between the incidents between Jesus and Mary of Magdala and Parsifal and Kundry. This drama was abandoned, and Wagner, occupied with his "The Ring of the Nibelungs" and "Tristan and Isolde," set aside for the time his plan for a great drama of renunciation. Yet it is interesting to know that in his original sketch of "Tristan and Isolde" he planned to have Parsifal enter the drama in the last act, when Tristan and Isolde lay dying, and endeavor to console the lovers in their depths of despair by explaining to them the beauties of renunciation. This was in 1855-56.

After Wagner's death there was found among his papers a sketch bearing the date of May 16, 1856, of a Buddhistic drama of renunciation in which the hero Ananda, an absolutely pure man, rejects the passionate love of the beautiful Princess Prakriti who in turn finally renounces all sexual passion and is thus led to complete redemption. The sketch which is slight is analogous to the later "Parsifal" in many ways.

The first part of "Parsifal" as we know it, was written on a Good Friday in 1857 near Zurich. It is the beautiful music known as the "Good Friday Spell." That same day he wrote some of the text accompanying this scene and the work was really begun. A few days later the drama was sketched. Then it was set aside until 1864, when he made a complete scenario and in 1876 the writing of the poem began. It was published on December 25, 1877. The music of the first act was completed in the winter of 1877-78. Instrumentation occupied Wagner for nearly three consecutive years, the last touches being put to it in Palermo on January 13, 1882. It had its first performance on July 28, 1882, and in the following January, Wagner died in Venice.



Photos by C. M. Hayes & Co., Detroit.

GEORGE L. TALLMAN.

He plays *Sir Henry Astor* with Madame Schumann-Heink in "Love's Lottery" at the Broadway Theatre.



WALLACE BROWNLOW.

The *Serjeant Bob Trivet* in "Love's Lottery" This is the opposite part to Madame Schumann-Heink.



W. H. THOMPSON

In "Love's Lottery" he plays *Squire Skeffington* with Madame Schumann-Heink.

Florence Rockwell, whom H. W. Savage just added to the long list of clever players under his banner, is considered by many to be one of the best ingenues on the American stage. She was discovered by James O'Neill six or seven years ago and featured as a prodigy. Since then she has made good on Broadway in the leading roles with Stuart Robson, Henry Miller and Nat Goodwin. Her first appearance under Mr. Savage's management will be as the heroine in "Common Sense Bracket."

Mrs. Leslie Carter, accompanied by two maids and a modiste, sailed on the American liner St. Paul. Mrs. Carter will spend the next two months in Paris and other Continental cities, acquiring her wardrobe for the new play, in which she will appear in later in the season. No formal announcement concerning the name and nature of the play has yet been issued.

Whatever the German Crown Prince may be, he is certainly not "stuck up." Lately he and his fiancée were visiting the Grand Duke of Baden. In Baden Baden he stayed at the Hotel Stephanie, and while there he and the Duchess Cecilie were in the habit of listening during the evening to the Hungarian orchestra belonging to the hotel. The Crown Prince, pleased with the performance on one occasion, sent to his rooms

for his violin, and, rising from his seat, placed himself in the alcove with the musicians and played through several pieces with them, including the favorite melody of the young duchess. He then presented the leader of the orchestra with a handsome scarpin.

It was the first night of "The College Widow" in New York. George Ade walking about the Holland House office when spoken to by a Chicago young man, says Burns Montle in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

"I'm awfully disappointed, Ade; wanted to get over to see your piece to-night, but got mixed up. I will try to get away and look in at the 'Widow' for one act."

Ade dryly observed the speaker and as dryly remarked: "There's a chance, you know, that it'll be on to-morrow night."

Mrs. Brown-Potter has undoubtedly achieved a striking success with her dramatized version of "Cavalleria Rusticana," and she purposes to follow it up with a similar presentation of "I Pagliacci," Puccini's popular opera. The orchestra is out of sight under the stage, and the effect is helped amazingly by the ingeniously interpolated music.

While a newspaper interviewer was visiting Wilton Lackaye in his dressing room in Chicago the other night a note was brought in. It was written in French, asked for a loan of \$2, and was signed by an English actor who has been "resting in this country for the last four years."

Lackaye dug down in his jeans, and the newspaper man said: "You are surely not going to give up."

Lackaye answered: "Certainly I am. You don't suppose I would let that Englishman go all over town and tell people that I can't read French."



Photo by Miner.

STELLA RAYMOND.

One of the pretty and interesting girls supporting George M. Cohan at the Liberty Theatre.



Photo by Miner.

MABEL ZERRE.

She is also in the cast of "Little Johnny Jones" at the Liberty Theatre with the Cohans.



Photo by Miner.

HENRIETTA POUTS.

One of the Cohan company in "Little Johnny Jones" at the Liberty Theatre this week.

WASHINGTON'S "LADIES' CABINET."

Mrs. Roosevelt and her advisers will arrange for all social events given by the official set, so that there will be no conflicting dates. Their supervisory control will even extend beyond the wives of Senators and Representatives, for there are many society leaders whose husbands are not in Congress, and they will not care to send out invitations to receptions unless they are sure they will not run counter to some official or quasi official affair. Consequently all who are "in society," as society is recognized by the autocrats, will be compelled to consult with the "Ladies' Cabinet" in regard to "open time" before making any entertainment arrangements.

Mrs. Roosevelt's Cabinet also will pass on all invitation lists, and will decide on who are and who are not "in society." In this last they will

have the assistance of Second Assistant Secretary of State Ade, who will designate the seating arrangements at all official dinners, to see that the diplomats are given the places to which their rank entitles them, and that the representatives of unfriendly nations are not placed too closely together.

The decision of Mrs. Roosevelt's Cabinet will be final in all social matters, and those who consider that they have been slighted will have no appeal, except in the case of diplomats, who will be referred to Mr. Ade. Those who are not "in society" will be left to get along as best they can. If they are ordered to drink Ruinart, they must do so.

TOWN: "There goes Slopsy. He must be in debt again."

BROWN: "Why, he looks quite prosperous. That suit of his is quite new."

TOWN: "Yes, that's why I say he must be in debt."



Photo by Otto Sarony Co.

MAUDE LILLIAN BERRI.

She will play *Prince Rudolph* in Klaw and Erlanger's Drury Lane Spectacle, "Humpty Dumpty," at the New Amsterdam Theatre.

Chicot Writes about Vaudeville.

The impression appears to prevail that the Proctor house on Fifty-eighth street has turned to vaudeville in opposition to the Yorkville. To compare the bills would be to recognize that the Yorkville offers no opposition, and a comparison of the size of the two audiences would emphasize that fact. The size of the Yorkville is such that it cannot afford to pay large prices though the bill and the headline is seldom backed up by more than one feature. To get at the root of things, the Proctor house is supposed to be devoted to traveling combinations, but it is not always practicable to get one of the standard demanded by the management and in such cases it is preferable to give a good vaudeville performance rather than cheapen the house by presenting an inferior dramatic attraction. The Yorkville does not appear to be worrying anyone unless it be Meyer Bimberg who will lose there some of the profits of his button badge business.

The *Inquirer's* vaudeville man remarks that Mr. Keith will dissolve the Managers' Association May first next. Mr. Keith dissolved the Association by his handling of the White Rat Strike, since when the Association has been little more than a name and an offensive odor. What the *Inquirer* means, is that on the date mentioned the lease will pass to the Keith name and the title Association of Vaudeville Managers of America be discarded as a trade name. It is well to be correct, even in these little things. Speaking of Keith's; the opening of the Subway will be something of an aid to him since he can draw from Harlem—unless the people get off at the fifty-ninth street station and go to the Circle. It would seem at times as though the Keith house needed help from Harlem; the bills have not always attracted the neighbors.

One of the funny things of life is the establishment of a Museum of Anatomy on Fourteenth street near the Dewey. Surely the proprietor cannot imagine that his waxen exhibits can compare or compete with the living specimens further west. A real comedy of programing is the various aliases under which the Tony Pastor stereopticon travels. The other day it was "The Vacation Camera" again the "Morrisopticon," and each week there is a fresh disguise for this useful if not always interesting device.

Isabelle Irving in a play "under the Personal Direction of Israel Zangwill" marks another Proctor scoop, and points another notch in the progress of vaudeville. Some of these days vaudeville will become so important that even the lesser members of the craft will stop appropriating combs and towels from the dressing rooms when they play club entertainments.

In taking the bookings for the Boston Music Hall, Milton Aborn has made a good move. Aborn was invited into the Vaudeville Manager's Association (now termed Keith & Co.) and after a look around got out again. Its a safe bet that in the course of time the opposition will gather under the Aborn standard, and he will have a good line of houses to offer. Up to the present time Aborn appears to have been the only one of the agents to recognize the fact (patent to others) that all assistance rendered Keith & Co. is as surely suicide as the razor or the carbolic acid route.

One of the best bills seen in these parts in a long time was to be witnessed at the Twenty-Third Street Theatre last week. It is an easy matter to assemble on the same bill four or five headline acts of financial draught and artistic value. The hard part of the booking is to see that the small acts are right. Last week there was an all-good bill in which the youngsters on the early part of the programme were as satisfactory as the stars. In the headline division the chief place was naturally assumed by the Imperial Japanese Guards, under Captain Kelly, who did a march which might be Japanese and which is probably enough like it to pass since the Japanese army is planned upon the same lines as the European armies. Their wheels were a little ragged especially when they worked in sections of eight and sixteen, but they did very well, and the interest of the audience in the "little Brown Men" was undisguised. The act was in a state of preparedness hardly to be expected, and it looks as though this were to be one of the real headlines of the season. They will probably play Keith's later on. Most of the good Proctor acts go there after the Proctor people dig them up.

Smiller Kent (sometimes called S. Miller, etc.) had a sketch which was largely monologue, with comedy interruptions by Byron Ongley, the

author, who played the part of a Chinese house servant. The latter is brought East by a young ranchman, who comes to see the lady of his love and finds first her picture in the paper over an announcement that she is about to wed a Duke. Eventually the lady calls him on the telephone to explain that the Duke is to wed her sister, and everybody is happy. It is not a meaty plot; rather a dainty trifle with a little lack of force and character which forces Kent to play the ranchman explosively, in order to gain contrast. With a little cutting down of the longer speeches, it will be a novelty and possess appeal.

The best thing in the Nicholson and Norton sketch is Paul Nicholson's wonderfully close copy of James J. Corbett. It is not an imitation; it is a duplication. The sketch is bright, but will Miss Norton please be kind and relegate "The Blow Almost Killed Father." It is far more deadly than that, and not worthy of this clever young woman, who needs only a little more discrimination to be a really gifted person.

Gallando has a new idea in his mud pie act. In addition to the old faces he has been making at the audience for long years, he had a three-quarter size full length showing a girl with a deer or goat; the audience



LILA BLOW.

The young actress who graduated from comic opera, and as a beauty of the Rice productions, to high-class comedy.

being permitted to make its own choice. It is a relief from the old style and is attractive. A chair seat, a beer keg and a blank head serve as a foundation. To say that a lady has a shape like a beer barrel is common enough; Gallando shows what it really is.

In the small acts Collins and Hawley show some good dancing steps which are really their own. They seem to be newcomers, and if they will keep their heads up and their prices down, they should work regularly. In the small act line the Fifth Avenue had a good act last week in the Four Mistletoe Maids. These were the Ansel Troupe, it is said. They have a special scene serving as a background for a dancing act of good sort. It is away from the usual style and well handled.

Epes W. Sargent (CHICOT.)

The Glad Hand on Broadway.

"You must remember how the line comes in in 'The Lady of Lyons,'"

"Oh, I did love her, Damas!"

Well, at a burlesque of that play, and it has been burlesqued hundreds

every would-be ruralized actor and actress, we shall be surprised. Just fancy, though, the rear end of any new estate property being left "in a more rural, farmlike condition!" Could this be done? We trow not.

When the principals in "A China Doll" company met for the first time at rehearsal a few days ago the usual greetings of old friends occurred and



THE DOUBLE QUARTETTE SCENE AND ONE BETWEEN MELVILLE STEWART AND MARTHA CARINE IN "THE CINGALEE" AT DALY'S THEATRE.

and hundreds of times, the actor who had to repeat these words came out with,

"O. I did love her, damn her!"

The laughter that followed insured the phrase, as amended, being kept in.

* * *

Great Scott, and has it come to this? In an advertisement of a new estate appears the following:

"The rear end of the property is reserved and left in a more rural, farmlike condition, where a man can have his cow, his chickens, his geese, fatten a pig for winter days, fill his cellar with the products of his garden, which supplies the family with crisp, fresh and tender fruit and vegetables, etc., etc."

There's a press agent for you! If he doesn't succeed in catching

those who were unacquainted with one another were introduced formally. W. H. MacDonald, the famous Bostonian, was presented to Miss Helen Royton.

"I believe we have met before," said the courtly MacDonald.

"I fear not," replied Miss Royton; "we only met 'nearly' before."

"How was that?" inquired the deeply-interested MacDonald.

"Well, some years ago," said Miss Royton, "when I first became ambitious to go on the stage, I was given a letter of introduction to you by my music teacher. You were rehearsing at the time at the Knickerbocker Theatre. I went down very bravely one morning to present the letter to you, but when I reached the stage entrance my courage shrank and I ingloriously ran away. I fear that is the nearest we have ever met before until now, and I am sure I am very proud and happy to be one of the principals with one of the original Bostonians."



MRS. G. H. GILBERT IN TWO SCENES FROM "GRANNY" AT THE NEW LYCEUM THEATRE.

SOME KLAU AND ERLANGER ECHOES.

Thomas G. Seabrooke has made a hit in the role of *John Doe* in Klaw and Erlanger's production of "The Billionaire."

J. I. C. Clarke has completed the manuscript of his dramatic version of Gen. Lew Wallace's "A Prince of India," which Klaw and Erlanger will produce on a most magnificent scale.

John J. McNally's new musical comedy for Klaw and Erlanger's permanent stock company at the Liberty Theatre, New York, is placed in rehearsal. Peter F. Daily and Fay Templeton will have congenial roles. The title has not yet been announced.

William C. Schrode, the young pantomimic comedian playing the *Clown* in Klaw and Erlanger's production of "Humpty Dumpty," is not an Englishman, as has been stated, but an American. Joseph Smith, who will play the *Harlequin*, is a son of the famous pantomimist who played this role both with the Ravels and George L. Fox. Mr. Smith's costume for the coming production of "Humpty Dumpty" will be an exact reproduction of that worn by his father, which he has preserved.

For the accommodation of people visiting New York who may desire to see the latest Drury Lane spectacle, "Humpty Dumpty," Klaw and Erlanger have established a mail order bureau at the New Amsterdam Theatre, through which seats may be secured at any time for any performance in the succeeding four weeks.

George Edwardes' original company from the Lyric Theatre, London, will present a new romantic light opera in three acts called "The Duchess of Dantzic" at Daly's Theatre, New York, following the "Cingalee." This opera, a musical version of "Mme. Sans Gene," is staged by an arrangement with Sardou. The book is by Henry Hamilton and the music by Ivan Caryll. The cast, which is a very noteworthy one, will include Courtice Pounds, who has not been seen in this country for several years; Holbrook Blinn, Miss Adrienne Augarde and Miss Elvie Green. Mr. Blinn and Miss Green have made great hits in London as Napoleon and as the Duchess.

AMUSEMENTS—FOR THE WEEK OF NOVEMBER 9TH.

NEW YORK THEATRES.

Academy of Music. "The Wizard of Oz"
American. "His Last Dollar"
Belasco. "The Music Master"
Bijou. "Mrs. Black is Back"
Broadway. "Love's Lottery"
Carnegie Hall, Sunbrich Recital, Nov. 12
Casino. "Piff, Paff, Poff"
Criterion. "Business Is Business"
Nov. 14 "The Rich Mrs. Repton"
Daly's. "The Cingalee"
Empire. "The Duke of Killcrankie"
Fourteenth Street.
"The Way To Kenmare"
Garden. "The College Widow"
Garrick. "Joseph Entangled"
Grand Opera House.
"From Rags to Riches"
Harlem Opera House. "Yankee Consul"
Herald Square. "The School Girl"
Hudson. "Letty," Nov. 15, "Sunday"
Knickerbocker.
"Much Ado about Nothing"
Nov. 14, "Hamlet"
Liberty. "Little Johnny Jones"
Lyric. "Mme. Rejane in Repertoire"
Majestic. "Bird Center"
Manhattan. "Becky Sharp"

Metropolis. "Her Mad Marriage"
New Amsterdam. "The Sorceress"
Nov. 14, "Humpty Dumpty"
New Lyceum. "Granny"
Nov. 14, David Garrick
New Star.
"Tracked Around the World"
New York. "Parsifal" in English
Princess. "A Message from Mars"
Savoy.
"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"
Third Avenue. "The Wayward Son"
Wallack's. "The Sho-Gun"
West End. "Down the Pike"
Weber Music Hall.
Windsor. "Higgledy, Piggledy"
"Fast Life in New York"

BROOKLYN THEATRES.

Amphion. "Camille"
Broadway. "The Dictator"
Bijou. "Pawn Ticket 210"
Columbia. "The Climbers"
Folly. "The Ninety and Nine"
Grand. "The Volunteer Organist"
Montauk. "The Girl from Kays"
Majestic. "The Errand Boy"
Park.
"The Little Church Around the Corner"

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